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THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 1. JANUARY, 1917. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, M. Binlon; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second-class matter.

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VOL. XI. No. 1.

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HOW THE PEACE
PROPOSAL WILL BE
RECEIVED.

MUCH superfluous agitation would be spared the lovers of peace if they bore one simple fact in mind. The German suggestion will be welcomed or rejected according to the confidence felt by the allies in their own strength. If they think they can bring Germany to her knees by next spring they will scorn to parley. If they cherish doubts, they may be expected to send a cautious intimation that they might conceivably consider the subject. It all comes down to a question of expediency. That is the way in all wars. Napoleon has stated the facts underlying peace negotiations with finality. When he was going down to defeat he never suggested peace. He knew it would be useless. When he was sure of victory he took pains to let it be known that he would be delighted to entertain the thought of peace. He had good reason for doing so. He invited proposals. It was said of him that he talked peace when he wanted war. Now, there is abundant evidence that the Germans sincerely wish an end of the struggle. They say so and the situation confirms their assertion. The allies may prefer to await some turn of the tide in their favor. They may decide to be evasive, indefinite. It is idle of them to affect that peace is less important to them than it would be to the central powers. If they are not anxious for peace, they have ceased to be civilized.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE
MILITARY EXPERT.

THERE is a slump in the demand for military experts. Their assertions are belied by events. Their explanations never explain. Their facts turn out misleading. Their prose is often dull. Their dogmatism is unconvincing. The world is weary of being told that events are not decisive, that the end is not in sight, that there are three fronts and that

somebody has the initiative. It ought to be understood that no information from the theatre of war is given out by any belligerent in detailed and comprehensive terms. Nobody knows who won the long struggle of Verdun. Nobody knows what has happened in the Balkans. It is growing increasingly difficult to learn whether England is blockaded or not. The obscurity involves all the belligerents who have taken measures to suppress news, but none at all to disseminate news, that is adequately. The confusion in the lay mind is all the greater because so many newspaper readers imagine that "both sides claim victories." This is sheer delusion. A commander seeking to separate an enemy and attack in detail takes care to conceal whatever victory he wins until the operation is over. Sometimes an operation of that kind takes days. In the Austrian campaign Moreau took pains to conceal his victory from the foe. The fate of a whole campaign depended upon keeping the news to himself. Similarly, Napoleon kept knowledge of his first Italian victories from reaching the powers in alliance against him until, of course, concealment was no longer possible. By that time his work was finished. So, too, Grant before Vicksburg, concealed one important victory until the last possible moment. Our readers are led to suppose that when a German commander or a French commander wins a tactical success the fact is given to the newspapers and our domestic experts seem to know no better than to assume the same thing. These experts, for the most part, are hack writers or men who have failed as poets, essayists, novelists or historians.

THE LLOYD GEORGE
MINISTRY A CONFESSION.

HOW silly to deny that the Lloyd George ministry is in the nature of a confession of failure on the part of Great Britain! Mr. Asquith wanted to be on what is called the safe side. He refused to sanction any operations that involved

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the element of risk. The war dragged its slow length along until so far as the Britons could see it threatened to last until the crack of doom. We do not think this is an unfair way of stating the case. We hope we are not blinded by prejudice to the truth of the situation. If we are, then all we can say is that important organs of opinion in the British Isles are under the same hallucination. They have been telling us the very things we repeat. If the Lloyd George ministry is to last, then it must devise some plan of an adventurous kind. To sit still will be to invite its own dismissal. Since the famed Welshman was put into the position he holds for the sake of an arduous prosecution of the war, how can he seriously entertain a peace suggestion unless Germany consents to eat the leek of the defeated? Altogether, it would seem that Mr. Lloyd George is in a position that compels him to look truculent, however peaceful his disposition may be in the privacy of his official residence.

THE NEW PRESTIGE OF
WOODROW WILSON.

NO secret is made of the dislike of Woodrow Wilson that prevails among many important officials of the Federal Government. The President is said to be a man who makes few warm friends. His nature is somewhat like that of a hermit. He broods alone in the White House over the great problems that await settlement. For all that, his position as the first Democrat since Andrew Jackson to secure a re-election to a second consecutive term has given him immense prestige. He is an object of profound respect and even of admiration to the bureaucrats in Washington. They were at one time inclined to despise him as a pedant. Now they consider him a prodigy of politics. The admiration felt for him in the diplomatic corps is scarcely less intense. Whatever he says is listened to with the most profound respect. The effect of his triumph abroad is scarcely less prodigious. Therefore, we may be sure that any suggestions from him to a European power in this world crisis will be deferred to. That makes him the most important factor in the movement to end the war. We are not presuming to suggest anything. We merely observe that the idea that the President is "powerless" scarcely corresponds to the truth. The President has more power than any other living ruler in the world.

THE LATEST OF THE
LITERARY OBSESSIONS.

SOME of our literary contemporaries have a theory that the war has relegated the masterpieces of the past to the lumber room. A new era has opened, an era in which the classics of the Victorian period will be forgotten or become out

of date. This is moonshine. The great love stories will be as great as ever. Shakespeare and Goethe will not be dethroned. Neither will Heine, or, for that matter, Hugo. Our novelists seem to think that a great war affects literature in some uncanny, mysterious fashion. As for literature, we venture the prediction that it will take little interest in the war when hostilities cease. This tremendous upheaval, great as it seems to us, may be dismissed in another generation or two with a footnote in some school history. If the poets would bear this in mind they would have better chances for fame when they are dead. They are for the most part turning their attention to descriptive scenes that do not describe. Let them produce tales of the human heart, epics of the spiritual life. There is nothing very literary in the material provided by the war. It is no business of creative artists to anticipate the work of the historian. The histories of the war now on the market are journalistic hack work.

THE PASSING OF A
GREAT PSYCHOLOGIST.

THE death of Professor Hugo Münsterberg has afforded the Anglomaniacs a fine opportunity for a fling of the usual kind. They assert that he was not a leading figure in his specialty. We are asked to believe that he was no better than a popularizer of truths discovered by others, a sort of academic hack who lived in the reflected glory of other workers. The truth happens to be that the pioneer research work of Hugo Münsterberg opened an era in psychology. He devised laboratory methods of such importance that the laws of evidence have been revised in the light of them. The subject of what is called suggestibility was peculiarly his own. He first proved the fact of suggestibility as a moving spring in human conduct. We are not ordinarily the creatures of environment so much as of suggestion. It is a simple enough truth to grasp when once clearly stated. The character of criminal evidence, as based upon confession, was shown by him to be determined in the light of suggestion. Münsterberg was in psychology what Marconi is in wireless telegraphy or what Edison is to electricity. He applied theories that until his time had been locked up in the laboratory reports. He was one of the pioneers who made psychology an everyday reality.

CAMPAIGN OF THE REACTIONARIES
AGAINST LITERATURE.

IN view of the evidence on every hand that the Society for the Suppression of Vice is not supported by discriminating public opinion in one important aspect of its present crusade, it may surprise some observers to find it obstinate in its pecu-

liar vice of suppression. The latest victim is an editor whose services to American literature are distinguished. We refer to Guido Bruno. The charge is of the usual character. What on its face is at the worst a matter of opinion becomes an established fact. The charge against the editor will not be examined fairly and impartially as any other charge of like gravity would be examined. The difference of opinion will be counted against the accused.

It may seem inexplicable that the Society for the Suppression of Vice can set up its own standards as binding upon American literary artists in flat defiance of the decisions of the Federal courts. The fact is that the literary artist is deprived of the right to trial by jury under local jurisdictions. In New York, for example, the charge of obscenity against an author, as we have pointed out before, is tried before three judges in the Court of Special Sessions. These judges determine both the law and the facts whenever an author comes before them. This is exactly what the vice society desires. Its experiences with juries do not warrant it in allowing an author the privilege accorded the average criminal.

When we examine the basis of the society's campaign from another point of view, we see its crusade resting upon a fallacy that has been exposed again and again. The fallacy is exploded by stating a truth the Comstockians never admit. It is better to be a free man in a lewd world than to forfeit one's liberty in a Puritan atmosphere. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice stands committed to the opposite of this axiom. It always contends in effect that if the lewd, the lascivious and the obscene be suppressed, any constitutional right may go by the board. Freedom of the press, freedom of speech and freedom of conscience are nothing compared with the suppression of the filthy in sex appeals.

This is a very attractive program for those worthy souls who feel sure that the opinion of the Comstockians ought to guide us in dealing with literature. Its logical effect is to refer us to three judges of the Court of Special Sessions for final judgments in matters that are essentially, in some goodly percentage of the cases, matters of individual opinion. It is not as if we were dealing with facts that could

be established without controversy under the ordinary legal rules of evidence—as, for instance, whether John stole a horse. The fact that three judges of the court of Special Sessions looked at the horse would not prove it to be stolen, even if, after examination, they felt sure, from the expression of the accused and of the horse, that the case was a clear one of theft. The Society for the Suppression of Vice is in the happy position of not being obliged to prove its case, in the sense in which an ordinary complainant of theft has to prove his case. Is a certain book obscene? It depends upon the opinion of a judge who has no knowledge of the canons of criticism as laid down on the subject by the critics of many generations. Those canons of criticism are deliberately ruled out by the court as having no relevancy.

These judges of the Court of Special Sessions have decided, by the way, that a wife must become a mother whether she wishes to bring a child into the world or not. We doubt very much if that was the intention of the lawmakers at Albany. We doubt very much if the lawmakers at Albany ever meant that a writer should be judged on the worst charge that can be brought against him in the light of the theory laid down by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. That happy organization may seem a subject for congratulation in having the law made to suit its own convenience. Experience shows that bigotry in attacking conscientious artists will defeat itself. Already the society has become objectionable to the United States Government. Its cases and complaints carry little or no weight with the Federal authorities in dealing with novelists. The reputation for unfairness in its standards will overtake the society in the State courts as well. That is unfortunate, because the work of suppressing vice ought to be undertaken by men who are not sufficiently morbid to deem Puritanism in a slaves' world preferable to freedom in a lewd atmosphere. The truth is that freedom and lewdness do not go together, and the Comstockians are mad to insist as they do upon denying the right of trial by jury to men of letters. A novelist may not be as good as a horse thief, but it is folly to write such a principle into the law, even if obscenity ought to be suppressed.



THE HIGHER GOOD

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

(Author of "The Broken Snare," "The Spirit of Modern German Literature," and "The Modern Drama.")

I HAVE been asked to record my memories of Archibald Faring. For many months I have hesitated to set about this task. Definite as was the man's impression upon all who knew him, and upon myself especially, I found in my recollections of him a certain monotony, a complete absence of salient passages. The very conception of an anecdote with Faring as its hero seemed absurd. How was I to convey, then, a sense of that aloof and austere personality? How be assured that I was doing no subtle violence to the memory of my dead friend? Would it not be better, I questioned, to let those two slim, broad-margined volumes, "The Ultimate Hills" and "Change," remain his sole memorial? The problem finally solved itself. Among the very few pages of manuscript which, upon my recent return from abroad, were placed in my hands, I found fragments of a diary kept by Faring during the last months of his life. At first these notes of his, with their strange dissonances, so alien to the thin but clear harmony of his more obvious life, startled and gave pain. With deeper reflection, however, came renewed clarity to my conception of the man. It would be sacrilege to suppose that, at the very last, a sense of failure was the dominant note of his mind. The ill body, the weary nerves, troubling memories starting as if from death—such things clouded certain of his last days; they cannot touch the deeper significance of that life and death. Thus I do not hesitate to give to the world these brief jottings, preceded, necessarily, by a few pages of my own. I shall, in doing this, be guilty of no impiety. He who was so silent in life will not now, when the long silence has passed over him, rise, a rebuking memory, because a few—and they will surely understand—read these brief hints at the secret and strife of his strange and difficult soul.

I.

Outwardly there was no change in Faring. At the end of an acquaintance extending over ten years he was but little altered from the comparatively young man whose friendship I had in a measure gained. The lines had deepened in his face, the hair about his temples become grayer—otherwise he was the same. I said my last farewell to him in the long, high, ascetic room, with its vision of far blue mountains through the tall window, in which our first meeting had taken place. That room was ascetic in its bareness only; it did not suggest the banishment of art; it held the quietude of joy. Upon the long wall gleamed a few casts of early Greek friezes showing divine faces upon which lay an overwhelming reticence, a silence before which our clamor grows ashamed. A few vases of terra cotta, copies, too, of the effortless perfection of Greek form, stood on a shelf. Of books there were few. Half a dozen volumes of Greek and Latin prose, a copy of Milton, and strange companion to these, a volume of Flaubert—that was all. Beyond a large writing-table and a few plain but not ungraceful chairs the room was bare of furnishings. No draperies of any kind were admitted, not even at the single high window which usually stood open to the sun or to the stars. In this room one met Faring, if one met him at all, leaning his elbow upon the mantle shelf of uncarved wood. He was tall and spare, with long, nervous hands. You half expected the hands to twitch and gesticulate, but they were changelessly passive. The brown eyes that burned under the high, white, narrow forehead were half hidden by the lids. He was clean-shaven,

and the mouth, from its curves, should have been sensitive, but seemed voluntarily drawn into resolute lines. The chin was strong, but with a disconcerting hollow in its tip. I cannot call it a dimple, can hardly write the word in connection with that grave and silent man—tense as a silver wire upon some antique instrument from perpetual self-restraint. This restraint I had always suspected; notes of a lyric past in his fragmentary diary confirm my impression. To those who knew him less well he seemed merely impassive. When the publication of "The Ultimate Hills" brought in its wake of genuine appreciation a necessarily large measure of unintelligent and, as it seemed to him, exaggerated praise, his restraint deepened, and the very effort of speech, involving a self-revelation however slight, seemed to become increasingly difficult. But that was late in our friendship. In earlier years, though chary of words, he had hours which, for him, were almost communicative.

I MUST go back to our first meeting in that room which expressed his personality so adequately. He had not then published anything, but was known, in spite of himself, to a few fellow-craftsmen as one interested in the problems of the art of prose—a severe and difficult judge. A busy man of letters whom, in the innocent fatuity of youth, I was annoying with my early efforts, sent me to him. I still see the rosy little gentleman, chirping out from mountains of manuscript (he wrote as much as he could sell and sold a great deal): "Go to Faring. He's a better judge than I, and he has time, gallons and oceans of time!"

The little gentleman chuckled. He wrote me a letter of introduction and sent me off. It was long before I divined the cause of his amusement, his laugh of mild self-deprecation. When I understood I respected him for it. A rapid writer of ephemeral books, he had yet the grace to admire the austere pursuit of the art which he betrayed.

A few days later I sent my note of introduction to Faring. He replied in frugal words, written in his small but regular hand upon a card. I was to call the next afternoon. The words were not very gracious, but I went. He was silent and permitted me to talk. My purpose in seeking him out was, of course, clear. It was with a wan smile that Faring spoke at last.

"I fear that my criticism would be of little usefulness to you. I am said to be unhealthily fastidious. The charge is probably true."

Being very young I protested and pleaded for the full rigor of the critical law. Again he smiled.

"You must not blame me then."

I assured him that I would not. He put my manuscript in his desk and again became impenetrably silent. I went with what grace I could.

It was many weeks before I heard from Faring. I found him again in his study in the inevitable pose. A second and longer view served now to render all my impressions more definite. I seemed to perceive in that high room its master's striving after a clear and lofty beauty of general effect, a beauty whole and self-contained, in which no single detail should be disproportionately salient—a beauty calm, effortless and quiet in its own untroubled strength. Beyond this there was felt an atmosphere almost of sanctity, of the austere dedication to the pursuit of some divine vision, that made

words difficult. Faring looked out of the window for a moment at the sunlit hills beyond. Then he turned to me with a kindly smile.

"It is very much as I feared," he said. "My criticism will be of no great value to you. Still, we can talk."

He sat down and offered me a cigar.

"I see in your work," he continued, "a certain talent. You evidently think your standard of achievement a high one, and, at times, you do not fail of it. But to me, I confess, all you attempt seems radically wrong."

HE folded his long hands before him and looked, as if to gather strength from it, upon a Greek vase that stood near him on a little shelf. The vase had an indescribable purity and simplicity of line.

"Look at that bit of pottery," he said. "If the artist who wrought it had covered it with unnecessary little protuberances, each representing an exquisitely formed face, beautiful or grotesque, of man or god or beast—where would be those soaring lines, that ample clarity of sane intention, that deathless charm? I have long given up reading the work of my contemporaries, but they are to be likened to the potter who should so have marred, with an irrelevant show of his artistic virtuosity, my beautiful vase. Had you not better plead guilty?"

My answer was lame.

"We do what we can."

"Do less than you can," Faring exclaimed. "Sacrifice your pitiful brief felicities to a final beauty!"

"And if that final beauty is beyond us, if these felicities are our all?"

"The noblest refuge is still left you—that of silence."

His face was sad, even stern, as he said these last words.

How can I better reveal the secret of his life and effort than in these words of his, which, fortunately, have remained for many years graven upon my memory? How can I better render the atmosphere in which he lived than by giving my impression of that high study which was also a temple? Something, doubtless, remains to be said of the merely temporal circumstances of his life, so far as I knew them, but in such a life of what significance are these?

Faring was a man of moderate but independent means. It was not necessary for him to engage in the practice of any active profession, and, after some years of study and travel, he lived, in growing isolation, in his house at the foot of the hills. He had few friends, none of the deepest intimacy, he read few books; he cared neither for music nor for painting, though his love for certain bits of sculpture was almost passionate. With the exception of Milton, Dante and, at times, Virgil, he did not love poetry. It seemed to him, in the most numerous instances, a facile art, incomparably easier than that of prose. Science or the philosophy of the schools had little meaning for him. Thus his life was narrowed by an almost boundless exclusion. Yet it impressed one as a wealthy life in which, however, an immense economy of effort was the dominant note. The tree was to produce only a single fruit, but that faultless. And surely the ideal, in spite of his final moments of despair, was splendidly attained. He has left us only a few hundred pages of prose, but its words are words of life, graven with steel upon enduring stone.

EVEN during the years of our closest intimacy I did not see Faring often. There were too many hours in which one felt unworthy of entering that cloistral study in which his rebuking presence was not to be endured. To know that he was there, that he was at work capturing the very lineaments of immortal beauty upon some priceless page—that

was to a few of us an endlessly sustaining fact. When we did go his kindness was charming, though sadder as the years went on. His silences became longer, his gaze upon the sunlit hills without intenser and more detached. Thus, in some subtle way, he seemed to grow tragic, and once I presumed upon our intimacy and for the love I bore him I was bold.

"You need some human interest."

"It is too late," he replied. "All the vital functions seem atrophied—save one."

"Then it was not always so?" I ventured.

"God forbid!"

He seemed on the point of breaking his long reticence, but the habit of silence swept over him. I saw him only twice again. He died during my residence abroad. His will contained only a single provision: that no vain funeral pomp should attend his obsequies, but that a few friends, having laid him in a coffin of simplest pine, should bear him upon their shoulders out from his house unto the hills he loved and bury him at their foot.

I MAKE no apology for the brevity of this account of Archibald Faring. If I have failed to communicate the image of him that is in my soul—I have failed. Many and vain words would only have violated, and to no purpose, the austere sanctity of his shade.

II.

(The diary is printed very nearly verbatim as it came into my hands. It has merely been deemed better to suppress one or two passages that might either have given pain to men still living or violated their privacy.)

March 12.—To speak freely for once, speak with the natural simplicity, the refreshing baldness, even, of the untrammelled human voice! If that is possible, if the years of iron labor at the desk have left me with the power of unsophisticated speech. I toil and toil and grow old, and yet, in those few printed pages (such slim result of such indomitable strife), I see no perfection. Subtle cacophonies rise up against me, purple epithets, a slothful syntax, nerveless at bottom, and without severity! And over all the cunning trail of the workman, with startling revelations of sheer mechanism. So, at least, it seems to me today.

March 14.—I should like to hear a mother of the people speak simple words of natural sorrow. I should like to hear little children babble at their playing. Should I? Would not the mad obsession of literary senses discover there, in those free, spontaneous words, a delicate unfitness, an ineffectiveness which it could fortify and direct? Is that my punishment, to measure all life by the criterion of style? How the self that was mine not many years or even months ago would have scorned such flaccid querulousness. A high perfection, impeccable, immortal, of expression, beyond and above the gaudy texture of my fellow-craftsmen—to attain that I gave up with a sense of soaring freedom all that is of the unalterable good of other lives. Silent I went off in the blue dusk of the far Florentine streets, and left Ada standing alone. There was a throng of hyacinths about us that shook out their troubling fragrance on the night.

March 15.—The aim, at least, was high. I have been reading Stevenson again, and I love the man. It hurts me intimately to find fault with him. But, oh, those knowing graces, those explosive epithets, those gesticulating rhythms! No poise, no equable beauty, no untroubled charm. And Pater—how he writhes in the coils of his own sentences, how a sense of his agony in composition oppresses one! I would not whisper these things. The men of wooden sentences and

dead words clamor against these gracious artists when every reservation has been made. I would not speak of their defects in Gath. But my aim, at least, was high. A prose whose felicities should never glare in the equal perfection of its texture, austere yet miraculously apt, never tortured, never strained by a consciousness of its own graces, lucid, severe, expressive by the very reserve power of its impassioned reticence—it was worth striving for, I trust.

March 19.—For the little that (in saner moments) I seem to myself to have attained, the price must be paid without complaining or regret. It is a heavy price, for I am losing my humanity and my power of human communication. I fear to speak to others, for I can no longer speak truly. I cannot utter a sentence void of the insincerities of literary gesture. I have not for years spoken or written a word undictated by the haunting spectre of style. These very self-communings I feel to be insincere. Even they are exercises. There is no word in the language that I have not weighed and savoured for stylistic uses—none that can come from me freely. I am imprisoned, shut off from all men—and from my own soul, wrapt as it is in fold upon fold of a veil of words, delicate as gossamer, impenetrable as steel. No, I cannot communicate with my own soul, for all my words are thrice sophisticated, and all my thoughts are words. . . . In this last sentence there is too regular a rhythmic beat, one that oversteps the subdued and ordered measure of fluid prose. My nerves twitch to eliminate that fault. I cannot, evidently, rise beyond such things.

March 20.—By a strange road I am brought to welcome the physical pain that seems to tear at my side. It, at least, is real, and my involuntary moans do not fall into the soft swing of delectable sentences.

March 23.—The old emotions are dead. I know they are dead, and yet I hesitate to open the little black-bordered envelope. It seems to smell of hyacinths and I seem once again to see the blue dusk of the Florentine streets. How beautiful her name is.

March 24.—Her husband is dead and she is coming back. What is it to me? I am "the most conscientious writer of pure English of my generation." Thus the *Literary Banner*. What are life or death, love or renunciation to me? I weave faultless sentences upon the loom of my nerves. I am become a man of inevitable lies, and the universe, which I have reduced to a subject of radiant phrases, is now grown monstrous and turns upon me a colossal mask of irony.

March 30.—The pain in my side rises to the dignity of torture.

April 17.—Why did she come to seek me out? It was a strange enough scene. She sought a man and found a shadow fighting shadows. To be called "Archie" (I have not heard the name these twelve years) by that slim, pale woman in black lace draperies—it was almost the sharpest sensation I have ever known. I must try to arrange my impressions and to find sleep. She was sad-eyed and thin to emaciation. Had her appeal in other years been equally keen, I may not have gone upon this difficult and lonely road. Her hands seemed transparent, so small, so white, such pitiful, tragic little hands, fluttering with the breath of her spirit. She stretched them out to me and they lay quite still, and as if at peace in the hollows of mine. But even then I could not break the iron silence that enfolds me. And the little hands trembled and slipped out of mine, and she turned her eyes away. The words I might, perhaps, by some supreme effort have spoken would have fallen in ordered measure, would have been picked and polished. The inevitably right phrases for the situation came to me, and I have thanked God for the curse of silence that slew their utterance. Her words came brok-

enly, with a sincerity born of love and death. I rejoiced in them more for their own sake than for hers. The pale, sweet vision of the breaking voice left me to my just desolation in which I dwell to this hour. I do not pity her, for she has known the truth. She has known passion and motherhood, has felt small limbs move under the hollow of her heart, has felt the exquisite pain of little lips at her breast, has looked upon a man-child fed of her blood, born of her flesh and soul. She has given love and life; she has looked upon the calm faces of the uncaring dead, and hers shall be the days of ultimate and enduring peace. I do not pity her, but myself who have watched life for the sake of words, who have set words above passions and agonies—myself I pity, this phantom in an iron cage.

April 20.—The old days arise before me. I hear the faint laughter of voices that are now forever silent. My voice, though I still dwell in the body of this death, is such an one no less. I caught in those far days a vision of an intellectual beauty and turned my back upon all other aims, and nearly all commerce with mortality. Until a little while ago I knew no incertitude, no swerving. Is it my ill body that has brought despair to my soul? For this despair held me before—she came. Surely the vision was authentic.

April 21.—I must write here no more, for I cannot speak the truth. I see that the sentences in which I spoke of Ada and myself and of the most terrible things in life are neat and ordered. The instinct of the slave of words carried me on. I must write here no more.

June 1.—I have been very ill. Why should I not write, after all? No one will see these pages. I am very weak, but the world looks fresh and new as the clear blue sky after the cleansing rains of spring. The simplest physical objects seem very dear and kindly in their dumb way and like so many friends. The every day processes of life that often, through their monotony, become a torture, are now full of an element of the new and quite miraculous. Food and limpid water and the goodly sunshine—these things are very wonderful to my awakened senses, which, savoring them, seem almost to grow spiritual. The grave stars shine peacefully at the day's end, and I fall easily asleep, wanting nothing. Such would be a perfect life—upon a low plane. But these things are rare, cannot endure, and so, for the large, rolling spaces of life, one must choose. . . .

June 2.—One must choose. The many, rightly and inevitably, the heat and splendor of the race. But may not a few shirk the actions and passions of the huge pantomime—either in silent vigil to seek its ultimate aim, or to eternise (in the old phrase) its recurrent gestures, and to chronicle the form, so far as it is visible, of the great, silent universe over and around it? I have sat here of late, in this study, once so calm and sacred to me, with remorse gnawing at my heart that I did not choose a nobler and manlier way of life, but spent on words the energy of my manhood. Words only? Something beyond, surely, some final reality behind the vain symbol of mere human babbling. To express that reality once more and clearly to myself—that must now be my task, and thus for the brief remainder of my days should my soul be fortified.

June 5.—In the beginning it was, for I must be rigidly honest here, only a matter of words, of their aptness, outward comeliness and savour: A matter of words, too, this whole art and craft has remained and is now, consciously and in the hours of its exercise. But far below, must there not be some compelling force, some deeper yearning which the universe, so dumb apparently, shares with me? The mere gesture of art, however beautiful, must harmonize with something more elemental than itself—with nothing other than

that eternal miracle and greatest, the visible beauty of all things.

June 6.—Out of the void abyssal we are thrown here, agonize in the brief convulsions of years, few, passionate and sorrowful, and are huddled at last out of sight into the mould of the immemorial earth. Inarticulate winds blow over us, dumb stars shine down upon us; breeding and corruption, fierce secular storms of pain slaying with equal blind cruelty each generation of man and beast, continue and know not of any change or end. A meaningless welter—out of which soars the unspeakable miracle, at which the heart pulses and the throat sobs, that this monstrous world, this haven of sightless passions and perennial tears smites from the soul through our imperfect eyes, this emotion which we know as beauty. Could God speak to man more clearly than by making the universe beautiful? And to interpret by a parallel creation this divinity of form—such is the aim of art.

June 7.—This beauty has, with colors and forms bounteous and innumerable of flowers and grasses and all sweet, piteous and perishable things, austerer elements. These the loftiest art will seek to render in grave and perfect words. The analogue of beauty to my work, which, darkly and unconsciously enough, I have still sought, has not been of swinging orchids of grotesque magnificence in palpitating tropic foliage, not of scented heat or dim luxuriance, but of the iron hills, the clanging seas, the angust confederacy of the stars. There upon the peaks of my dear hills they shine, unaltered from of old. In their light I have lived, and have wrought into the texture of my style something of their measureless dignity, their greatness and their calm.

June 15.—Words, words, words. Not a bad bit of writing, though more Corinthian than is my wont. Convalescence evidently plays strange tricks. One is at the mercy of one's body, but I should have been beyond that. Had I composed the last pages of "Change" in that spirit of lyricism the whole of my small contribution to literature would have been stultified. The impulse to artistic creation is unreasoning: futile speculation on ultimate things is death to the concreteness and finiteness of art. Ideas and ideals, reasoning and justification impede the impulse. It stands alone, unrelated, sufficient. Over its direction some rule may be exercised. Because I had a truer conception of intellectual beauty

than many I have written a severer and, perhaps, more lasting style. But in this recognition I have not been alone. "Gardons nous d'écrire trop bien, c'est la pire manière qu'il y ait d'écrire."

June 15.—Undeniably the sentimentality freed me for a while. I thought it was my sincere intellect that, rising above words, spoke at last. Now the prison closes again its adamant walls. The last pages of "Change" demand all of power that is left me.

September 2.—The task is done, but with such fearful travail of soul as I have not known before. I shall write little else, if anything. In this craft as in life doubt is death. So long as the imperishable gesture of art sufficed me I wrote as few of my generation have written. When the superstition of a reasoned and conscious sincerity of intention, alien, often enough from sincerity of effect, caught me by the throat, when, for a moment, a woman's hands rested in mine, when the dawn of old dreams flashed through my soul, my art failed me and with it my life. In a pang of misgiving, in the twinkling of an eye, I lost the path. With the vain effort to find it whose finding must be effortless phantasmal walls arose between, and I was exiled from my Paradise forever.

September 5.—The old pain reasserts itself. Did I not say that life, too, had failed?

October 2.—Ada is dead. I did not see her again, and my last memory of her is very mournful. It may be, nay, I am almost certain that I meant more to her than I have known these many years. And it may be that I did wrong to turn from her that evening in our youth. Has not the ideal slain us at last? All that its pursuit has wrought is a little work in very pure prose, which the men who come after us (with other aims) may easily forget. Nor has the ideal even given me at last a sense of certitude with which to die. Rather must I die now with a frustrated ghost of happiness beside me, with a vision of Ada's eyes shining through the blue Italian dusk, with a scent about me of hyacinths that will not bloom again. Do life and love always avenge themselves thus upon whosoever has turned aside from them? The heavy fragrance of the hyacinths is with me still. . . .

HUGO MUENSTERBERG

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

BECAUSE he loved his country, he lies slain,
Tracked like a lion, for the hounds to rend.
New England, gloat above my murdered
friend,

Stopped is the engine of his mighty brain!
But his heart's wounds will leave a darker stain
On Harvard's crimson, until time shall end:
O smug assassins, dare ye pray and bend
Above your victim, lest he bleed again?

Your venom shrivels, but his work shall live:
He heard the drums of German victory
And saw the Dove's wings light upon the sea.
Far from the field he met a soldier's fate,
And like a strong man fighting knew not hate.
He has forgiven. But can we forgive?

ART AND THE DEMOCRATIC FALLACY

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

Author of "The Creative Will," "Modern Painting," Etc.

FEW greater or more widespread fallacies exist in the world today than the doctrine of democracy in art. The ignorance which gives birth to this doctrine has to do not only with æsthetics but with history as well. The very principles of art creation are anti-democratic, and the greatest art of the past has issued from the matrix of intellectual aristocracy. But facts have no influence on democratic theorists, and, despite the lessons of the ages, there persists the hopeful superstition that art should be the common property of all.

Any attempt, however, to democratize art results in the lowering of the artistic standard. Only in primitive times, when art was simple and without philosophic significance, was there any intimate intellectual relationship between artist and public. The purely pictorial has always been relished by the general. Herein lies its supreme standard of appreciation. In the ancient world art was a utility. So-called primitive works of art were outgrowths of the public's delight in the contemplation of images. The masses created the demand for art which, for the most part, was limited to designs wholly obvious to the most rudimentary mind. At that period the artist was only a craftsman who was content to follow the people's dictates and to reflect their crude taste. Art was then democratic.

But when the ideal of fluent movement was introduced into it, art began to grow more rhythmic and individual. Painting, drawing, and sculpture clothed themselves in the integuments of æstheticism: they took on significance, and at once the people's delight in them began to diminish. The artist's mind had begun to develop beyond his public, and a general antagonism toward all æsthetic endeavor sprang into existence. Despite the attempt of the nobles to step into the breach this antagonism has persisted for centuries. The large majority of people today are hostile to the artist. He is looked upon as one who threatens the whole social fabric, and art itself is considered the manifestation of disordered and dangerous brains. But although this hostility has ever been present, art has forced its way through a splendid evolution, constantly and persistently developing beyond the common understanding of mankind. To restore it to its old popularity would mean that it would have to revert to its primitive state, to forgo its profound problems, and to adopt once more the simple vision of ignorance.

THOSE whose ideal is a democratized art, and who regard art as the expression of the people, lay much emphasis on the folk-songs, folk-dances, and peasant art, insisting that they are the outgrowth of the common creative instinct. These modern enthusiasts would turn over into the hands of the general public the creation of beauty. To this end they endeavor, from time to time, to rehabilitate folk-songs, folk-dances and the arts-crafts, and, by this method, to re-awaken a supposititious communal art spirit. The dance, however, is a primitive and very limited means of expressing rhythm, and it has already been embodied in other and profounder arts. The handicrafts were never an æsthetic expression of the community. The designs of the old craftsmanship were the work of a few sensitive individuals, and were copied and altered (generally to their detriment) by inartistic workmen

who were no doubt unconscious of the linear and formal grace of the objects they labored on.

And as to folk-songs: What proof is there that these melodies were the simple expression of the people? There is no such proof, save of the most superficial kind. But there is ample proof to the contrary, both of a psychological and documentary nature. However, it is not necessary to carry the argument onto a philosophical plane: research alone will scotch the belief in a democratic art. Many of the best and most famous "folk-songs" of Germany were actually written by Friedrich Silcher, who was not born until 1789. In France there are few authentic "folk-songs" which cannot be traced back to four or five specific models, and every one of these models is a church song. Incidentally, the models are more regular, and correctly scored, indicating that they are the perfect patterns by which the so-called folk-songs were crudely and inaccurately cut. Also, all the famous Russian folk-songs have recognizable parallels in church songs, and—what is even more significant—they end with the notes (slightly altered) of the Greek church's ritualistic "Amen." (This termination is also found in the very old French folk-songs.) Marguerite's ballad in "Faust," "There Is a King in Thule"; Bizet's suite to Daudet's "L'Arlésienne," the second movement of Tschaiikowsky's "Fourth Symphony," and the first movement of his "First Symphony," and the themes in Liszt's "Preludes"—to take but a few well-known examples of modern music in which the folk-song has been utilized—all have undeniable parallels in church music. In fact, there is a preponderance of evidence pointing to the fact that the so-called early folk-music was originally composed by the priests who, during the tenth and eleventh centuries, represented the most cultured and educated men of the time. Practically all of the music heard by the peasants and the common people of that day was in the churches, and there is little doubt that it was this church music, imperfectly memorized by the peasants, and, in the course of time, changed slightly, vulgarized and given topical and crass words, that has come down to us as folk-songs.

THE same method was pursued by the peasants in their graphic arts: that is, they copied the designs of the church's fixtures and decorations, sometimes accurately, in which event their art was good, but more often inaccurately. In countries where the influence of the church was not felt, as in Africa and North America, we find a very inferior form of folk-song, relying largely upon tempo and rhythm, and an inferior graphic expression, which rarely goes beyond the most simple order and symmetry. But even in these cases it is unbelievable that the melodies and designs were not the production of the few superior individuals. A study of tribal conditions in places where the most primitive customs are still adhered to reveals the fact that there are certain members of the tribe who create and perpetuate all the "artistic" activities.

One of the cardinal misconceptions of art, which, no doubt, had much to do with this plea for an æsthetic democracy, is that there exists a relationship between beauty and utility. But the very nature of beauty is the reverse of utility. An art work may have *incidentally* a utilitarian value, but such a

value does not enhance its merit *as art*. Certain critics and teachers strive to combine usefulness and beauty, but the most they can do is to establish a synchronous existence of these two antipodal elements. The word "beautiful" has no synonymous relation to the words "good," "efficient," "practical," or "necessary." The most useful things in life rarely call forth our visual admiration. On the other hand, we admire an object as a *pleasing sight* without inquiry into its practical benefits. Even if we are aware of an object's usefulness we forget the fact the moment we apply the adjective "beautiful" to it. Beauty implies outlook: utility implies a practical process of mind.

ONCE this fact is grasped a step will have been taken away from the idea that great art possesses potentialities of popularity. To be sure, many great works of art in music and literature can, while being significant, possess certain superficial elements of popularity, but no work of painting or sculpture which depends solely on its own pure expression can appeal to the general public. This is explainable by the fact that painting and sculpture are unable either to produce superficial sensations by physical means (as music can), or, when abstract, to call up reminiscent moods and associations, after the manner of literature. The only works of painting and sculpture capable of pleasing the mediocre are those which are unrhythmical and are at bottom literary—the highest type being such works as Rodin's "Le Penseur," and Botticelli's "Spring." Even when painting and sculpture are deliberately planned for popular appeal, they can never have the widespread popularity of a piece of lively dance music or a third-rate novel of dramatic adventure, for in these latter works the sensational reaction is far stronger and of greater duration. A popular picture or statue can at best give one but a momentary sensual reaction, not through its insistence upon rhythm, but because of its imitative presentation of a subject. This explains the widespread interest in music and literature as opposed to the limited interest in painting and sculpture.

THIS shallow popularity, however, furnishes no proof that in great art there is any profound democratic appeal. Art must always be judged by the highest standards, and if such standards are applied, popularity will vanish: there will remain only an intellectual interest which is beyond the grasp of the many. It is difficult, though, to establish exalted criteria, for one constantly hears the assertion that if only the highest standards were applied to art in one's every-day appreciations, much of the enjoyment in contemporary works would be lost. But in this assertion is discoverable the democratic instinct to elevate the mediocre and to reverence mere sterile sincerity and ambition.

In art, as in life, results alone are of importance. Despite an artist's good intentions, he is no greater than his created products. If his results are inferior, he is deserving only of that place in the appreciative esteem which his actual work warrants. If this standard were rigidly applied he would never overestimate his capabilities or cease making efforts to progress. To the contrary, he would heed the call of a far goal and would strive to attain to greater heights. Judged by low standards and lauded for ambitious seriousness, he is content with meager attainment. Thus, on the personal side of art, the inferior criterion has its deleterious effect.

But there are more serious results following the adoption of a low æsthetic measure. The entire standard of art valuation eventually falls. Arbitrary and wholly sentimental considerations become attached to æsthetic appreciation: false values spring up, and the true purpose of art is lost in a welter of irrelevancies. Men of talent are unconsciously turned toward goals wholly outside the paths of pure creative

endeavor. The great artists, to be sure, are in no way contaminated by these distorted visions, but their progress is retarded because they are unable to utilize the discoveries of lesser men, and must, therefore, give much of their time to the solution of minor problems. The lesser men, corrupted by low standards, have no incentive to advance on any side of art beyond the narrow boundaries prescribed for them. They contribute no research to æsthetics which would facilitate the advancement of the great.

AN explanation of the popular theory that the test of art is its obviousness is to be found in the reversed method by which the world approaches a work of art. The average person's admiration for art is born in front of the completed works of the greatest masters. Unable to comprehend them, he turns to those works which are simple and primitive, and which can be readily grasped. Here, he imagines, is represented the highest and most conscious expression of the creative will. He can understand primitive art with but little study; and the more complex art, too subtle and deep for his analytic comprehension, becomes in his eyes valueless because seemingly chaotic. Into this point of view enters the demand that art should be sufficiently lucid to give itself easily to the ignorant. Of what value is art, he asks, if it is not comprehensible to all? But why, one asks in return, assume that art is the property of all? One accepts the statements of eminent scientists on subjects which the layman cannot grasp. Why should an untutored person scorn equally scientific and obscure principles of art? Readily comprehensible art is no further advanced than readily comprehensible science.

THE public, though, is not entirely to blame for its standard of obviousness, for there are certain inefficient modern artists who, realizing the futility of merely following the accepted academic standards, seek to give art a rebirth by reverting to archaic beginnings. Such artists deny all value to sophistication and knowledge, believing that intellectualization tends to lead one away from profound emotions. They place spontaneity above analysis, and naïveté above culture: thus they attempt to repudiate the development of thought in æsthetics. Their ideal is in the simplicity of the child, and therefore, either consciously or unconsciously, they apotheosize the primitive artlessness of the early epochs in creative expression. Stravinsky and other of the modern Russian composers (together with a few ineffectual imitators of other nations) are substituting time signatures for harmonic and thematic scoring in an endeavor to strip music of the formal attainments of centuries and to make it once more a wholly rhythmic art. Painters, also, like Zak and Rousseau, are purging their canvases of order and sequence, and substituting a primitive imagery of the most static kind. As a result, a spurious revolution is noticeable in certain quarters, and this revolution is hailed by a band of unthinking radicals as a salutary and progressive manifestation.

But progress in art cannot be accomplished by ignoring the evolution of knowledge. Reverting to the naïve is only begging a complex question. Form in all the arts has followed the growth of human consciousness and needs, and the truly great and progressive artist is the one who, after he has absorbed and mastered all the learning which has preceded him, can create new forms in line with that evolution. The composer of the future must be colossal enough to *surpass Beethoven*: a repudiation of him leads only to decadence. And the painter of the future must be sufficiently great to *transcend Rubens*. Art, like life, is a pushing forward, with the whole of the past as a stepping stone. The top of the mountain will never be reached by him who deliberately seeks the lowest valleys and is content.

WITHAL, art, though opposed to democracy, has its universal value. The artist is an educator in that he makes one think and feel more deeply before nature. He expresses in a definitely limited space a complete cosmic order of form: he reduces the whole gamut of human thought and vision to a definite and precise statement. In the simplest melodies we have stretches of tone which encompass or imply every possible sound: it is, in fact, only through this complete reflection of life that the artist produces satisfaction. There still persists the idea that, in painting, color is merely an ornament; but those who have developed a pure color sense can no longer enjoy incomplete spectra wherein either the cold or hot hues predominate, and it is in this new color art that we find a poise of chromatic, as well as of formal, values. Great literature, likewise, presents us with a complete cycle of emotional and mental life. In our everyday experience we never encounter all sounds and colors and systems of thought, but in the highest art every phase of life is embodied and balanced. Little by little science is analyzing and setting down all that art has expressed, and philosophy is now basing its conclusions on science. Eventually art will be recognized as the form-mould from which both science and philosophy will take shape.

ON the other hand, art is not without its direct influence. Deep-seated in every human being is a desire for the varied, commonly termed the beautiful, and one's true comprehension of art and one's ability to react to æsthetic emotion are merely educational and philosophic extensions of this unconscious desire. Among people who see no ordered pictures, hear no great music, or read no good literature, we find an innate, if crude and unorganized, taste for beauty which manifests itself in domestic ornaments, household utensils and raiment, and which expresses itself in awe and silence before grandiose architecture, pomps, pageants and impressive scenery.

Unquestionably the great majority of these persons would

be more contented and happy in interiors whose proportions were just and whose colors and ornaments were harmonious. For them at present the greatest art is meaningless, because a genuine desire for such works presupposes not only a high intellectual development, but a full capacity for pure æsthetic emotion: to this plane the average person has not ascended. But the constant influence of harmony and proportion in all objects surrounding even the ignorant individual cannot but produce a definite elevating effect on his taste—an effect proportionate with the insistence of his environmental harmonies. After several generations of such conditions people would come to demand permanency of such surroundings, with the result that even their commercial activities would be dominated by art, and there would spring into existence an epoch of æsthetic culture far greater in intensity than that of Greece or of Renaissance Italy. Here would be a society of patricians: its mediocre members would surpass in art knowledge the average connoisseur of today, and its great men would overtop the pinnacles of the ancient world.

IN order to produce such conditions the principles and the philosophy of art should now be disseminated in the schools. Definite illustrations and explanations of works under discussion should be given. Only general statements of detail should be taught, emphasis being placed on the profounder causes underlying them. Taste and order should be the cardinal requisites of all students. Thus would the most complete method of acquiring happiness become inherent in mankind. But, it will be seen, this method of influence is by no means democratic. To the contrary, it infers what amounts almost to an aristocratic tyranny. And the artist himself remains aloof from all general or popular appreciation, for his work is the result of years of study and experimenting, and, in order to understand it, one must have followed the same tortuous and vicissitudinous road. In fact, it is only when the love for and confidence in himself dominate his reverence for others that the great artist is free to create.

ADJURATION

By David Morton.

PALE hands of women cling against
my face,
Reaching in sorrow from some Ab-
badon,
Faint with the musk and perfume of a
place
Of ashen roses, dead these summers
gone.

And pleading faces press along my
dreams,
Moving immortal lips in murmuring
One aching changeless monotone, it
seems:
"Keep thou her love as 'twere a
holy thing."

THE MOOD OF A MOMENT

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

("The Mood of a Moment" was written several years ago and is to be found in the collected works of George Sylvester Viereck. It has never before been published in magazine form or produced upon any stage save in Japan. The following letter from Mr. Goro Naito describes the circumstances connected with the initial performance of this play:

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,

Gentleman

I am very interested when I was read your drama "The mood a moment."

The mood a moment translated Japanese by Kaoru Osanai, and performed by Saturday Theater (this is an artificial Dramatic Ass') at Tokyo Japan last September.

This play interested before an audience your dramatical art is so well as European Dramatist Show, Sudermann, Ibsen.

I expects you show to us writing some more of sensitive drama.

Yours, truly,

Goro Naito.

For the benefit of our readers who may be interested in the work which won the admiration of Mr. Naito, we herewith reprint "The Mood of a Moment.")

CHARACTERS.

ALBERT (*between thirty and thirty-four*).

MARION (*about thirty*).

AN OLD-FASHIONED PERSON.

SEVERAL PERSONS OF NO IMPORTANCE.

(*A small room, separated from the main drawing room by Chinese hangings. In the former are Marion, Albert and the Old-Fashioned Person; in the latter Persons of No Importance.*)

(*Marion is a beauty of the brunette type, who has read much and lived little. Something adheres to her of the misunderstood woman, who since the days of George Sand has invaded fiction. Withal she is fashionably dressed and wears a modern coiffure. A Parisian gown of cream-colored lace serves rather to suggest than to reveal her charms. She plays with two red roses whose petals she plucks out, one by one, as the scene progresses.*)

(*Albert half approaches the Aesthete, half the Blond Beast of Nietzsche. He is dressed with the utmost care; his movements are nervous, his voice, except when under the stress of emotion, deliberately cold.*)

(*It is unnecessary to characterize the Old-Fashioned Person.*)

MARION (*says nothing and sighs*).

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*sighs and says nothing*).

ALBERT (*approaching and bowing slightly*): You have been speaking of—

MARION: Love, of course.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*earnestly*): We were discussing marriage and fidelity.

ALBERT (*smiles*).

MARION (*half reproachfully, half coquettishly*): You smile . . . ?

ALBERT: What else can one do?

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON: I hardly follow you.

ALBERT (*paying no attention to him*): It seems to me almost naïve if any one nowadays speaks of love and fidelity, or good and evil, as though these were unalterable conceptions, things measurable by a fixed criterion.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON: The conceptions are changeless enough, not perhaps in philosophy since Nietzsche has turned the modern world topsy-turvy; practically they are—without doubt.

ALBERT (*condescendingly*): And how would you personally define—fidelity, for instance.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*with conviction*): The definition of the Civil Code suffices for me.

ALBERT (*with a pitying shrug*): Then you can hardly

have penetrated very deeply into the secrets of man's soul. I am not unfaithful, unless I feel so; everything is subjective.

THE OLD FASHIONED PERSON: A dangerous doctrine—this (*uttering each syllable with angry emphasis*) subjectivity!

MARION: Dangerous, perhaps, but interesting. Tell us about it.

ALBERT: I can be faithful, and yet faithless; I can be unfaithful without breaking faith. But I never vow fidelity, for I would seem to myself like a lamp-vender who accompanies the sale of each chimney with a guarantee that it will never crack, although he knows that the slightest draught suffices to cause this catastrophe.

MARION: Do you then hold love to be so fleeting a thing?

ALBERT: The most fleeting of all. One may liken it to a little golden bird which perches now upon this twig, now upon that, as its whim, or—if you please—the mood of each moment commands.

MARION: And should we not strive to prison this little bird in a jewelled cage?

ALBERT (*speaking to her alone and ignoring the Old-Fashioned Person altogether*): Would you care to put fetters on such a little creature and hurt it? We do it, to be sure. And then one of two things happen: Either it flies away, or else its little heart breaks, and we find it one day bruised and dead. Perhaps it would have remained with us had we not fettered it. Constraint is the one thing it cannot endure. For love is a survival from times *primaeval*, and therefore it has the impatience and the love of liberty that wild things have.

MARION (*listens with a light slowly kindling in her eyes and drops one rose-leaf after another on the floor*).

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON: But we have nothing to do with *primaeval* things. You seem to forget that evolution has carried us beyond them.

ALBERT: It has. And it has carried us beyond love too—most of us, at least.

MARION: I think I see what you mean. Others have told me similar things, but these others never succeeded in translating their theories into practice without becoming vulgar.

ALBERT (*sympathetically*): That I believe, for the Art of Living is the most difficult of all the arts.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON: Of course, if you entertain such principles you acknowledge no authority?

ALBERT: The strong man recognizes none.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*triumphantly*): An anarchist of the drawing-room, eh?

ALBERT: I, like life, permit myself to be neither pigeon-holed nor labelled.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*looking at Marion*

out of the corner of his eye): Upon the basis of such opinions you would not hesitate, of course, to stretch out a covetous hand after your neighbor's wife?

ALBERT (*with boundless contempt*): I take what I desire.

MARION (*looks at him full of admiration*).

ALBERT (*continuing calmly*): I take what I desire; what I do not desire I toss away.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*to himself*): A fine specimen, I must say!

MARION: That must make your love all the more desirable to women . . .

ALBERT (*drawing nearer to Marion*): I drag no chains through life. Is not the complete enjoyment of a single moment better than a lifetime of pleasure in homeopathic doses? The latter makes us shallower, the former deeper, and—I seek the depths.

MARION: Even if they are—quicksands?

ALBERT (*with that softness of intonation which the Man-Animal assumes at more intimate moments*): Even then.

MARION (*with a challenge in her voice*): . . . And you always dare to push your theories to the last extreme?

ALBERT (*suppressing the impulse of brutally kissing her lips for answer*): If I desired to drink bitter cordials out of small green glasses—they would be upon my table; if I found enjoyment in morphine, I would not hesitate to distil it into my veins. And if at last sophisticated pleasures tired me, I would find my way to sailors' taverns, to the wild orgies of nameless haunts of shame. But that does not appeal to me. It is not compatible with the aesthetic temperament. Finally, if I were to find pleasure in pain itself, I would not stop even at that, but crucify myself. For (*stressing each syllable*) to permit one's self to be crucified by others is in bad taste . . . I tolerate only self-inflicted wounds . . .

MARION (*gazes into his eyes as if to find there some confirmation of his words*).

ALBERT (*does not avoid her look*).

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*when he sees that Marion smiles, looks at both in utter astonishment and with an inward shrug. Then, with a longing glance at the partition*): You will excuse me?

ALBERT (*sighing with relief*): Certainly.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PERSON (*mumbling to himself*): Too much undigested Nietzsche! Too much undigested Nietzsche!

(*Exit the Old-Fashioned Person.*)

ALBERT (*the hangings having closed behind the Old-Fashioned Person, continues with even softer intonation*): Wounds have no attraction for me—now.

MARION (*boldly*): . . . And what does attract you now?

ALBERT (*still bolder*): The Sensuous—if it is Beautiful. (*Bending over her.*) You, for instance, Marion.

MARION (*shaking the rose-leaves from her lap, falteringly*): No man has ever spoken to me in this way.

ALBERT: And are you angry if I do it?

MARION: Your frankness is something new to me; it is surprising . . . (*Believing herself still mistress of the situation.*) Yes, surprising, and (*tenderly*) shall I say pleasing?

(*The light of the lamp falls upon her. Its rosy shimmer enters into her blood. Upon her lap lies a single rose-leaf.*)

ALBERT (*passionately*): How wonderful you are, Marion! . . . I would drink your beauty in! . . . What a gleam in your hair, Marion! . . . The petals of the rose are not so red as your lips . . . A strange magic possesses me . . . (*Touching her.*) I hear a melody from fairyland . . . The mere lust of the flesh has no part in it . . . I would

kiss your forehead, Marion . . . your cool, white forehead . . .

(*He withdraws his hand, as if wishing not to destroy the ethereal atmosphere created by his last words.*)

MARION (*the Woman-Animal awakens in her*): This evening a great happiness has dawned for me . . . (*Dreamily.*) All my life have I sought a man, and found him at last.

ALBERT (*strokes her hair gently*).

MARION: You wear the uniform of society, but you do not permit its conventional stiffness to fetter your soul, as others do.

(*Steps are heard.*)

ALBERT: Some one is coming.

MARION (*softly*): Don't be annoyed. No one comes here except my friends, and among these people—I have no friends. I can still spare a few minutes before going back among the philistines. Alas, all my life long I have known only philistines—except one (*with bravado*) and he ended in the penitentiary . . .

ALBERT (*with even greater bravado*): That may happen to any gentleman . . .

MARION: I beg your pardon, this particular one forged checks.

ALBERT: That is different; it is vulgar. If he had slain to rob—there is a fierce beauty in that. Ancient instincts must awaken (*grasping her hand almost rudely*) instincts that have slept a thousand years, primæval, cruel, irresistible.

MARION (*shivering*)—like Love? . . .

ALBERT: Stronger, perhaps, and sweeter (*almost shaking her*) so that every nerve in your body quivers . . .

MARION (*caressing the hand that holds her*): Ah, you are not a stranger. I have read of you in Nietzsche and Stirner, but I did not know that you were alive. I adore you!

ALBERT: Come with me!

MARION (*drawing back*): That is impossible! Consider—society . . .

ALBERT: Then come tonight!

MARION (*trembling*): How could I? My husband—but tomorrow . . . tomorrow I shall be alone . . .

(*The Chinese hangings move, and a noise is heard.*)

ALBERT: Tomorrow, then.

(*He presses her hand so violently that she barely suppresses a cry. Exit Albert.*)

A PERSON OF NO IMPORTANCE (*entering and approaching Marion*): A most extraordinary person, this gentleman—

MARION (*with her thoughts far away*): Yes, most extraordinary . . .

(*Curtain.*)

II.

(*The same Drawing Room. Eleven o'clock in the morning.*)

(*Marion lost in dreams, but restless with anticipation. She wears a morning gown of pale rose-color, which serves rather to reveal than to suggest her charms, and white carnations in her hair.*)

MARION (*holding a letter in which she reads from time to time, only to sink in dreams anew*): “ . . . Your image has not left me . . . Late at night in a café I write to you . . . The waiters are tired and would like to go home . . . But I, I tremble for the morning . . . I would press the red seal of my lips upon yours . . . Love shall offer us the full measure of his ecstasies . . . We shall yield wholly with all our being, in order that neither subtle

thought nor final disgust make bitter our feast, as they always do when one drinks slowly" . . .

(A ring at the bell is heard.)

(Footsteps.)

(A servant brings a card upon a silver tray.)

MARION (controlling herself with difficulty): Ask the gentleman to come in.

(She walks toward the mirror, but trembles so violently that she has to support herself against the back of a chair. Before she has time to look at herself Albert stands upon the threshold. He hastens to embrace her, but stops suddenly.)

MARION (tenderly): You may come . . . We are all alone . . .

ALBERT (hesitating): . . . And the servant?

MARION: I have sent him away . . . Oh, I am so happy that you came . . . Your exquisite letter was like the fragrance of red flowers, like the fragrance of red wine—that intoxicates . . . (Looking at him expectantly, and as he makes no movement to approach, astonished, dumb-founded.) What is it?

ALBERT: Had you only consented yesterday . . . You have shattered one of the fairest dreams of my life . . . Not that I reproach you; still—

MARION: You are changed since yesterday.

ALBERT (impatiently): I always change; but neither are you the same . . .

MARION: I do not understand you . . . only this morning your letter . . . and now—How am I to reconcile these things?

ALBERT: If you desire the truth . . . but I know that you do not—

MARION: Speak! I am prepared for anything.

ALBERT (brutally): You have lost your attraction . . .

MARION (alternately red and pale): Oh, if any other man had said that to me! . . . But I am no child; I am not to be played with, I must know why my charm has departed. (Hesitating, and then dropping all pretence at delicacy.) You cannot—cannot be weary of me yet!

ALBERT (slightly irritated): I am as sorry as you are, but the thing is impossible. I cannot offer you a sufficient measure of love.

MARION: What has come over you? Are you playing a game?

ALBERT (sadly): You see, one mood supplants another . . . Who can solve the mystery of love? . . . (Drawing on one glove.) Good-bye! . . .

MARION (imperatively): Stay!

ALBERT (somewhat more interested): Stay?

MARION: I insist upon it. (As she sees him twitch his fingers in impatience.) Oh, I am not trying to keep you. Pride alone would forbid that . . . But you have poured love like molten lead into my veins, you have put my soul asleep, fettered me—me, who was wont to play with love, only play, cautiously, as befits a married woman . . . And therefore I have a right to demand an explanation.

ALBERT: I fear that if I told you, you would still misinterpret, still fall short of wholly understanding me. It seems to be impossible for a woman to analyze an experience disinterestedly.

MARION (making an effort after self-control): Oh, I can be quite objective, believe me, quite. Your words have fallen upon my passion like snow on fire. I look upon the whole affair (fighting down her tears) as a problem. You are interested in problems, are you not? . . .

ALBERT: Surely, when they are insoluble.

MARION (without paying attention to his remark): And what is the solution of this problem?

ALBERT: It is more seemly to propound problems than to solve them. To me, at least, Oedipus was always less interesting than the Sphinx . . .

MARION: But you are interested in self-analysis.

ALBERT: Ah, yes. I find in it the same voluptuous pleasure that coarser natures find in self-laceration. And so I agree to remain—to analyze.

MARION (coldly): Tell me, then, how it is that yesterday—(she speaks with difficulty) that yesterday . . . you were interested in me?

ALBERT: It is hard to put into words—very hard. I told you that I am a man of many moods, a seeker after them. I yield to them entirely, because I know, alas, how swiftly they escape us and how all our phantoms vanish into nothingness. You must have felt that, too. Have you not known some golden summer morning in which all grasses were fragrant and all nature imperaled with dew—a morning full of holiness and sabbath peace—and then a single word turned the smile upon heaven's countenance into a grinning grimace, and impenetrable mists sank upon the darkening valley . . . And so it is with love . . .

MARION: And wherein did the charm of yesterday consist? You had seen me before without feeling it, and, having felt it, whither has it gone?

ALBERT (thoughtfully): Words are so inadequate. There was the illumination . . . the light in your hair and in your eyes . . . the cream-colored lace . . . and between your slender white fingers, like drops of blood, the petals of a rose . . .

MARION: They tell me that I am beautiful . . .

ALBERT: You are.

MARION: And not only at night, in the shimmer of a red lamp, with rose-leaves like drops of blood between my slender fingers? . . .

ALBERT: Not then alone. In fact (he looks her over carefully) you are even more beautiful by day; the daylight brings out your complexion, your hair . . .

MARION (feeling that she has gained a point): But surely you did not fall in love with a red lamp or my cream-colored dress? . . .

ALBERT: Yes and no. It is not any of these things, it is the atmosphere, the mood.

MARION: And that mood is flown irrevocably?

ALBERT (oracularly): I have heard stories of the dead who arose from their graves.

MARION (in the grip of an idea): And if the dead love re-rose and sat beside you at the banquet, would it fill you with delight or horror?

ALBERT: Most men fear the dead if they return; I would gladly look into the eyes of re-arisen love.

MARION: What if—?

ALBERT (regretfully): Ah, but it cannot be. Give me your hand and let us part in peace, as the strong should. And when we meet, then we will smile or pass each other with silent recognition, and when men speak of love, we shall listen with the consciousness of being richer by a new experience.

MARION: I am not sentimental now, but my interest is alert. I will propose a plan.

ALBERT: And that is—?

MARION: An experiment.

ALBERT (to himself): That's a new element. The little woman shows promise. It is possible . . .? Who can tell . . .? (Aloud.) And what do you propose?

MARION: I will re-create by artificial means last night's atmosphere—appear, act, as I did then.

ALBERT (*musingly*): I see. You purpose to create a complete mood, a harmony without discord, sweet as the last dream of a hashish-eater which no awakening can dispel.

(*He stretches out his hand tenderly to stroke her hair.*)

MARION (*warding him off*): Wait till I return.

(*She disappears silently from the room.*)

ALBERT (*restlessly turns the pages of a book*).

(*After a little while a servant enters, lowers the shades, and lights the red lamp which diffuses its light throughout the room.*)

(*Another pause. Then steps are heard which become slower as they approach the drawing room.*)

MARION (*opening the door*): Don't look around!

(*She slips in and stands for a moment beside the Chinese hangings. She wears the same costume as on the previous night and her hair is similarly arranged. Her hands hold two red roses. She hastens to the same seat on which she sat the night before, rests her head upon one hand, holding the flowers in the other.*)

ALBERT (*looking up, is struck with the sight. He stands still for a moment. Then runs to her and falls at her feet*): You have it. Hold it fast—hold it! It is the same charm—the identical mood!

MARION (*beaming with happiness, plays with his hair*): Ah, I knew it. We shall be completely happy, together make

a pilgrimage to the Islands of the Blessed . . . O Albert, I love you, you are strong!

ALBERT (*suddenly drawing back*): No, it is impossible. The mood is not the same. It is like a bell that is cracked. Why had you not more daring! . . . Had you repulsed me coldly . . . cruelly . . . at the moment when I lay at your feet . . . everything would have been possible . . . I trembled after it . . . hoped for it! . . .

MARION (*dropping all reserve*): I thought of it . . . I disdained it! (*Springing up.*) Do you not see how madly I love you?

ALBERT (*quite coldly, but with a touch of melancholy*): That is just it. There is love in your eyes. Last night you did not love me . . .

MARION: And is that the reason why you treat me like a wanton?

ALBERT (*shrugging his shoulders*): The moment a woman begins to love me, she has ceased to interest me.

MARION (*pale with excitement*): What insolence!

ALBERT: As you please.

MARION: You are brutal.

ALBERT (*his hand on the door now*): And would you love me if I were different? . . .

(*Marion's head droops.*)

(*Curtain.*)

PANORAMAS

By **BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.**

I SEE the panorama of life passing before me,
 People struggling, suffering, expiring—
 The faces of friends upturned in sadness,
 The wistful faces of those who suffer but say not,
 The bright keen faces of those who are happy and successful,
 The abject faces of those who have been defeated,
 The thoughtful faces of those who are following some dear
 phantom,
 The wan old faces of the aged who sit gazing into the sun-
 light,
 The weary faces of those who have wept too often,
 The fresh faces of youth, fearless and carefree,
 The passionate faces of those who have loved too deeply,
 The children's faces fairer than August daisies,
 The eager faces of mothers who sleep not, watching..

Like mariners sailing a sea uncharted
 They are all passing before me piteous—
 And I think of the hour when those whom I love and who
 love me
 And those who hate me and persecute me
 Will no longer love me or hate me or persecute me...
 And the wonderful panorama I now see passing before me
 Will be but a mute and moveless procession..
 And the faces—the faces—what will have become of them?

THE LADY'S LOST LOVER

By ALEXANDER HARVEY.

MANY, oh! many a year has come and gone since that fatal day on which I crossed the threshold of the Fifth Avenue palace in which dwelt Aurelia de Trobriand, the woman I so longed to make my wife. It occurred to me that the aged butler by whom I was admitted so obsequiously must know the story of my heart. The venerable man eyed me strangely or seemed to me to do so as he left me in the great room on an upper floor which held so many of those famous family paintings.

"She will see you, sir," he told me in a tone so significant that I almost resented it, "she will see you, sir, in a moment."

This man, then, had read the purpose I had formed to declare my passion to Aurelia de Trobriand. Passion, indeed, is the word. There was that in the nature of this subtle, elusive, complex woman that called for passion, a something that evoked passion and ran to meet it fearlessly. I refer to nothing pagan in the woman I adored. There was nothing of the flesh in the expression of herself, in the revelations she so constantly made of a soul that retained always a most enticing if most paradoxical reserve. Aurelia de Trobriand had at once that something "enskyed and sainted" for which Isabel was so praised and the vehemence associated with one's ideas of a Borgia. The notion had scarcely entered my head when Aurelia herself came into the room.

I recall the experiences of that hour so vividly, despite the long, long years, that I can actually see the pearl ring on a finger of the hand she held out to me. Not a word of greeting did she give me. That smile on those lips of hers made me welcome.

In the moment of silence that ensued when we had sat down side by side on a great cushioned shelf at one of the windows, I divined that she knew why I had come. What there can have been in the soul of Aurelia de Trobriand that made this sort of communication so easy to her I have often wondered. The mere attitude she now assumed as her head reposed against the arm she held wearily upward seemed to tell me all there was to tell.

"You know, then," I urged, gently, in a tone almost hushed, so profoundly was I moved, "you know, then, that I love you?"

AS she turned her head to look at me I noted, for perhaps the hundredth time in my acquaintance with her, the subtlety of expression in the dark eyes of this woman. She was saying that she could not give me hope and she was saying at the same time that she loved me. I stood up suddenly from sheer excitement and took her hand.

"What can there be," I asked, "to keep us apart?"

Her eyes evaded me. Their gaze had traveled to a painting on the opposite wall. I knew it to be the work of Aurelia herself, and I knew the pride she took in the felicity with which she had imparted an arresting spirituality to the effect of this trifle upon even a casual beholder. Now, in a swift vision that came and went there and then I perceived a relation between the glance of her eye and the question I had just put. I walked across the floor and stood directly in front of the little framed canvas.

It was the portrait of a very young man. He seemed to be of my own age. I had always supposed him to have been an accident of introduction rather than an essential character in the drama of Aurelia's existence. I was now enlightened.

"What was his name?"

I turned around to ask her this, my question being prompted by a circumstance that had but now occurred to me. Why had I never met the youth into whose painted features I had to stare with so poignant an interest?

"His name? It was Ronald!"

She answered me in a voice quite calm and even, but to my ear there was in it a trace of the utmost agitation, a note that betrayed anguish, although an anguish suppressed. My scrutiny of her face now agitated her so much that she arose and seemed for a moment to contemplate her departure from the room altogether.

"Dearest!"

MY alarm at the thought of her going had made me bold, and when I ventured to address her in a manner that betrayed the passion I felt, I stepped at once to her side. For a moment the transfixing fluidity of her stare proved irresistible, overwhelming, and I drained her eyes to the dregs. Then I saw her tears. What intuition warned me against my impulse to take her in my arms I do not know.

"I am so glad you love me!" She had cleared her look of its grief, and smiled into my face now. "But you are very young."

"So was Ronald."

As I urged that point, we turned to the picture, realizing, as we both did, I fancy, that the crisis involved it no less than it involved ourselves.

"Yes." Aurelia de Trobriand spoke musingly, and she fixed that unfathomable expression of hers once more upon that portrait. "Yes. Ronald was young, very young. But he was about my age."

"Was about your age?"

I emphasized the first word of my query, striving at the same time to subdue the thrill that shot through me at a suspicion of this Ronald's death. She put a hand to her brow.

"If only I knew what had become of him!"

Her voice quite subdued me with its grief.

"I will search the world for your Ronald. How did you lose him?"

"He was on the Naronic."

"That ship was lost," I told her, forgetting in the excitement of this moment the effect of such words upon Aurelia de Trobriand, "lost with all on board."

"No, no, no!" She turned upon me with something like indignation. "I will not believe it!"

A sudden recollection of the mystery involving the fate of the Naronic tied my tongue as I met her flaming look.

"You are right," I admitted—reluctantly, let me add, for I felt that I had lost her. "Ronald may be alive."

"Where?"

The word was barely audible, as she looked distractedly at that painting.

"Good-by, Aurelia! If I do not find your Ronald we shall never meet again."

"You really mean to seek him?"

"To the world's end!"

She threw herself into my arms.

"I will go with you."

"Are you both mad?"

THE sound of her mother's voice startled me into a release of Aurelia from the embrace in which I held her. But the woman I loved kept her arms around my neck.

"Mad? No, mamma! We are going to find Ronald."

"My child! How can you travel the world in the company of a man some years younger than yourself?"

I hated the mother of Aurelia de Trobriand for that reference to a disparity of years which a beauty like this of the intoxicating creature who held me transformed into a charm. How it might have been in the case of another woman I do not know, but the subtle Aurelia de Trobriand invested her seniority to myself with an atmosphere, an essence, a glory, a promise of some exquisite and unexplored rapture. Her mother, I knew too well, deemed me the idlest and the most designing of fortune hunters, but Aurelia herself read my disinterestedness through an intuition upon which I could rely in this crisis.

"Mamma! You shall go with us!"

"Never!"

As that word was pronounced in stern tones, we all turned to confront the man who had thus come upon us unawares. I knew at once the voice of the father of Aurelia de Trobriand. He had for years been a recluse. His amazing genius as an inventor had enriched him early in his career, and he had chosen to abandon the world that he might devote himself to an undistracted pursuit of metaphysics.

"Papa!"

The woman I loved had thrown herself at the feet of the venerable old man and was embracing his knees.

"My child!" He drew her gently to the portrait, which he indicated with a gesture that comprehended every spectator of this tragedy. "My child, the time has come to make a revelation on the subject of Ronald."

Aurelia de Trobriand screamed. We were pierced by the agony of it as if we had been stabbed. Not a word, I might almost say not a breath, escaped us as she darted forward and sank upon her knees before the painted likeness on the wall.

"Dead!" She lifted her arms as a suppliant might do. "I have lost him!"

"He passed on gloriously. He was the hero to the last."

HER father bent over her while murmuring those words of consolation, but Aurelia de Trobriand fled to the other end of the long room, turning there to hurl her excited words at us.

"Dead!" Her voice rang out like a bell and electrified us all. "I will not believe that he is dead. Who told you that lie?"

The father of this unfortunate young woman was the first to recover from the shock.

"Is James in the house?"

I added my own voice, without quite understanding why to a general requisition of James that immediately ensued. He turned out to be that venerable butler by whom I was so oddly eyed below.

"James! You remember that young man's funeral in Nova Scotia?"

The gaze of the venerable lackey directed itself, as if by instinct to that portrait on the wall.

"He who was drowned, sir, and washed ashore?"

Once again that scream escaped the lips of Aurelia de Trobriand.

"And you have chosen this method of letting me know the truth at last?"

She scorched them one by one with her eyes before she hastened to kneel before the portrait.

"Ronald! I will be true to you forever!"

And there, while we stood around her, she took her solemn oath to regard herself as his bride. She prayed that her right arm might wither if ever her lips responded to the kisses of another. She was still kneeling, still offering up her frenzied vows when I groped my way blindly from the room. I had reached the wide hall below and my fingers were on the handle of the heavy street door when the father of Aurelia de Trobriand hailed me from above. He was looking down the stairs, and James, despite his years, was descending them nimbly, too.

"Of course, you know, all this is a bit of theatricals."

"Theatricals!"

I stared up blankly at the father of Aurelia de Trobriand.

"Yes," he assured me, gravely. "There never was any Ronald."

I stared dumbfounded.

"Am I to understand that he is an imaginary being?"

He enjoined a lower tone upon me with a gesture.

"Precisely. That portrait was painted out of her own head. He admitted this with pride. 'My child has a wonderful creative gift.'"

I could not resist the temptation to sting him.

"Your daughter," I declared, "has certainly inherited your aptitude for invention."

Again that piercing scream rang out. The father of Aurelia de Trobriand vanished as if he, too, were the vain figment of a vainer fancy.

"James!"

I spoke imploringly to the aged lackey as he opened the front door.

"Yes, sir."

"What about that young man who was drowned and washed ashore at Nova Scotia?"

I pressed into his hand the last bank note I owned in the world.

"I imagined him, sir," said James. "The young lady imagines things, and we have to imagine other things to keep her company."

I crossed the threshold with a sigh.

"I hope you'll be back soon, sir," said the venerable butler, very respectfully. "I'm sure the young lady likes you, sir."

But I knew well, as I walked away, that never, never could I win Aurelia de Trobriand from her phantom lover.

WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY, "PRINCE OF PEACE, LORD OF WAR"

By FRANCIS SAVONA,

Author of "Americans, Awaken!"

Life is worth while only if we serve ideas and if we are ready to sacrifice everything for them.—Hugo Muensterberg.

I.

THE outbreak of the maelstrom now raging in Europe brought about an epidemic of temporary insanity among the people in the warring countries as well as in those countries whose people enjoy the blessings of neutrality. While suffering from this condition, many men of intelligence have publicly expressed opinions relating to the European conflict. Our statesmen, ex-presidents, presidents of universities and intellectuals have all found the press an easy medium for the transmission of their views to the public. An American jury would without doubt acquit the writers of such falsehoods as are printed in our newspapers today. The press has been used for the purpose of exciting the crowds. Public opinion in America, until recently aggressively against Germany, has been formulated by British-bribed editorials. Our press is "English ruled and English led."

The German Emperor in particular has been attacked in the most unjustifiable fashion. The vilest terms imaginable have been used in accusing him, who it is alleged brought about this world war. He has been denounced in every manner and form. He has been made the target of blasphemy, calumny, falsehood and inveracity. The misleading interpretations brought forth by various writers have done much to misrepresent the Kaiser's character. He has been violently branded as an insane criminal, the destroyer of peace, the violator of the sanctity of treaties and the sovereignty of small nations. He has been made to suffer countless unfair vituperations and thoughtless attacks. It is really criminal how leading Americans came forward with passionate appeals calling upon the nation to view the German Emperor as the reckless ruler of seventy millions and the disturber of the world's peace. As a result of the falsified news compiled in London for American consumption and reported by the press, it seems that immediately on the outbreak of the war, if we are to believe the cries of his enemies, both in hostile and neutral countries, he changed from a loyal friend to a betrayer of friendship; from a lover of children to a murderer of women and children; from a gentleman to a brute; and from the guardian of peace to a war maniac! Remember such accusations inevitably follow in the wake of war and do not deserve the merest consideration of an impartial and neutral observer whose thinking faculties are expected to be in proper shape.

Now, then, dear reader, I am going to present extracts from some of the remarks made by certain distinguished men regarding the Kaiser before the war began. The reader will notice on reading the names of those quoted that the majority of them are now in the class that have slandered him "right and left." This may be a common expression, but the phrase quoted is a very appropriate one for the occasion. The divergence in the opinions held by those quoted, preceding and succeeding the outbreak of the war, prove beyond a doubt the power of England's monopolization of the press. This monopoly has done more for England than her navy and army put together. The influence of the press is proven by the fact that by misrepresentation and vile fabrication it has made slanderers of many people. As a matter of fact we must admit that what Col. Roosevelt said in 1913, or earlier, came

from a mind unsullied by the torrent of lies, abuse and absurdities that are fed by the press to the public at present. It is for this reason that I recommend to the reader the opinions held of the Kaiser by certain people while not under the influence of a prejudiced press. As the opinions held at present by those herein quoted are well known, they are not given here.

II.

ON May 1, 1913, circulars were sent out by the Executive Committee of the Kaiser Memorial Fund for the purpose of raising a fund to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ascension of William II to the German throne, which was celebrated on June 15, 1913. After mentioning that the fund would be expended for philanthropic purposes in compliance with the Emperor's wishes, the circular proceeds: "The American has promptly recognized that the vitalizing activity and energizing power manifested in all departments during the past twenty-five years of the new era of German national life have had their source in the devoted purposes and lofty ideals of William II. We admire him for his character and congratulate him upon his successes. We believe it is to the German Emperor that the present peace of Europe among the greater nations is chiefly due, and are grateful. The occasion we would celebrate is our opportunity to join in an expression of our sentiments of appreciation and our sincere wishes for a long and prosperous reign." Among the members of the committee were: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Andrew Carnegie, Seth Low, Jacob H. Schiff and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Dr. George F. Kunz on May 15, 1913, presented to Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington, on behalf of the American Association for International Conciliation, an address engrossed in vellum on which appeared as the central feature of the cover a portrait of the Kaiser, as a message of congratulation to the German Emperor on the occasion of his jubilee. An extract from this address will not be without interest:

"To His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor:

"On behalf of organizations and societies which represent the efforts of American citizens of every section, creed and race, to advance the cause of civilization, we venture to express to your Imperial Majesty our congratulations upon a reign notable in countless ways, in none more so than in the maintenance of twenty-five years of unbroken peace between Germany and the other nations of the world. The memorable words of your Majesty shortly after ascending the throne, 'the peace of my country is sacred to me,' came both from the head and from the heart; sacred indeed the peace, the order and the prosperity of the German people have been.

"More than once during the past twenty-five years it has been the high privilege of your Majesty not only to exercise peaceful forbearance but to inspire it in others. We beg to tender our thanks to your Imperial Majesty for what you have done to prevent war and to advance the coming of the day when there shall be peace upon earth to men of good will.

* * * * *

"Those of us engaged in the development of the industries, the commerce, the education, the science and arts of our

country, and in promoting, as far as lies in our power, the brotherhood of man, unite in expressing to your Majesty our sense of obligation for the example that your reign of twenty-five years has set.

"We congratulate your Majesty upon the notable advance made by Germany in every field of human effort during your peaceful, prosperous and civilizing reign. Long may it continue unbroken."

Among the signatures appended appeared those of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Andrew Carnegie, William R. Dunning, John H. Finley, Simon Flexner, Elbert H. Gary, Edwin Ginn, Frank B. Kellogg, Seth Low, Leo S. Rowe and James Brown Scott.

The following high opinions of the Kaiser, written exclusively for a special number of the *New York Times* by some of the most distinguished men of the day, appear in the June 8, 1913, issue of that paper:

"The one man outside of this country from whom I obtained help in bringing about the Peace of Portsmouth was his Majesty William II. From no other nation did I receive any assistance, but the Emperor personally, and through his Ambassador in St. Petersburg was of real aid in helping induce Russia to face the accomplished fact and come to an agreement with Japan—an agreement the justice of which to both sides was conclusively shown by the fact that neither side was satisfied with it.

"This was a real help to the cause of international peace, a contribution that far outweighed any amount of mere talk about it in the abstract, for in this as in all other matters an ounce of performance is worth a ton of promise."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When the German Emperor went upon the throne and developed his independence of Bismarck, and his intention to exercise his own will in the discharge of his high functions, there were many prophecies that this meant a disturbance of the peace of Europe. Instead of that, the truth of history requires the verdict that, considering the critically important part which has been his among the nations, he has been, for the last quarter of a century, the greatest single individual force in the practical maintenance of peace in the world."—William Howard Taft.

"The civilized world this day bows reverently before you, Peace-preserving Emperor of Germany, and offers its thanks and congratulations."—Andrew Carnegie.

"The Kaiser really has been the true and central factor of the past peaceful policy of Germany. . . . Kaiser Wilhelm does not want war, not only because peace will pay Germany better, but because he sincerely prefers peace for its own sake. He has had the little excursions and ebullitions of such a dominant character and personality, but his influence nevertheless has been steadily and persistently exerted for peace."—Lord Blyth, noted English authority.

Read how the Kaiser greeted Andrew Carnegie, the well-known philanthropist and peace advocate, on Jubilee Day during the celebration in Berlin:

"Twenty-five years of peace, Mr. Carnegie, and I hope there will be twenty-five more."

"Your Majesty," responded Mr. Carnegie, "is the most powerful ally we have in that direction."

To a deputation from the British Church in Berlin the Emperor said (June 16, 1913): "I can assure you I shall continue to do my best to preserve peace and promote the friendly relationships existing between our two countries."

All the leading dailies in London and Paris and other cities rang with the tone of homage to William II as the preserver of European peace on the occasion of his jubilee

celebration. The *London Times* said: "His wish to go down in history as 'the Peace Emperor' is, with certain reservations, perfectly sincere. He has rattled the saber, appeared in shining armor and shaken the mailed fist; but he has never drawn the sword or done the least act which would have forced others to draw it. His homage to peace is no mere lip-service. It comes from a deep and real sense of the awful responsibility to heaven and to man which weighs upon the author of an unjust war." This is what Charles Bonnefon, the eminent French journalist, said in the *Figaro*: "On two occasions of critical significance has the Emperor courageously plied his oars in stemming the current of popular fury, sailed out to the tempest, and faced the overwhelming opinion of the country. He has stood alone amid scheming or hesitating ministers, amid hostile courtiers, while his generals stamped their feet with impatience. He has braved universal unpopularity in order to maintain the peace of Europe. . . . At this moment (June, 1913) the whole of Germany hails as a peaceful hero the monarch who could defeat the attacks of his adversaries and force his enemies to respect him by the high moral quality of his character."

III.

THE *Outlook*, recognized as one of the most violent pro-Ally organs of the day, said editorially in its issue of June 21, 1913 (vol. 104, p. 365): "A committee of the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, awards the Nobel peace prize. The prize is awarded at the end of each year. Last year the committee announced that it was unable to discover a person who, within the preceding twelve months, had 'worked most or best for the fraternization of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies or the calling or propagation of peace congresses.' Had the *Outlook* been the Storting it would have discharged this committee and appointed a new one, and it would have directed the Norwegian's gaze across the strait which separates Norway from Germany, and to the figure of one whose services for 'the fraternization of nations' during 1912 had been of a high character—namely, the German Emperor."

"The German Emperor, against whom criticisms are sometimes leveled," said Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in his book, "The International Mind," 1912, "is, I dare assert with confidence, a convinced believer in the policies of peace and their untold advantage to the great people at whose head he stands." (p. 18) . . . "This conference' (Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, 1912), continues Dr. Butler (p. 99), "should hold in everlasting honor the German Emperor and the responsible statesmen of France, Germany and Great Britain, who solved the difficulties and allayed the dangers of the summer of 1911 without permitting the precipitation of a colossal and devastating war."

"The (German) Emperor has indeed several accomplishments, more especially in artistic matters, which, so far as I can learn, the President (Roosevelt) has not; but both are ambitious in the noblest sense; both are young men of deep beliefs and high aims; earnest, vigorous, straightforward, clear-sighted, good speakers, yet sturdy workers, and anxious for the prosperity, but above all things jealous for the honor of the people whose affairs they are called to administer." (Autobiography of Andrew D. White, 1905, vol. I, p. 248.) The following remark is said to have been made by the Kaiser to an American prominent in public affairs: "You in America may do what you please, but I will not suffer capitalists in Germany to suck the life out of the workmen and then fling them like squeezed lemon skins into the gutter" (do. vol. 2, p. 239). Where have we ever heard anything more democratic before? And has Kaiser William II backed his statement with action? Study the conditions of the work-

ingmen in Germany and compare them with those of our downtrodden working classes. The difference is enough to strike any one deaf and dumb. The foregoing statement and the Kaiser's opinion of the Americans given below are very important, and should be borne in mind in these times of great confusion. This is what he said to William Wallace Phelps, American Ambassador at Berlin: "From childhood I have admired the great and expanding community you represent. Among the many conspicuous characteristics of your fellow citizens the world admires in particular their spirit of enterprise, their respect of law and their inventiveness. Germans feel themselves the more drawn to the people of the United States because of the many ties that inevitably accompany kinship of blood. The feeling which both countries entertain most strongly is that of relationship and friendship of long standing, and the future can only strengthen the heartiness of our relations!"

IV.

A VERY interesting description of the Kaiser's character is given by Stanley Shaw, LL.D. (Trinity College, Dublin), in his book, "William of Germany," published in 1913. It is as follows:

"Most men change one way or another as time goes on. With the Emperor time for five-and-twenty years appears to have stood still. . . . The Emperor, it is safe to say, will remain the same mediæval in nature, modern in character, to the end of his life. . . .

"Again, a man's character is determined by his motives, if it is not the other way about; in any case, a man's motives are for the most part inscrutable and can only be deduced from conduct, while the world usually makes the mistake of

explaining conduct by attributing its own motives. Tried, then, by the standard of conduct, the only one available, the Emperor, as a man, shows us a high type of humanity. It may not, it probably does not, appear to Englishmen wholly, but there are features of it which must command and do command, the respect of people of all nationalities. And, first of all, he is a good man; good as a Christian, good as a husband, good as a father, good as a patriot. With all the power and temptation to gratify his inclinations, he has no personal vices of the baser sort. He is moderate in the satisfaction of his appetites, whether for food or wine. He is no debauchee, no voluptuary, no gambler. He is faithful to old friends and comrades. He has high ideals and is not ashamed of them. He is neither indolent nor fussy; neither a cynic, nor an intriguer, nor a fool; he is neither wrong-headed nor stubborn; he is honest and sincere to a degree that does him honor as a man, if it has sometimes proved perilous and blameworthy in him as a monarch. He is optimistic, and on good grounds. He is no physical or intellectual giant, but he is a man of more than average all-round intelligence and capacity. If this appreciation is correct, or even approximately correct, it is a testimonial whatever may be its worth, to great merit."

Such were the opinions of leading Americans on William II, German Emperor, a short while ago. As it is unthinkable that a man of his stamp who had been in the limelight for at least twenty-five years should completely change over night, two possibilities only seem to present themselves: either those leading Americans were blind before, or they are blinded now—blinded by hatred inspired by Britain's insidious and subtle propaganda.

TO A YOUNG GIRL

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

WITHIN thy temple delicate
 There is a faint and subtle light
 Which hints of day and yet is night.
 No mortal soul has passed the gate
 That guards thy mystic ritual.
 What harmonies obscure and rare
 Float softly on that discreet air—
 What sighs expire spiritual!

The windows gleam in twilight shades,
 In lavender, touched here and there
 By crimson stains. The golden stair
 Ascends and climbs until it fades

In perfect gloom. The choir sings
 And voices soaring swell the moods
 Of Claude Debussy interludes—
 Dim angels glide with soundless wings.

In chaste and flawless beauty stands
 Thy temple on a lonely hill
 And thus shall stand, my dear, until
 I break the portals with my hands
 And stamp upon the jewelled altar
 And tear the silken symbols down
 And smash the esoteric crown
 And burn the expurgated psalter.

Yea, swing the iron doors ajar—
 So that God's sunlight filters through
 And makes a woman out of you . . .

LILY

By CARLOS WUPPERMANN.

ONE morning in looking through her mail, which was as usual large and of a heterogeneous character, Lily Cartwright discovered the following curious epistle:

"My Dear Miss Cartwright:

"Will you pardon the liberty, I, a stranger, take in thus addressing you? But I have so long known and admired you as an actress of true genius that I feel as though I had really met you. I could never begin to tell you all that your art has meant to me, how it has thrilled me to the very depths of my being, lifting me time and again completely out of myself, out of the sordid cares and troubles of daily living, into a region of pure joy and serenity. You see, I, too, am an artist in my own humble way; a poet, though, of course, you have never heard my name. And perhaps that fact has helped me to appreciate many details in your acting which are lost on the average spectator.

"Would it be possible for you to grant me a personal interview? I know how much I am asking; no doubt you receive dozens of such requests every day. But if you could see your way to granting mine I can assure you that your kindness would be appreciated. Faithfully yours,

"GERALD VAUGHN."

For several moments after she had finished reading this letter Lily's face wore a puzzled look. She was clearly at a loss just how to take the unknown poet's rather fulsome praises. Naturally, her first impulse was to see in his laudation of her as an artist another of those veiled love proposals of which she had had more than her share; still something or other in the tone of the letter, she would have been unable to say just what, prevented her accepting this easy explanation. After a second perusal she decided, on the contrary, that the writer was entirely sincere; that he really considered her a great, self-sacrificing artist. Having reached this delightful conclusion, Lily smiled amusingly.

Lily's ambition as an actress could scarcely be termed exalted; the theatre was to her simply a means of making money and of satisfying her inordinate craving for adulation and excitement. She had never for a moment thought of her profession in other terms. Of course, having been endowed by nature with the instincts of an artist, when she was on the stage she acted for all there was in her; and no self-respecting critic had ever attempted to deny the genuine worth of her achievements. She was in every re-

spect a finished performer, with an abundance of that much-abused excuse for every form of rascality, temperament. But of art with a capital A she was as contemptuously impatient as the most arrant Philistine in her audience; nor was she capable of being stirred to the arduous labors of her profession by other motives than those born of unmitigated selfishness.

So, of course, Lily was much amused by the naive praises of the unknown poet, Gerald Vaughn; so amused, in fact, that, contrary to her custom, she decided to grant him the desired interview. She wrote him that she would be pleased to see him Thursday morning next at 11 o'clock. In spite of the fact that this arrangement would compel her to rise earlier than was her wont, she deemed it advisable to make the appointment for the morning. She was at the time the mistress of a French count who had left his wife and three children in Paris and had come to New York to enjoy himself. This gentleman was of an importunate nature, and demanded that she keep all of her afternoons for him; and as she had proved a highly profitable customer, it was to her interest to seem to adhere strictly to the terms of their contract.

When Marie, the maid, announced Mr. Gerald Vaughn, Lily was just putting the finishing touches to a charming toilette. She had planned her costume for the occasion with as much care as if she were to make her first appearance in a new rôle before a metropolitan audience. As she was to assume the part of unblemished purity and self-sacrificing devotion to an ideal she decided to wear white. The gown she chose might have been modeled for a vestal virgin, so chaste and classic were its lines. The glorious masses of her chestnut hair, arranged in a simple but effective coiffure, lent to her features an added look of dignity and reserve. Moreover, she dispensed absolutely with the aid of her make-up box, and, though this sacrifice cost her a sharp struggle, she was obliged to confess to herself, as she looked into the mirror, that the unaccustomed pallor of her cheeks was distinctly in keeping with the character she was to assume. A single pearl breastpin was her only ornament.

Thus arrayed she was indeed the very picture of all that is noblest in woman. This transformation extended to the very expression of her eyes, which had instinctively assumed a look of childlike innocence and wonder.

Marie, the maid, could not conceal her astonishment.

"Madame, you are so different to-day morning," she exclaimed.

"Different?" queried Lily, opening her eyes wide in feigned ignorance of her meaning.

"I do not know to explain; but zere ees something—ah—something vairee —" she shrugged her shoulders, searching vainly for a word to express her meaning. She was still searching when her mistress left her.

As Lily entered the parlor, Gerald Vaughn rose awkwardly from the chair on the edge of which he had been nervously awaiting the supreme moment. He was a tall, angular figure, with deep-set, rather frightened eyes and shocks of uncontrollable sandy hair. He had somehow acquired a disconcerting habit of constantly wetting his lips, which was doubly unfortunate in that it drew one's attention to the fact that his mouth was grotesquely large and heavy.

His embarrassment was so evident as to be painful, and Lily was suddenly conscious of a twinge of pity, not un-mixed with a suspicion of self-reproach. A moment later she was congratulating herself on the success of her disguise, for she saw at once from the expression in the poet's eyes that he was completely deceived by her appearance and manner. There was no mistaking the reverence with which he took her proffered hand and, bending awkwardly, touched it with his grotesque lips.

After they had seated themselves, he began a dubious attempt to tell her all that her art had meant to him. So great was his excitement and earnestness that the disjointed phrases jostled each other in their wild haste, like cripples on the road to Lourdes.

Lily listened gravely, with her head slightly inclined to one side and a madonna-like expression of wonder and simple gladness on her face. As soon as he had momentarily exhausted his supply of feverish panegyric, she hastened to thank him for his kind appreciation in carefully moulded periods and a quiet, reassuring voice. It was such a great joy to her, she said, to realize that she had been of genuine assistance to a human soul.

"Ah, if I could only tell you how much!" cried the poet. Lily smiled her most virginal smile.

"I understand," she purred, "and I thank you. My one great purpose in life is to bring a little joy and inspiration to all who see me act."

"And you more than fulfill your purpose."

"We artists have no time to think of ourselves. It is a question of giving, giving, without thought of return. Only so can one achieve true success, which is nothing, after all, but the consciousness of having been of some little assistance to poor, struggling humanity."

"How true!" ejaculated the poet. "I knew the first time I saw you act that you must feel just so about your art. There is a flame of inspiration in everything you do that could have been nurtured only by self-sacrifice and an unflinching devotion to the highest good of others."

Lily raised her hand in a deprecating gesture.

"You mustn't idealize me," she said. "I, too, am human; I have my moments of selfish weakness."

"I do not believe it," said the poet, with instantaneous gallantry.

"Oh, Miss Cartwright," he went on, "you don't know how much you are helping me. You are giving me new courage, new determination. I have tried to follow the highest artistic ideals, but one can't help growing discouraged sometimes. The road to true achievement is so long and arduous, and there are so many alluring short cuts to prosperity, if one will only consent to sell one's soul."

"But you must not do that," cried Lily, bending toward him in her eagerness. She was acting so intently that for a moment she almost believed in her own sincerity.

"You have made it forever impossible," responded the poet rising impetuously and kissing her hand. "And now I must be going."

"There is no hurry," murmured Lily; but she did not remain seated.

"I mustn't abuse your kindness. But I should like to come to see you again sometime. May I?"

"Of course. I shall be delighted to see you."

At the door the poet paused.

"There's something else," he began, hesitatingly.

"Yes?"

"I am going to ask you to accept this little volume of verses—in token of my gratitude for all you have done for me."

He drew from his pocket a slender, pearl gray volume, bound in boards, and handed it to her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, so much," said Lily, breathlessly, with the simple gladness of a little child receiving its first doll. Thereupon the poet, thoroughly at a loss, made a hasty and ungraceful exit, spluttering something to

the effect that he would be in to see her again very soon.

"Be sure and make it in the morning," cried Lily. And the poet readily agreed.

After he had gone, Lily returned to her bedroom and enjoyed a good hearty laugh. And Marie laughed, too, when her mistress explained the situation to her.

As time went on Gerald Vaughn's visits increased in length and frequency. His first embarrassment soon passed, and he began to open his heart freely to his new confidante, who was always so sympathetic. Each time that he called he would read her the verses he had written since their last meeting, and she would listen with that rapt madonnalike expression, and at the end speak her approval in perfectly modulated tones that thrilled him with a strange ecstasy. Then, too, there was always a great deal of talk about art with a capital A, and self-sacrifice, and the joy of creation, and other kindred vaporings.

At first Lily found these interviews entertaining and amusing. They were something quite new, and to Lily a new sensation was a veritable breath of heaven. And they were certainly in striking contrast to her relations with the French count. Nevertheless, the novelty soon wore off, especially as Gerald Vaughn, following the general custom of poets, began to repeat himself with distressing regularity. His perpetual and increasing adoration lost its savour through sheer repetition; in the long run, she decidedly preferred the count's brutally direct methods. So she decided to bring her relations with the reiterant poet to an abrupt close.

To this end, she prepared the great disillusionment. It was one morning, just after he had finished reading to her his poem in blank verse on Sir Galahad, that she quite suddenly dropped the mask. As he raised his eyes from the manuscript he was confronted by a different Lily—the real Lily this time, although for several moments he was unable to grasp this staggering fact.

She was regarding him with a cynical smile that made him wince.

"Don't you think," she began, in a cold, even voice, "we had better put an end to this?"

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You don't understand. Then I must believe you really took it seriously."

"What?"

"The whole affair, our meetings, these absurd talks about art and self-sacrifice and heaven knows what—and, most of all, me!"

"But, of course——"

"How funny! You don't really sup-

pose I'm the sort of woman you've been pretending I am?"

"Pretending?"

"I'm Lily Cartwright, the actress."

"I know that."

"Well, then——"

She stretched out her legs, crossing her feet, and regarded him with brazen wantonness. The poet watched her in silence, ceaselessly wetting his lips.

"Don't do that," she shuddered.

"What?"

"That, with your lips."

He stopped then, but his lips twitched with the tremendous effort to control them. When he spoke it was in a voice from which all the music had fled.

"You mean—you're not a good woman."

Lily made a grimace. "What a horrid phrase!"

"It's explicit enough, at any rate." He spoke almost fiercely. "Well, answer me."

She broke into a low laugh—the same laugh, he remembered with a shudder, which she had used in her memorable performance of Hedda Gabler.

"Answer me."

"How imperious you've grown, my sentimental poet!"

"Answer me!"

"Of course I'll answer you. No, I'm not what you call a good woman. I've had many affairs; I couldn't begin to tell you how many. You see, it began so long ago; when I was—let me see—yes, when I was seventeen. And I can't even give the hollow, worn-out excuse that I was ignorantly led astray by some guileful old reprobate. No, I remember distinctly, it was quite my own doing, and very deliberately planned—in cold blood, as it were."

She folded her hands behind her head. "At present I'm the mistress of a very charming French count."

Just here is where the unexpected happened. According to the rules of conduct laid down for poets under such circumstances he should have bowed his head in anguish, and given vent to several terrible groans, interspersed with a few half-smothered ejaculations of despair. After which, he should have risen unsteadily to his feet, and with a final "God pity you," felt his way out into the dark night, or since it was almost noon, into the garish light of pitiless day.

This particular poet did none of these things. He rose to his feet, indeed, but there was nothing uncertain or wavering in his attitude. On the contrary, he seemed filled with a sudden, fierce determination that made his eyes burn with uncanny brilliancy. Slowly and deliberately he tore the manuscript of his poem in blank verse on Sir Galahad into tiny

bits and dropped them with a gesture of finality on the floor. From his grotesque lips, drawn a little to one side, there issued a peculiar, snake-like hissing. At that sound, Lily rose to her feet.

The next moment he had her in his arms, pressing her pliant body to him in a frenzy. Lily, who in spite of everything had a sense of honor, remembered her duty to the count, and tried valiantly to resist the attacks of the infuriated poet. But her efforts were doomed to failure, for in a few moments she found herself fighting not only her assailant, but her own impulses; the very intensity of his passion aroused in her an answering desire, and for the first time in years she was mastered by the longing to give herself without thought of material reward.

No longer struggling, but passive in his arms, she pointed toward her boudoir.

"In there."

He followed her gesture, and without relaxing his embrace passed into the studio and slammed the door. . . .

That afternoon when the count arrived, he was met at the door by Marie, who handed him a note with the words:

"Madame est sortie. Elle a laissé cela pour vous."

Before he could reply, the door

closed in his face. Surprised and outraged by this unexpected rebuff, the count tore open the envelope and read the note. It was curt and evidently hastily written—a bald dismissal. The count swore a solid French oath and his face went a deeper red. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, then with a cynical shrug of his shoulders turned and rang for the elevator. By the time he reached the street he had quite regained his composure and was resolved not to allow this unpleasant but after all trivial episode to interfere with his further enjoyment of life in gay New York.

In the bedroom the poet was seated on the edge of the bed, whereon reclined the charming figure of Lily Cartwright, the actress. Lily, whose experiences with men had indeed been innumerable, was forced to confess that never before had she encountered so impetuous a lover. Suddenly, with the simplicity of a young bride, she drew him down to her and kissed him full on his grotesquely ugly mouth.

"Do you know that you are magnificent, my poet!" she sighed.

The poet, who had had enough of love-making for one afternoon, was in a decidedly prosaic frame of mind. He withdrew himself as gently as possible from her embrace.

"I think it's time for me to go," he said, rising to his feet.

"But you will come soon again," she cried, a new note of anxiety in her voice.

"To-morrow," was his laconic answer, as he moved quietly about the room, preparing his departure.

She smiled up at him.

"Ah, I knew," she said, "I knew.—You understand that I am giving myself, don't you? I don't ask for any material reward. I want our relationship to be a free gift, on both sides."

"That suits me," said the poet coolly.

After a moment she went on, "Do you know something? You are going to write much more wonderful poems than you have ever written. Poems so throbbing with passion that the whole world will listen."

Suddenly he bent over her, staring at her with eyes that seemed to burn their way to her very soul.

"Well, I don't know about that," he said, "but I can tell you one thing."

"What?" She was employing all her art of allurements, but his expression did not change.

"If I ever have the least reason to suspect you of being untrue to me, I'll kill you."

And she saw that he meant it.

EAST OF BROADWAY

By MORRIS ABEL BEER.

HAVE you, son of old Manhattan,
Pierced the city's crannies through,
Marked the haunts of swart Sicilian,
Turbaned Turk and bearded Jew?

Where the lanterns of the Bowery
Nod in token of Cathay,
Have you ever joyed and sweated
With these kings of yesterday?

Lord of Rome and priests of Zion,
Pekin's princes, vending all
Baubles, fruit; O Nile and Tiber,
Thou hast seen the mighty fall.

Promised Land—Manhattan's bosom,
How they hover to her heart,
Never bloomed the sultan's garden,
As the winding golden mart.

For the mistress of the harbor,
Smiling beckoned them advance,
And their squalid alleys glisten
With the magic of Romance.

Bright the cross and star and crescent
Gleam above the Ghetto's gates,
Strangely met, the barks of æons
Driven on by kindred fates.

Where these motley aliens mingle,
Life with tears and madness streams,
Huddled, yet they sing and labor
In their whirring hive of dreams.

BOOKS AND MEN

THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY OF MARK TWAIN.

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

I WAS in the early twenties when I first met Mark Twain in the house of Richard Watson Gilder. I was a poet of passion. I looked upon Mark Twain merely as a successful jester. Today I know that Mark Twain's works constitute one of the greatest contributions to the world's literature made by America. He is one of our three immortals. Poe and Whitman complete the trinity.

Homer has been dead for more than a hundred generations. No man has even remotely touched the hem of his garments. He himself has become a myth. Virgil has disappeared in the mist of time. No one lives who has seen Goethe. But our American classics are still near to us. I have met neither Poe nor Whitman, but I have broken bread with those who have broken bread with them. And I have met Mark Twain.

In those days he was no longer quite himself. His conversations were monologues. He was intolerant of interruptions. When interrupted, he easily lost the thread of conversation. He was not at all interested in young poets. His was the selfishness of old age. Mine was the careless egotism of youth. I made no attempt to know him more intimately. I did not listen with reverence to his discussions. Youth desires an audience. It has no ears for others.

All I remember of Mark Twain is a blurred impression of a study in white. I did not come to know him until many years later. It may be said that I made the acquaintance of the real Mark Twain after he was dead. I then saw the depth and the breadth of his vision, his kindness and his sadness. I recognized in him not only a master of humor, but a master of English.

His last book, "The Mysterious Stranger," published only now, is the saddest of his books. For in his heart Mark Twain was a pessimist. This book, in the garb of a fantastic tale, laid in Austria in the sixteenth century, is the most eloquent indictment of Providence since the days of the French Republic.

Satan, a beautiful angel, related to the fallen one, expounds the ultimate philosophy of Mark Twain.

"Strange! that you should not have suspected years ago—centuries, ages, eons ago!—for you have existed, companionless, through all the eternities. Strange, indeed, that you should not have suspected that your universe and its contents were only dreams, visions, fiction! Strange, because they are so frankly and hysterically insane—like all dreams: a God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one; who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; who gave his angels eternal happiness unearned, yet required his other children to earn it; who gave his angels painless lives, yet cursed his other children with biting miseries and maladies of mind and body; who mouths justice and invented hell—mouths mercy and invented hell—mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him! . . .

"You perceive, *now*, that these things are all impossible except in a dream. You perceive that they are pure and puerile insanities, the silly creations of an imagination that is not conscious of its freaks—in a word, that they are a dream,

and you the maker of it. The dream-marks are all present; you should have recognized them earlier.

"It is true, that which I have revealed to you: there is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a *thought*—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities!"

He vanished and left me appalled, for I knew, and realized, that all he had said was true.

* * * * *

THIS is indeed a bleak vision.

Some years ago, when I fared forth upon the search of truth, I asked every great man I met whether he believed in the subsistence of individuality after death. Every answer I received was in the negative. Bernard Shaw remarked: "If I am sure of anything, it is of this: that there is no life after death." H. G. Wells expressed the same conviction. Israel Zangwill, likewise, merely smiled sadly when I spoke of the immortality of the soul.

Ludwig Fulda, Hermann Sudermann, were surprised that any one should put such a question to them in all seriousness. Hugo Muensterberg answered with what seemed to me then an evasion. "Your question," he said, "is improperly put, philosophically speaking. Individuality is a perfect thing in itself. I cannot think of it in terms of time."

There can be little doubt that Mark Twain's answer, had I spoken to him, would have been a denial of the continued existence of the ego. To him life was a dream, a hideous nightmare, made bright only at times by laughter, the most divine of human attributes. I sometimes think that Prometheus did not steal the fire from Olympus, but that it was laughter, mightiest of weapons, sweetest of solaces, that he snatched from the gods. Laughter is the sole consolation of the philosopher—activity is the nepenthe of those who achieve.

Personality, as Muensterberg saw, is the only thing that makes us more enduring than grass. Though Mark Twain is dead, there is something in his personality that defies time. Personality, not literature, is the only assurance of immortality that we have on earth. Mark Twain would be remembered even if he had never written a line. Goethe would be immortal even if Faust had died still-born in his gigantic brain.

Mark Twain's sentences thrill us, not merely because they are faultless, but because of the tragic intensity of the man behind them. A book written by a man lacking in virile personality will be stale in a week after the death of its author. Personality charges style with a mysterious electricity that communicates itself to the reader.

It seems to me as though Mark Twain had spoken the words quoted above only yesterday in Mr. Gilder's parlor. All the other celebrities I met in those days have vanished in the background of memory. Gentle Gilder himself, for all his sweetness, seems like a faded daguerrotype. Mark Twain alone stands out boldly and startlingly.

Mark Twain was not a New Englander. In fact, he detested New England. He detested above all that fetish of the Anglo-Saxon: the Moral Sense. And, it must be said, in spite of his wonderfully exciting book on Joan of Arc, Mark Twain was not a Christian. Perhaps he looked upon Jesus as a beautiful dream. Christianity, however, was one of his

nightmares. He may have expressed himself differently at other times, but the following passage from "The Mysterious Stranger" has the breath of authenticity:

"Very well," he said, "would you like to see a history of the progress of the human race?—its development of that product which it calls civilization?"

"We said we should."

"So, with a thought, he turned the place into the Garden of Eden, and we saw Abel praying by his altar; then Cain came walking toward him with his club, and did not seem to see us, and would have stepped on my foot if I had not drawn it in. He spoke to his brother in a language which we did not understand; then he grew violent and threatening, and we knew what was going to happen, and turned away our heads for the moment; but we heard the crash of the blows and heard the shrieks and the groans; then there was silence, and we saw Abel lying in his blood and gasping out his life, and Cain standing over him and looking down at him, vengeful and unrepentant."

"Then the vision vanished, and was followed by a long series of unknown wars, murders, and massacres. Next we had the Flood, and the Ark tossing around in the stormy waters, with lofty mountains in the distance, showing veiled and dim through the rain. Satan said:

"The progress of your race was not satisfactory. It is to have another chance now."

The scene changed, and we saw Noah overcome with wine.

Next, we had Sodom and Gomorrah, and "the attempt to discover two or three respectable persons there," as Satan described it. Next, Lot and his daughters in the cave.

Next came the Hebraic wars, and we saw the victims massacre the survivors and their cattle, and save the young girls alive and distribute them around.

Next we had Jael, and saw her slip into the tent and drive the nail into the temple of her sleeping guest; and we were so close that when the blood gushed out it trickled in a little, red stream to our feet, and we could have stained our hands in it if we had wanted to.

Next we had Egyptian wars, Greek wars, Roman wars, hideous drenchings of the earth with blood; and we saw the treacheries of the Romans toward the Carthaginians, and the sickening spectacle of the massacre of those brave people. Also we saw Caesar invade Britain, "not that those barbarians had done him any harm, but because he wanted their land, and desired to confer the blessings of civilization upon their widows and orphans," as Satan explained.

Next, Christianity was born. Then ages of Europe passed in review before us, and we saw Christianity and Civilization march hand in hand through these ages, "leaving famine and death and desolation in their wake, and other signs of the progress of the human race," as Satan observed.

And always we had wars, and more wars, and still other wars—all over Europe, all over the world. "Sometimes in the private interest of royal families," Satan said, "sometimes to crush a weak nation; but never a war started by the aggressor for any clean purpose—there is no such war in the history of the race."

"Now," said Satan, "you have seen your progress down to the present, and you must confess that it is wonderful in its way. We must now exhibit the future."

He showed us slaughters more terrible in their destruction of life, more devastating in their engines of war, than any we had seen.

"You perceive," he said, "that you have made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time."

* * * * *

MARK TWAIN would have been a pacifist today. He also undoubtedly would have been a pro-German. He loved Germany and the Germans. Even when he has a little fun at their expense, his laughter is always kindly. He certainly would not have joined the choir of wicked old men, such as Choate and Eliot, who under the pretext of the

moral sense preach the doctrine of hatred. These old men like to send others, younger and better men, to their death. Mark Twain would have sent no one to his death, even though he looked upon the gift of life as by no means a blessing.

Mark Twain unquestionably would have taken issue with the New England group on the war just as he has taken issue with them on the question of morals. There is one passage in the book in which Mark Twain marshals before our eyes every argument made by the pro-Germans and derides every argument made by their foes. If Mark Twain had been asked to state his views of this war and all war, he would answer today as he answered then:

I know your race.

It is made up of sheep. It is governed by minorities, seldom or never by majorities. It suppresses its feelings and its beliefs and follows the handful that makes the most noise. Sometimes the noisy handful is right, sometimes wrong; but no matter, the crowd follows it. The vast majority of the race, whether savage or civilized, are secretly kind-hearted and shrink from inflicting pain, but in the presence of the aggressive and pitiless minority they don't dare to assert themselves. Think of it! One kind-hearted creature spies upon another, and sees to it that he loyally helps in iniquities which revolt both of them. Speaking as an expert, I know that ninety-nine out of a hundred of your race were strongly against the killing of witches when that foolishness was first availed by a handful of pious lunatics in the long ago. And I know that even today, after ages of transmitted prejudice and silly teaching, only one person in twenty puts any real heart into the harrying of a witch. And yet apparently everybody hates witches and wants them killed. Some day a handful will rise up on the other side and make the most noise—perhaps even a single daring man with a big voice and a determined front will do it—and in a week all the sheep will wheel and follow him, and witch-hunting will come to a sudden end.

"Monarchies, aristocracies, and religions are all based upon that large defect in your race—the individual's distrust of his neighbor, and his desire, for safety's or comfort's sake, to stand well in his neighbor's eye. These institutions will always remain, and always flourish, and always oppress you, affront you, and degrade you, because you will always be and remain slaves of minorities. There was never a country where the majority of the people were in their secret hearts loyal to any of these institutions."

I did not like to hear our race called sheep, and I said I did not think they were.

"Still, it is true, lamb," said Satan. "Look at you in war—what mutton you are, and how ridiculous!"

"In war? How?"

"There has never been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will shout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them, and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception."

HERE is, indeed, a prophetic foreboding of the leagues to enforce peace who refuse to enforce peace in times of war, of pacifists too cowardly to assert their doctrine in the face of powerful opposition or personal bias, of idealists whose ideals fade when they conflict with the ticker. Mark Twain knew his countrymen. He knew humanity. He was the supreme American realist. That does not make the picture more pleasing.

In his last book, which he carefully refrained from publishing, he has revealed his secret despair, he has expounded

the esoteric philosophy that most masters of thought carry with them to the grave. Even Goethe expressed his ultimate wisdom only in unintelligible terms.

We may accept Mark Twain's gay gifts, without accepting his philosophy. We know that his laughter with its undertone of tragedy will ring down the ages. May we not hope that the bitter-sweet jester, whose laughter made us the equals of the gods, and whose despair intensifies the secret fear that we all carry somewhere in our hearts, may be mistaken, and that some day, in some incarnation, we shall meet him again?

PROSE POEMS

By EDWARD STORER.

THE LIGHT OF THE STARS.

WHY do I tremble and she, is she calm? We do not speak, but our eyes, full of the light of the stars, turn to one another and our lips meet in a kiss.

WHY?

WHENCE does she come, and why is she here? What is it that she desires so ardently with those tender eyes? She is pale and slender, and as straight as a young tree. I ask her a question, but she takes my hand and presses it to her heart.

EMPTY SANDALS.

WHERE is all that beautiful youth vanished; whom do those tender bodies cling to now?

The sandals are empty of feet, and the purple and flame-colored pepla are brown as dead leaves in forgotten tombs.

The sea is bitter, as with a flood of tears weeping the loveliness that is no more.

THE MIRROR.

IN the silver mirror floats an image that it seems to me could torment. Is there not there a beauty such as one can distil, drop by drop, into another soul, so that it becomes full of an intoxicating ardor and cries out for the loveliness that quickly flies.

Oh, I understand well what love is. I look in my mirror and I do not deceive myself.

ATYS.

ATYS, I have a little marble head of you, and I cover with kisses your sterile mouth.

Why was I not with you in Phrygia? I would have lifted the stones out of the way of your feet and plucked from your limbs the cruel thorns.

I would have been the most faithful of your servants and have carried for you the great tambour of bull's hide whose note maddens the soul.

I would have given you a love sweeter than Kybele's.

MORNING SUN.

BEAUTIFUL and shapely are my arms, and upon my trunk my bosom rises proudly as a flower. The sun kisses all my young body as he knows so well how to kiss the tender bodies of women. He covers every inch of me with his silken light.

My nostrils tremble with delight as they drink in the golden air.

White as marble is my body in the sunlight against the black satin of my robe.

O Praxiteles! O Sculptors of Greece! does not my beauty make you long again to return to earth and shape from me the Aphrodite of which you vainly dreamed?

MAX BURCKHARD

By JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

OTHER Austrians are getting so well known that Max Burckhard, even now that he is dead (he died in 1912), may have difficulties in getting an American boom started. Arthur Schnitzler, who writes in German, is now nearly as well known here as any very mediocre person writing in French would be, and Herman Bahr has reached the ears of Belasco and Ditrichstein so emphatically that after spoiling "The Concert" in their English adaptation, as only those two gentlemen could, they had yet not so effectively concealed its great merits from themselves as to prevent them from taking over its good points for the "Great Lover." You will remember that Schnitzler is a physician whose view of life is that of the medical man: life is a trouble, a hardship, often a disease, and it is, therefore, very interesting and must be treated very gently and "*tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*." Now Max Burckhard began, it appears, as a lawyer, and if you read a list of his works you are surprised to see them about equally distributed between technical legal titles and those connected with novel, drama, and belle-lettres generally. Yet, in the only thing by Burckhard that I have read, the novel "Die Insel der Seligen," (1908), he is quite different from Schnitzler in that Schnitzler's profession appears to Schnitzler a kindly and responsible trust, while Burckhard's is to Burckhard a nuisance, an obstruction, a cruel pastime for savage spirits, a survival that ought to be outlived.

Perhaps Americans are in a better position than most other nationals to understand why doctors are often ennobled and lawyers degraded by their callings. But Burckhard apparently had not permitted his occupation completely to corrupt him, for while his legal characters exploit and offend their unfortunate victims, Burckhard is on the side of the victim against the exploiter. In the "Insel der Seligen" ("The Isle of the Blessed"—but there is no English translation on sale, curse the luck!) he is defending the cause of a poor proletarian Viennese, Johann Apleidinger by name, whose evil star brings him in contact with a set of circumstances that renders it so plausible that he is the murderer of the aged miseres, Madame Trentinaglia, and her no less aged servant, that he is sentenced to be hanged for the offense. It is with a bleeding heart that one relinquishes the pleasure of telling you how beautifully Burckhard has hit the tone of the simple proletarian view of life of his ordinary characters, but I have more important things to communicate: When Johann Apleidinger is standing on the scaffold, about to be hanged, his anger at being expected to go through this ceremony with a straight face overpowers him, and in violent rage he assures the respectable persons who have come to see him shuffle off, that he cannot bear to go hence with the suspicion on his mind that some of those present may be taking sentimental delight in the possibility that perhaps this was, after all, a mistake, a legal murder—*Justizmord*—perpetrated on an innocent man. He is a murderer after all, but not guilty of the offense they think he has committed; no, twelve years ago he murdered his wife and her lover when he had discovered the relation between them. Hurried consultations take place between the various officials present. It obviously won't do to execute this man before ascertaining whether he is really guilty of the crime he has just described, in addition to the one for which he has been sentenced to death. His execution is postponed in order to make the determination of this circumstance possible. Official correspondence with the remote Hungarian

town in which he had lived at the time of the alleged former offense is rendered difficult by bureaucratic jealousies and local insularity such as Austria will always give numerous examples of.

IN fact, Dr. Burckhard seems to be about to describe for a second time the terrors of a man who knows that on the morrow he is to be taken out and hanged by the neck until dead, for there seems to be no means of knowing whether Apleidinger is guilty of the new offense or not, when he inserts into his novel a short correspondence between Apleidinger, the malefactor, and himself. Apleidinger seems indisposed to aid Burckhard again in carrying his novel to a successful finish, in fact, he distinctly objects to going to the gallows after having once been delivered from such a death. Burckhard uses his most ingratiating epistolary style to impress his hero with the fact that once already, in his unwillingness to describe so cruel and unnecessary a legal murder, he has saved the victim's life, but this time there is no help for it. But Apleidinger really seems to desire to remain alive; here is one of his letters:

"It is not true that you granted me this delay through any feeling you have for my position. You were simply trying to get the government in a hole. It gives you pleasure to represent the same social system that intends to hang me for a murder I have not committed, as so stupid as not to believe the murder that I really did commit, and which I am ready to confess.

"But let me tell you I am not going to be used for merely experimental purposes, so that you may put one over on society. I want my rights and nothing more. You might have hanged me when you had gotten me to the gallows, but as you didn't utilize the opportunity you had then, it seems to me the deal is off."

In desperation, Dr. Burckhard (he never omits the "Dr." in his communication to his unfortunate victim), recognizes a device that will save Apleidinger's life at least from execution for the murder he has not committed; it is a contingency that might arise in other countries besides Austria: a man of singular breadth of ideas, who knows nothing at all about law, is dumped by one of the vicissitudes of political conflict into the position of Minister of Justice for the empire. He really wants to improve things; in fact, he out-Osbornes our own Osborne in his efforts, once he has entered upon the duties of his office, to render life tolerable for those sentenced to severe punishment because of serious criminal offenses. His pet scheme is the segregation of capital offenders to a desolate island, where they are to live with others of their own kind, a remedy that will make capital punishment unnecessary. And in a session of the Cabinet, while the logs are rolling, a singular coincidence of interest with an illiterate Minister of Instruction enables the champion of the enemies of society to gain the consent of his colleagues to the purchase of the island he needs for the realization of his plan. It is far down along the Dalmatian coast, and points off to Italy, and thither the criminals are to be taken if they have voluntarily chosen this segregation with birds of their own feather in preference to the execution or other severe punishment that would otherwise be theirs.

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A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

"Good Gracious Annabelle."

IN writing "Good Gracious Annabelle" Clare Kummer has in one bound leaped to the forefront of American dramatists. For this unique play possesses qualities rarely to be witnessed in a Broadway production. "Good Gracious Annabelle" is the sort of a play the Little Theatre was originally built for. Alas, with few exceptions, Mr. Ames has not brought out native dramas equal to Miss Kummer's first play.

The distinguishing feature of "Good Gracious Annabelle" is its spirited and well-bred dialogue. Such vivacity and such naturalness of conversation has seldom been written in this country. The characters actually speak the language spoken by human beings, and with that droll irrelevance which characterizes the race of man. As for the plot, it is most improbable, I almost said impossible. But although it is improbable, it is true. For the fantastic is often truer to life than the so-called realists will have us believe. Existence is a great deal more complicated than the photographs reveal.

Annabelle is very, very American. She is still young, and although married, a girl. Years ago, somewhere in the West, a "cave man" had forced her to marry him. On her wedding night she escaped, carrying away with her only the memory of a great black beard. Now she is living in New York on the income sent to her each quarterly by this mysterious husband. But Annabelle is not only a bad wife but also a bad business woman. She owes everyone money, spends are allowance before she receives it, and when the curtain rises is unable to pay for the luncheon she has ordered for her guests at the Hotel St. Swithin. But a simple gallant millionaire from the West—a certain Mr. John Rawson—pays the check and saves Annabelle from a just fate. At this moment Annabelle reforms and accepts a job as cook for George Wimbledon. She takes along her friends as assistants, maids, gardeners, etc. The complications that arise in Mr. Wimbledon are so amusing that one may heartily laugh and still maintain one's self-respect. Of course, John Rawson finally arrives on the scene and, of course, it turns out that he is her long—not long lost, but long husband, minus his beard.

"Good Gracious Annabelle" is a comedy which any dramatist could be proud of creating. We hail Clare Kummer as one of the most vital personalities of the American theatre. Her pen, we hope, will produce many more plays as good as her initial attempt.

"The Master."

THE author of "The Concert," the American version of which did so much injustice to Herman Bahr, has added another fascinating character to his gallery of supermen. This time we have the study of an iconoclastic surgeon who so delights in his work and who so detests the hypocrisy and deceit in others that like the Misanthrope of Moliere he finally comes to grief.

"Dr." Wessley has become famous in a small university town through his skill in curing the son of a powerful politician. Before that time he was treated with scant courtesy by the medical fraternity, headed by his brother, who is a typical pillar of society. Now that he has saved the life of a million-

aire, he is invited to become a member of the university faculty. A committee consisting of the mayor, his brother and sister-in-law, and a distinguished professor, call to inform him of the honor. But "Dr." Wessley scoffs at them. He reminds them of the difficulties they had placed in his path, of their malice, of their insincerity. For he believes in the bitter truth. He is a Master. He scorns to wear the masque which Oscar Wilde found so much more interesting than life.

While he is haranguing them his wife plans to elope with her neighbor. She cannot bear to live with the master. Being a woman she demands more than cold reason and superior intelligence. She needs some one who will *not* understand her. So she runs off with the mediocrity who dwells next door. While in the den of her lover the house catches on fire. There is only one means of escape, that is by climbing down the fire escape in full view of the crowd.

The lover himself comes to tell the Master. He expects to be shot. But the superman is true to his convictions. He tells the seducer of his wife that all human beings are free to do as they like, his wife included. But when his wife, whom he loves and has condoned, determines to leave him forever, he rebels. But leave him she does. The Master is shaken. A Master yet incapable of holding together his own household! His philosophic Japanese assistant explains to him the causes of his disaster. But the Master is not convinced. When the final curtain goes down we see him sorely wounded but not beaten. Somehow or other we know that his soul will triumphantly emerge out of the ruins.

Gertrude Kingston.

NEW YORK has been captured by the Irish. Lord Dunsanny and Bernard Shaw are firmly entrenched on Broadway. The former has five plays running simultaneously here, and the latter three. Gertrude Kingston has produced three plays at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Two are by Bernard Shaw. The other one is by Lord Dunsanny. The two plays by Shaw hardly count. "Great Catherine" is mildly amusing. The character of Potemkin is excellently drawn. But somehow or other the play drags. Ten years ago we would have been pleased. Today the bright, precise dialogue hardly startles. As for "The Inca of Perusalem," it is really beneath contempt. Not because it is anti-German, but because it is cheap and very, very valueless. No wonder that Shaw was ashamed to sign it.

But "The Queen's Enemies," by Lord Dunsanny is one of the most vivid and vital one-act plays ever written. It fascinates from the moment the curtain rises to the very last second. A charming Egyptian queen cannot sleep because of the thought that she has enemies. So she invites her enemies to feast with her. They come armed and alert for any treachery. But she disarms them by her graciousness and tact. Presently they are drinking to her health. When they feel happy and secure she steals away from her seat at the table and leaves the room. Her slaves fasten the ponderous door that guards this strange festival hall. Instantly the guests become sober. They try to escape. But it is too late. Even while they are planning some scheme of defense the casement of one of the walls opens and the waters of the Nile flood the vault. And as the captains and the kings drown in agony the queen ecstatically murmurs, "Now at last I shall sleep. Tonight I shall happily sleep."

(Continued from page 28.)

WE accompany the first shipload of exiles as they steam off in a condemned caravel that an aged pensioned pilot is guiding to its destination. Already on the journey the attachments and friendships are formed that seem likely to endure among the prisoners after their landing. Josica, an attractive gypsy girl; Mr. Wendelin Bücking, a public prosecutor (his offense is quite unmentionable in the *International*, although Burckhard quite charmingly narrates its course in his novel), and our rescued friend Apleidinger are drawn into a group of comparatively law-abiding elements, the most interesting character in which is a blonde young man that may have been suggested to Burckhard by Nietzsche's "Great Blonde Beast." Other groups crystallize out of the less desirable citizens on board. After the landing, with their worm-eaten ark puffing and stamping out to sea, the various groups repair to the wooden structures that have been prepared for them, and later return to the shore, in order to take possession of a fair share each of their provisions, canned goods and utensils, that have been stacked up for their use during the period that shall elapse before the next arrival of the steamer. All the provisions are equitably distributed, but not all the island's inhabitants husband them as economically as they should. "And so it came to pass that one of the gentlemen, having already devoured all his smoked bacon, visited his neighbor and implored him so pressingly for bacon, and so convincingly supported his request with the aid of a heavy club that dangled loosely in his hand, that his neighbor hastily relinquished in his favor his entire supply of this article, which stood in great demand, but had been very sparingly allotted." But this was only the beginning of a long series of irregularities, which included a number of murders.

AND then our order-loving friends form a vigilance league, which warns the less peaceful elements, by way of placards, that offenses against life, property and morality will result in the slaying of the offender. There is a touch of irony in the spectacle of these men, banished to solitude for having committed such offenses, as they put their heads together to protect their comfort and safety against their own kind. But while their power to legislate appears good, most of them seem unwilling to execute. One of them, however, the great blonde beast, does the trick, and without the knowledge of his confederates, too. For a number of days the most troubling deaths are recorded. And astonishingly enough, all occur in the same way, the same thin incision is found in the neck of each corpse, due, as the many specialists on the island testify, to the use of a small penknife, ground extremely sharp. And, more astonishing still, even to the forces that make for order and decency, the victims, in all the cases, are members of the disturbing portion of the little community, such as the man who had too importunately implored the cession of his neighbor's bacon, as well as he who had too stormily wooed the reluctant Josica. As the blonde man innocently remarks, "the population seems permeated with a very desirable spirit." Butter will not melt in their dirty mouths. From having been vociferous and threatening in manner they become in a few days positively bursting with kindness and the most militant love of peace. The fear of death takes possession of all the unruly class.

By a typically Austrian accident of politics, which there is not the space to relate here, the minister to whose forethought and philanthropic sense our captives owe their present blissful existence, is himself sentenced to imprisonment and given the privilege of choosing whether he will serve his time in prison or on the Isle of the Blest; blatant with pride and patting himself on the back, he is brought over on the old hulk Pelagosa to join the company of his beneficiaries. And

now I shall stop telling you about Burckhard's book and let him talk for himself: what follows is the termination of the "Isle of the Blest."

"AND if there is only one malefactor," said the ex-minister, "his offense is all the greater!"

"But we really ought to be thankful that things have turned out as they have," Apleidinger interposed, almost timidly.

"Thankful? Never should we rejoice in a crime, even though it may, in a specific case, redound to our advantage," the ex-minister declaimed heroically.

"Well, if that hadn't happened," Apleidinger, somewhat emboldened, replied, "the rest of us would probably have been killed."

"But we mustn't always think of ourselves. If everyone is only concerned with how a certain matter will influence his own lot, no general advantages to the community can ever be realized."

"I beg your pardon," the blonde young man here interrupted him, "that is mere talk; a healthy communal sense can only be developed out of a healthy selfishness."

"Really?" the other retorted, palpably irritated. "Look at me! Had I been thinking only of myself, I should never have attempted to solve that extremely difficult question, the question of what the State is to do with its criminals, and if I had let this matter alone I should not now be in this plight. Selfishness alone would never have solved the problem for me."

"Solved it?" the blonde man interjected. "Do you really think you've solved it?"

"Why, of course I've solved it! Isn't everything in perfect order?"

"Yes, because—but let's drop that question. Let's simply consider what you have done in the matter. You've simply taken the people whom you couldn't get along with without slaying them, loaded them onto a ship and dumped them on an island where you have left them free to murder one another."

"Not at all! What I did was to restrict the problem, which evidently could not be disposed of in a larger area, to smaller limits, so that it might there reach a solution."

"Well! And you see it has solved itself beautifully there!" was the blonde man's triumphant answer.

"Of course, it had to reach some solution there—in some manner. But it would have been a different, presumably a more humane solution had it not been for the atrocious acts of this criminal. Yet I remain the solver of the problem, for it was I who recognized that what was impossible in the whirl of a great administration could be realized by means of a segregation of such elements as have, by their anti-social conduct, shut themselves out from the community of their fellowmen."

"And why, if I may ask, is the solution impossible in a great system?"

"Why? Why? It is not for me to prove that! History proved it long ago, and if history is wrong, it is up to you to demonstrate that to me, and to indicate the possibility of a solution."

"Nothing easier under the sun," the blonde man answered calmly. "The thing's very simple. You simply approach the matter from entirely false premises."

"Now, really, this is too——"

"The fact is you are assuming a right that is not yours and have taken it away from them to whom it rightfully belongs."

"What right is that?"

"The right to kill."

"There is no right to kill."

"YES, there is! You acknowledge it yourselves. You acknowledge it, not only in your executions and in your wars, you recognize it also when a man who is attacked by another man, armed, defends himself: then you call it self-defense. But there are all sorts of attacks, and often it doesn't pay to await the attack, for then it may be too late. The right to kill is the most rudimentary of the rights of man."

The minister rose and looked at the young man almost horrified. Yet the latter continued undismayed: "When a man has been killed, your first question always is, *Who killed this man?* And therefore the problem of eliminating crime will remain unsolvable. But your first question should be, *Was it not right that this man should be killed?* And then you would save yourselves a lot of unnecessary note-taking, and at the same time you would soon rid your fellowmen of a lot of bad eggs."

"When a man talks that way," the minister said in indigna-

tion, "I have no further words to address to him. And besides, I now know perfectly who it was that committed all these crimes here, which have even been lauded to my face, and the doer of them shall not remain under the impression that it is my intention to help him conceal the facts! NO, it is my duty to publish them broadcast." After these words he made a stiff but slight bow to Apleidinger and Bücking, and, without even looking at the blonde young man, he left their company and walked off toward the seashore.

"He's a damn fool!" Apleidinger said, after a pause.

"He's a *dangerous* character!" was the blonde young man's emphatic addition. And then, quite carelessly, he asked: "Say, Apleidinger, don't you think that these stupid, inflated idiots are sometimes more dangerous than many a criminal?"

But he did not wait for the answer to his question. Without any salutation he left his companions and made off toward the shore, in precisely the direction that the other man had just taken.

THE LIVING DEAD—A Fantasy

By F. CARMICHAEL BRUNTON.

The Living Speak.

FIRST LIVING ONE: Where are your dead? Where do your beloved dead lie?

SECOND LIVING ONE: They lie sleeping, oh, so soundly, in the beautiful cemetery. We are going to take them flowers. And yours? Where do they lie?

FIRST LIVING ONE: I have but one grave. It is in the same beautiful cemetery.

SECOND LIVING ONE: You are more fortunate than I. I have three graves to care for. It takes up my time, I can tell you. I have scarce time to look after the living, for the graves must be well kept and prosperous-looking. See what beautiful and expensive flowers I have brought to deck them, for the dead must lack nothing, no matter what they missed when living.

FIRST LIVING ONE: Of course, it would never do to have people saying: "See what a neglected grave, surely no one cares for it." I, too, have brought costly flowers—pink tulips and white lilies—for as you say the dead must want for nothing. It is spring and we must make their poor graves gay with bright flowers lest anyone should say we have forgotten them. (*They enter the cemetery.*)

KEEPER OF THE GRAVES: Here you all come with flowers for your dead.

THE LIVING ONES: Who are you, oh, stern old man?

KEEPER OF THE GRAVES: I am the Keeper of the Graves. My happy dead lie here resting and pitying you who are still living.

THE LIVING ONES: Aye, aye! We pity them for not living and ourselves for living still without them.

KEEPER OF THE GRAVES: You make too much of the poor body that was so tired and worn it fell asleep. Do not imagine that you please your dead by keeping yourselves sad with black garments and all pleasures denied; with long faces and many outward signs of mourning. I tell you the secret chamber of the heart is the only place wherein to mourn. What hypocrites you are! With eyes turned up to Heaven and a firm hold on earth you tell the dying that they are for-

tunate to be going to a better land, where there is no pain nor sorrow, while all the time you do everything in your power to prevent them and yourselves from going there. Either you are liars and hypocrites or you must immediately revise your funeral services.

THE LIVING ONES (*shocked*): Oh, cruel Keeper of the Graves, you do not understand! It is natural to dread separation from those we love and to delay it as long as possible.

KEEPER OF THE GRAVES: And you tear your hearts out with your emotional death ceremonies, and in your care for the poor body blind your eyes to the fact that it is but a disused shell, whose imperishable inhabitant has passed into safe and wise keeping elsewhere. Would it not be better if strangers dealt reverently with the dead body so that the illusion that the beloved has gone on a long and pleasant journey should not be destroyed, and the bereaved might think of their lost ones in a spiritual sense only, thus forgetting the bruised clay and remembering the immortal essence which has been happily released from it? At the same time they would avoid those ghastly and trying ceremonies imposed on them by custom, in which the body plays the chief part—but I speak only to those who *know*.

THE LIVING ONES: It is impossible. If we handed over the remains to strangers, however great a relief to us, people would say we did not care and that we lacked respect for the dead. We dare not do it.

At the Grave.

THE DAUGHTER SPEAKS: See, mother, I have brought my beautiful flowers to you. (*She arranges them on the grave with loving care.*) *She thinks:* My lover should be glad when he knows what honor I have done his flowers.

THE MOTHER SPEAKS: I have come back to the place of burial for a little, and behold, my daughter stoops above the grave where lies the disused mortal part of me, placing flowers on the kind green turf. Why does she seek me there? I am not there. Only the poor frail garment which I wore out and discarded is there. My daughter is young and lovely, and the flowers she brings were given to her by the lover whom I forbade her to see. And now she brings his flowers

as a peace-offering to me! With her fair hands she tends the dead but her heart is filled with the living. When my son comes I shall get more warmth. Go in peace, my child, to your lover. There can never be too much loving!

THE HUSBAND SPEAKS: Ah, dearest wife, how I miss you! I cannot bear to think of my loneliness. The young people have other interests, but you were my only companion. How can I face the rest of life without you? I dare not linger here; it hurts too much. Would that I had gone first rather than be left lonely like this.

THE WIFE SPEAKS: I have come back to the kindly earth and I hear my husband speaking words of regret and sorrow, but I see that he is carefully putting on his muffler lest the cold wind of spring should strike him as it struck me a year ago. But, ah, beloved, do not fear to come to me. At the last, when the little feverish earth-life is over, you will not be asked: "How many did you do good to on your journey?" All that will be asked is: "How many loved you and still love your memory? How many did you bind to you with love?" Believe me, love, or the want of it, is the one thing that counts when all is reckoned up.

THE SON SPEAKS: Alas, no son ever lost such a good mother! (*He lays down a wreath of bay leaves.*) See what I bring. It will outlast those frail flowers. (*The son thinks*): If only you could have lived a year longer, mother, how proud you would have been to see the honors I have won in the world of men—my degree, a challenge cup, a price of £100, my photograph in all the leading papers! Ah, if only I had worked a little harder last year, but I could not guess, and now it comes too late!

THE MOTHER SPEAKS: I hover above the kindly earth

and see my son bowed above my grave, seeking me where I cannot be found. Look up, my son, let there be no regret. I see through and beyond all these little unnecessary things now to the true worth of life. Of what real value are fame and riches to the soul? They cannot make your lover love you more—though of such a nature is true love that failure to win these might do so—and they certainly make your enemy envy and hate you. Do not linger here, my son, life is short, go and use your powers and try to win the only thing worth keeping in the earth-life—that is love. And remember there can never be too much loving!

(*A Pale Stranger enters and looks wistfully at the graves.*)

THE LIVING ONES: You, too, have a grave to tend?

THE PALE STRANGER: I, too, have a grave, but I know not where it is. Somewhere in a foreign land his body lies, but his living presence is ever with me. He went into battle neither in fear nor hatred of the foe. He died that others might live. Because he loved peace he fought that 't might reign supreme; because he loved justice and purity he fought the forces of evil and cruelty, and I am left alone—I have not even his poor grave to tend.

KEEPER OF THE GRAVES: There are those over there who tend the stranger's graves. Seek rather the living who have need of comfort. The days grow short, soon it will be too late, and they will pass without ever knowing you cared for them. Dim your sorrow a little by sharing theirs. Nothing is lost; from the grave the blossom grows, from the blossoms honey is gathered and fruit ripens, from the death of one hero many heroes shall spring up.

(*The Living leave the cemetery together and twilight and peace brood over it.*)

AT THE SIGN OF THE POPPY

By HELEN WOLJESKA.

LET your heavy lids cover those sleepy eyes, darling, and look no longer at the ugly spectacle of our poverty. Forget how bare our dingy room is and how hard this miserable bed. It is not better now, with your head resting upon my breast rather than on these loathsome rugs? Yes, dear, I also am hungry. But soon we'll be dreaming and all this shall be forgotten. The cruel noise of the elevated trains makes you shiver. How it rattles past our broken window and vibrates through the gloomy room! But never mind! The lovely faraway music is beginning. Can you not hear it, delicately swelling, wooing, trilling? Oh,

how the sordid walls disappear—how bluish columns rise high up into the mystic space above—how silver and jewels are gleaming! And we lie on a swaying bed of royal purple amid clouds of incense and showers of roses. You look beautiful, darling, stretched on this tawny skin; you are so white and frail you seem a wraith! On your little breasts bloom pale rosebuds, and delicate mauve veins are traced on your slender thighs! They seem like pallid marble. And your long red hair is twined about my arm in many coils of fiery snakes. Why do you weep? I am not angry. I love you! Come closer still, so we may dream the same

dream, for our souls and our sorrows are kin. We have not the hopes of other people. There are no joys possible for us except those of the dream. There is no future for us except in the dream. Death, you say? Ah! yes—death! It will end our misery. But shall it end our dream? Your mouth is very sweet. I like a sorrowful droop. It is red and warm and honeyed in spite of all sorrows. And I like your white arms about me. They are frightened and passionate and caressing. Oh! though we are poor we know the greatest happiness—and we know the joy of life, although we are dying. Kiss me, sweetheart.

THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, R. O. Veller; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts, addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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VOL. XI. No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1917.

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MR. WILSON'S GREAT
TALK ABOUT PEACE
WITHOUT VICTORY.

WHAT particularly strikes one in President Wilson's plea for peace before the Senate last month is its implication. We might say its implications. The first of them is that Mr. Wilson has knowledge which is denied the rest of us. He is so profound a master of state craft that we shall not suppose he overlooks the means to his great end. He will not have it imagined that he can bring peace by merely talking about it. He has thought out long in advance the various steps he must take to give his peace policy effect. He does not let the world see all that is in his mind. Consequently, any comment upon his words is but a guess or perhaps a clever conjecture. Making this confession of our incapacity to criticise Mr. Wilson in a well-informed way, we venture to think that his words have brought peace within a measurable distance of the belligerents. Even the mighty British Empire will not too haughtily reject the proffer of the olive branch from a President of the United States. If it were not for our faith in the subtlety, the diplomacy, the art of Mr. Wilson—using these terms inoffensively—we should say at once that he is doomed to humiliation. As it is, we credit him with genius, diplomacy, skill, subtlety and a noble purpose. On the basis of that combination of qualities in Wilson, we hope. We do no more than hope until the President makes his next move. It will be striking, sensational, and, let us pray, successful.

IS GERMANY ABOUT TO
STARVE?

THERE is a very general expectation in London that the Germans will be so hungry in the spring as to be capable of making a meal of Emperor William and the general staff. Moreover, the Germans are big eaters and they will not relish a

curtailment of their diet beyond a certain point. The crops will not permit the masses to live between one harvest and another. These calculations are very finely made. They are convincing on paper. The reply to them is embodied in the anecdote of Napoleon and his hungry and ragged soldiers, "You have nothing," he said to them. "The enemy has everything." The starving soldiers fought for their stomachs and they soon drove off the well-fed and enervated enemy. All military history shows that when troops are fighting for a meal in the possession of the enemy, they are invincible. Nor need we overlook the factor of despair. Let us grant that the Germans are as badly off as the English would have us believe. Their despair would lend them a power of offense against which the allies might contend in vain. In short, a little knowledge of history ought to teach the theorists who think the Germans are starving that it is the hungry, the ragged and the despairing who conquer the world.

WHY THE WAR SITUATION
WILL NOT SOON CHANGE.

FOR a period that may extend through the next few years, and which, at the best, will last a year, the world will witness the progress of the sanguinary struggle for the dominion of the world which has brought calamities untold to the white race. The condition of the professional man may become worse and worse. The holders of tangible assets may find them shrinking. The speculators in values that rise and fall with the tide of battle may reap immense fortunes and lose still greater ones. All this misery will not bring the mighty struggle to an end. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the men at the foundation of society, the toiling millions, are, on the whole, benefited by the duration of the war. The masses in England continue still to find money in their

pockets. The demand for manual laborers outruns the supply. The toil of the skilled worker is rewarded upon an unprecedented scale. The wives of the soldiers are cared for, in spite of the misery of which we read. In short, the continuation of the struggle is not ruining the proletariat. The wage earners may be sent into battle to die for their country. They are cared for, and they have no economic problem to solve. The humblest man in the ranks may rise to the highest command. These are the considerations which make the pleas of the pacifists so meaningless to the poor. In peace the poor live a life of horror in the slums. The men of force and of initiative among them go to prison. To-day the strong vagrant is an asset to the recruiting sergeant. How absurd is the talk of the agitators who remind the workers that they are cannon food. Is it not better to be food for cannon than food for worms in a pauper's burying ground? The man who comes back wounded from the battle is a petted hero. In the light of developments, we need look for no such revolt of the millions against conditions which are to them an improvement over what they had to endure when there was peace. The Socialist vote has shrunk in this land. It is not as important as it was. We do not think it is likely to be important after the war unless peace brings back the old form of starvation for the masses.

THE SUMMER AND THE
SUBMARINE AND THE
OCEAN.

WINTER is about passing away and with it the commerce of the world takes a fresh lease of life. The Germans have been busy with their favorite naval weapon and some dozen or more ships have been sunk in the South Atlantic alone. There will be a loud outcry against this by the allies, whose complaint will be based upon the familiar contention that the Germans do not fight according to the British code. The difficulty of the mistress of the seas is that the seas of which she is mistress are so wide. If efforts are made to police one ocean, the foe will turn up in another. The sea is one but it is also vast. The ships that sail the globe must traverse unpoliced regions as well as policed regions. There is no evidence that the Germans have not adhered to their agreement with this Government in the method of their submarine operations. The allies will present cases to Washington suggestive of every imaginable turpitude. There will be exchanges of ideas between our capital and that of Emperor William. The organs of Anglo-mania in New York will magnify the crisis in a sensational way and in the end everything will be about as it was. There is not the slightest prospect of this country being involved in the great European

war as a result of the submarine campaign to be reopened when the weather is warm. A popular impression to the contrary prevails, because the mind of the American people has been charged with the idea that President Wilson does not trust the German navy. He is afraid that navy will break away from the control of the Wilhelmstrasse. This idea is fresh evidence of the extent to which our people are given nonsense in place of reality. There is no prospect at all that the German navy will run amuck and there is as little likelihood that we shall be drawn into the war. Germany will not sink unarmed merchantmen without warning; but she will not spare warships disguised as merchantmen. It is to the interest of this country to remain at peace. We have remained at peace with honor. What we have done in the face of more serious obstacles we can do easily now that the control of events is (from the diplomatic standpoint) in our hands.

THE COMING EVENTS OF
THE WAR ON LAND.

NO sooner will the ground in Northern France and in Belgium be dry enough for infantry tactics on a colossal scale than the campaign must reopen on both sides with redoubled fury. Any accident might happen. For example, the Germans could, given a fortuitous combination of events, break through the lines of the foe and march on to Paris. The American mind has become so obsessed by the spectacular character of any capture of Paris that the appearance of a German army there would seem to many of us tantamount to an end of the war. That is sheer delusion. The capture of Paris by the Germans would not end the war if the French army remained intact. Similarly, any breaking through the German lines by the allies in the western theater would not mean that the end was in sight. The allies might conceivably get far on the road to Berlin and still suffer defeat and destruction. This point ought to be kept in mind, because we are about to witness a stage of the war in which the wavering of lines will be a feature of all offensives. We have seen the end of the trench stage of the great war. Men will still entrench, but there will be no more holding of entrenched positions indefinitely. Both sides have acquired so much experience in searching trenches with artillery that it is well nigh impossible for any line to retain its original character under heavy bombardment. Therefore, we shall have exciting clashes masked behind the claims of one side or the other, reinforced with maps of the ground held. The "map" period of the war is over in the west. The era of movement of large bodies of troops will take its place. We shall hear of armies moving hither and thither, of defeats, pursuits, surprises, but the results

will be veiled behind the curtain of a censorship. If the net result should not be a decisive triumph for the allies in the west, we may look for the collapse of the Lloyd George ministry in London.

THE COURSE OF THE
"LEAK" INQUIRY.

THAT committee of the House of Representatives which has undertaken to investigate the leak of a Presidential note should tolerate no trifling with its authority. The powers of a house committee making an investigation of this kind are ample. If there be a flaw in the resolution empowering the investigation, that flaw can be remedied. It is too much the habit to take a House committee as if it were a joke. In some respects, Congress is the highest court in the land. Certainly, the committee of Congress investigating an affair under a proper resolution has all the power of a regularly constituted court. It can not be flouted with impunity. Nevertheless, we saw a House committee almost openly insulted by a Federal bureaucrat in this very city not so many months ago. He was to have been summoned before the bar of the House, but he did not go. Perhaps he will be forced to appear in a week or two. This is but one episode. The country well remembers a very rich man who ran hither and thither about the country to escape an investigating committee of Congress. If the gentlemen who are looking into the leak will vindicate their authority, if they refuse to tolerate trifling by men of millions who resent questioning, the inquiry will do an immense amount of good. As regards the leak itself, we venture to think that an immense ado has been made about very little. It is reasonable to suppose that men whose business it is to keep in touch with speculative values on the Stock Exchange do not forget to watch the developments at Washington. There is nothing at this moment to prove the insinuations against men high in the administration. The charges against them are not credible on their face. The country will want chapter and verse and these can be afforded only if the Congressional Committee displays energy and efficiency.

THE ANGLOMANIACS
WORRY THE PRESIDENT
AGAIN.

IT was inevitable that President Wilson should come in for denunciation on the part of the Anglomaniacs because he spoke a word for peace. Those Anglomaniacs are prone to talk of the President's "mistake." The capacity of the men who use that word to keep out of mistakes themselves is by no means obvious. The glaring incapacity of the critics of President Wilson to pass judgment on the policy that inspired his peace note does not discon-

cert those Anglomaniacs at all. We have emerged into a period of history that would try the subtlety of a Machiavelli, a period that must press a Charlemagne hard and baffle the instinct for rule of a Pope Gregory the Great. In the throes of each recurrent crisis, President Wilson has achieved a series of diplomatic victories of which Talleyrand might be proud. The correspondence with Germany has been masterly. The hints to England have been strong and, if not effective, they have detached the American mind from its superstition regarding Great Britain. The President has held aloof in the spirit, if not always with the ease, of Washington. In the face of such a series of successes, he was justified in saying a word for that peace which is still far away. Only the conceited, the impertinent, the ignorant or the mercenary would venture to speak disdainfully of what President Wilson has done in addressing an identical note to the belligerents. He is, of course, making moves in what might be called a preliminary series of games. He is establishing the record. He is writing a preface to the text that is yet to be read to us. In flat and flagrant defiance of the evidence of this fact, the President's critics—men who are British subjects at heart—talk of his mistake. How does an ignoramus define a mistake? What correction does he offer? Such Anglomaniacs remind us of the sophomores who are so ready to tell the professor about Shakespeare's mistakes. Well, we won't mind Shakespeare's mistakes, because his biggest mistake is more precious than all Doctor Dryasdust's accuracies.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR
THE FEDERAL BUREAU-
CRACY.

OF all the victories of the great Federal bureaucracy over the liberties of the American people we can remember none to compare in importance with the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Mann "white slave" case. There is a suspicion in some artless minds that this Mann law was enacted in ignorance of what it really stands for. There are other simple souls who think the effect of the act in promoting blackmail was but evidence of a lack of insight into human nature. Those who know what forces are hidden in our national life need not be told that the bureaucrats who had the Mann law enacted understood its character and purport. It was another device on the part of the Federal bureaucrats to make their hold upon power firmer. They are now in a position to invade the private lives of the American people under cover of a power that no Congressman dare attack. It has been said that no one in Washington will ever dare to introduce a bill correcting the abuses of the Mann law. It is difficult for anyone to expose those

abuses without incurring suspicion of some unworthy motive. The evil of the act is not in its attitude to the "escapades" of people, although that is open to question, but in the vast power it confers upon a bureaucracy exercising the powers of the Federal Government to set itself up as a censor of the morals of the people. The power bestowed upon the bureaucrats by the Mann act would be dangerous if exercised by the elected representatives of the people. It is exercised by men who owe their office to appointment at the dictation of hierarchical superiors, men who are not residents of the districts they invade with their inquisitorial powers. The postoffice has in the past been a scandal because of the travesty of justice which it called a "fraud order proceeding," but this evil fades into nothingness beside the new bureaucratic tyranny of the Mann mistake. We do not for a moment insinuate a word of reproach against Congressman Mann. We do not doubt that he was hoodwinked by some unctuous bureaucrat into lending the weight of his name to a legislative trick.

OUR MIDDLE WEST ON
THE MAP OF INTERNA-
TIONAL FINANCE.

THE Middle West has put itself on the map of international finance.

Taking up what Wall Street dropped, the wealth of our Middle West is being enlisted in the salvage of the Chinese Republic. This American loan to China has a threefold meaning. Behind the bald fact of five millions gold bolstering China in her moment of need, we have the American Government coming out of its shell—the Nipponese covering a wry face over the setback given her dream of empire over China.

The playing of fairy godmother to the harassed Chinese Republic augurs much. The \$5,000,000 loan undertaken by the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago is—as the men putting through the deal said—a revelation of a new Middle West. Yesterday it was content to be hailed the granary of the world. That is past. The one money market in America no longer is Wall Street. The new Middle West is dipping into the stakes lying half around the world.

Capping with success a long failure of China to get golden aid from this country, the Middle West flyer in finance has a larger import.

"The Department of State," says Secretary of State Lansing, "is always gratified to see the Republic of China receive financial assistance from the citizens of the United States." If the words of the Secretary of State carry any meaning, it is an expression of concern over the fate of China. Coupled to this, the declaration of the State Department that

"the legitimate enterprises abroad" of our country will get "all proper diplomatic support and protection" has a challenge which will not be lost on the world; for the Secretary of State—knowing the circumstances of the Middle West's loosening of purse—has voiced no words of warning.

How will Japan, looking on China as her pie, take this stiffening of China's backbone—the declaration of our Secretary of State.

China's fight for life may be put in two words: money and meddling—from without. The nibbling policy put in action by Japan, the bludgeoning of China into giving an inch that an ell may be grasped, has no place for America's espousal of China and her woes. Japan knows that every dollar from across the Pacific to China sets Japanese ambitions back in the Celestial Republic just two hundred centuries.

The Middle West—the Administration's Middle West—is putting a momentous stake into China. Is the American Government ready to see it through? Are we willing to face Japan's hostility over this fingering into what our past backing down has taught the land of the Mikado to be their own place in the sun? Have we said what we mean? Do we mean what we say?

Americans may close their eyes to this—as they have done in the past. But the Japanese will not. Some day America may awake to the fact that the conclusion of the China loan of 1916 was but the beginning of larger events—events pushing this nation into a road from which there is no turning.

More than one international furrow, blindly ploughed, has been sown by Mars.

WHY THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH IS
RESTRICTED BY AMERICANS.

NO doubt there were flaws in the character of George Washington. He was a great and good man, much abler than we are permitted to suppose, owing to the Lincoln craze. George Washington was the father of his country in a splendid sense. His memory has been discredited within recent weeks by the authorities of a native American State or, to be literally accurate, by the native Americans who rule one of our States. These native Americans had a citizen tried and convicted of saying that George Washington was guilty of moral lapses. The law of that State forbids disrespectful allusions to the memory of the first President of the United States. One may not cite his sins even as historical facts.

In another State in which the native American element is strong, a citizen has been tried and is

about to be punished for denying that God exists. If we are correctly informed, the citizen went so far as to say that Jesus Christ was never divine in origin. The episode has been in the courts for some weeks and will remain there, for a vigorous defense is imminent.

In still another of our States, a clergyman of blameless life was arrested for reading the Bible in public. In yet another, a man was found guilty of the crime of criticizing the police.

Let us not multiply examples. It will be an easy matter to recall one and it will perhaps be as easy to recall two. We read of such things in the newspapers, from time to time, but we heed them very little unless some personal interest be at stake.

The question next suggests itself: why is it possible in a land like ours for the authorities to make an organized campaign against the right of free speech, to obliterate it practically? In reply, we have only to point out one important fact. The native American is brought up from his cradle to believe that he and his ancestors are in some special and peculiar sense the guardians of liberty. One might almost say that the American is taught that his country discovered freedom or invented it. At any rate, no one in the wide world knows so much about freedom or has so much freedom as the Americans.

As a result of this teaching, there is in the American mind a most conceited attitude to the whole topic of freedom. Nobody can teach an American anything about freedom. Nobody can teach him anything about democracy. Freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, freedom of the press—these things are guaranteed in the Constitution and that establishes the fact of their existence.

The theologians are fond of quoting the warning of the New Testament epistle to the effect that he

that thinketh he standeth should take heed lest he fall. There is a spiritual pride that is the death of the soul. In the same way, there is a political conceit that is the death of liberty. It is well nigh impossible to agitate for the right of free speech in this country because the masses of the American people are convinced that we all enjoy it already. There is not a glimmer of a suspicion that the right of free speech is not exercised by anyone who pleases to-day. If we point to the instances in which the right of free speech is denied, we will be told that the persons punished for presuming to criticize George Washington or for denying the trinity or for quoting the Bible in public were guilty of abuses of their constitutional right. All Americans consider that they know what the right of free speech is.

It is this unfortunate state of the national mind which is responsible for the bitter hatreds and racial divisions brought about among us by the war in Europe. The animosities were engendered in the first place by exercise of the right of free speech. The first impulse of a native American, when the right of free speech is exercised in terms he dislikes, is to have somebody indicted. Then he discovers to his chagrin that it is possible to make remarks on the subject of international relations without going to prison. No doubt, this omission in the law will be remedied at the instance of the Federal bureaucracy. In due time we shall have to serve a term in jail, not only for saying that George Washington was not perfect, that Jesus Christ was not divine, that policemen ought to be kept within due limits, but for saying that we ought to avoid entangling alliances with the powers of Europe. When such statutes are enforced all around us, the American people will still remain firm in the belief that we enjoy the right of free speech in this great land of liberty.

THE MOBILIZATION

By OLIVER AMES.

THEY mobilized in earlier years
 Their secret jealousies and fears,
 Their cunning, caution, etiquette—
 Till all at Sarejevo met.
 Then, on the map which they'd undone,
 They forced the fight they feigned to shun.
 And whilst the field, the air, the wave,
 Thronged with their millions vainly brave,
 (Their millions called from round and round
 Against one land-locked plot of ground),
 They mobilized through all the lands

Fresh millions of munition hands,—
 Through all the lands, the meat and bread,
 Coal, cotton, copper, gold and lead,
 The carrier-beasts, the carrier-cars,
 And carrier-ships for mailed Mars;
 They mobilized the press of earth,
 The rhyme of slander, the smudge of mirth;
 Yet mobilized with most success
 Man's pity and man's righteousness—
 Man's righteousness, for their good fight;
 Man's pity—for their sorry plight.

WELCOME MICHAEL MONAHAN

BEGINNING with this number the subscribers of Michael Monahan's brave little *Phoenix* will receive the *International*. We, on the other hand, take pleasure in introducing the inimitable Michael Monahan to our readers. For decades, in the *Papyrus* and in the *Phoenix*, the successor of that venturesome periodical, Michael Monahan has fearlessly fought the battle of culture against commercialism in literature. He has gathered around himself a loyal fellowship of lovers of letters and lovers of truth. We welcome this little band at our banquet table. We hope that they will not be disappointed with what fare we may offer them. We promise to keep up the traditions for which Monahan has battled with his Irish heart and his cosmopolitan brain. We shall succeed, if Mr. Monahan will not desert us. The stars that have shone for him are the stars that also guide us.

The *International* stands for Americanism as opposed to any foreign influence. We believe in a Declaration of Independence in the realm of let-

ters as well as in the body politic. We also believe in *International Culture* as opposed to Provincialism. While the war lasts, men's minds are keyed to a dangerous pitch. It may be that we shall strike a note now and then that may displease some of our new readers. We may agree on some questions. We may disagree on others. But we hope that neither we nor they will forget that art is common ground where all men may meet. No passport is needed to cross that border, save the love of letters and a dauntless heart. We scorn to check the free discussion of vital topics by our contributors. With equal scorn we refuse to join a conspiracy of silence against ourselves. We shall continue to keep an open Forum in the *International* for unpopular points of view. We shall not muzzle the intelligent minority. We shall not sell out to Mammon or Mrs. Grundy. One man's meat is another man's poison. If we offer poison to some of our readers, Monahan may supply an antidote. Welcome, Michael Monahan!

MICHAEL MONAHAN TO HIS FRIENDS

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have a sad word for you: owing to unfavorable conditions in the paper trade I am forced to end the publication of *The Phoenix*. Our last issue was that of December, 1916, and there will be no future one. Let us spare our tears! *The Phoenix* has put up a good fight for its ideals and I trust justified its too brief existence. Grief should be only for the ineffectual.

Besides, this is not really a final parting with our good friends, many of whom have followed us from the far years of the *Papyrus*—Allah will not have it so! And in truth *The Phoenix* is not dead except commercially—the spiritual part of it—the *thing you liked* about it, has passed into another medium and survives.

In a word, *The Phoenix* is now merged with *The International Magazine*, of New York, edited by my

gifted friend, George Sylvester Viereck. *The International* is the most original and progressive of American literary magazines. Its ideals are mainly those to which I have sealed my humble allegiance since I first took up the pen. Above all, it upholds and cleaves to the free literary spirit which to my mind is the most precious appanage of liberty in our country today.

I shall expect to contribute regularly to *The International*, to talk to my friends in its pages as freely as of yore in *The Papyrus* or *Phoenix*, and I bespeak for it a full measure of the loyal and generous support which has been mine in the past.

It is not farewell then, dear fellow pilgrim, and I trust we shall march on still for many years together. Never have we really tired of this wonderful adventure of life—and the ideal is always before us!

Your sincere friend,
MICHAEL MONAHAN.

NOTICE!

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the new Book Mart established by The *International*. We are now in a position to procure any book in the market. We hope that our readers will avail themselves of this service. It has been established solely for their convenience and use. Remember The *International Book Mart* if you want any book and at the cheapest price.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

(The author of "Sanine" and "At the Breaking Point" is one of the greatest of living novelists. In his novels, Artzibashev reveals unhappy Russia with immense power and sympathy. Not since Tolstoy has Russia produced a writer whose appeal is so universal. The following terrifying tale is the greatest indictment of capital punishment that has ever been written. You will be shocked, but you will want every human being to read it.)

By M. ARTZIBASHEV.

THE evening was cold, altogether autumnal. Upon the thinned out trees in the garden and the black roofs of barns shone sharply the fine, blue new moon, and in the cold sky its brilliance seemed disquieting and enigmatic. Silently it floated over the black, motionless earth, where no sentient life appeared, as though it perceived something, understood something that will never be known or understood by mankind. Thus over an immense black grave arises at night a mysterious blue flame and quietly it stands above the bowed grasses, silently mourning over someone's inscrutable destiny.

Upon the balcony of the old seignorial home burned a solitary candle under a glass dome, and the former prosecuting attorney's flabby hand, with short fingers, crawled unpleasantly along the table-cloth stained with red wine; amid dirty plates and glasses, casting a black, spider-like shadow.

The old attorney has been living for a long time upon this deserted estate of the extinct seignors. He let himself droop entirely, drank heavily, became shrunken, and his enormous shaggy head resembled the gruff snout of an aged bear dying somewhere in a forest thicket, wanted by no one, vicious and forsaken.

"So-so, my dear friend!" he was saying to the young and dashing coroner, Verigin, who involuntarily was stopping with him on his way from a distant inquest. "It is only customary to think so . . . because it is convenient . . . as though all evil is caused by the imperfection of the courts and our judicial attitude. But in reality the cause lies much deeper. . . . There does not exist a single form of retaliation that does not secrete within itself a direct or an indirect, but absolutely the most barbarous, stupid and cruel injustice. You know, I came to the conclusion that if, in general, there is one form of retaliation to which it is possible to give preference, even though only on the strength of its internal meaning, it is the form of personal retaliation. Yes, my dear! This is so, and the Voltairians may vainly grumble. It is sad, but a fact nevertheless! Mournful, but natural! Yes. Pass me the bottle, my friend, I'll take a drink. It is quite cold already. Rather an early fall this year. I don't remember one like it."

"Listen, Kirill Kirillovitch!" cried Verigin. "Why, what you have just said is an absurdity! Did you stop to reflect upon it? Why, it would mean savagery, anarchy, the era of Judge Lynch!"

The old attorney glanced at his guest with the heavy eyes of a drunken person and monstrosly screwed up his lips.

"My green birdling!" he said suddenly, with unexpected anger. "And how do you know but that perhaps Lynch law is really the ideal law, the only reasonable form of justice; however, mankind would create even greater evils from this form of justice than from the one we now have."

The old attorney was silent and began to pull at the wine, protruding his thick, lower lip. Large, red blood like drops fell heavily upon his clean tilt-cloth vest and diffused in turbid stains, while the wizened thick neck swelled and fell, as though in it something moved, round and alive.

"Since you like Lynch law so much, then why do you think that from it a still greater evil would result? It would seem—

just the opposite!" uttered the coroner, with an exacerbated irony.

"Did I say that I approve of Lynch law?" said the attorney surprised, although not at all sincerely. "I absolutely do not approve of anything! I have my preferences, my friend. I have my preferences, but do not approve. In this there is a vast difference! I beg you to note this. And the evil would result for the following reason: the great mass of people live only because the right of personal retaliation does not exist in the modern state. And in its pure form it scarcely ever did exist! Imagine what would happen if to every person were given this right! Why, God grant that upon the whole terrestrial globe there might be found two hundred persons whom no one would want to molest, persons actually harmless, not base, who have never committed a single crime in all their lives—or at least not interfered with the lives of others!"

"What are you saying?" Verigin shook his hand. "That is a paradox!"

NO, this is not a paradox, but the truth! Now, endeavor to select from among the circle of people known to you, as an experiment, at least five of whom you could say with certainty and perfect sincerity, 'yes,' these may live; they are worthy of it, for they do not sit on any one's neck; on their account no human lives are being sacrificed for this or that reason, they do not withhold anything; they interfere with no one and their lives are absolutely devoid of all doubtful stains! Why, such people, rightfully, would be worthy of God's paradise! For, according to an old belief, these sinless people would be godlike and saints."

Verigin gazed vexedly at the old attorney and could not decide whether he jested or spoke seriously, but instinctively he felt something offensive in his words. And a positive hatred grew within him toward his short fingers, dirty tilt-cloth vest and flagging chin, black like an old actor's.

"Let us elaborate this picture," he continued with manifest malevolence. "We will imagine to ourselves paradise, a real paradise, as it is pictured to us in our childhood—a sort of blue summit, not like a garden, but somewhat like it—radiance, light, fragrance, angels en déshabillé, and so forth. And mentally let everybody that you know enter therein—officers, druggists, priests, government clerks, gymnasium students, young girls and ladies. Will this not seem an evident absurdity and will it not rather become a trifle embarrassing to us as though we did really commit something foolish, clumsy and even altogether indecent?"

"What nonsense," angrily replied Verigin.

"Paradise is only an image—a symbol of sinlessness—the only place where you can imagine a human being absolutely stainless."

And the old attorney with an evident and vulgar cynicism added:

"Come now, confess if among all your acquaintances, there are any whom you can at all imagine as fit for that place, where there is no sickness, no sighing, no filth of any kind."

"No! It is the truth, isn't it? Take, for instance, Jennie Telepneva?"

It was clear that the attorney knew of Verigin's feelings for Jennie, and that he was mocking him.

"Listen!" more loudly exclaimed the coroner, fuming and rising from his chair.

But the old attorney suddenly became terribly frightened. He arose, caught the coroner with both hands, almost forcibly made him sit down again and mumbled imploringly:

"Come, come, come! My dear, forgive me, do not be angry. I did not know! On my word of honor, I did not wish to insult you, and as for Jennie, I have the greatest respect for her. Come now, don't be angry, cheer up!"

Verigin was red one moment, pale the next, and senselessly twisted his hands.

"Come, forgive me, my dear. What are you making of it, really! Not every word is to be taken so to heart! On my word of honor, I meant no evil, but I am tactless when I argue. Oh, come, let's have a drink, my dear, and forget about it. Enough sulking with an old man. For I am indeed old, old enough to be your grandfather!"

Verigin felt uncomfortable at the old man's wheedling, and scowled, deciding in any event to be above such drunken chatter. Besides, the horses had not yet arrived from the village station, and he wasn't going to walk there on foot.

The attorney glanced silently upon him and suddenly began to speak in an even tone of voice as though absolutely nothing had happened.

"Concerning innocent girls, I meant nothing personal and mentioned them merely to intimate to a certain extent that we ourselves are not entirely without a blemish. Even in the matter of passion. But this is all bosh, the most essential thing is that were we to untie our hands and thus make it possible to render a measure of absolute justice, we would be forced to strike out from the list practically the entire human race without exception. A vast *auto da fe* would then have taken place. Yes!"

THE old attorney gazed over the candle into the darkness of the room and his eyes sparkled with what the coroner thought was cruelty.

"Yes, and you are capable of doing this with a light heart!"

And very clearly realizing how much higher he stood above this evil, good for nothing, decrepit old man, he felt entirely composed.

"Yes, yes," reflectively muttered the old bear, "I recall every one whom I knew, and I knew, my dear, an extremely great number of personalities, and I realize that there is not a single individual among them, who if brought before the face of absolute justice could prove himself perfectly innocent and who would not be deserving at least of forfeiting all his rights to his station. In a broad sense, of course."

"Really, not a single one!" indecisively replied the coroner and shuddered, either from cold or from the picture which presented itself to him.

"Yes, yes!" laughingly answered the old attorney; "two godly men were found even in Sodom, but were I the Heavenly Father, I would not for the sake of two godly men, even though they were the most saintly, suffer at least two-hundred milliards, according to the lowest estimate, of scoundrels to live in the world! This is, you know, already too obvious an inconsistency for such, permit me to say, mathematics."

The old attorney became silent and his head shook for a long time, while the lower lip, thick and shaved, reached almost to his breast.

Silent also was Verigin, gazing upon the old man attentively and thoughtfully.

It became altogether quiet and cold. The crescent of the moon hid itself and only one brilliant spark of its upper horn shone in the gloom, linked in a black silhouette of some terrible chimney.

The old attorney laughed softly in answer to some of his own inner thoughts and inclined toward the bottle. A thick hand with short fingers crept along the wet, disgusting tablecloth and along side of it crawled a black spider—its shadow.

"When I was yet young," began the old attorney again, "and just prior to my appointment as assistant-prosecuting attorney, a case of this sort fell to my lot. A peasant woman and a little girl, thirteen or fourteen years old, were both murdered. Murder and violence with the motive of robbery. A horrible and inhuman deed. Well, we arrived, as is customary, toward night. For some reason the authorities always arrive at night. Well, we arrived, gathered the witnesses and went to the scene of the crime."

He remained silent for a while, as if endeavoring to refresh his memory.

"The hovel in which the tragedy took place stood on a common and, as it proved later, the murdered peasant woman carried on an illicit trade in wine. We arrive. It is already dark. The guard stands at a little distance from the hovel—he's afraid. We enter. The hovel is like all hovels—the ceiling is low, oppressive, in the corner are images, upon the table bread covered with a towel, upon a window-sill burns a candle, and as the door stands open and the window panes are broken, the flame tosses in all directions. And, really, you know, it is quite dreadful; lying in the centre of the hovel, flat on the green floor, is the body of the stout peasant woman, in a tattered skirt, with yellow feet. The back naked, greasy, as if made of lard, and the head severed completely and standing; just imagine, near the leg of the table, as though the dead woman were staring from under the floor. The murderer, evidently, struggled desperately with her for a long time; the woman was healthy, strong, and he, as it proved later, was a puny individual. However, he succeeded in throwing her flat and pressing her down with his knee against her back, evidently threatening her with a knife. He demanded money, but she would not give up. Then taking hold of her hair he drew the woman's head back and drew the knife across her neck. The neck was thick, fat. With one slit he could not kill her, and as she struggled and almost wrenched herself from him, he struck her with the knife between the shoulders so that the blood spattered even the wall across the room. Then, when the woman weakened, he drew the head back again and began to cut. He cut a long time, and accurately, and severed a living woman's head. She shrieked, they say, at first, so that she could be heard all over the village, then she began to hiccough only, and then to rattle. The peasants, of course, were afraid to come to her aid, as at that time a band of roving gypsies camped in the neighborhood, and there is nothing more cowardly in the world than a Russian peasant. Yes! Then, having murdered the woman, the wretch crawled up in the garret. There sat a girl about thirteen years of age and her little brother, a seven-year-old shaver. And here, evidently, a beastly fury possessed him.

"This is horrible!" said the coroner.

"BUT worst of all was," continued the old attorney, "that upon this whole butchery, which lasted for quite a long time the girl's little brother, Stepka, gazed from the top of the oven. The murderer wanted to kill him also, but evidently, having satiated his murderous lust, he became weak and kind after his own fashion. He took Stepka by the hand, but Stepka set up a howl.

"Oh, please uncle, don't touch me!" he implored. 'Oh,

darling, oh, golden uncle!" Clutching at the murderer's hand that had only just butchered his mother and sister, he began to kiss it—violently! His whole face was smeared with his sister's and mother's blood. He screamed, shrieked and kissed the hand, as though it were his own father's. And thus he really succeeded in saving his own life! It was upon his information that the murderer was caught."

The old attorney stopped for some reason.

"And when we questioned this Stepka, it was evident that the tragedy did not pass without leaving its effect upon him. He did not get away cheaply! They brought in the urchin, thin, like a match stick, with a large head, the hair in shreds and upright; his eyes enormous, wild and blinking constantly. They blink and at the same time creep out of their orbits, and the tongue hideously rolling out of the mouth—just like a frog's! It was terrible, you know, and pitiful, and disgusting to look upon him. It were much better had he been really killed! For what was he now, not a human, but just a spasm of some kind.

"Somehow we managed to cross-examine him. We turned his whole soul inside out and for a second time made him live through everything, and finally succeeded in our object."

"But what for?" the coroner frowned sickly.

The old attorney snapped back maliciously.

"What do you mean, what for? Mustn't the murderer be caught? That justice may be vindicated! What would you have? Stepka was the only material witness, and there were suspicions that the murderer was a native of the same village and must have been known to Stepka.

Verigin remained silent, but the attorney waited long and spitefully for an answer.

"Mama's head," says he, "as he cut it off, the head rolled on the floor, and mama without a head, on all fours, like a toad, around the room, hop, hop. While the blood poured out in a stream from the opening. I became frightened and jumped on top of the oven and Tanka huddled herself on a bench and became silent. And then he fell upon Tanka. I can't even see her at all. And then Tanka gave a terrible shriek, and he shouted: 'Quiet, or I'll kill you,' and he struck Tanka with the knife! I began to jump on the wall, beat my head against it and screamed. Mama lies with a head, and the head stares from under the table—at me!

"And at this moment the boy emitted a shriek, and staggered back against the wall. After much effort we finally calmed him. He was constantly struggling, screaming and kissed our hands and bit at the same time.

"The murderer, of course, was caught. About three months later I received my appointment to the post of assistant prosecuting attorney, and I had to be present at the execution of this same murderer. We were then under martial law.

"I will not begin to describe all my sensations when I learned that I was to be present as a witness at the execution. Depressed, heavy, ashamed, terrified and for some reason cold, this is all that can be said. But with all that, I can tell you, that if this same murderer would have fallen into my hands there, in the hovel, or even on the following day, I would have killed him on the spot, like a dog! And perhaps as inhumanely as he himself did! I heard the news later that he was caught, that he was condemned to death, and when occasion made it necessary to speak about this incident with my acquaintances, which was quite often, indeed, because this was to be the first execution in our city, I, notwithstanding the protests of the young generation, stated with a certain ferocity:

"That is just what the infamous wretch deserves! I would quarter him, not alone hang him!"

AND really! Now, tell me, why the devil should he have been forgiven? To whom was it necessary that he should not die, but remain living, this downright beast, ready for a cent, for the gratification of the slightest instinct, to commit every crime, every atrocity, anything! You will say—prison? But has prison ever reformed anybody? No! Then what is the sense to let this vermin sit in some locked cell while hundreds of persons feed, clothe and watch him? His existence is absolutely unnecessary to any one. The logical thing to do was, of course, to strangle him forthwith. And I think that were I to catch him, so to say, in the act of committing the crime, and kill him, I would feel neither repentance, nor even the slightest moral shock! On the contrary, I would have experienced a feeling of great satisfaction, for I would have thereby given a wide outlet to that wrath and revulsion which he aroused in me with his impetuous, loathsome beastliness.

"And yet, when I learned that I, personally, would have to be present at his execution, I became petrified and for three days walked like one in a trance! Immediately I forgot the crime and saw only one thing: that this is horrible, that it is murder, and that I will participate in this murder!

"And so, that night, several hours before the execution, I and some others, upon whom, according to law, fell the duty of witnessing at the ceremony of a hanging, arrived at the prison.

"For some reason we were all convinced that he was asleep. Out of our imagination we all formed this notion, that all persons condemned to death always sleep heavily upon their last night. But what devil can sleep here, when I myself hardly slept before this at all and awoke constantly in a cold sweat.

"No one, of course, knew just how and what it was necessary to do, and owing to this there was a great deal of confusion. Everybody walked about as if lost and languished like persons in the throes of death. The warden of the prison himself was the most distraught of all. He even ordered, for some reason, that no one should enter that corridor, and only one solitary soldier was on watch there, from a Penza regiment. I remember even this. Of all the oppressive impressions I remember only that the warden continually kept going out and returning, and with sighs, like an old woman gazed at his watch. The watch was of silver. Also I remember how they led the executioner out into the yard. You know, I pictured an executioner to myself in many ways but never as this one really proved to be. Imagine a perfect operatic figure, in a black domino and black gloves, in some absurd mask, through openings in which appear incomprehensible red eyes, while from underneath it projects a little, stubby gray beard. It was said afterward that this was a certain teacher from a gymnasium, but that is, of course, ridiculous. Yet he passed freely and calmly, even bowed to us, and every one felt terrified, lest he might also offer his hand. And yet he could have easily done so! Why not? He will soap the rope and will tighten the noose, while we did all we could that no one should interfere with him in his work and that the victim should not escape from the noose and the soap.

AND so, at dawn, pale, distraught, with sinking hearts, upon legs bending under us from some disgusting weakness, we came out of the office and began stealthily to cross the entire prison. In front walked on tiptoe the warden of the prison, behind him an officer of gendarmes, after him I, and behind me stealthily crept a little black priest, for some reason squatting at every step. The silence of the prison was terrible. The day of the execution was successfully kept in secret and all slept soundly. Nevertheless, when we, in a file, crept past the little windows in the cell doors, a perspira-

tion stood out over the whole body. We knew that if we were observed the entire prison will rise on its legs, will rush to the windows and will begin to beat, smash the windows, whistle, shriek, revile us with abuse and insults—spit upon us even, if possible! And we will be compelled to run the gauntlet of such anger and contempt that it were far better we should be chased naked through the city with brooms. And in the depths of our souls we realized perfectly well that this we honestly deserved, because anything more despicable than what we were doing can not even be imagined. But thank God," with an evil smile remarked the attorney, "and although covered with sweat, gazing around on all sides of us and almost sinking from weakness in the knees, we did arrive safely. And in the corridor, where his cell was situated, something altogether unforeseen awaited us.

"The first thing that met our gaze was a deserted, brilliantly illuminated corridor, and then the surprisingly strange figure of the lone soldier sentry. He was, I even now remember, a weak, stunted soldier with wholly white eye-brows and eye-lashes. He stood in the corridor, all right, but how! Huddled together, with his back to the wall, as though he endeavored to penetrate through it with his entire body, with the gun over-weighted in the direction of his cell, and an unnaturally distorted head in the same direction. Such elemental terror I never saw! At once it was seen that the nerves of the man were strained to the extreme limit, that a mere scream would have sufficed, a whistle or a movement of any kind, to rend the insecure partition between reason and madness, and the soldier would have roared in an inhuman voice, would have attacked the wall, would have begun to shoot at any one in sight. He stood there, you understand, without moving a muscle, as though he were not there at all, only his whitish eyes glanced obliquely along the length of the wall.

"Some one was about to snort at the sight of such a figure, but he immediately caught himself, for at that very instant we sighted him.

"That is, not him exactly, but only his head.

"Through a narrow window in the cell door, evidently forced through with great effort, stuck out a completely motionless, dead, waxen head. It was of an extreme dark yellow color and the expression upon this face bore absolutely nothing resembling the human. This was a dead head and upon its dead face two enormous dead eyes, protruded to such an extent that all the veins and nerves were exposed from the terrible tension, and suffused with blood. They just barely moved in an uninterrupted circular motion, intently and tenaciously trying to absorb everything at once. They protruded in our direction and it seemed to me that they crept out still further from their orbits. But as before, there was no expression of any kind in them—only possibly, if a corpse after lying for two days in a coffin could get frightened, he might have looked like this!

"We all stood stock still at once. Some one screamed, some one stepped on my foot, and we almost started to run down the stairs, panic stricken, like a flock of sheep. But instead of that, suddenly a terrible anger, shaking the whole body with a torturing shudder, possessed us all. We vainly hoped that that head should hide itself or else would scream or grimace, do anything, only that it should not gaze so! And instead of running away, we rushed forward toward the door and the warden of the prison was the first to scream with all his might:

"Well, well, well—you!"

"But the real horror was in this, that even after our impetuous movement, after this cry of anguish, the head did not stir. It only slowly turned its terrible eyes toward us and

again sank. And somehow it happened that I found myself suddenly in front of everybody, and right in front of my face, so close that I could even distinguish the eye-lashes and the blood-shot veins in the eye-balls, was the dead head. It appeared to me enormous. And suddenly I saw clearly how the two immense eyes, filled with blood, were protruding from their sockets and moving closer upon me, penetrating into my eyes and glancing piercingly into my very brain.

"Here I became hysterical, after which I lay for two months in a hospital, and when I improved—immediately tendered my resignation.

"The soldier sentry afterward narrated to me that the head appeared at dusk. It crept out stealthily, gazed around, disappeared, with a frightful effort it forced itself through the small opening and became still. And thus it stuck there all night. At first he screamed at it, threatened it, tried to frighten it away with his bayonet, and then became exhausted.

THE murderer was of small stature and in order to reach the window he had to stand on tip-toe, and the window was so small that when they removed him they peeled off all the skin from his ears and jaws. And thus he stood and gazed all night long, evidently trying to absorb into himself every minute detail—light, the lamp, the soldier with his gun—everything—so as not to forget, to satiate his sight in these last hours of life, which was being taken away from him for ever.

"It is interesting to know whether he thought of his victims, of the peasant woman and the tortured Tanka? I do not think so! One's own life is more precious than anything else! And when it is being taken away, everything else must seem endlessly insignificant. How could he think that a just punishment awaited him? And even if he did recall them, then undoubtedly in a terrible wrath, on account of such miserable trash then, to perish! And if he could, probably, he would have again murdered them, and even in a more inhuman manner and with such refinement of cruelty, with such bestiality that the whole world would have stood aghast—and now all on account of such insignificant trash he is obliged to suffer such torture.

"But what's the use of talking about it! I was told afterward that before the moment of death he suddenly became thoroughly composed, firmly walked to the scaffold, alone stepped up on the stool and stood quietly while they drew the shroud over him and fastened the rope around his neck. He only muttered to himself:

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

"He muttered evidently for himself alone, frightfully hastily, barely succeeding in uttering the words and constantly increasing the tempo to such an extent, that toward the end it was already impossible to comprehend him. And when they took down the body and the executioner removed the shroud it was revealed that he had turned completely grey. He turned white in those two or three minutes while he stood underneath the shroud, not seeing anything and only feeling around his neck the tenacious fingers of the executioner."

The old attorney poured out for himself a glass of wine with a shaking hand, drank it down, spilling some over his chin. The coroner gazed intently upon him, and poignantly before Verigin appeared those unseen fingers, as though wholly independently, akin to some sort of evil wasps, crawlingly encircling the neck of the living, who in the throes of death could only repeat one and the same word: "Hurry, hurry!"

"Yes, my dear," again began the old attorney, and in his

voice resounded an unusual tenderness, "it is very difficult to narrate this just exactly as one feels about it, and maybe that is really why the people cannot comprehend in all its horror just what capital punishment really is. The entire villainy of this refined torture, killing the body before murdering piecemeal the human soul, this cold-blooded murder no one can picture to himself! Even the real actors in this drama cannot feel the beast within themselves! And what does it mean? One set of men catches a murderer, another watches over him that he should not escape, a third sits in judgment and passes sentence upon him, a certain general confirms the sentence, while the real act of murdering, hanging him is left to an executioner! And upon this executioner, invariably a cretin, a semi-savage being, is thrown the entire burden of responsibility for this villainy! And I think that if there were not this subdivision of this infamy into parts, passing it from hand to hand, if the confirming general would himself also have to tighten the noose, the judges themselves draw the shroud over their victim, and the lawmakers with their own hands hold the human being struggling against death, then there would be no such thing possible as capital punishment! Otherwise it would simply signify that the whole world is overfilled with beasts. The whole secret lies in just exactly this, that under the existing order of things there are no real beasts, those who catch, those who sentence—these do not see the execution, they do not choke living human beings and they think that this naturally does not depend upon them, and that they merely fulfill their duty. Some there are who may even experience an exaltation of patriotic pride at this. And when a general after signing a death warrant for some person enters into the circle of his own home, greets his children, his wife, they will not shrink back from him in terror and squeamish scorn, but just the reverse, will sympathize with him: 'Poor, poor fellow; how hard it must have been on you!'

NO, this ought not to be so!" shrilly screamed the attorney. "You make it so, you catch a murderer, you do not let him escape death, that means that you consider this a necessity; well then, do also the executing yourself! You sit in judgment and pass sentence of death! That means that you believe in the sacredness of your laws; well then, carry them out yourself also! You endorse a warrant, then don't merely sign it, but go directly, just as you are, in all your regalia, go and soap the rope and do the choking. And then you will be perfectly right, for when you have yourself killed, then either you are insensible to the horror of capital punishment and you are yourself by nature a beast, or you have a holy faith in the sacredness of such a method of choking!"

"But what are we to do?" quietly inquired the coroner, helplessly spreading his hands. "Somebody must undertake to render justice and protection to society."

"Must?" reiterated the old attorney. "No one must. But if you wish, I will do this."

He was silent a while, as though either trying to collect his thoughts or else undecided about something.

"What?" involuntarily moving his chair closer, asked the coroner.

"I do not know. But I can narrate to you a certain story. For me, personally, it contains a profound meaning. In a certain city, in a very ancient time, of course, so ancient in fact that they never even existed, lived a very happy and kind people. And their city was so gothic, and the sky so blue, and their wooden shoes they wore with such a becoming dignity that no manner of robberies, murders, et cetera, ever occurred among them. Their whole lawful authority was

vested in an old, white-haired burgomaster, in whose righteousness they believed no less than in their blue sky and their wooden shoes. They lived very peacefully, and suddenly—a murder was perpetrated! A beautiful young girl, who always wore a blue ribbon in her braid, was found at dawn violated and choked to death with that same blue ribbon. They discovered also who it was who dared to commit such a bestiality; it was a fat young fellow, the son of a local inn-keeper, a cad with a stupid red face and gold buttons on a red vest. They grabbed him and brought him before the burgomaster. The entire city seemed to have gone out of their minds; the women wailed; the men kept losing their wooden shoes; the most respected citizens came running, dressed only in their pajamas and paper nightcaps—and no one knew what was to be done? Never during their lives did it ever enter their heads that it is possible to take a living human being and choke him—and besides such a pretty, charming girl; one who never spoke an evil word to anyone! And what was worst of all, the murderer himself was more bewildered than everybody else, and stood smiling stupidly and crying in three streams. He himself did not know how it happened. The girl long ago attracted him; he made her presents of pieces of ribbon, beads, smiled to her whenever they met and jostled her with his elbow when chance permitted, while she laughed at him and did not accept his gifts. Upon this fateful night he met her back of the orchard, he wanted to embrace her, but she repulsed him. Then he began to kiss her forcibly and suddenly experienced such a fiendishly irresistible desire that he overpowered and violated her, and when she began to scream he became so frightened that at first he only tried to stuff her mouth, but then became so infuriated with terror that he choked her completely! Now he did not have the least idea what was best for him to do and did not comprehend what the people would do with him.

THAT night the respected citizens sat in the City Hall and deliberated how they should act. Finally one dug out a famous quotation from the Bible, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!' But when the burgomaster interpreted to them what this meant, that accordingly they themselves would also have to choke the red-haired youth, some even began to laugh. Of course, of course! But who is going to do the choking!

"Finally the day of the trial arrived.

"All the inhabitants of the city arrayed in their holiday raiment gathered in front of the burgomaster's house and stood silently, with terror and amazement gazing upon the carrotty lad, who wore his finest vest with gold buttons, and stood near the steps, gaping upon the crowd, with his fingers stuck in his embroidered suspenders. He wore a haughty expression upon his face! Perhaps he was even proud of having attracted so many people, but above all the din he could not help hearing the illustrious citizens sitting in conference under the window of the burgomaster's home, and he also knew what conclusions they reached.

"'Fiend! you yourself ought to be choked!' shouted an aged druggist from the crowd at him, the same one who discovered the text in the Bible.

"'Well, go ahead and do it!' insultingly replied the red-haired lad, and laughed, seeing the entire absurdity of such a proposal.

"The aged druggist angrily pulled his skull-cap over his forehead and stepped aside.

"And then the old grey-haired burgomaster issued from his house.

"'Citizens,' said he with deep sorrow, 'something has transpired, the like of which we never witnessed before. A hid-

eous and irreparable crime! What is to be done?"

"The populace remained silent. While the lad smiled in manifest derision.

"Listen!" said the old burgomaster, and his voice resounded menacingly, "you—are a murderer and a beast! You are no brother to us, leave us! Go wherever you please and never dare come back to us, that we may never see your face again, upon which lies the imprint of Cain!"

"The stout youth turned pale. No one had ever left from this city before, and the very thought of such a thing seemed to everyone strange and terrible. At first he was frightened, but one crime already awakens and hardens the evil will. During the night that he awaited the verdict, the red-headed youth already became a confirmed criminal, insolent and crafty.

"Guess again!" mockingly answered he. 'I will go nowhere.'

"The people groaned, and the aged druggist tore off his skull-cap in disgust and threw it on the ground.

"Only the burgomaster alone remained composed. He stepped further forward and said:

"Very well. Remain with us. But you have committed a murder and now you are no longer the same as others. You have proved that another's life, no matter whose it is, is nothing to you, that you will not hesitate to take it. Then allow us also the same right, not to consider your life the precious gift that we considered it heretofore."

"As you please!" insolently answered the youth, placing his arms akimbo.

"And when you are drowning, or sick, or will be starving from hunger and no one will offer to assist you, we shall not blame him."

"I'll manage to get along alone!" the youth snapped back defiantly, though not without turning pale.

"Very well. Live! But—if there is among us such a one whose heart cannot withstand the horror of your crime, for whom it is difficult to live under the same sky with a fiend, let him kill you, as you have killed!"

"Silence ensued. The sun shone, the Gothic city nestled peacefully under the blue sky, the populace, pale and confused, were silent, while the pale, grey face of the old burgomaster was triumphant and stern.

"The youth gazed forlornly about him on all sides.

"I would like to see such a person!" with difficulty he finally muttered.

"That person am—I!" loudly uttered the old burgomaster and drawing a knife plunged it into the neck of the fat, red-headed youth.

"And when he expired in his own blood before the eyes of the distracted people, the old man threw away the knife and said:

CITIZENS! All night long I thought how this person, this fiend and murderer, will continue to live among us while his victim will long since have rotted in the earth. She was so happy, she could have lived long, enriching her own and our lives, and he took and killed her, killed her fiendishly, cruelly and mercilessly! And when I pictured to myself how she entreated him, how she fought and struggled in the agony and terror of death, how he choked her, and seeing how the living, human eyes were gradually becoming

clouded with the shroud of agony—I felt that I cannot live together with him, that the ghost of the murdered victim will forever stand before my eyes and I will always remember that in my life there was once a day when all the blood of my heart was frozen within me, and I—did nothing. And so I killed him.

"I feel neither remorse, nor regret, nor fear. But now I too am a murderer, and if there is among you at least one person to whom it is painful to look upon me, let him kill me, as I have killed."

"The silence lasted long; very long. The populace gazed sorrowfully upon their old burgomaster, but not in a single heart did the thought of slaying him occur. Because he suffered so much, because his heart could not bear the fiendish crime and he decided to kill and die himself, their love and veneration for him became only still greater. Upon the body of the red-headed youth they looked with terror, but without pity, and quietly the people began to disperse.

"The last to remain was the father of the red-headed youth. He continuously glanced on all sides of him, and his right hand was convulsively clutched at his bosom. The old burgomaster calmly and sadly gazed upon him from above and waited. Already the inn-keeper made a step forward, but glanced around, saw a group of citizens furtively watching him from a distance, paled with fear and anger, bent himself and ran quickly away.

"Then the old burgomaster smiled brightly and said:

"Justice is vindicated!"

"And he entered his house.

"But all this is pure fiction," the old attorney interrupted himself with anger, "there is no justice, there is no righteousness, but simply—but simply I'm drunk!"

He laughed softly and drew the bottle toward him.

"I will only say this, that human wisdom travels in a circle and again and again returns to the same place where it was already long ago!"

The coroner gazed for a long time thoughtfully upon the old attorney, and in his head stirred vague, big thoughts, while in his heart grew a touching respect for this old, droll drunkard and cynic, who could not bear human suffering and withdrew from life to die here, upon a forsaken estate, wanted by no one and by all forgotten.

And when he was riding home, at night, along a deserted, pathless steppe, on the edge of which the red fire from the sinking disc of the moon was disappearing silently and terribly into the earth, the coroner felt bad and oppressed. All life appeared to him as an endless absurdity, and he felt a strong aversion toward his profession, toward courts, toward attorneys, laws and transient human rights.

Toward morning he dozed off, and he dreamed that on both sides of the road, in the black gloom stood two enormous severed heads with yellow, motionless features and terrible, soul-piercing eyes. One head was that of the murdered peasant woman, the other—that of her hanged murderer. And Verigin had to pass between them, and this was so awful and so difficult that he awoke completely unnerved, perspiring, shivering with a slight, enervating chill.

While the dawn of a new day of life was already beginning, and the steppe grew greyish with the pale, blue light of a rainy, autumn morning.

(Translated by George E. Haendelman.)

PERCY MACKAYE

An Appreciation, So Far as Is Possible

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

A PUBLISHER, hearing recently from Mr. Percy Mackaye, to whom he had sent a book for review, was advised by this great poet to have the volume rebound; for the cover was so brutal and repulsive that, for his part, he had thrown the book into the waste-paper basket without further investigation.

Here is the calibre of Mr. Mackaye's mind.

What insight! What knowledge of the world! How much must one know who judges of literature by what is not even its outward show, but an accident for which the writer is not, as a rule, in any way responsible.

This revelation of genius, the power to divine Hercules not from his own foot, but from the boot of somebody whom Hercules had never even met, sent me headlong to the library; for alas, my own shelves were bare of any such masterpieces as Percy Mackaye's.

The covers of his books were neither brutal nor repulsive; my path to the *chefs d'oeuvre* themselves was easy.

The "frightfulness" only appears on beginning to read.

I began with "A Thousand Years Ago." In a preface the great poet explains why he wrote this play; for which much thanks.

The scene is laid in Pekin. Mr. Mackaye has read the encyclopedia for China under the letter C, and for Drama under the letter D, and confined his information. But it must have been a somewhat poor encyclopedia.

All his characters rant like Ancient Pistol; wordy bombast, all at the top of their voices. "By the carcass of Charlemagne, I am dog-awear of twanging these gutstrings for breakfast." (Dog-awear is a new one on me, but it is probably poetic license. This stuff is printed as if it were blank verse, but the scansion is as poor as the sense.)

To get the Chinese flavor, Mr. Mackaye deems it sufficient to preface every other speech by an oath introducing the name of what he probably supposes to be a Chinese God. The emperor keeps on ejaculating "by holy Confucius!" "Great Buddha!" "My star!" His name, by the way, is Altorma, which does not sound very Chinese, somehow. But it doesn't matter much, for his courtiers talk Arabic, saying, "Salaam!" when asked to salute a superior, who then assumes a "toploftical" attitude, though probably still "dog-awear."

The book is full of such delightful finds—almost every page has a gem. "Is he at the door?" "Not him."

The play itself is the veriest rag-bag of stale device. The Princess whose hand depends on the guessing of three riddles; the potion which if dropped on a sleeping lover's lips will make him tell his secret thought; the prince who disguises himself as a beggar, and so on. As the princess herself says, "O, you poor, bloody heads on Pekin's wall. Have you, then, died for this?"

I thought perhaps that Mr. Mackaye might be happier at home; so I turned to "Yankee Fantasies." Here also he graciously explains himself, and why he did it, and his importance to the theatre, and again I am very glad. He tells us how impossible it is to represent dialect graphically, but

in the text he proceeds to do it, and by great Buddha I am dog-awear.

But I do adore his stage directions; the climax of "Chuck" woke me up. Here you are:

"A locust rasps in an elm.

"Faint crickets chirp in the grass.

"An oriole flutes from an apple tree.

"From his hole, the wood-chuck crawls cautiously out, nosing, as he does so, a crumpled and earth-soiled veil, which clings to his dusky hair, half clothing him.

"Pulling from his burrow an ear of corn, he sits on his haunches, silently nibbling it—his small eyes half shut in the sunshine."

I do honestly hope the greatest success for Mr. Mackaye, the modern Shakespeare, because I want to see Sir Herbert Tree as The Woodchuck.

And now I am awake enough to get on to "Gettysburg." This play is printed in blank verse, minus capitals at the beginnings of the lines. But Mr. Mackaye is out to prove that blank verse need not be poetry. He ambles along with perfectly commonplace thought and language, which happens to scan. It simply makes the play read like shocking bad prose.

"O' course;

but I must take my little laugh. I told him I guessed I wasn't presentable any how, my mu'stache and my boots wa'n't blacked this morning. I don't jest like t' talk about my legs. Be you a-goin' to take your young school folks, Polly?"

Mr. Mackaye, like other amateur minor poets—if you can call him that—never suspects that there is a reason for using blank verse, that the only excuse for using it is to produce an effect which cannot be produced elsehow. Without exaltation of theme and treatment, blank verse is a blunder, and one can usually spot the poetical booby by his abuse of it.

In the books at my disposal I can find few lyrics. It may be that Percy Mackaye—how full of suggestion is that name!—has written some odes which leave the "Nightingale" and the "Grecian Urn" and "Melancholy" in the wastepaper basket along with that book with the brutal and repulsive cover; he may have "Prometheus Unbound" beaten a mile; he may have "Lycidas" and "Adonais" taking the count; he may be able to give cards and spades to "Atalanta" and "Dolores" and "Epipsychidion" and "Anactoria." Hope so. I want some first-rate fresh poetry to read. Hope so. But I have not seen it. Instead, I see this!

"Long ago, in the young moonlight,

I lost my heart to a hero;

Strong and tender and stern and right

And terribler than Nero.

Heigho, but he was a dear, O!"

At the conclusion of this, one of the listeners asks: "Was it a fragrance or a song?" In my considered opinion, it must have been a fragrance.

I am aware that this is a very short article, but there are really limits to the amount one can write about Nothing.

A GAME AT LOVE

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

("The Mood of a Moment," published in the January issue of *The International*, aroused so much discussion that we herewith reprint its companion piece, "A Game at Love." Both appear in Mr. Viereck's volume, "A Game at Love and Other Plays." The same characters reappear in several of the pieces. These plays, as the author affirms in the preface, are unplayable. At least, they were not written for any stage.)

CHARACTERS.

CLARENCE (*forty*).IRENE (*between thirty and forty*)EVA (*somewhat younger*).

I

(*An elegant Boudoir. A desk inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Bric-a-brac. Pictures.*)

(*EVA, blonde, somewhat languishing, rocks herself in a dainty rocking-chair. As she swings to and fro one gets a glimpse of her little feet. She holds an unlit cigarette in her hand.*)

(*IRENE, dark, of fuller form, reclines upon a couch. Her face is that of a woman who has lived much. She puffs vigorously at a cigarette and blows fantastic rings into the air.*)

IRENE: Yes, tell me all about it. I am interested. They say—

EVA: What do they say?

IRENE (*with emphasis*): That he is not like other men; that there is some secret in his life, perhaps—

EVA: It is no longer any secret to me.

IRENE: It is possible that you know?

EVA: I know that he is a bedizened doll, a tailor's dummy.

IRENE (*looks at her intently, but is silent*).

EVA: When I think how I adored him, what depths I sought in those mystic eyes, what secrets in that smile—every fibre of my body revolts.

IRENE: And what did he do to make the spell snap?

EVA: Nothing. That is the very reason: He said nothing, did nothing. I expected something new and strange—nothing happened. I listened, listened to the silver tones of his voice, and heard a shallow babbling.

IRENE: And yet you were entirely under his influence. You were fascinated like a little bird by the eyes of a snake. It was gruesome to behold.

EVA (*with heaving breast*): It is true. He was not only a part of my life, he was my whole life. But he would not let me share in his, would not let me look more deeply—perhaps to hide his own want of depth. He always behaved as though he were the giver. I gave him all—and he did not even say, Thank you.

IRENE (*blowing the smoke thoughtfully through her nose*): Naturally. Of course it is absurd to generalize. Still, you made a mistake in tactics. We women receive in love at least as much as we give. I am inclined to believe that the old Hebrew legend is not far amiss in asserting that the Lord created woman from a rib of man. But nevertheless men expect us to keep up the old wives' tale that we alone are those who give. Our only weapon is man's sensual grossness. Upon this we must play in such a manner that he imagines himself to receive along with its satisfaction—everything.

EVA: I know that. Still I was not so calculating at that time. And then, well, you see, Clarence presents a different problem. He himself knows all our little arts and uses them—only too well. And this makes him master of the situation. The unexpected takes one unawares.

IRENE: But that is interesting, extraordinarily so. A woman can bring all these little arts into play without violating her nature, because to a genuine woman love and motherhood are life itself. Her struggle for love is her struggle for existence. We fight for love as men for daily bread. To us it is at once a passion and a vocation. It's different with men. If a man be a real man, he lacks both time and inclination for these subtleties. When elemental passion grips him, he yields himself unreservedly and genuinely; else he is either a *roue*, or—no man. (*Eyeing Eva sharply.*) Nature in making him played one of her cruel tricks. He is a will-o'-the-wisp which lures us into abysses and to shimmering swamps.

EVA: If only the swamps into which he leads us were deep enough to perish in, all would be well. But to soil one's feet in shallow mire! . . . How to classify him I do not quite know. It seems to me that he lacks all genuineness of emotion. To him love is an artifice, and even life. And yet (*she lowers her voice*) he has a sensuous attraction that is powerful, irresistible.

IRENE (*with rising interest*): And where did he first exert that influence? How did you get to know him?

EVA (*laying her cigarette aside, and resting her head upon her hand*): It was this way. He was introduced to me; I think—by my husband. If you have seen him once, you know how attractive he is. I wanted to keep him near me. Perhaps because Mildred was there, who thinks that no man can resist her charms.

IRENE (*interrupting her with a short musical laugh*): I think I heard it said that Mildred and he were intimate at one time.

EVA: They gave no evidence of it. Beyond the conventional phrases they exchanged neither word nor look.

IRENE: That makes it all the more suspicious. Thus will you and Clarence meet when the wounds are healed. Do you still see him?

EVA: He comes now and then. People might talk if he were to stay away entirely. Today he is coming for another reason, that is, to bring me my letters. But I had not finished telling you.

IRENE: You were speaking of the day on which you met.

EVA: Yes, on that day he began by irritating me. I cannot abide cynicism in men. He made a number of cynical remarks, and I treated him coolly, somewhat rudely, in fact. But his answers were delicately courteous, and nothing ruffled his Olympian calm.

IRENE: What did he say?

EVA (*involuntarily imitating Clarence's intonation*): "Dear lady," he said, and let his beautiful eyes dwell upon mine, "there are two kinds of cynicism. One kind is cheap enough—it is the sophomore's. But there is yet another kind that is dear, dearly bought"—and here his voice trembled—"it is the cynicism of the mature man."

IRENE (*speaking from the depth of her experience*): "The old story. When a man tries to be interesting to women, he abuses them. At times this method repels, but if the man is handsome, it fills us with the burning desire to teach him better.

EVA: Have you made that observation, too? There is nothing more alluring than to teach a man or to save him.

IRENE: Because it flatters us—and him. And yet no one has ever saved another anything better than, at most—his life; or taught him more than the multiplication table and the alphabet. But I interrupted you.

EVA: And so I wrote to him.

IRENE: Wrote to him?

EVA: It was not exactly necessary, but I felt that I owed him a certain reparation. And then he came to one of my At Homes.

IRENE: How did he behave?

EVA: He remained only a few minutes. But there was a glimmer in his eyes, a quiver in his voice, even when he said things that, coming from another, would have seemed commonplace. He is a man of precious words.

IRENE: And did you give him to understand that you cared for him?

EVA: Not yet. I expected him to take the initial step.

IRENE: And did he not?

EVA: No, not directly. He always made it appear as if he, not I, were the object of desire.

IRENE: And so he was.

EVA: Perhaps. But that smile of his, that look, that sigh, were not all these declarations of love—traps, it may be. He never gave himself fully. His words were few and equivocal.

IRENE: A kind of masculine Sphinx?

EVA: That hits it. But I doubt whether his riddle is a *bona fide* one, whether it admits of a solution. To try earnestly to solve it may be to rack one's brain to no purpose.

IRENE: Perhaps he has himself forgotten the solution. . . .

EVA: Who can tell? And then came that letter . . .

IRENE: What letter?

EVA (*taking from her desk a number of pale blue letters, one of which she hands Irene*). Here, read!

IRENE (*raising the letter to her face*). H'm, perfumed! (*Examining the paper critically*.) A strange handwriting; almost too dainty for a man . . . (*Looking up*.) But what is the matter with you; was the charm so profound?

EVA: It is nothing. Only memories that intoxicate my brain. A certain animal magnetism that flowed from him and that adheres to the very paper. But I have done with that. I shall return to my husband.

IRENE: For how long?

EVA (*hurt*). Fie! But read it, I beg of you.

IRENE (*still looking at the letter*). No signature, no date, strange . . .

EVA (*bending over her*): But read, read!

IRENE (*reading aloud*): "Upon a golden throne sate a gleaming idol . . . And it had a soul, but all those who came thither knew it not . . . And they were not to know it . . . For it was the awful punishment of the silent idol that it had a soul and might not reveal it, if it would not endure the agonies of the lost . . . And once in seven years the most powerful of the idols, to whom belongs all might in Heaven and upon Earth, sent its messenger and tempter to break the iron fetters of that quivering soul . . . and show it . . . soaring high above all waters, the Saviour from afar . . . Then Heaven and Hell lamented its immeasurable sorrow, which neither could assuage . . . since it was too deep for the light and for the darkness" . . . (*She lays the letter aside*). A confession? But do you realize that the man who wrote it is an artist?

EVA: In fragment, perhaps. He has all qualities of the lover and the poet, and is neither.

IRENE: Only a fragment himself, then?

EVA: I sometimes thought, you know, that God intended to

make a great artist of him, and being disturbed in His creative act, made—a charlatan . . .

IRENE: You are hard on him. You show that your love still suffers from the convulsions of death. When love is buried, we grow more merciful. And did he write more letters in this style?

EVA: No. But once when we were together and I asked him to solve me his riddle, he smiled mysteriously and said: "Dear lady, you must understand that I am a great work of art. Invisible springs set me in motion, and all about me must be harmony, complete harmony. In the melody of love the slightest discord is fatal." And, oh, how his lips shone; and how a strange, heavy atmosphere seemed to float about him as at high mass in some great cathedral . . .

IRENE: What a poseur!

EVA: It is easy for you to talk. You do not know him. (*Takes a photograph from her desk*.) Look, here he is.

IRENE (*scrutinizing the picture attentively*). Weak, and yet brutal. These melancholy eyes—brown, I suppose?

EVA (*nods*).

IRENE (*continuing*): The brutality lies in the lower part of his face. It might be the effigy of a Roman emperor, cruel and self-conscious to the verge of madness . . .

EVA: Do you think so too? How very remarkable! He said almost the same thing. It was one night after the theatre. It had rained, and the street-lights were reflected on the wet, shimmering pavement. We walked a short distance. His arm rested heavily upon mine. He was inexpressibly beautiful, and golden words flowed from his lips. And then it was that for once he seemed to reveal himself entirely. . . . He gathered his coat about him as though it were the royal purple . . . He seemed like a phantom from perished ages . . . And then with dreamy, bell-like voice, he gave me the key to the riddle of his life. "Dear child," he said, "I am born out of my due time—two thousand years too late . . . I should have been an emperor in Rome . . . Yet no . . . not even that . . . For the Caesars were dependent on popular favor . . . In a remoter antiquity I should have been born, then, when the purple conferred the privilege of splendid madness . . . I should have yielded the sceptre of an Asiatic monarch, of that king of the Persians who lashed the sea with chains . . . and I am"—Here his voice sank, and the sentence remained unfinished. And so great was the man's fascination that I lost sight of the grotesqueness of his assumption and should have liked to kneel at his feet under the very arc-lights of New York! . . . That was the climacteric moment of our love. And then (*she shudders*)—banality.

IRENE: You are too exacting, my dear. Even Caesar, were he alive today, would have his boots blacked; even Isaiah would trim his beard. And in his love, was he imperious there too?

EVA (*blushing slightly*): The strange thing was that after he had expended all his arts to win me, he was unpassionate—almost cold.

IRENE: That is strange indeed . . . But I must make the acquaintance of this marvel.

EVA: Take care!

IRENE: Pah! After your confession! (*To herself*.) I wonder if she really understands him?

(*The bell rings*.)

(*A maid comes in and whispers to Eva*.)

EVA (*softly*): It is he.

(*She sinks upon a chair and takes up her cigarette again*.)

IRENE (*steps before the mirror, patting her hair*).

(*Without, soft steps are heard like those of a great, sleek cat*.)

(CURTAIN)

II

(On board a small Yacht. Irene and Clarence. The rays of the sun cast silver crosses into the green water. There is a yearning as of summer in the air.)

(Clarence would attract attention even in a crowded thoroughfare by virtue of his beautiful eyes, a fact of which he is quite conscious. His gestures are carefully studied. He inclines to stoutness. His dark hair, combed back from his forehead, is beginning to show traces of gray.)

(Irene leans against the railing, holding a painted parasol with which she tries to shield Clarence and herself from the rays of the sun, which, however, are not penetrating enough to make the shade necessary.)

IRENE: And do you call that love?

CLARENCE: Grosser things have been called so.

IRENE: And what would you call it?

CLARENCE: Vulgar sensuality.

IRENE: Even "the love that moves the sun and all the stars"?

CLARENCE (smiling): Oh, Oscar Wilde? Yes, even that.

IRENE: And this subtle attraction between you and me?

CLARENCE: I feel that even it would come under the definition of Montaigne to the effect that love—

IRENE: I know. But why that adjective? Why should the play of the senses be called vulgar?

CLARENCE (with subtlety): Because both never feel the same.

IRENE: Is that not too harsh a judgment?

CLARENCE: Be honest.

IRENE: Even if I am honest. We women— But something twitches about your lips. (After a moment's consideration, slowly.) I fear that you are a hopeless cynic.

CLARENCE (wearily, letting his beautiful eyes rest upon her and laying his hand lightly on her shoulder): My dear lady, you make a grave mistake. I am not (his voice begins to tremble) a cynic in the ordinary acceptance of that word.

IRENE (looking at him full of anticipation): You are nothing in the common acceptance.

CLARENCE (receiving the compliment with a graceful inclination of his head): Do you see, there are two kinds of cynicism—

IRENE (looks at him sharply).

CLARENCE: Two kinds, I say. One is cheap—it is that of the sophomore, but there is another kind, that is dear (his voice trembles), dearly bought, and that (with the air of a tragic heroine) is the cynicism of the mature man.

IRENE (to herself): The identical words. That is going far! (An idea takes hold of her; then, as if carried away.) Oh, I believe that you have suffered deeply.

CLARENCE (is silent and looks at the sky).

IRENE (continuing): And the shadow of that suffering floats before you as the veil in the temple before the Holy of Holies.

CLARENCE (is flattered, smiles, and lets his hand rest somewhat more heavily upon her shoulder).

IRENE: And that shadow must hide a mystery deeper than love . . .

CLARENCE (looks at her in some astonishment. Then to himself): She knows.

IRENE: And in all your wanderings through life you have never (consciously seductive)—never found the woman to whose eyes you could lift the veil?

CLARENCE (calmly to himself): She does not know.

(He encircles her closer. The proximity of the Man-Animal begins to stir her blood.)

CLARENCE: There are things incommunicable which the strong must bear alone.

IRENE: Oh, I know them too. In long nights they stand at one's bedside like souls in travail to be born. I too—

CLARENCE: Who knows whether it would be a blessing were they to gain form and life? . . .

IRENE: Does not all nature strive after expression in flesh or sound?

CLARENCE: And what if the forms assumed by our secrets be nightmares and fearsome monstrosities?

IRENE: Better a hideous phantom of stone than one that hounds down thought in the innermost convolutions of the brain . . .

CLARENCE: And so you would know the secret of my life; my secret . . .

(She looks deep into the elfin beauty of his eyes. The pressure of his arm upon her shoulder is relaxed. He seems to throw his whole nervous energy into his voice, whose silver sound has a weird resonance like that of a great bell tolled at the bottom of the sea.)

CLARENCE: I will relate to you a parable. If you understand it, it is well; if you do not understand it (caressing each syllable) it is better. (With solemnity.) Upon a golden throne—

(She starts.)

CLARENCE: Upon a golden throne sate a gleaming idol . . . And it had a soul . . . But all who came thither knew it not . . . And they were not to know it . . . For it was the awful punishment of this silent idol that it had a soul and might not reveal it . . . if it would not endure the agonies of the lost . . .

IRENE (is carried away in spite of herself by a sense of wonder and by the extraordinary beauty of his elocution).

CLARENCE (as if with a personal application) . . . And once in seven years the most powerful of the idols to whom belongs all might in Heaven and upon Earth sent its messenger and temper to break the iron fetters of that quivering soul . . . and show it . . . soaring high above all waters, the Saviour from afar . . . Then Heaven and Hell lamented its immeasurable sorrow which neither could assuage . . . since it was too deep for the light and for the darkness . . .

(She recognizes perfectly the absurdity of the situation, but his voice intoxicates her like new wine. The Woman-Animal awakens, and she yields with conscious abandon to the magic of the moment.)

CLARENCE: You are astonished and you—understand.

IRENE (with a shade of irony): You are a great mystery.

CLARENCE (failing despite his subtlety to note her delicate raillery): You are mistaken—a work of art.

IRENE (to herself): This is too much. (His remark has destroyed something of the sensuous charm, and it is rather curiosity than any other feeling that prompts her to inquire further.) An artist rather.

CLARENCE: No. A great work of art. Mysterious springs set me in motion, contrivances so delicate that even the exquisite scales in the treasure houses of great nations could not weigh them. All about me must be harmony (now almost intoning his words) complete harmony. In the melody of love the faintest discord is fatal . . .

(He comes nearer and again places his arm about her. Something like a magnetic fluid seems to emanate from him. She almost hears the throbbing of his pulses and fights with different emotions of which finally curiosity still gets the upper hand.)

CLARENCE (significantly): You understand me.

IRENE (falling unconsciously into the same dramatic tone): I understand you.

IRENE (to herself): I wonder what he is driving at. (Aloud.) Language is cruelly inadequate.

CLARENCE: When two souls are in complete harmony one always knows what the other feels.

IRENE: I have never known so happy an understanding.

CLARENCE (*as if reviving memories from an unspeakable distance of time*): I had a friend once . . . And he loved me . . . And often we walked the long paths, speaking no word . . . Those were the evenings on which our conversations were most satisfying . . . And on a certain night it came to pass that I accompanied him from Fourteenth Street to his dwelling. Silently we pursued our way, each busy with his thoughts . . . But at Eighty-ninth Street when we bade farewell to each other he opened his lips and there was sorrow in his voice . . . "Clarence," he said, "at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street you were in the wrong" . . .

IRENE (*to herself*): That at least he did not tell her. (*Aloud.*) How you contrive to find the right expression for everything—so delicate at once and profound. You should have been a poet or a—

CLARENCE (*straightening himself like a beautiful wild animal about to display all its charms before its mate. If he were a cat he would emit sparks at this moment. Then with a deep, melodious, dreamy voice*): No, that is not my vocation. I am born out of my due time . . . I should have been born two thousand years ago . . . I should have been an emperor in Rome . . . No—

IRENE (*whose desire to show that she sees through him overcomes every other feeling*). I know. You should have been a Persian king, a Darius who in his splendid madness had the ocean lashed.

CLARENCE (*taken aback for a moment; then with immovable calm*): Why must women always misquote? Xerxes was the man's name.

IRENE: I have heard every remark that you made before.

CLARENCE: That is impossible, for one was new.

IRENE: And is it thus that you seek to impress me?

CLARENCE (*coming very near and taking her hands in his*): Certainly. And that I should try to do so proves how much store I set by you . . .

IRENE: If you are a master of language, why do you not at least clothe your thought in new forms?

CLARENCE: It is because I *am* a master of language that I refrain from doing so. If I have found perfect expression for anything, should I not be the merest tyro to change one jot or tittle?

IRENE: But all that smacks of the merest posing!

CLARENCE: Pose! Pose! What higher compliment can I pay you than to appear before you in my fairest raiment?

IRENE (*whose power and wish to resist dwindle equally*): And do you play this trick with all women?

CLARENCE: With all whom I love . . . And (*embracing her with both arms*) is my method not justified by its success? Have I not won my game?

(*His lips touch hers and she suffers to be kissed. His head sinks upon her bosom. The air is heavy, athrill with summer, drenched with fragrance. There is triumph in her eyes, weariness in his.*)

(CURTAIN)

THE THREE BROTHERS AND THE FAIRY

A Parable.

By HELEN WOLJESKA.

ONCE upon a time there were three beautiful brothers. The castle of the eldest towered high above a northern sea. The castle of the twins stood far inland amid a fertile, rolling plain. And close to them lived five near relatives; four of these honest fishermen, the fifth herded his goats among the mountain slopes. Their other neighbors were not kin to them; a brilliant nobleman, who in his youth had lived a wanton's life and now approached a profligate's decay—a treacherous bandit chief, wily and wild—a giant dull of superhuman strength—and finally a swarthy potentate, who after a magnificent career had fallen into a long-lasting stupor, and during it had been despoiled of treasures, but now at last showed signs of re-awakening.

These men all worshipped at the shrine of one most lovely and benignant fairy-queen, who showered gifts and favors on them all . . . Until it happened that the eldest brother desired to possess the prize alone. And he pursued his end with so much skill that finally it seemed as though the Fairy would never more smile kindly upon others.

Meanwhile the years rolled on. The eldest brother had entered middle-age, while the twins glowed in the full bloom of virile youth. And then, behold! the Fairy cast her golden eyes upon them; she saw how strong they were, how straight and tall, how true their speech, how clear and keen their gaze, how powerful their grip—and she withdrew her favors from the eldest of the brothers, and one by one bestowed them on the twins.

The eldest brother's heart now filled with rage, with burning, deadly hatred did it fill. He wished to kill his brothers. But not in single combat would he meet them; from every side the foe should fall upon them! He went about from neighbor unto neighbor, he wanted the whole country up in arms. And cunningly he spoke to every one. To the old

Profligate he spoke revenge, reminding him of the great hand to hand fight in which one of the twins, a child, had triumphed. To the dull Giant he insinuated that the twins' lands were fair and very fertile, and suitably located close to his. He whispered to the bandit-chief of daggers, thrust safely in the unsuspecting heart. He promised to the swarthy Potentate some of the jewels he had taken from him, should he assist him with his sword and strength. To the five cousins many gains he foretold. He even traveled far across the seas and hired savage men, yellow and black, to fight for him. Lastly the Profligate's small bastard son, and a young swineherd of the Giant's clan, a ruthless, outlawed boy, were both instructed to do all mischief possible to the brothers.

The twins were well aware of these proceedings. They knew they had themselves alone to trust. Bravely and diligently they perfected the skill and power of their young blond bodies, and more than ever did the Fairy love them.

Finally, at a signal from their brother, all Hell was loosened against the valiant twins. The only friendly hand outstretched to help them—it was the hand of the dark Potentate. While the five cousins, careful of their safety, stood at the edge of the wide, fateful plain, and watched the combat terribly unfold.

They saw the brothers tear each other's flesh, they saw the blood flow and the daggers gleam, they heard the dreadful blasphemies of hate, the crash of weapons, and the groans of pain, as the titanic struggle ebbed and flowed.

It is not over yet. Bleeding and maimed, both sides fight on, locked in the grip of death. And the fair Fairy's head is turned away. What should she do with worshippers bled white? She needs the strong and sound, the keen and young.

Her name is "World's Trade."

BALZAC

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

IN a recent paper of mine on "Balzac the Lover" (published in the October Phoenix) critical questions would have been improper and were, therefore, avoided; but as we had much to say upon his relations with women as influencing and coloring his art, I wish now to note his attitude toward his creations generally. And this the more that I believe an injustice is done him by the run of English critics who maintain that he has over-stressed the evil in human nature and thereby flawed the integrity of his work. Even Mr. Saintsbury, who has done so much for the English understanding of Balzac, is not without qualms and doubts on this score; for the Englishman is a moralist before anything else, and yet he will not hesitate to judge a Frenchman, to whom art was the supreme consideration!

I am of George Moore's opinion that Balzac's achievement as a whole is scarcely inferior to any work of the human mind. I believe that in the creation of veritable human types, in the mastery of passion, synthetic grasp of life, and profound divination of motive, with the ability to exhibit these powers and faculties in a drama of compelling interest and original invention, which offers the unexpected turns of reality itself—Balzac has no equal among the novelists of the world.

TO consider only our own literature and the giants thereof—Scott, Dickens and Thackeray—the fame of the first named is so greatly diminished and his books are so generally neglected today that it seems needless to urge the comparison. Whatever be the merits of Scott's works—and no books were in their time more famous or more praised—they seem to lack the *principle of life* which keeps the world ever freshly interested in Balzac. As for Dickens or Thackeray, these great writers amuse us with their humor and satire, or touch us with pathos, or delight us with sketches of character, throughout their numerous productions. But will any competent critic pretend that in the stern business of reproducing life in its potential reality and passion in its hidden play—of making men and women whose destinies thrill us like those of people we have known, and even more, for such art transcends our actual experience while borrowing its verity therefrom—will any good critic assert that the achievement of Balzac in this wise has been fairly matched by either Thackeray or Dickens? We do not expect that Taine, a Frenchman, would allow it, but even the thoroughly English Mr. Saintsbury forbears to make this claim. In point of strict, uncomplimentary fact, the work of the famous Englishmen named, as compared with that of Balzac, might be expressed in one of Dickens's titles, *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*; and this is said by one who is proud to call himself their life-long lover and admirer! Neither of these admirable writers was dominated by the artistic idea in a degree at all comparable with Balzac, nor has either of them brought to the making of a novel anything like the amount of brains which the Frenchman put into his greater books. Please observe that I mean *brains*—intellectual and creative force rather than literary graces or merits of any sort palliative of artistic shortcoming or inability to hit the mark. Both Dickens and Thackeray are not seldom delightful in their conceded failures. What charming digressions in the *Philip*, yes, even in the more formidable *Virginians*, and where is Dickens more savorously

himself than in parts of *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend*, both books that defy artistic classification?

THE difference between the French master and these great English writers is mainly an artistic one. They have many fine qualities and literary merits, but strictly speaking, they never have a *story*—well, let us say, almost never. Dickens at least was on the way to achieving it. Was it indolence or incapacity or want of the artistic instinct that caused their failure? I cannot say, and the point may be indifferent to English readers, since Thackeray's style and Dickens's humor are readily accepted in lieu of a story. It is otherwise with Balzac to whom creation and construction were all, who imposed a rule of artistic brevity upon himself, and thought out his novel completely before sketching the first chapter. Nearly always he has a good story and not seldom a great one—the mechanism of plot, the interplay of passion and all human motives merely regarded. Yet Balzac is not weak or inferior in other respects because of his cunning structure, his deep-laid architectonics. Each story is informed with a vital thought and philosophy as necessary to it as air to the lungs. It is doubtful if any writer of fiction ever possessed the same capacity for abstract thought, united with a like power to reproduce the living drama of life.

OSCAR WILDE remarked that even the servants in Balzac's novels have genius, and it is true that his characters generally are by this trait unmatched in modern fiction; that is to say, their creator has charged them with his own force and fire. But while they possess this uncommon life, they are not all of a piece, so to say, but cunningly differentiated; no two of his rascals or honest folk, though of similar type, are the same in essence. Now as there are about two thousand *living* people in the *Comedy*, the simple fact just stated establishes the immense creative power of Balzac.

There is yet another way of coming at the question of his supremacy, which idea (if the reader please!) is original with the present humble critic. When Balzac prepares a contest or an intrigue among his *people*, he arms both sides with such resources of talent and courage, of resolution and finesse, of check and countercheck, that the reader is transported as before a living drama. Perhaps the biggest novelist you can think of could take one side of a Balzacian situation or duel of this kind, but the effort would surely exhaust him. Alone the Master can handle both! Observe, I make the point that there is very much more than literature in the novels of Balzac. There have been some infertile stylists who thought they could re-write Balzac's books to their betterment, but literary graces are of small value compared to the creative content of the *Human Comedy*. The man who carried a world in his brain may be indulged now and then in a slight lapse or obscurity—we have had to pardon a great deal more even to Shakespeare!

FOR my part I find every species of literary style and merit in Balzac, but the fiery fugue of his invention, the constant marvel of his divining genius always draws me from the form to the substance, even if I read him in French. To the giant laboring at the furnace of creation, to the great artist evoking and individualizing a vast multitude of souls

and finding for them appropriate destinies, the matter of literary form seemed less exigent no doubt than it did and does to writers whose "style" is all their capital. In art there is room for a Balzac as well as a Bourget, but we must not lose sight of the major values. Like Arthur Symonds, I can say that Balzac's style seems always adequate to me—when the wonder of his creative power gives me leave to think of it. The question, however, is one of little or no significance to the English reader who can obtain our author in a good translation.

Something was said in our first article in regard to the working habits of Balzac, and especially as to the seclusion and quiet, the almost cloistral freedom from interruption and distraction with which he guarded his creative task. In this aspect no writer of whom we have knowledge interests us so much, for the reason that Balzac's labors were as heroic as his genius was undoubted. Now in the country, now in the heart of Paris he raised his Ivory Tower, cutting himself off from society in order to see it with the *x-ray* of imagination. He worked as if in a hallucination or creative trance, jealously limiting his hours of sleep, desisting only from complete exhaustion. At all times he seemed to be persuaded of the actual existence of his characters. To Jules Sandeau, speaking of his sister's illness, he replied with an apparent lack of feeling: "Let us come back to reality—let us talk of *Eugénie Grandet*."

THIS is proof, not of his selfishness (as has been asserted) but of his complete absorption in the imaginative world. The *clairvoyant* always dominated in Balzac, and herein I think is the supreme attraction of his work.

There have been men of great literary or artistic genius who were idle or reluctant or indifferent workers; the world is in the habit of making apology for them, feeling that they could have done better had they tried. Balzac never asked this kind of indulgence for himself and he would not hear of it for others. His immense interest for us lies in the fact that he was at once a great original genius and an amazing, almost unrivaled worker.

Let us notice his own theories of work and inspiration; he has set them forth without reserve in *Cousine Bette*, and as an artistic *credo* there is nothing to compare with them. This little manual of Balzac's artistic faith and practice is contained within two or three pages—golden maxims to those who are capable of receiving and profiting by them. For the young artist and literary aspirant I take these counsels of Balzac's to be the most valuable ever written; the words of a man for whom genius had done much, but who regarded the richest endowments of mind and spirit as worthless without constant labor and application. In truth, since his day the world has had less patience than formerly with the gifted idler or fainéant in art, and it now demands production as the proof of genius.

TO begin with, Courage is the word! according to Balzac. I summarize:

"Intellectual work, labor in the upper regions of mental effort, is one of the grandest achievements of man. That which deserves real glory in Art—for by Art we must understand every creation of the mind—is courage above all things, a sort of courage of which the vulgar have no conception.

"Perpetual work is the Law of Art, as it is the law of life, for Art is idealized creation. Hence great artists and poets wait neither for commissions nor for purchasers. They are constantly creating—today, tomorrow, always. The result is the habit of work, the unfailing apprehension of the difficulties which keep them in close intercourse with the Muse and her productive forces. Canova lived in his studio, as Voltaire lived in his study; so must Homer and Phidias have lived.

"To nurse, to dream, to conceive of fine works is a delightful occupation—it is like smoking enchanted cigarettes. The work then floats in all the grace of infancy, in the wild joy of conception. . . . But gestation, fruition, the laborious rearing of the offspring, putting it to bed every night full fed with milk, embracing it anew every morning with the inexhaustible affection of a mother's heart, licking it clean, dressing it a hundred times in the richest garb only to be instantly destroyed; then never to be cast down at the convulsions of this headlong life till the living masterpiece is perfected which in sculpture speaks to every eye, in literature to every intellect, in painting to every memory, in music to every heart! This is the task of execution.

"The habit of creativeness, the indefatigable love of motherhood which makes a mother—that miracle of nature which Raphael so well understood—the maternity of the brain, in short, so difficult to develop, is lost with prodigious ease.

"Inspiration is the opportunity of genius. She does not indeed dance on the razor's edge; she is in the air and flies away with the swiftness of a crow; she wears no scarf by which the poet can clutch her; her hair is a flame; she vanishes like the lovely rose and the white flamingo—the sportsman's despair."

And hearken to this, O you writers and artists of little courage, who content yourselves with an elegant dilettanteism—*you fainthearted lovers who fear to come to close grips with the Muse!*

"If the artist does not throw himself into his work as Curtius sprang into the gulf, as a soldier leads a forlorn hope without a moment's thought, and if when he is in the crater he does not dig on as a miner does when the earth has fallen in on him; if he contemplates the difficulties before him instead of conquering them one by one, like the lovers in fairy tales, who to win their princesses overcome ever-new enchantments—the work remains incomplete; it perishes in the studio where creativeness becomes impossible, and the artist looks on at the suicide of his own talent."

THESE theories are exemplified by the sculptor *Steinbock* (*Cousine Bette*), gifted, but without will or courage or persistence, who talked admirably about art and in the eyes of the world maintained his reputation as a great artist by his powers of conversation and criticism. Balzac calls such men "half-artists" and admits that they even seem superior to the true artists, who are taxed with conceit, selfishness, contempt for the laws of society. But he adds, *great men are the slaves of their work.*

In point of richness and fertility of ideas Balzac has no peer among writers of fiction; he pours them forth in all his books, and the stream rarely shows a falling off, but seems always at the full. This inexhaustible fecundity of thought is, I think, peculiar to him. True, it tempts him to many a digression which in such a writer, say, as Walter Scott, one would skip *sans apology*. But some of Balzac's richest ore is to be found in his excursions from the main theme. I need instance only the famous chapter on the occult sciences in *Cousin Pons* and the matchless chronicle of Napoleon in the *Country Doctor*. . . .

Was there ever a man so enormously interested in life—for whom no subject was too great or too small? Religion, politics, government, law, medicine, economics, mesmerism, astrology, second-sight, alchemy, criminology—this is to name but a few of the subjects he has touched, and memorably touched, in his books. Some of his penetrating thoughts have since his time fructified in the domain of occult science; the charlatanism of which he was accused by certain critics, on account of his interest in the "forbidden sciences" and his partiality for treating of these in his books, is now judged to have been a legitimate exercise of his great powers. It is true that some of his "pet notions" have been hardly dealt with since his day, and as a social prophet he failed to reckon sufficiently with forces that are now big with destiny in his own France. Balzac was in truth far from infallible—a

genius constantly in eruption is bound to throw off much *scoriae*, for which the world has no use. But that he is always pregnant, suggestive, interesting, who will deny, or that his idiosyncrasy makes up for his worst blunders and least attractive "manias"?

OF the debt which writers since his time have contracted toward Balzac, it is needless to say much; no worker in fiction has escaped his influence. He is the founder of the modern novel as he remains its greatest master; later writers have modified his methods, but all have learned from him and appropriated without scruple.

George Moore remarks that Maupassant merely cut him up into walking sticks! Daudet and others have made such use of the *Comedy* as their abilities or their limitations permitted; many a pretentious structure has been raised of materials borrowed from the Balzacian pyramid. Among English writers of high rank, Thackeray is his greatest debtor, having indeed learned of the French master some of the best lessons of his art. Even Dickens's debt is large, and it is worth noting that with more generosity than the author of *Vanity Fair*, he has acknowledged the supremacy of Balzac. Coming down to our time, Robert Louis Stevenson was an unwearied student of Balzac and a cordial appreciator of his genius; Mr. Saintsbury allows that this ingenious and admired writer owed to Balzac some of his happiest conceptions. In fine, the great work of the Frenchman has been as a quarry to two generations of industrious artists—and artisans!

A serious charge against Balzac is that he has libeled human nature, representing its evil possibilities by types of character that are abhorrent to the general conscience and not justifiable by the canons of Art. In other words, it is held that Balzac has no right to introduce us to such people as *Hulot* and *Bette*, the *Marneffes*, *Philippe Bridau*, *Flore Brazier*, et al.: their depravity is overdrawn and, in any event, it is not fit for our eyes or nostrils. This, of course, is rather the English than the French position—(though it is not without a strong voicing in France, where the virtuous *bourgeoisie* know little more of our author than *Eugénie Grandet* and *Ursule Mirouet*. English sentiment requires a compromise in dealing with such specimens of human baseness and perversity, which was no part of Balzac's artistic method. His practice may have limited his popularity—it will always limit his acceptance among us—but it affirms his greatness as a master painter of life. His own words on this point are memorable. When his sister remonstrated with him in regard to his evil characters, urging him to modify them or turn them to better courses, he replied: "They can't change, my dear. They are fathomers of abysses; but they will be able to guide others. The wisest persons are not always the best pilots. It's not my fault. I haven't invented human nature. I observe it, in past and present; and I try to depict it as it is. Impostures in this kind persuade no one."

AGAIN, if during the serial publication of a story he were entreated to save some guilty one or black sheep among his creations—the sentimental public being much given to such appeals—he would exclaim: "Don't bother me. Truth above all. Those people have no backbone. What happens to them is inevitable. So much the worse for them!"

This is somewhat different from the legend which represents Dickens as letting the sentimental public decide the fate of his characters.

Cousin Bette is a noxious dose even for the fanatic Balzacian, and in truth this book lacks moral beauty to a point of being almost pathological—on first reading it, I thought

myself wandering through the streets of Hell! Nevertheless, the art of the book is as great as it is terrible, and Mr. Saintsbury is one English critic who concedes the fact, ranking it with the greatest parts of the *Comedy*. No doubt it is his English patriotism which inclines him to prefer *Becky Sharp* to *Valérie*, but we need not forget that the latter "flower of evil" has even a more doughty champion in Taine. *Valérie* is in truth one of the most finished characters of Balzac; she may be less "respectable," but she is fully as convincing as *Becky*, though not, of course, equally acceptable from an English point of view. Does Balzac realize his wicked heroine more intensely, favored to this end, as he was, by the greater license accorded him? I am not sure, but I fancy she stays with us longer. *Hulot* always went back to her (nobody ever left her, she naively said), and so does the fit reader enamored of the great creations of art.

AS for *Bette* herself, she is without a rival in Balzac or elsewhere—the perfect culmination of his studies in female wickedness, the Black Pearl that he drew from his profound and labored alchemy of souls. There are but few characters in fiction so vividly and terribly realized that we never lose the fear which the mere sight of the printed page where they have their life imparts; and of these is the incomparable *Bette*. But indeed her quality is such that it cannot be suggested in a few lines of description. I always go back to the book in order to further probe her secret, and after many readings I have not yet found it. Like *Iago* she seems in her villainy without adequate motive, but with this difference, that we feel she is justified according to her terrible inner code and the workings of her dark nature. The chronicle of her goings and comings, her plots and counterplots, her sleepless pursuit of vengeance nourished by a savage virginity, is all of the very stuff of Balzac's power. Her death amid the sincere grief of the unsuspecting victims of her fury and hatred—hating and seeking to injure them to her latest breath—is a thing made credible only by the force of the genius which depicts it. She remains perhaps the chief enigma and the supreme triumph of Balzac's art.

Mr. Saintsbury perceives the full beauty of *Lisbeth* (which is much for an Englishman) but excellent critic as he is, I cannot follow him where he appears to doubt whether Balzac has made the most of *Hulot's* vice, and even ventures to remark that he was not happy in treating this "particular deadly sin." I wonder where Mr. Saintsbury would direct us for more competent treatment! So much depends upon *Hulot*, the blind unconscious tragedian of the piece, that if he be a failure the work cannot be called great. But Mr. Saintsbury ranks it with the author's very greatest work! Something wrong here undoubtedly.

GRANT that *Hulot* is "rather disgusting" and a "wholly idiotic old fribble," especially toward the end of his bad courses; his creator so depicted him with deliberate intent. But take him for all in all, from the time when he was still "handsome Hector" in his hearty, libidinous middle age—to the latest glimpse of him in his ever prurient senility, and I maintain that the *Baron Hulot d'Ervy* ranks with the most successful figures of the *Comedy*, or if you please, of the literature of fiction. He is drawn with a certainty of touch which leaves no doubt of his reality. Where in literature do we find such another picture of the libertine sacrificing all that men hold dear and sacred to the vile master passion that consumes him, body and soul? The picture of *Hulot* in his final stage of depravity, when he had sunk to cretinism and the last dregs of sensuality, indifferent to the death of his wife whose virtues he acknowledged and whom in his careless

way he had loved—is as great a thing as you shall find in Balzac, repellent as it may be to English susceptibilities. The moral, too, is fearfully convincing; it makes you believe in God, the Devil, and Balzac!

The writers who have accused Balzac of libeling human nature in such characters as *Hulot* have failed to make out their case.

To George Sand who had protested against certain characterizations in this book (and they will always be objected to, since they are beyond the pale of conventional treatment) the author thus justified his method:

"You seek to paint man as he ought to be. I take him as he is. Believe me, we are both right. I am fond of exceptional beings. I am one myself. Moreover, I need them to give relief to my common characters, and I never sacrifice them without necessity."

IN this connection it is interesting to recall that Balzac's *Pere Goriot*, perhaps the most powerful novel of the nineteenth century, was long attacked as immoral. His books, or many of them, are on the Catholic Index as taboo to the faithful, though he was, by profession at least, attached to Royalism and the Church, and though he wrote *Jesus Christ in Flanders*. Henley, liberal critic and admirer of Balzac as he was, did not scruple to accuse the author of a leaning toward Sadism, for which he claimed to have found warrant in certain parts of the *Comedy*. After this one is relieved to find that the noble Lamartine who had full opportunity of knowing Balzac, pronounced him a good man—one indeed whose conscience had a peculiar repulsion from evil.

The risk incurred in attempting to deduce a writer's moral bias or personal character from his literary creations has not seldom been pointed out, but it will always attract a certain type of critic.

It sometimes happens upon the disclosure of a crime or scandal peculiarly shocking—like a plague spot suddenly un-

covered in the community—that people will exclaim against it as incredible, as if to compliment human nature or indemnify the cause of morality in general. They do not wish to admit the possibility of such deeds, the existence of such malefactors; as judging the admission itself to be a criminal offense. This seems to fairly represent the attitude of certain—mostly English—critics on the question before us. They refuse to allow that the human character can be as bad as Balzac depicts it, and even if so, it ought not to be described at all! In a word, there is no validity in the critical objection to Balzac's treatment of evil in his novels (whatever religious casuistry might make of it). The question, as we have seen, did not trouble our author. In his own phrase, he did not invent human nature or the evil thereof—he observed it and described it as a necessary element of his great task—the history of a complete society. We may allow that Balzac's divinatorial genius urged him to sound the uttermost depths of human wickedness—the farthest reaches of the lawless will. But one should be as gifted as the author of the *Human Comedy* himself to determine the question whether it sometimes led him astray or falsified his picture of life.

TO conclude: The world created by Balzac in his *Human Comedy* has places to suit tastes the most diverse, and one can move on until he finds a scene to his liking. I know not if it be true, as some English critics contend, that Balzac has portrayed the evil that is in human nature more convincingly than the good; at any rate, the question cannot be allowed to impeach his art. Frenchmen like Taine make no difficulty of accepting the *Comedy* on this score.

In my view, there is within the wide compass of this world of Balzac's creation many a haunted spot, many a wondrous enthralling region where the light of genius dwells in such heart-troubling power and beauty as may be found only in the work of a very few writers, and these the great masters of the literary art.

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY

By WILLIAM SIMON.

"GERMANY'S peace ambitions in no wise resemble strivings for undisputed world dominion." If this be the case, what do the Germans mean when they talk of "peace ambitions"? Did they not satisfy their peace ambitions before the war? If not, why not? Men like Methesius, Liefmann, Kiliani, Hettner, von Schulze-Gaevernitz, Stresemann, Dernburg, von Buelow and many others have written extensively about these questions and there is good ground for thinking that their opinions express public sentiment in Germany towards the subject. In dealing with Germany's ante and post-bellum relations these men invariably set out from this consideration: The Imperialist movement more than anything else needs a thorough airing before a reasonable understanding of Germany's ambitions may be acquired. Religiously refraining from stating my personal standpoint I have found this to be the gist of their opinion:

It is necessary to discriminate carefully between two kinds of imperialist movements. There is Imperialism and Imperialism. In point of ways and means they differ vastly. Broadly speaking we distinguish two fundamental types—British Imperialism and its antithesis, German Imperialism.

The British type may be expressed briefly by the maxim: "Only one power shall rule the world, that is I and no one else." The German antithesis of this professes that the world need not tolerate any master. Germany's rights must not be encroached upon by shutting her out from the highways of the world. She must not be barred from preaching German Kultur abroad. We may, therefore, define British Imperialism as *positive* or better still *destructive* dogmatism, paradoxical as this may sound. German Imperialism, however, reacts *negatively*, while at the same time it is impregnated with *constructive* elements. The Teutonic belief in *laissez faire*, in co-operative progressivism, in Kultur, is battling against Anglo-Saxon lust for domination, territorial aggrandizement and power. At first blush, we might be prone to regard this antithesis as something too far fetched, a policy sprung from fancy and national conceit.

That German policy, however, generates imperialistic "tendencies so vastly different from and superior to those of England" cannot be denied. It is, far more, a brutal fact, a necessity, a weighty historical "why and wherefore." England, the old man of the sea, has assiduously conquered the

world throne, and, iron-willed, insists upon defending it with undivided energy. Not in spite of, but because of being a young virile power, Germany, under the circumstances, has no other choice than to forge ahead under far more stringent conditions. Grappling with a situation which bristles with difficulties of its own, Germany evidently cannot hope to create a sphere of Teutonic influence comparable to that of the British lion. Three centuries have been frittered away. Germany simply drifted along and awoke three centuries too late. In a world political sense she cannot, therefore, count upon catching up entirely with England, at least, not with antiquated methods. The world's principal spoils have been pocketed; to undo this is now impossible. Even a clean-cut victory of the German cause would hardly permit of large conquests on the British style. As it is, the sacrifices necessary for this would be too costly, and to incorporate such possessions securely would likewise be a task too difficult to perform. Germany learned her lesson in 1870. "The difficulties between France and Germany are over the French-speaking population in Lorraine; the small internal differences in Germany are the result of some millions of Poles and 30,000 Danes who dwell in the empire." It has been rightly emphasized that the German people's desire was and would be only peace and safety. To plan the conquest of foreign countries amounts to sheer madness, a scheme which no responsible German politician ever advocated. As Dr. Dernburg says: "Germany's ambitions for territorial aggrandizement have never existed. All assertions to the contrary are untrue, and simply invented for the purpose of rousing suspicion among the neutral countries." Hence hardly any demand for "annexations," unless military and economic security is involved, has emanated from Teutonic circles in this war which, as far as Germany is concerned, has taken a course favorable beyond all expectations.

Thus, in the opinion of German intellectuals, conclusive evidence points towards a policy of non-territorial aggrandizement. German ambitions have been cruelly misinterpreted. With her mind focused on nothing more or less than *commercial and cultural elbowroom*—her "place in the sun"—Germany covets an unreserved right to transport her immense surplus of stock manufactures to every zone and in exchange import whatever raw materials she stands in need of.

To expect her to fall back entirely and to depend solely upon her own industries is surely preposterous. Wider markets are necessary to the labor and industrial enterprise engaged in her vast production of natural and manufactured products. The world must be open to her as buyer and seller—and must remain so. On her territory, about 50,000 square miles less than that of Texas, there live 70,000,000 people. To feed them from the products of that soil is an impossibility, even granted it be under a high stage of cultivation. Though we at present behold the singular spectacle of a self-sustaining Germany in war time, we are nevertheless aware of great hardships to which the people are subjected. We also know that they are fed on a reduced scale such as they would never accept in times of peace. If Ger-

many, therefore, cannot attain unrestricted freedom in trading with the outside world, then she must export her men, expatriate them to other more fortunate lands. In the cultural domain also Germany desires import as well as export facilities. More than anxious to spread her intellectual achievements abroad, Germany has set her heart upon seeing the world's intuitions, speculations and decisions tinged with a proper sprinkling of Germanic habits. Her training and science, her art and soul, language and literature, discipline and aesthetics have as yet not nearly enough fertilized the world's development. In short, she means to evolve, to further the future of mankind, not single-handed, not monopolistic, yet making a point of her own share. The Germans, very much the same as any strong virile power, are supersaturated with an inextinguishable desire for action, for great doings; they demand a voice in the Areopagus of the nations. They hold they have something original, something valuable to offer. Thus, logical inference from these principles leads towards a policy, well defined in sum and substance. It cannot be part of Germany's program, simply to kick England off the fence and take her place for the sole purpose of instituting a new regime in the fashion of bygone days. Germany, however, has the right to demand, and will demand commercial freedom, freedom of the seas. Open water routes, that is, immunity of private property at sea in war time, open markets for all nations, that is, no special spheres of interest for any nation, or better still, no political backing for the benefit of any market, but the "open door," especially in those regions still waiting to get in touch with regulated trade exchange—these are the issues, the *sine qua non*, in the light of which Germany views the terms of peace. German foreign policies of recent years have been governed by this principle in dealing with the more intolerant western powers, in Morocco, in Asia Minor, in China, and elsewhere. The principle of the "open door" is to be recognized henceforth not merely theoretically, in essays and in speeches, but shall be exercised in actual practice. All kinds of tricks, subtle and sly, have been resorted to for the purpose of eliminating German influence by roundabout methods. All along, the designs aimed at the exclusion of German competitors from the construction of railroads, industrial plants, harbors, etc., and the measures adopted with a view to barring Germany, openly or stealthily, from international loan negotiations, have been bitterly complained of. All the known tactics dragged from musty closets for the throttling of German competitors, restrictions, machinations, back-stairs calumnies, they all served one end: to run up a Chinese wall against Germany. German exporters were obliged to meet individually the combinations which their foreign rivals were not only permitted, but encouraged to form. It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which the Entente governments were not only encouraging such organizations, but were employing governmental powers in aid of it. True, intrigues of that sort availed them little in the end; Teutonic prowess stood on the threshold of success. Alas, for this reason the world was set on fire; the knot could not be untied by peaceful weapons; it was cut by the sword.



BOOKS AND MEN

THE GREATEST AMERICAN POET

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

THERE was a time when I was absolutely convinced that the greatest American poet was George Sylvester Viereck. Today I have modified my opinion. For the poet, unlike the actor and the singer, must compete not only with the living but also with the dead. The greatest of all American poets, dead or living, is unquestionably Poe. The greatness of any artist rests on three premises. He must express his thought, his thought must have universal significance, and he must express it better than any one else. In other words he must impress it with the stamp of finality. There is no American poet, with the exception of Poe, who has fulfilled all three requirements. Whitman fulfilled two. I am not sure that he fulfilled the last. It is by no means certain that a greater may not arise who will lend to "Leaves of Grass" a finality of expression beyond Whitman's. There are lines in Whitman that achieve this finality, but his poems, like the sonnets of Shakespeare are marred by much that is distinctly inferior. Nevertheless he still towers by far above all his imitators in prose and verse.

Poe left only a slender book of verse, but each poem strikes an individual note. It strikes it masterfully. We cannot conceive of a more intense sound in the great harmony of the world. It is for this reason that his verse constitutes the greatest contribution of the New World to the poetry of the old. Yet this truth is more clearly recognized in the Old World than among us. At one time the daughter of a professor who subsequently achieved considerable success in the arena of politics, was my guest at a dinner. She was a cultured girl, college-bred. We discussed American poetry. "Who do you think is the greatest American poet?" I asked. "Sidney Lanier," she replied without hesitation. "What of Poe?" I interrogated. "Poe? I have never read him." This illustrates the provincialism that rests upon our so-called intellectuals. The young lady hailed from the South. Hence Sidney Lanier was her poet. Had she been cradled in New England, she would probably have selected Longfellow or Whittier.

Poe, in his own life, fought this provincialism. He fought above all the little pedants of New England who look upon the United States merely as a replica of their motherland. They would never dream of making the United States original. Their only hope is to make it as much as possible like England—poor snobs—whose greatest pride in life is to be mistaken for an Englishman! Yet these men dominate literary criticism in our own day even as they did in the days of Poe. No one who fails to bow before the English-made conventions of this group, is considered worthy of recognition unless he shocks them like Whitman or attacks them with the scalpel of his own critical analysis—like Poe. But both Poe and Whitman were dead before New England seriously recognized their distinction. They gained a little favor when they were taken up by the French. But today they are again forgotten, or it would not be possible for the daughter of a New England scholar to confess her ignorance of Poe. In fact, if the lines of Poe were singing in the minds of the New England critics, they would hardly revel in rubbish, merely because it is imported from the old country, nor would their own verse be a second rate copy of last year's fashion in London. Perhaps it is fortunate that these little minds do not appreciate Poe; if they did they would imitate

him, and imitate him badly. Bad imitations ultimately impair the original. Every prophet is slain by his disciples. Every authentic poet is obscured for generations by imitators.

I FEEL as though I knew Poe, although he died many years before my time. I have met Stedman, who knew Poe. But I feel that I knew him better than Stedman. I met Stedman only once—I believe at the Authors' Club. We were going to have a real talk about Poe. Shortly afterwards he died. Among his papers was a note: "Be sure to write to Viereck." Stedman was a good fellow, but he patronized Poe just as poor Gilder patronized Whitman. I also knew a man who had once made a loan of ten dollars to Poe. He told the story at every occasion. He hoped to achieve immortality by clinging to the coat tails of his lyric debtor. But even this opportunity is lost to him. I have forgotten his name. I have walked along Broadway, where Poe used to walk wearily. I have been at Poe's grave in Baltimore. I have worshipped him in the little house in Fordham where he lived with Virginia Clemm.

A lovely poetic tribute by Edwin Markham will be preserved for posterity in the place where the great poet lived. But the farcical Hall of Fame, attached to New York University, is still without a tablet in honor of Poe. Or perhaps the preposterous mediocrities who dole out immortality to Americans, in the spirit in which the superintendent of a Sunday school distributes little red and white tickets for good behavior, have changed their minds and admitted Poe. It would be the last insult of philistinism to genius. Let me quote here the memorable quatrain of Father Tabb—in itself no mean monument to the poet:

Into your charnel House of Fame
Only the dead shall go;
But write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.

I HAVE not met Poe. My readers have not met him. But I have met his brother in the spirit, Hanns Heinz Ewers. And Ewers has written an essay on Poe that has just been published in English; it is the finest tribute to Poe in any language. Ewers understands Poe, because he is like Poe. He takes up Poe's story where Poe dropped it. We all remember Poe's famous essay on how he wrote "The Raven." Poe told us a good deal about his craft. But there was much that he dared not say. Ewers has the courage that Poe lacked. Our knowledge of Poe is not complete without Ewers—who as a stylist is not the equal of Poe. But he out-rivals him in imagination. He lacks the note of grewsome tenderness that is characteristic of Poe. But in depicting the horrible he almost surpasses him. I am now speaking of Poe as a story writer, not of Poe as a lyricist. As a lyricist Ewers and Poe are antipodes. But in their prose, and in their temperament they are very much alike, except in one important aspect. The difference between Poe and Ewers is the difference between Europe and America. As Adele Lewisohn remarks in her remarkable introduction to her own masterly translation of the little book: "He (Ewers) is able to mirror the soul of Poe because they are intellectual kinsmen. Both are at home in 'the misty-mid region of Weir,' both dwell 'out of space, out of time!'" Both have exploited

the realm of Horror. In fact Ewers has gone beyond Poe because to him was revealed the mystery of sex; to Poe sex was a sealed book"—notwithstanding Alexander Harvey.

Hanns Heinz Ewers has written the tales that Poe might have written, if he had lived in a country where genius is less restricted. His *Mandragora* is the perverse sister of *Berenice* and *Lenore*; Ewers is most voluble where Poe was most reticent. Poe would have admired the works of Hanns Heinz Ewers as much as he admired the tales of E. T. A. Hoffman. In fact, Poe was more drawn toward Germany than toward England. In that respect he differed from almost all the poets of his generation. Poe, like Whitman, was an American. He was also a cosmopolitan. But he was not an Englishman. Whitman was not a cosmopolitan. He was solely an American. Both poets owe nothing to England. Poe, as I said, would have understood Ewers. There is no question that Ewers understands Poe. He is both a cosmopolitan and a German. He despises the way of the prig whether that prig be German or Anglo-Saxon.

He drank—he did not drink. That is the way the Anglo-Saxons dispute about their poets. They permit Milton to starve; they steal his whole life's work from Shakespeare. They delve into Byron's and Shelley's family histories with crooked fingers; they calumniate Rossetti and Swinburne; lock Wilde into prison and point their finger at Charles Lamb and Poe—because they drank!

After all, I am happy that I am a German. Germany's great men were permitted to be immoral—that is, not quite exactly as moral as the good middle class and the priests. The German says: "Goethe was our great poet." He knows that he was not so very moral, but he does not take that fact too much to heart. The Englishman says:—"Byron was immoral, therefore he *cannot* have been a great poet." Only in England could Kingsley—that offensive preacher of morality—have uttered that remark about Heine, which has become a familiar quotation—"Do not speak of him,—he was a wicked man."

If, however, it is unalterable, if the nations on all sides acknowledge and love the "immoral" English poets, the Englishman is at last forced to speak—then he lies. He does not renounce his hypocrisy; he simply says: "Later investigation has proved that the man was not at all immoral,—he was highly moral, quite pure and innocent." In this fashion the English have "saved the honor" of Byron. It will not be long ere they turn a Saul Wilde into a Paul. Thus in the case of Poe, an Ingram followed a Griswold with the "Oh, no, he really did not drink."

The English are now permitted to appreciate Edgar Allan Poe, since it is officially attested that he was a moral being.

But we, who make not the slightest claim to middle class morality,—we love him, even if he drank. Yes, even more we love him because of his drink, because we know that just from this poison which destroyed his body pure blossoms shot forth, whose artistic worth is imperishable.

EWERS believes that every poet needs some artificial stimulation. The pressure of every day life, the consciousness of the futility of all human endeavor, is so staggering that every mortal genius who is not a born fighter needs a crutch to stay him. Most poets lean upon the staff of their colossal conceit. Without delusions of grandeur, it would be impossible to go on with life's heavy burden. What conceit does for some, narcotics or drink accomplish for others. Few artists have been able to go on without some artificial Paradise—to borrow a term from the vocabulary of Baudelaire. What is an artist? "A pioneer of culture in the newly discovered land of the unconscious," replies Ewers.

How few are worthy to be called artists under this lofty definition of that proud title! E. T. A. Hoffmann deserves it, and Jean Paul and Villiers and Baudelaire—and certainly also *Edgar Allan Poe*; this much even the Griswolds must concede to the artist who, in so many of his stories, entered that secret country of the soul of which no one before him, and least of all the scientists, had the slightest presentiment.

The eternal land of our longing lies dreamily before us in grey, misty clouds,—the vast land of the unknown. The beggar lies huddled in the warm sunshine,—the contented town folks hug their fire places.

But there are people whose tormenting desires are so great that they must emerge from the realm *which we know*. *Robur et aes triplex* must protect their breasts when they leave the sunny land of the known, when they steer through the grey murderous floods to Avalon. And many, many perish shamefully without having cast even a single glance behind the clouds. Only a few can complete the journey. They discover a new land,—accept it in the name of a new culture; they have extended the borders of consciousness a little further.

The artists are these first explorers. After them come the hordes of expeditions of discoverers in order to survey and investigate the country—land registrars and rent collectors—and men of science.

Now it is certain that the so-called poisons, which we call narcotics, are as potent as other means to lead us beyond the threshold of the conscious. If one succeeds in getting a firm footing in this "other world," exchanging the metaphysical for something positive, one creates a new work of art, and is, in the noblest sense, an artist.

It may be necessary here to accentuate that quality of wisdom which insists, of course, that there can be no idea of creation in intoxication. Or, on the other hand, that no intoxicant in the world can develop in a man qualities which he does not possess.

The Griswolds and the Ingrams could take any amount of wine, could smoke any amount of opium, eat any amount of hashish, nevertheless they would still be unable to create works of art.

But the intoxication caused by narcotics is liable, under certain conditions, when accompanied by other causes, to create a state of ecstasy later on, and in this state of ecstasy every one produces the highest that his intelligence is capable of conceiving.

Edgar Allan Poe drank. And, as with all of us, his body proportionately reacted unfavorably against the poison of the alcohol, deadened as it was by the drink-habits of generations of ancestors; so he drank heavily. He got drunk. But he got drunk purposely, he did it in order to get the drunkard's understanding, from which he later on, perhaps, years later, could create new *art values*.

Ewers is mistaken in one thing. Poe did not drink heavily. His mind, however, was so delicately poised, that at times even the slightest stimulant seemed to affect him powerfully. I believe that Poe owed this instability to drugs, not to drink. But whatever his nepenthe may have been, I can readily believe that he sought it deliberately to escape from the fogs and fogies of New England. Everything conspired to make him miserable. He himself says somewhere:

I could not love except where Death
Was mingled with the Beauty's breath,
Or Hymen, Time and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me.

These are Poe's worst lines. They were written in youth. But they are also the truest. None realizes this more keenly than Ewers. The spirit of Poe must have whispered his secrets into the ear of Ewers. This is how Ewers has envisaged the poet:

A Hell was to him what Paradise is to others,—a well beloved, a blessed Hell, but the flames of which nevertheless scorched. For Virginia,—to whose dying eyes we are indebted for *Morella*, and *Ligeia*, *Berenice* and *Lenore*,—was doomed before she had given her hand to the Poet. He knew that she had consumption, that the glowing red of her cheeks lied, knew that from the depth of her liquid, shimmering eyes the inexorable sickness grinned forth. When at night he stroked the beloved locks he knew: "So many days yet she will live," and the next morning again "Another day less." It was a dying woman who kissed his lips, a dying woman, whose lovely head rested next to his at night. When he awoke disturbed by the coughing and rattling in her panting lungs—the white linen seemed to him a shroud, the cold drops on her brow, the sweat of death, a lingering death, lasting for years, a visible slow fading of the beloved—this was the only "happiness" of this most unhappy of all poets.

Poe dead was greater than Poe living. It is difficult to overestimate his influence. He is the father of the modern magazine story. Without Poe there would be no *Gouverneur Morris*. Without Poe there would be no Conan Doyle and no Gaboriau, and no Maupassant. The so-called Decadents of France, England and Germany derive their technique, their theory of art, directly from Poe. Baudelaire and Mallarmé acknowledge his mastership. Swinburne pays tribute to him. "Never before him," as Ewers aptly remarks, "did any one so dismember his own work of art, and dissect it to its last shred. "Poe," he goes on to say, quoting "Eureka," that curious prose poem, deeper than Emerson in its philosophy, startlingly modern in its scientific hypotheses, "Poe is a pathfinder—and is the first to disclose what is called Modern Thought."

If he anticipated Zola's coined expression of technical production, if he furthermore set up the Parnassian art principle independent of this, he bridged the gap of half a century and made a demand so ultra-modern that, even today, only a small part of the advanced spirits understand it in its whole radical magnitude.

The fertility of the literature of the cultured peoples will through Poe's spirit first attain full development in this century. The past one judged him by a few outward trivialities, a hawing and hemming, which certainly brought a fortune to Jules Verne and Conan Doyle, the fortunate imitators. It is certain that the starving poet only wrote these things for his daily bread. The *Sea and Moon Journeys* of Gordon Pym and Hans Pfaal, etc., also several of his detective stories as, for instance "The Murder in The Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," "The Gold Bug," were certainly called into existence only by the desire to have warmth, food and drink. For Poe knew hunger. Therefore he wrote those things, as he also did translations, and worked at all possible sorts of scientific books. Surely, each single story, even the weakest, far surpasses any adventure of the eminent Sherlock Holmes. Why does the great public, and especially the English speaking public, in spite of all this, swallow Doyle's

ridiculous detective stories with enthusiasm, and lay those of Poe aside?

Nothing is easier to understand. Poe's characters are like those of Dostoevski's, so real, his composition is so faultless, so holds the imagination of the reader without possibility of escape in its nets, that even the bravest cannot resist a shudder, an agonizing, murderous shudder, which resembles a cruel nightmare.

In the works of popular imitators this fear is nothing more than a pleasant sensation, which not for one moment permits the reader to doubt the outcome of the farce.

POE, as I have said, was both an American and a cosmopolite. Ewers likewise possesses both the national and the cosmopolitan spirit. He describes the creed of international culture in words worthy to be chiseled in marble.

Everything about me, and all else which is beautiful on this earth, is the sacred, inviolable property of the cultured people, who stand above all other nations. That Nation is the true ruler, the true possessor. No other master is tolerated by beauty. To understand this means to understand the world. Edgar Allan Poe was the first to do this.

These words were true when they were written. Will they still be true after the war? For truth, like life, changes. It is never the same. All things are relative. Everything flows. Only Pragmatism leads us on the path of sanity out of chaos. But it is only a temporary path, a makeshift, a transition.

The truth of today may be the lie of tomorrow. One man's truth is another man's poison. What is truth in your mouth, may be a lie in mine. No one can tell if Armageddon will be followed by a new nationalism or a new internationalism. If anything can survive the baptism of fire and of blood, it is Beauty. Poe's "Annabel Lee" will outlast the new kingdom of Poland. The map may change, but Poe's songs will never lose their music, until a new and alien civilization turns the world topsy turvy.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

AN ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCE

By ALEXANDER HARVEY.

NOTHING in this miserable room of mine that I could pawn for bread! Twice within the week had my landlady reminded me that the trivial sum I owed for rent was overdue.

I lifted a worn and tattered volume on the subject of anatomy from the crazy table on which my little medical library reposed. A despairing inspection of its shabby state confirmed me in my fear. The maddest and most romantic Jew in Elizabethan drama would never have risked his farthing upon my entire treasure. Within the week I hoped to pass the examination that was to win me the precious privilege of practicing as a physician in New York. It seemed now that I must die of hunger in the streets meanwhile.

As I placed my poor book among its poorer companions and fell into a mood of pity for the fate that made them mine, a knocking knuckle sounded at the door. I ignored it altogether. I could not pay the rent. The hour of my doom had struck. I would yield it no welcome.

"Oh! You are in."

My landlady had not awaited my summons. She stood before me in her tall severity, a black-browed symbol of the last of all things. I smiled at her. Odd as it seemed to me then, I could smile into that grave face of hers.

"I have no money."

I said this with a sigh, although I had no longing for her pity. I thought I heard a sigh upon her own lips as she sank upon that rickety chair beside the table.

"But I have not come for the rent."

I fixed my gaze intently upon the head of dark hair that met my eye as her head drooped. She looked up at me suddenly.

"I have had to take refuge here," she explained, "from that man."

"Your husband?"

She bowed her head and for an interval there was silence. I had never taken too seriously the complaints this landlady perpetually made against him to whom she loved to refer as her brute of a husband. My landlord did not appear to me in the least brutal. He was, I understood, a sort of truckman, very irregularly employed for the time being in consequence of the congested traffic conditions in the city of New York.

"What has he done to you now?"

My voice had in it a ring of much impatience. The grievances of this woman had grown preposterous to me. That she saw at once. The dark eyes flashed proudly in her head. I had affronted this creature. I would be reminded of the rent.

Before the words escaped her lips, the door was flung wide open. My landlord stood upon the threshold.

"Will you give me that money?"

I thought at first this question must be meant for me. The landlord, however, was gazing steadily at his wife. He did not heed my presence in the least. The woman stood up to confront him and they eyed one another defiantly.

"That money!" She stepped back a pace. "It's mine."

"I say it's mine!"

"You shan't have it!"

HE seized her by the wrist, and I saw him give her arm a wrench. Her struggles to be free brought the masses of her hair in confusion about her shoulders. She strove to bite him. His persistent twisting of the arm he held drew from her at last a cry of anguish. A crumpled green bank note fell from her hand to the floor. He fled with it from the room.

"Brute!" The door had slammed behind her husband, but she screamed so loudly that he must have heard her. "I hate you!"

When she sank once more upon the rickety chair and made a cushion for her head with an arm, I emerged from the spell wrought by this scene of violence. My movement must have been a very slight one, yet her ear detected it. I found her suddenly looking up at me through the masses of that hair.

"Coward!"

She did not hiss the word. She did not hurl it at me as she might have hurled a curse. She smiled. That smile was to me a whip of which I felt the sting on my cheek.

"But," I protested feebly and with a most humiliating sense of the feebleness with which I protested, "what would you have had me do?"

"Kill him!"

I marvelled at the music in her voice. It had a cruel emphasis and yet a power that subdued my spirit. She understood me at that moment far better than I understood myself.

"Kill him!" She stood up at this repetition of her behest, speaking in that slow and thrilling tone. "Be a man!"

Never until then did it occur to me that she was beautiful. I observed the liquid quality of her eyes, and strove to avert mine from them. I could not. Her face was very white and she pushed those coils of hair away from it with gestures of a miraculous seduction.

"Here!" Her voice revealed how thoroughly she realized the conquest she had made of me. "Use this."

It was a carving knife. She thrust it into my hand before I could reply to her. The suasion with which she urged me to the deed was not gentle.

"There is no one in the house but ourselves."

SHE addressed me in a whisper as I hesitated on the edge of the stairs outside. I glanced at the long, keen knife in my hand. I turned once more to gaze into the eyes of the woman. Then I stole down, step by step, the woman peering over the railings all the time.

Not until I reached the kitchen in the basement did I come upon the man. By this time I had thrust the knife into my belt and there it was hidden underneath the coat I wore. My landlord was making a frugal meal of bread and cheese at a little deal table in the corner beside a wash tub.

"Aha!" He seemed disconcerted at beholding me. "Did you pay the rent?"

"I will pay your wife in full," I assured him as I drew near, "this very night."

"Aha!" This must have been his favorite oath. "Has my wife sent you here to murder me? Every time we get a tenant he comes to me with that intention. Where's the carving knife?"

These revelations left me motionless and staring. He took advantage of my great surprise to hurl himself upon me. I did not dodge in time, but as he seized my arm I got a good grasp upon his shoulder. Our turnings and circlings about

the kitchen so disarranged my clothing that he could see the knife at my belt easily. The sight inspired him to make a demand in tones that reached the roof for a surrender of this trophy. I merely seized the empty bottle on the table as the pair of us described fantastic angles all about it. A purpose to hit my landlord on the head was in my own mind, and this had been anticipated by himself. He snatched the bottle as I poised it menacingly in the air, and then he brought it down upon my head. I stood dazed. He had that knife out of my belt in a flash.

"Aha!" He cried aloud triumphantly. "Don't be afraid."

I HAD taken refuge in the cupboard, shutting the door upon myself quickly and completely. My landlord made no further effort to pursue me. I could hear him moving about the kitchen. At last I heard the sound of that knife. It seemed to undergo a process of sharpening. I heard its scraping.

"I tell you again I'm not going to hurt you."

A note of such perfect sincerity informed the voice of my landlord that I ventured to set the cupboard door ajar. He knelt at present in front of the stove. I observed him closely as he moved the knife back and forth. No look of ferocity inflamed that face of his.

"What do you mean to do?"

He replied to my question almost as soon as I had asked it by making a thrust at his breast. I managed to leap upon him in a fashion sufficiently agile to avert a fatality, although I could see that he had cut himself. I clutched the hand that held the knife. He tried to free himself but I did not let go.

"Let me die, I tell you! I can not trouble her then."

Once more the pair of us described fantastic circles. We knocked the table over. We fell into that tub. We broke all the dishes in the place. He called his wife the vilest names. He said that I might have her, but he added that my fate if I took her must be as dreadful as his own. He took a solemn oath to die, die, die!

Words more dreadful still he mouthed above the din we made and then he fell. It proved an easy task to rob him of that knife, for he had fainted. Loss of blood from that trickling wound of his had made this victory for me. I stripped him of his shirt and improvised a bandage from it for his chest.

"Will he live?"

My landlady stared at us through the broken pane of glass in the kitchen door. She had bound up that hair.

"He is not much hurt," I told her, "but he has received a shock."

SHE trod delicately among the broken dishes and the lumps of coal until she reached that knife. This she lifted from the floor and put into the oven. I followed every movement of hers with my eye intently, as if I looked upon some absorbing scene in a theatre.

"Philip!"

She had knelt beside her husband, but he lay as I had left him, breathing easily. She made her way next, with that characteristically delicate step, to the sink. There she filled a bowl with water, taking it to the side of our patient and kneeling at his head. She put her lips to his forehead.

"Philip, my darling!" How perfect the note of love in her voice! "Speak! Tell me you are all right."

"And you," I said, bending over her to whisper the words, "and you put that knife into my hand and sent me here to kill him. What has changed your mind?"

"Fool!" she cried, pillowing her husband's head upon her bosom. "Fool! He needs me now!"

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF FOREIGN LOANS

By ERNST HANS NEUFELD.

UNCONTROLLED by government authority, our national savings have been, and are, at the mercy of any foreign power, and subject to raids by the agents of such foreign powers. Our own savings may thus be used to the detriment of our own potential strength, our own financial stability.

SAVINGS USED TO STRENGTHEN FOREIGN NATIONS.

Our savings have actually been taken from us directly to strengthen the fighting power of foreign nations—all potential enemies. Thereby we have been weakened in our relative strength. We are further weakened by the proportionate disappearance of capital from our home market, and the incapacity arising therefrom of the home industries, factories, mines and railways, all employing home labor, to secure capital for the employment of his home labor and for expansion at home.

The total absence of any legislative check against this country being drained of its funds by foreign governments will, if unchecked, result in a similar position with regard to our finances as already experienced with regard to our food and our labor. For the more convenient feeding of foreign and potentially enemy powers our 110,000,000 population is to-day thrown on either shorter rations or on more expensive rations, for the convenience of these same foreign and potentially enemy powers and for the strengthening of their more or less depleted exchequer and dottering finances our own home industries are penalized by high rate of interest and are practically deprived of cheap money for expansion.

OUR INVESTORS HAVE NO EXPERIENCE IN FOREIGN BONDS.

Unfortunately, our investors have neither knowledge nor experience in foreign government bonds. They are not able to judge for themselves as to the veracity exhibited in the prospectuses of the agents of such foreign powers flooding this country with all sorts of statements of the financial position of their borrowing principals.

The total absence of any legislative check upon such statements on behalf of our government and legislative machinery to cut the volume of borrowing of such foreign powers here, now threatened again, gives the latter boundless opportunities to cause this country losses and damage.

European countries, particularly lender countries like France and Germany, have long realized the part which government control of national savings gives to the country whose foreign investments are thus government controlled.

Such countries utilize this power diplomatically and politically against foreign nations by granting or withholding admission of their loans.

NO BANKER CAN OFFER AMERICAN SECURITIES IN FRANCE.

In France particularly no banker is entitled to offer foreign, for example, American, securities; no stock exchange is authorized to deal in them without specific permission being first asked for and granted by the French Minister of Finance.

The right—to give or to deny—the admission of foreign securities gives the French Government a strong lever in its relation to foreign powers in need of credit. It is this right on which, for the last twenty years, the political alliances of France, particularly with Russia, have been built. This right alone made this alliance possible. France willed it to gain Russia as a military ally, to make Russia as a

military ally perpetually stronger and thereby to make Germany proportionately weaker.

CHECK UPON VERACITY OF BANKERS.

Apart from this power of admitting or refusing foreign securities, another check is required.

This, too, is partly in operation in France.

The French government makes a banker issuing foreign securities already admitted for circulation in France by the Minister of Finance, and all dealers dealing therein civilly and criminally responsible for statements made in his, the issuing banker's or dealers' prospectus, circular, or letter with regard to such foreign securities.

This check upon the veracity of bankers issuing foreign securities is but partly efficient. The large profit derived by such issues have been frequently found to be but cheaply acquired by a term of imprisonment by the less scrupulous.

AMERICAN COMPANIES HAVE DEARLY PURCHASED THEIR EXPERIENCE.

Many American mining, railway and public utility companies, who obtained their funds in France prior to the operation of the war, have dearly purchased their experience.

A far more efficient check could be established by the operation of a properly organized government department demanding the prospectus relating to foreign securities intended to be issued, together with proofs of the statements therein contained, to be first submitted to this department for investigation and approval, along with application for admission for flotation in this country.

The French government is further utilizing this power as a means of revenue. It taxes the securities with regard to their normal value, and likewise taxes independent therefrom the coupon or dividend.

This is but an extension of the idea of import duties as protection for home industries to home savings.

The United States have never been a lender country. It never had a very large class of investors. But it is a lender country now, and its investors need protection.

The United States has created by this war a number of enemies, and however amicable, in a diplomatic sense of the word, our relations with foreign powers may be for the moment, we can ill afford to throw away an element of power of such potent as the power to give or to deny the admission of foreign bonds and stocks.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE COMBINATION.

General Scott, who no doubt is one of our most competent soldiers, is now demanding an army of 3,000,000, and substantiated his demand by repeatedly and distinctly referring to the Anglo-Japanese combination as a combination of potentially enemy powers. If an authority of such undisputed standing deems it an imperative necessity of mobilizing a fighting force of 3,000,000 men, it is indeed a necessity not less imperative to husband our resources and to make use of our right to give or to deny credit.

But there is an additional reason that makes the adaptation of such laws particularly expedient at this very moment. The Allies are already in the most serious manner interfering with our export, blacklisting our merchants, keeping our mails, invading the three-mile radius along our coast, and threaten us openly to put us at a disadvantage with regard to trading after the expiration of the war. They are doing this at a time when their military forces are engaged elsewhere. As soon as their military forces will be

freed the trade war waged upon us may or may not adopt serious dimensions.

The power of our government to "give or to deny credit," the right of admission of the bonds of those foreign and potentially enemy powers now dependent on our credit, may form a most powerful weapon in the hands of our Executive after the war and likewise as a powerful accelerator to bring peace about and to be used as and when expedient.

Naturally in case of so-called guaranteed loans the authority of such government department must extend automatically to the acceptance or refusal of admittance of any collateral security. Otherwise this country would be flooded with all the fifth-rate railway bonds of half-bankrupt South American and other provincial governments now held by Belgium, France and England.

This protection is the more needed just now, the more the Allies individually and jointly will be compelled to come here for further credit.

And by such means we could use our savings to help countries which give us commercial preference, and we could strengthen our economic and military allies economically and militarily, so that finally the Monroe Doctrine will become a reality, backed up by the guns of American dreadnoughts and not by mere notes.

This legislation would be purely domestic.

From a fiscal point of view, it would make the foreign borrower, a potentially foreign enemy, pay towards the building up of our defensive forces.

It furnishes our Executive with an additional means—apart from an embargo on food—to enforce peace.

A DEFENSE OF SECOND CHILDHOOD

By B. RUSSELL HERTS.

CHILDREN are the inarticulate geniuses of every generation. Those who grow up remain inarticulate; those who grow articulate remain children. The concept that "a little child shall lead them" need not necessarily refer only to children of any special age. Certainly childhood is more an attitude of mind than a condition of mentality. Who among us has not seen perfectly genuine children who were far more capable of the realities than their parents, though their parents supported them, ruled them and, sadly enough, controlled the progress of their characters? Between these fettered children and their more effective elders, the chief difference seems generally to be that the children are clear minded, fearless, and unpractical, while their parents are muddleheaded, conservative and practical. That may be why the young cannot take care of themselves, which means simply that they cannot crush others for their own benefit, or look out first, last, and all the time for their own personal advantage. This is the very essence of taking care of oneself. What else could it be?

Caring for oneself is a condition that we grow to in maturity, and few of us are fortunate enough to avoid it. It is an ugly condition from any point of view, a damnable one, from that of every religious teacher, that ever lived. But most of the world is so thoroughly imbued with it that it actually becomes proud of its possession, and when someone does not measure up to standard, we call him a fool, a nincompoop, or a charlatan.

SUCH is the state of the majority of mankind, from twenty onward. At a late age some few recover from the evil of maturity and start on the road to leadership. Unfortunately, they seldom become childish enough to succeed. But at least there drops from them the mist of materialism that has been gathered about them ever since they have come of age, that cloak of fascinating fabric which envelops one's head and body, but which it is impossible to feel. These aged folk begin again to view life as it really is, to consider the true, inherent values, to examine it without prejudice, without scorn, without rancor, having nothing left to lose or gain, they are fearless and unafraid of all the petty stupidities that make cowards of the middle-

aged. And of these rare ancient spirits we speak as if their minds were feeble, instead of free. We mention their resumption of childishness as if it were an ignoble act.

The grow-up masters of the world have made perhaps the worst muddle of it that has ever existed in history. Never has there been a greater premium placed upon successful dishonesty. Never have there been greater thieves and blackguards in the high places. It is an age of unquestioned political corruption, of undoubted commercial villainy, supported by a press that never dares or cares to speak the truth, except about the weak and influential. The mass of the people seem as dense as ever and their masters exploit them as never before in the history of the world.

This is the product of the practical man. The European war is a result of the mature deliberation of our practical diplomats. The vast danger of war in this country is the result of the commercial stupidity of our leading citizens. The struggle between capital and labor is the result of the sophistication of both sides.

THERE is a hardening process at work in every country, continually which takes the soft, imaginative minds of boys and girls and transforms them into the flat, stony, mental contrivances of the middle aged. We are not encouraged to think, any of us. We are forced to master one particular limited process, so that we shall become capable of going through that again and again and again so that we can earn our livelihood by it. Nothing but discouragement is offered by modern life to one who attempts to achieve breadth of vision and nobility of thought. The stolidity of maturity must be obvious to anyone, yet we go on turning glorified children into practical men and women.

Except in childhood, when do we ever achieve that attitude of genius which is, in brief, the looking at things and questions for themselves, without the thousand prejudices that we all acquire to cloud our vision and our understanding? Never, most of us, except if, late in life, the desire for struggle and worldly accomplishments has passed away, do we urge once more into our early clarity. And then forsooth, shall we be told that we are ready for the asylum or the grave.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

THE other day an English dramatist, the author of four or five dull plays, bitterly criticised America for failing to appreciate what he called the "theatre of the intellect." It appears that we have consistently refused to encourage the production of plays which in his mind were supremely important and necessary for the welfare of our souls. Curiously enough, all the plays mentioned by him were English products, and included three failures that he had written himself. He ended his tirade by stating that America was a commercial nation, incapable of understanding art, and that our refusal to join the Allies against the Prussian was the final proof of our national debasement. Well, let us look into his charge.

On Broadway there are at the present time about twenty-five plays—more or less successful. Out of these at least eighteen are the work of American dramatists. The others, almost without exception, are imported from England. Let us select only the best in each group, and compare them. Comparisons are only odious when we fail to measure up to the standards of our opponents. When we do measure up to these standards, or surpass them, comparisons are apt to be very gratifying. In this instance let the American eagle scream to his heart's content. For the best plays in New York to-day are, undoubtedly, far superior to those which have run the U-boat blockade established around John Bull's island.

* * *

To understand the importance of this achievement we must remember that we are competing with such veteran dramatists as William Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw, Sir James Barrie, Horace Annesly Vachell and J. Hartley Manners. But who will deny that "Good Gracious Annabelle," by Clare Kummer; "The Thirteenth Chair," by Bayard Veiller; "Her Husband's Wife," by A. E. Thomas, and "The Yellow Jacket," by Benrimo, are not more entertaining, and profounder than "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Inca of Perusalem," "Upstairs and Down" and "The Lodger." The last play named is particularly British. It is widely advertised as coming from a long run at the Haymarket in London. It is supposed to be funny. Here is the gem of the play:

"Rich men don't leave their money about. If they did, they wouldn't be rich."

This epigram is actually advertised in the newspapers. On the strength of its humor, flashing brilliance and crystalline wit you are asked to pay two dollars for a seat. Ha! Ha! Ha!

* * *

I have again and again called the attention of the International readers to the excellent things that are being done at the Irving Place Theatre. Director Christian's latest production is Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." This sombre tragedy seems to me strangely beautiful. It has never before been acted in America. It is not likely ever to be popular, for it is so uncompromising, so unconcerned with the average theatre-goer's habits of body and soul, that I venture to state that most of those who witness it leave the theatre with a feeling of resentment. After all, we do not like to gaze into the mirror which reveals us as we actually are.

"The Wild Duck" is Ibsen's most sordid creation. In Hjalmar any man in the world may see himself—and at his worst. And poor Gregers Werle, the always unlucky, always damaging other lives, is indeed a notable portrait. So is the coarse Gina. And the elusive, virginal face of the unfortunate Hedvig haunts one, too. Each character in the play is

so outstanding, so clearly cut, that they stamp themselves upon the brain with painful intensity.

The theme of "The Wild Duck" is an unusual one for so realistic a dramatist as Ibsen. Ibsen here defends the value of illusions. Rob the average man of his illusions, he says, and you have deprived him of the one thing that makes for his happiness. Only the great can look upon the countenance of truth and live.

"The Wild Duck" explains why Ibsen is so hated throughout the world. He was despised in his own country, while inferior mediocrities were acclaimed by the mob and the classes. Only in Germany did he find peace and friends who understood him and his work. Once he returned to Norway. By this time he was a world figure. The enmity of organized Philistinism had done its work, fortunately for Ibsen, too well. The Norwegians forthwith began to make his life unhappy. He immediately packed up and returned to Munich. "It was an opportunity to insult a poet which it would have been a sad pity to lose," he wrote with proud bitterness.

* * *

Maude Adams, like Peter Pan, never grows older. In Barrie's new play she is as kissable as ever. If in "Peter Pan" Barrie reveals the world as it seems to the imagination of little boys, he shows us in "A Kiss for Cinderella" life as it mirrors itself in the dreams of a poor little working girl. The play would not be Barrie if it were not whimsical. Barrie could invest even a Zeppelin with a certain whimsical charm.

Cinderella is doing her "bit." She is taking care of four little motherless children, a little English child, a little Belgian, a little French woman, and a little German, Gretchen. When the policeman, who is to become her fairy prince, asks her about the little enemy alien, she tells him that it is a Swiss, but she admits that it is "not quite Swiss." When she recuperates from her attack of pneumonia in the hospital, the first question she asks the kindly old bachelor who has adopted the children is: "Are you good to little Gretchen?" He replies in the affirmative. "Are you good to her even when she is bad?" "The children are always good," he remarks. "Then they are cheating you," she promptly declares. In spite of his sentimentalism Barrie and his heroine are both realists. Only they see more than the surface of things. In fact, the play is the most realistic of all the war plays we have seen. With a few deft touches Barrie shows us the atmosphere of London war times, when all is dark save for the occasional flash of a policeman's lamp illuminating the dark momentarily like a glow worm. We see the changes wrought by the war. Little Cinderella has lost her position because, as her employer informs her, she is a "luxury." Most delightful is the scene at court. Such a court never was except in the imagination of the adorable Cinderella. It is dominated entirely by the censor and by Lord Times, a stern figure representing Lord Northcliffe's principal publicity organ. The royalties occupy golden rocking chairs. The King treats the entire court to ice cream. Mona Lisa and the Venus of Milo are among the characters of the play. And, of course, there is also Prince Charming. He, being a romantic bobby, presents his Princess with a pair of glass slippers in lieu of an engagement ring. That is his—Kiss for Cinderella. We know of no one but Barrie who could write such a play. We know of no one but Maude Adams who could carry it successfully across the footlights.

J. B. R.

* * *

Have you ever seen Vlasta Maslova dance? She is one

of the greatest of living dancers. Whenever she dances at the Palace I look in vain in the newspapers for comment upon her extraordinary achievement. But, alas, her glory is not discussed in our tribunes. In fact, there must be a conspiracy on foot to conceal the talents of this fascinating

genius. For Maslova can dance, as greatly as Pavlova, as finely as Nijinsky. She is at the Palace now, dancing at each performance with a beauty and a passion that is absolutely unparalleled. But why this silence on the part of our critics? Gentlemen, wake up!

J. B. R.

IS MARK TWAIN REALLY DEAD?

(The following letter from Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings is a startling reply to the above caption. According to Mrs. Hutchings the great humorist is very much alive, and in his immortal existence deems the living to be the dead. So much is Mark Twain alive that he actually dictated a story to William Marion Reedy. This posthumous story is shortly to be published by Mitchell Kennerley. The sincerity of either Mrs. Hutchings or William Marion Reedy cannot be doubted. Frankly we are baffled. If any of our readers can solve the problem we shall be grateful.)

DEAR Mr. Viereck:

Not five minutes ago I finished reading your "Esoteric Philosophy of Mark Twain," and the final sentence of that superb article has already driven me to my typewriter. "May we not hope that . . . some day, in some incarnation, we shall meet him again?"

I knew your philosophy, your despair of anything beyond this miserable farce and fiasco of existence, before I read your comments on Mark Twain's last published book, for I know Mr. Reedy as well as you do, and he has reflected you to us. But you do not believe what you tell yourself you believe—or you could never have written that final sentence. And so I want to tell you that Mark is so much alive that he looks upon us as dead ones. He has been coming to our home for almost two years, sometimes twice a week, sometimes at longer intervals, and while we have never seen him he is quite as real a personality as we are.

One afternoon we took him to Mr. Reedy's home and Brother Billy took down a chapter of the story Mark was dictating. He tried afterward to convince himself that perhaps it was not Mark Twain at all but merely the abnormal working of Mrs. Hays's mind; but when Mitchell Kennerley, who is publishing that first posthumous story, suggested making some changes in the text, I asked Mr. Reedy what I ought to do about it. His reply was: "You can't make any changes in that story. It isn't your work, or Mrs. Hays's. If Mark let those passages stand after revision, they have to stand."

Then suddenly he wheeled in his chair and said: "I'll tell you what you do, Emily. Send for Mrs. Hays and get Mark on the board. He'll give Mitchell an answer that will settle the discussion."

The first story he dictated, through Mrs. Hays, is a boy story which might be classed with "Tom Sawyer" except for the fact that it has a deep purpose, one which I did not perceive until I read the comments on "The Mysterious Stranger." I have not permitted myself the luxury of reading that book, and shall not, so long as Mark wishes to use me as a small but essential part of the curious physical mechanism by which he effects his earth connection. If Mrs. Hays should read Mark Twain it could be charged that her mind was somehow reproducing or duplicating him. And those who hold to an empiric and, I believe, generally discarded theory of psychology, would assert that the contents of my mind and my husband's, as we sit with Mrs. Hays, might filter through to hers. However, I have read enough of this story to understand what Mark means by his occasional comment on the "bitterness" of his later years.

When we saw the first advertisement of "The Mysterious Stranger" we asked Mark what kind of a story it was and he said: "A bitter story, not so wholesome as 'Jap,' and not humorous like 'The Furrow'." He promised us, when we finished "Up the Furrow to Fortune," that he would tell us the

things he had learned since passing "the curtain." He has used the word death only once, and then he made apology for it.

We had been in the habit of sitting twice a week, and Mrs. Hays asked him whether it would be possible for us to work oftener. The thing that struck me when I came to read over my husband's scrupulously kept notes, was the reference to death as a going into the other room.

After he had completed "The Furrow" he said he wanted to give us a light piece of fiction before undertaking the serious revelation of the conditions under which he now lives. It is a fanciful story of a girl who fell from the planet Mars. When it had been written, rewritten and revised, I asked him what its title should be. He suggested several, one of which was "The Mysterious Stranger from Mars." Then he said:

"No that won't do. Cut out that mysterious stranger part. It might conflict."

That was fully a year before the Harper announcement of this new Mark Twain book and neither Mrs. Hays nor I had any intimation that there were Mark Twain manuscripts yet unpublished. He finally called the story "A Daughter of Mars."

We supposed that we were going to get the big revelation next but instead we got the story of "Jap Herron" which Mitchell Kennerley accepted for publication last April and on which my husband read proof most all summer.

But that aside, we have received another story, much longer and stronger than "Jap," of which I am now making the final copy. I told Mark one evening that Mr. Reedy had said that because Mrs. Hays was the daughter of a Missouri editor in a small town, the skeptics would say that "Jap Herron" was the product of her subconscious mind. His reply was:

"Very well, then, we'll give 'em another story—one that they can't put up to anybody but Mark Twain."

He has made it very plain to us that he is trying to establish his identity beyond a question before giving us the answer to the riddle of life and death. When he had dictated the last chapter of "Brent Roberts" he said:

"You may write 'Finis.' When we are settled again I am going to give you that fantasy I promised you, about the world beyond the portals. I hope they won't throw me out of heaven."

We have had no sittings during the past two months except for revision of "Brent Roberts," and there was very little of that. Mark said he was tired and did not want to go over the story in detail. I had marked discrepancies and repetitions in the copy as I typed it from my husband's note books, and in the main he said what he wanted to say, at the first dictation, and said it superbly. I am eager for the great revelation, which I hope he will transmit soon.

Sincerely yours,

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 3.

MARCH, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, R. O. Veller; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts, addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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(SEE ALSO PAGE 96)

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(Continued on page 96.)



Shall It Be This?



EDITED BY
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY

VOL. VI. No. 3.

MARCH, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR
OR OF PEACE WITH
GERMANY

WE ventured to predict in these columns a month ago that there would be no war between this country and Germany. By the time these pages are in the reader's hands he will be able to judge for himself whether we have been too bold, whether the wish was with us the father to the thought. The past few weeks have not yet, we believe, afforded proof that the German Imperial Government has defied the good opinion of this country. President Wilson has shown great skill in putting upon the Berlin rulers all responsibility for any outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Wilson refused to believe that Germany would provoke us into war through the commission of any overtly hostile act. That is our own view. The German Government is eager to avoid war with us. It is not at all anxious to avoid naval war with Great Britain. The problem of the Wilhelmstrasse is, therefore, to conduct hostilities with Great Britain in a fashion as little likely as may be to precipitate us into the war. It is a difficult situation for the Wilhelmstrasse.

THE REAL SUBMARINE
SITUATION IN THE
NORTH SEA

LET us look at the naval situation in the North Sea and the English Channel from a standpoint somewhat above that of the submarine issue as it concerns us only. Germany is striving to do something more than merely starve the British into peace. She seeks a decisive naval battle. It would be madness in her seamen to challenge the mistress of the seas to combat under circumstances of disadvantage to the German high seas fleet. That fleet will enter battle if and when such a dispersal of the British squadrons is effected as will render a battle hopeful to them. The Germans are doing what Hawke, Drake and Nelson did. They are striving to disperse the enemy fleet over as wide an area as possible. It is the application

to sea war of the Napoleonic theory of mass tactics. The Germans want to be superior at sea whenever actual contact with the foe is brought about. One means is the submarine blockade. The tighter that blockade becomes, the more essential it is to the British to break it. This they will do by dividing the units of their fleet. The British fleet is today in a state of concentration near the British Isles. If that concentration be undone by dispersal to meet the submarine peril, the high seas fleet might emerge at the right time, catch the British ships in detail, and if the worst came to the worst, get back without suffering fatal damage.

WHAT GERMANY THINKS
OF OUR SUBMARINE RULES

AMERICANS should dismiss from their minds the British conception that Germany has in this war only the submarine. She has her high seas fleet. In every submarine calculation, the use of the high seas fleet is a factor. It might take months for the submarine fleet to reduce the English to starvation, even assuming that the blockade were effective—a fact not yet proved. The Germans, naturally, take stock in the submarine. They are sure it will achieve wonders. They are well aware, for all that, of the limitations of the submarine. There is a stage of the campaign at which the battleships in the Kiel Canal must come out to challenge the foe. If, then, the Germans can arrange their submarine operations in a fashion likely to avoid trouble with us and at the same time bring about the situation leading up to a general engagement of the capital ships, we may be sure they will not fail to do so. This explains a feature of the crisis which puzzles many here. The English profess to despise the submarine as a blockader. They say they have solved the problem it presented at first. Why, then, do they make such ado over its iniquities? The reply is to be found in the possibilities of the submarine in "holding" their cruisers and battleships.

THE RELATION OF THE
NAVAL FACTOR TO
ENGLAND

LET us assume that the worst came to the worst with the Germans at sea. They lose all their submarines, we will suppose, and their high seas fleet is annihilated. That would not make an end of Germany as a belligerent. She would still hold Northern France and Belgium and remain mistress in Middle Europe. But suppose the British fleet met with some great disaster. England would become a mere island off the coast of Europe, inhabited by helpless millions. The French would have to capitulate at once. They could get no coal, no reinforcements. This is the explanation of the panic in London over the submarine. The English might be able to withstand a German invasion. They could live for a long time on their domestic supplies, for the well informed know that England is provisioned for a siege, despite the allegations in a certain press to the contrary. There is enough smoked meat in the British Isles at this moment to ration the troops for twelve weeks. The warehouses are stuffed with grain. Granting all this, the disaster we assume to the British fleet would put England out of the war. That is why she must fight a great naval battle in circumstances guaranteeing her an overwhelming superiority in the matter of ships and guns. She will not fight a fleet even comparatively equal to her own. The mere possibility that the submarine may involve a great battle at sea with the heavy fighting ships at a disadvantage means that the critical hour has struck for her.

GERMANY'S BELIEF THAT
WE ARE ON
ENGLAND'S SIDE

OUR newspapers have paid so much attention to German submarines that Americans may be excused for thinking that the Wilhelmstrasse likewise thinks only in terms of the submarine. We may rest assured that the commanders in the Kiel Canal take battleships into consideration. They want to dash out when the time is ripe. Consequently, the attitude of our State Department is easily represented to the Germans as an act of interference with the course of the war at sea. America is assumed to be keeping the high seas fleet locked up in the Kiel Canal, or at least to aim at such a thing. This is, of course, absurd. We must remember, on the other hand, that the German people are in a sort of besieged fortress, rumors only reaching them from the outside world. They are fighting for their very existence as a great nation. They know that where England is concerned, the issue depends upon the outcome of a great battle at sea. The Germans do not want to starve the English for the mere satisfaction of adding to the number of hungry

people in the world. If every woman and child in England went to bed supperless the Germans would not be much helped if the British fleet continued to dominate the highways of the sea. The English would still hope on. The English would be plunged into panic, however, if while they were hungry, they learned that their great navy had been worsted in battle. This may seem an erroneous way of looking at the subject from an English point of view, if we do not understand how firm in the might of their fleet the English live. They could be brought down to cat's meat and nettle soup without despairing as long as they knew that they were the lords of the main. The Germans know this very well.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS
IN THE GERMAN
NAVAL CAMPAIGN

FOLLOWING step by step, the series of developments in the German naval campaign, we will assume that England is "invested" by the submarine. Not all merchantmen will be sunk. That is no part of the German plan. Those ships will be sought out and holed which bear to the British Isles vital supplies, either in the form of ingredients for ammunition, the constituents of explosives, metals, especially copper, cotton and nitrogens. Ships bearing gold to this country will be attacked. There are whole categories of vessels which the Germans do not intend to seek out at all, a fact explaining the escapes of "liners" over which much ado is made. The Germans have been well informed hitherto respecting the character of the merchandise aboard every ship bound for Great Britain. They will doubtless continue to be so. The British will be driven to heroic measures to protect a commerce vital to their campaign this summer. It is difficult to see how they can escape the necessity of convoying the merchantmen. The moment they effect a dispersal of their fleet they will have to consider the possibility of a dash out of the Kiel Canal. It is idle to point out that all these German plans are mad, impracticable, insane and the rest of it. The thing for us to note is that Germany thinks she can force England to decisive battle and defeat by this expedient. From her point of view, therefore, our attitude means that we have gone over to the English in effect, however the form of our intervention may be put in diplomatic protests. To her we seem to have become the naval ally of England. Victory is within her grasp and we would snatch it from her.

MILITARISM AND THE
CAUSE OF FREE SPEECH

THE army magnates seek to enact a bill that will abolish the right of free speech in the event of war. Their purpose is avowed by themselves to abolish government by public opinion should we go to war

with Germany. War with Germany would be a doubtful blessing if accompanied by a despotism of the military. It behooves every friend of our constitutional liberties to bestir himself. Even Lincoln, at the height of the Civil War, opposed any diminution of our freedom for the purpose of promoting the objects he had in view. It is greatly to be deplored that the cause of preparedness should be discredited when most it needs friends by the bare and naked grin of hoofed and mailed soldiery. The bureaucrats at Washington are, of course, responsible. There are so many bureaucrats in the land to-day, they are so strong in combination and they feel so convinced of the peril to the nation in liberty, that it becomes daily a harder task to make headway against them. In the event of war it would be no easy matter to preserve even the semblance of self-government if the bill now proposed be passed in Congress. It is interesting to observe, too, what an undemocratic army organization is provided for us by the bill introduced in the expiring moments of the session. There is not the slightest effort to give us an organization that would put a marshal's baton in the knapsack of every soldier in the French fashion. Perhaps there is a clique in the War Department at Washington that seeks slyly to promote the aims of the extreme pacifists who want no army at all. The bill of the military magnates discredits the whole scheme of preparedness. Was that their object? How comes it that we have an army organization so saturated with the spirit of hostility to our institutions? Would the New York Evening Post be a better newspaper if its editorials were written by the aide-de-camp to General Noodle? Perhaps the militarists want to promote that surreptitious circulation of pamphlets which ushered in the French revolution. That is the invariable effect of a military censorship—the clandestine circulation of the anonymous pamphlet.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE

WINTER has almost gone and once more we are on the eve of a tremendous offensive on the Continent of Europe. That is the announcement. There is to be an end once for all of the German army. We have heard something like this before. The Germans are supposed to live in dread of the annihilation of their forces by the great Nivelle, the great Haig, the great Sarraill. Victory of the Allies would mean an expulsion of the Germans from Northern France and Belgium, the retirement of the forces of Hindenberg from Russia and the "rescue" of Serbia and Roumania. We expect to see nothing of all this. On this point, none the less, there is need of a word of caution to those who study maps. The map is the most misleading of guides to the state of a land campaign. We expect to see many changes in the military map of Europe in the next year or two. We are not impressed by the view that the end of the war is in sight. We do

not believe that the German people are near the point of starvation. The resources of the combatants are worn down. The combatants remain comparatively where they were a year ago. Not one revolutionary change in the aspect of things as they are is in sight. We see as yet no indication that the great struggle in Europe is not to be stretched out like the Napoleonic wars. The impression to the contrary is ascribable to an almost childish misconception in the contemporary mind on the subject of what is called "science." It is taken for granted that because we have wireless telegraphy and airships and submarines and antiseptics and telephones, the art of war has become a tabloid affair, a lightning chain sequence. The disillusion of the world on this point is bitter already, but the disillusion is still with us. Let us all be thankful if the war lasts only five years more.

AMERICAN PACIFISTS AND GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

THE pacifist in the American papers today seems a sorry object. Particularly on the Eastern seaboard he is represented as a monstrosity freshly spewed from hell. Yet it was only a little while ago when these same publications lauded the German Socialists to the skies for opposing war. Liebknecht was hailed as a hero. He was a martyr, a victim of "Prussian Schrecklichkeit." He was an enemy of war. But the American people today, and almost as one, are the enemies of war. They have not changed.

"Instead of proving to Europe," writes Prof. A. R. Hohlfeld, of the University of Wisconsin, voicing the thought of America, "that when it comes to the final test of our institutions we proceed in the same spirit and with the same methods that have hurled Europe into the abyss of this war, can we not show Europe a better, a saner, a freer way? Did not our papers, at the outbreak of the war, extol the German Socialists because they strove for peace by all lawful means as long as a ray of hope was left? Are we to mock the name of this country of ours as the land of freedom by denying our citizens the same right of free speech and free assembly? Even those who honestly think that it would not be politic to hold meetings at this time should be careful not to oppose such meetings as unpatriotic, for by so doing they attack one of the very cornerstones of our constitutional freedom. To be sure, when a decision had been reached, the German Socialists rallied with inspiring unanimity to the support of their government, and we are entitled to expect the same from our people.

"But whatever may come in the end, let us hope and pray that as a nation we may experience at least something of that catharsis of emotion which purifies and frees the soul, and which is the one true compensation for the suffering and distress of disaster, personal or national."

MILITARY EFFICIENCY AND THE LIQUID RATION

MANY of us are of the opinion that even mild alcoholic beverages impair efficiency. We have studied numerous charts of endurance tests in which an attempt is made to drive this point home. We have seen tons of statistics proving that even the moderate consumer of alcohol totters into a drunkard's grave in his teens, while the total abstainer lives to the age of Methusalah. This seemed to contradict our own observations, but we were unable to furnish proof to the contrary. Fortunately the Chief Command of the German army has saved us this trouble.

Last April we published an article by Dr. Max Stein, to whom the General Staff had entrusted the distribution of beer among the armies of the Fatherland. It stands to reason that the General Staff would not have instituted an "Association for the Distribution of Beer" if it believed that beer interfered in any way with the efficiency of the German army. With the existence of Germany at stake, it is unlikely that the Germans would create a tremendous machinery in order to see to it that every soldier is supplied with his glass of beer, if they did not believe that this mild alcoholic stimulant increased his fitness.

It should be remembered in this connection that there is on record an important verdict of a German court on the nutritive value of the much-prized liquid. A merchant who had hoarded large quantities of beer contrary to the orders of the Food Dictator defended himself by claiming that beer did not fall under the act in question, because it was a luxury, not a food. The Court refused to accept this contention. It decided that beer is a food, not a luxury.

Before the war, prohibition had strong advocates in the German army. It was tried in the Austrian army with almost disastrous results. It is true that the Czar has introduced prohibition in the Russian army, but the success of his soldiers is not such as to justify the wisdom of his decision. The fact remains that the German army, the most successful of all, not only fails to prohibit but actively encourages the consumption of mild alcoholic stimulants.

When Dr. Stein's article appeared in *The International*, the Association for the Distribution of Beer had just begun its work. Evidently the ten months of trial have not disproved the experience of the first year. In spite of the British censorship, news from the Fatherland reaches us occasionally by subterranean and submarine routes. To these channels we are indebted for the following information:

IN the beginning of the war relatives and friends of soldiers frequently shipped beer to them, together with other dainties. These shipments were regarded as "love-gifts"—"Liebesgaben." Unfortunately it appeared that some regiments were more favored than others. Some received all their hearts desired; others little; still others nothing at all. Of course the German army did not depend on civilian contributions for its supply of liquid food. The quartermasters of the various army branches purchased the necessary supplies directly from the breweries in their respective homes.

This resulted, of necessity, in considerable variations in prices and other disagreeable complications. Consequently the Central Staff created a Central Distributing agency for the troops of the German Empire, with the exception of the states of Bavaria and Wuerttemberg. These two kingdoms, with commendable foresight, had already provided such a bureau for their own troops. It was part of their mobilization plan. They knew that the Southern German does not reach his maximum efficiency without the liquid nourishment essential to his well-being. Incidentally these troops are known to be among the bravest and hardiest.

Under the new arrangement each army branch is required to announce the exact quantity of beer needed for its consumption. The Central Bureau supplies the demand as far as possible. If the demand exceeds the supply, the available quantity is apportioned proportionately. From the first of August, 1915, to the 30th of September, 1916, 2,717,222 hectoliters were distributed by the Central Bureau, as compared with a demand for 3,606,022 hectoliters. In other words the demand exceeded the supply by 33 1-3 per cent. This total does not include the amount supplied by the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wuerttemberg.

In the warm summer months the demand for beer is at its height. In the month of May the thirsty warriors of the Fatherland (still excluding the two kingdoms of Wuerttemberg and Bavaria) demanded 490,000 hectoliters of beer. In June the demand reached 533,000 hectoliters. In those months the demand exceeded the supply by 2.7 per cent. respectively. In July, 1916, the supply exceeded the demand by a small percentage.

On an average the Association for the Distribution of Beer, acting under the National Food Commission, distributes among the active troops in the field, 194,087 hectoliters a month. We have seen no figures as to the amounts distributed by the Central Bureaus for the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wuer-

temberg. The average consumption of the soldiers from these parts, is apt to be proportionately somewhat higher. We also assume that among the troops from the region of the Rhine, Gambrinus is supplanted to a certain extent by Bacchus.

WE have reviewed these figures somewhat in detail, not only because they afford an interesting glimpse into the scientific management of the German food problem, but because we read in them a lesson for our own country. No matter what our opinion on the origin of the war may be, we all admire the matchless efficiency of the Germans, both as warriors for their country and as national economists. Nevertheless, we hamper the distribution of harmless alcoholic beverages in our own country, and point with joy to the increasing area of

dry and extra-dry States. Would it not be wise for our legislators and reformers to take a leaf out of the experience of Germany before they commit us to prohibition?

Germany is battling against half the world. She is using every ounce of available energy. She would regard as criminal the useless expenditures of a drop of sweat or one ounce of power. Yet, basing her decision upon the judgment of her marvelous chemists and the demand of a highly specialized General Staff, versed in the science of employing each human unit to the utmost advantage, Germany includes beer in her plan for food distribution. Is it not possible that we are making a serious miscalculation, if we attempt to strike liquid nourishment in the form of mild alcoholic beverages from our national menu?

THE OVERT ACT

By JAMES P. WARBASSE.

HAD the government of the United States openly planned to enter the European war it could not have laid its plans better to accomplish that end. The press began by inflaming the people against efficiency in war—efficiency in war means horribleness, it can mean nothing else. The first official act of the President was to set aside a day of prayer for peace. As soon as this was gone through with the American public arose from its knees and went to work making shrapnel. At first the President forbade great banking loans to the belligerents, but after Mr. Morgan visited Washington a couple of times the embargo was raised. Soon most perfect publicity measures for marketing the bonds of the Allies were in operation. The press was subsidized and the banks were rushed to the bargain counter. Directly the enormous holdings of Allies' bonds in this country in the hands of the banks, insurance companies and the privileged rich committed our most powerful interests and the press to the cause of the Allies. We ceased to be neutral.

Preparedness was the next step in our non-neutrality. The President, with the forces of government, co-operated in cajoling the American people into accepting a militaristic program the like of which has never been dreamed of by any great modern nation contemplating peace with the world.

Then came the "peace message," which contained one important idea: *The United States can no longer remain aloof from the affairs of the old world; the time has come when we must assert ourselves.* Mr. Roosevelt had already said it without the garnishing. In the President's message this idea was so enveloped in the soft tissue of peacefulness and human interests that its true significance was not discernible until a few days later. The break with Germany and the unexpected belligerency of expression which accompanied it disclosed the connection between the two.

AT the time when the "peace message" was presented diplomatic Washington must have known of the intensified program of sea warfare which the Central Powers

contemplated. Every precedent of history and every enlightened impulse should have prompted the President to have united with the neutral nations in a league to protect their own rights and to promote peace. Such a course did not lead toward war.

The other neutral nations do not wish to enter the war. The President sent his ultimatum to Germany without consultation with them. They were astonished; but they now are at least aware of our desire to lay aside neutrality and become a belligerent power. We can no longer conceal the fact that the United States Government is proposing to do the behest of the big financial interests and help make their bond holdings good.

The very forces which spared us from war with Mexico are the same forces which are drawing us into war against the Central Powers. Imminence of war with Mexico depressed the stock market; everything which helps on toward our entrance in the European war as an ally of the Allies strengthens the prices of Morgan stocks. The heyday dawns. Militarism and big finance are on the eve of coming into their heritage.

The scene is set for the great drama. Officialdom prefaces its plans now with the words, "As soon as war is declared." The orgy of vicious legislation and the reign of loot that will follow "as soon as war is declared" will cause future historians to blush for their country and patriotic boards of education to exclude the record from admission to the schools. The President's militaristic policy will be adopted. A conscription bill will be rushed through Congress and signed. What is left of the freedom of speech will be abolished. Hypocrisy will register its triumph over democracy.

As to our foreign relations, the task is nearly done. The tedious process of bringing a government, representing a hundred million people with a leaning toward democracy, up to the point of entrance into the European war without their knowing it is a large undertaking.

The Administration has asked Congress to permit American ships to arm for the purpose of employing force to carry contraband cargoes through the war zone. Every British ship

that sails from our shores with a cargo of shrapnel carries American citizens.

During the Napoleonic wars, when American vessels were being sunk by the belligerents in 1897, Congress at the request of President Jefferson forbade our ships leaving their ports, and war was prevented. The exporters succeeded, after two years, in having this embargo rescinded, "armed neutrality" was instituted, and the unnecessary and disastrous war of 1812 followed. If the present Administration desires to avert war the same thing can be done, and Americans advised that they enter the war zone at their own peril and not at the peril of our 100,000,000 people.

The exporters' greed for European profits raises the cost of living here. The guns which are to be used to escort our foodstuffs to England may save the hunting estates of British gentlemen from being plowed up to raise food, but they virtually are aimed against our own hungry poor.

WE await the "overt act." The press sees it in the foam of every wave that dashes on the English coast. The pabulum of the newspaper-absorbing public is an intoxicating fabrication—a veritable devil's broth of poisoned news. None

but the strongest constitutions can withstand it. The headlines declare our peaceful intentions, but the news reveals our warlike purpose. The flags are flying. The children are drilling. The women are rolling bandages.

Far across the ocean a war-sick nation, surrounded by enemies, is hemmed in in the struggle for its life. The Central Powers have no interest or purpose in destroying American citizens or neutral American shipping. If harm comes to such, even in the war zone, it will be because of the accident of war or because of their violation of neutrality.

But the "overt act" is on the bills to be performed; we have gone a long way; we must have the climax. The Germans can scarcely avoid it as an incident of modern warfare, if American citizens insist upon asserting their "right" to enter the war zone. If the Germans succeed in evading it there are forces so potent and so desirous of it that we may with confidence expect it to come to pass. Soon the slogan will be "Remember the Overt Act!" The memory of the Maine is gone, but who shall tell us whether the "overt act" is from the outside or the inside? We shall only know that when it comes it saves the day for Wall Street.

IN JAPAN

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

WHERE the cherry-blossoms glisten, and the moonbeams
lean and listen

While a dainty Geisha maiden waves her silken-textured fan
In Japan:

Would you dare with me to wander, would you care with me
to ponder

In that Isle of Fujiyama, where the Oriental man
Dreams his dreams and reaps his visions on a happy Pagan
plan,

Where the lotus bends and quivers
And a willow curves and shivers,
By the deep and drowsy rivers

In Japan!

Where the butterflies gleam brightly, over grasses idling
lightly

And a throng of leaves are dancing in the breeze's lilting van,
In Japan,

Would you drain with me a flagon in this realm of stork and
dragon,

In a clime of glowing sunshine, in the country of Nippon,
With its vine-embellished arbours lighting garden spaces wan:

Where gray halcyons are fleeting,
Pinion-tips and plumage meeting,
And the summer's heart is beating

In Japan.

Where the airy arches ample, of a dim and lofty temple
Hover over ivoried pillars, and the groping twilight span,
In Japan.

Would you come, or doubt or danger, though you knew me as
a stranger,

You, a flower of the morning, I a sun-burned sailor-man?
Would I find you by our gateway, near the peach-trees, Pitti
San?

Where wide nights are starred with splendour
And frail rushes, green and slender
Dip their smooth, round blades, and tender,
In Japan.

Where a purple iris lily stains the marshes, blooming stilly,
Where the east grows gay with scarlet through its folds of
slate and tan,

In Japan;

If we parted, would you miss me, soul to soul there would
- you kiss me

In that old, old vale of mystery so little known to man,
Since the light usurped the darkness, and a world's career
began.

Would you tell me, if I moved you,
Would you trust me if I proved you,
Would you love me, if I loved you,
In Japan?



THE HIGH ROAD TO ETERNITY

By ROBERT GARLAND.

I.

HE died, did Cyril Van Buren, on the second day of May. This date he had selected several days before, trusting that the weather would be fine. And, he thanked his God, he was not disappointed. In the air was the vague expectancy of spring; in the earth the tremor of returning consciousness. A charming, exotic hush loitered above the drone of the thoroughfares; in the sunlight there was mystery.

All the morning Van Buren bade New York farewell. He looked upon the streets with loving gaze, and, seeking the bridges, watched the river sweeping toward the sea. And, without knowing why, he knelt in St. Patrick's tender gloom while an unseen organist tarried over Bach's G minor prelude. Later, in Central Park, he watched the children play, then walked homeward along the Avenue.

Turning into the street in which he lived, the old familiar street he knew so well, he entered his house for the last time. The windows of his rooms were open to the spring, and, beyond the swaying curtains, the sound of traffic was dim and far away. The hurly-burly of the Avenue passed the side street unnoted save for the occasional grind of a motor's gear or the honk of a taxi horn.

It was a delightful day on which to die, he thought. Sunshine, soft and fine; a whiff of spring; a sense of indefinite adventure; these mingled, as it were, into a high felicity that would not be denied. What a bore death would have been had the weather not been fine!

Van Buren had ever approached life artistically, with a nicety the unknowing dubbed feminine, and he approached death in the same manner. Because nature has seen fit to make death the brutal thing it is, he told himself that there was no reason why it should be vulgarized. So, having dismissed his man for the afternoon, he dressed slowly and with infinite precision. Each article of apparel he selected thoughtfully. The man standing before the mirror, tall and lean and of a winning homeliness as to feature, gave the finishing touch to his scarf, placed a pin therein and stepped back to note the general effect.

Carefully, unhurriedly, he extinguished the lights which burned on either side of the dressing table. Crossing the large, cheery room whose windows gave on the cross-town street, he passed into his sitting-room and placed an envelope, addressed and sealed, on a table where it might easily be discovered. The letter bore the name of Miss Constance Dabney. The address was upper Fifth Avenue.

RETURNING to his chamber he locked the door and drew a revolver from the drawer of a small table beside the bed. He moved to the window to make sure that the weapon was correctly loaded, telling himself that he did not wish to slip upon the doorstep of eternity. He smiled at the phrase, his homely, intelligent face quickening in the manner most women found so irresistible, and repeated it half aloud. A moment later he was stretched full length on the bed, revolver in hand.

It has been said that the life of a drowning man passes cinematographically before him as he merges into the hereafter. This is equally true of all who meet death with undimmed mentality. As Van Buren lay with certain death staring him in the face, the events, petty and important, of his life marched past as an army on review. Dimly, through

the mist of years, he saw himself a youth at school; later at Harvard, quiet and thoughtful and passionately fond of out-of-doors; finally a young New Yorker, with nothing much to do and time in which to do it.

And he saw Constance Dabney, beautiful, fairly well to do, fairly intelligent, wholly charming. Van Buren urged the memory of her to linger in his brain, to remain part of him until the very end, to pass on with him, if such a thing were possible, if not, to make the passing easier. She appeared before him as he always pictured her, in evening dress, radiant with the vitality of youth, seated at a candle-lighted table, smiling into his eager eyes. He heard the contralto cadence of her voice, caught the faint perfume of her hair. They had met at such a scene, and he had sworn to win her or to die, an idle, unmeaning oath he was now fulfilling. He had failed to win her, but he would not fail to die.

Constance Dabney, like many another woman of her class, had played at love for so long a time, dreamed of it, idealized it, painted it in colors of her own imagining, that, when it really came her way in all its sensual crudity, she failed to recognize it until it had all but passed her by. She had decked love out like a doll and made it dance to a lilting tune, as if that were all love had to do, so when it tore the trappings from its back and gripped her by the throat, turning her cold with fear, she did not realize that her dancing doll had come to life at last.

THERE were times, many of them, when Constance Dabney fancied that only Van Buren was necessary to her happiness; times when her entire being, mind and body, called out for him. But of this she could not be sure. So when Van Buren asked her to marry him she refused, although he pleaded manfully. Her refusal came more from force of habit than from lack of affection for the asker. Surely he would ask again. "They all ask again," she said. But here she was mistaken. Van Buren did not repeat his proposal. With all his so-called worldliness, he had never for a moment played with love. To him a woman's "no" meant no, not yes. And, taking neither life nor himself seriously, he determined to end the wretched business then and there.

As he arranged himself upon the bed he felt nothing but a great curiosity as to what lay behind the mystery of life. Riddles had ever annoyed him, whether asked by God or man. He awaited their answers with ill-concealed impatience. And now that he had planned to die he faced the riddle of life after death with his usual lack of calm endurance, knowing (as who does not?) the answer to be a secret that none but death can tell. He found in himself no fear, no uneasiness.

In the other room, beyond the fastened door, the telephone rang fitfully. Its futile petulance intruded harshly upon his pleasant dying thoughts. His cold, clear train of reason was severed clean and straight. No longer did he appear a sort of intelligent giant suffering the pangs of boredom among a mass of petty people. The usualness of the tinkling telephone somehow showed him that he was merely a person of undoubted unimportance committing suicide hesitatingly. And, quite naturally, this view did not appeal.

ONCE again Van Buren brought Constance Dabney to his mind, so that he might take the memory of her, and his love for her as well, with him wherever he might go. He

focused his entire mentality on her. From where he lay he could see her photograph, and with its aid he brought her every feature before him; the slight unevenness of her smile, the melting softness of her eyes, the undulations of her careless hair. He caught the curve of throat and neck, the almost boyish line of hip and limb. He shut out all the outside world and thought of her until she came and sat beside him on the bed. He would have sworn he heard the intake of her breath, felt the touch of her strong white hand. At last he had her where he wanted her. She took possession of him.

Van Buren placed the revolver to his head, and fired.

II.

He heard the report distinctly.

Over his brain there washed a wave of pain so exquisite that it seemed not like pain at all, after which the universe went mad. People and places he had known, events in which he had participated, tossed meaninglessly here and there, varicolored toy balloons in a formless inferno of light-stabbed sound. A gigantic moon of deepest red zigzagged across the sky, then disappeared. A crimson, dripping veil descended upon him and enmeshed him in its folds. The veil wrapped him all about; he clutched at it with burning hands; tore it. And a tiny bell rang on and on as if it could not cease.

Then, out of the teeming chaos, a little silence crept like a thing afraid. Van Buren heard this little silence when it was a long way off, knew it instinctively for what it was, the peace of the great beyond. As it drew nearer and nearer through the vista of eternity, the dripping crimson faded from the world until nothing but a faint pink afterglow remained. He felt a strange, unearthly warmth stealing into his mind, bringing power and repose and understanding. His mentality, the deathless part of him, began to struggle as an insect struggles to escape its enveloping cocoon, weakly at first, but with increasing strength.

TO the soul of Van Buren, grappling with the physical, came the realization that it was fighting for its very existence, that unless it was worthy of immortality the soul might die just as the body dies. He knew, not knowing how he knew, that only the worthy soul, born of a meritorious mind, may hope for eternity. And he rejoiced in his mental fitness for the task before him.

At length his soul was free; free as a bird circling in a summery sky. His entire mentality quivered with an all-pervading, magnificent freedom, a tremendous independence, a self-reliance all but unbelievable. His being sang within him, sweetly, soundlessly, vibrating to a soaring cosmic melody. He struck his note in the universal symphony without the least restraint, yet in perfect harmony. For the first time his spirit was at peace.

There before him on the bed lay the fetters which had bound him as with bands of steel, bound him and held him a prisoner until his soul had cried for immediate release. With pitying gaze he beheld the thing that had been Van Buren. The thing that had been Van Buren had also been, he realized, merely a marionette dancing to a string held by an unseen hand; the hand of God, perhaps, or at least the hand of Fate. Now the marionette lay prone, a revolver in its hand, a gaping wound in its pallid head, a thin, quivering crimson serpent, horribly alive, crawling across the bed. But the marionette had found its soul. This soul, the sum of its spiritual worth, took in all this, and turned aside. The physical, to the spiritual, mattered not at all.

Clinging, as it were, to the garment of his new-found free-

dom came thoughts of the woman who had been the unwitting, but none the less direct, cause of it. Van Buren's love for Constance Dabney had been and still was, for that matter, a spiritual love, a calling of mind to mind, the tug of the physical checkreined by a strong as well as clean mentality.

TO many men love is a thing apart from their daily humdrum life, removed from the hourly grind of their comings and their goings. To others, such as Van Buren, love becomes part and parcel of their beings as soon as it is born, a glorious necessity, a vivid verity, a thing of mornings damp and drear as well as of calm and starlit nights, a thing to be held very tightly and very steadily through all the hours of night and day until it is one with every heart-beat, with every breath.

His love led him to Constance.

III.

Constance Dabney sat at the telephone.

She was trying vainly to reach Van Buren. To her worried, reiterated "Hello! Hello!" came no reply, so she hung the receiver on its hook and turned to the windows. A mental unrest had hold of her. This unrest grew all but unbearable. She strove for self-control, telling herself time and time again that there was no reason for her present state of uneasiness, but in vain. A restlessness of body, brought on by a restlessness of mind, came on her, and she paced the room with nervous tread.

A sharp explosion, clear, distinct, brought a cry to her lips and caused her heart to leap within her. This sudden discharge was like that of a revolver fired close at hand. It seemed to have taken place beside her in the room. This she knew, of course, to be an impossibility, but, none the less, the effect transformed her vague uneasiness into a very certain alarm and assured her that her present unnerved condition was not the result of mental vagaries, but the definite effect of an equally definite cause. What this cause might be she could not tell, but, again without apparent reason, she connected it with Cyril Van Buren.

Her mind and body cried for action, demanded it. She felt that if she did not do something, anything, she would go mad. It was this sensation that drove her to her writing table, that forced her pen across the clean white sheet.

"DEAR Van," she wrote—she always called him that—"I have been dreadfully worried since you left me the other day. I have done nothing but think of you and of what you said to me. It was silly to pretend to you, and to myself as well, that I didn't love you. I do love you, Van, I do. I've never loved before, you must remember that, and I was not certain. My brain is not so good a brain as yours; I must have time to think things out. But now I realize that I loved you all along, and that I knew it. All the morning I have felt a vague uneasiness. I have thought strange thoughts, and I have heard strange sounds, all of which I have somehow connected with you. Perhaps my love for you has made me just a little mad.... A moment ago I tried to reach you by telephone, but no one would reply. Please come to me, Van; please come at once, my dear, I want...."

The woman looked up from her writing suddenly. There was a presence in the room other than her own. This she knew. She did not need its vibratory communication to assure her of its arrival. The presence was as real as the pen within her grasp; her mind felt it as distinctly as her fingers felt the implement they held. For an instant a cold fear took

possession of her. She did not understand, and when one does not understand one is afraid.

Her eyes wandered vainly about the familiar room, then sought the paper that lay before her, returned to it as something well within her understanding. Slowly she read the last words she had written. Once more she read them, this time aloud. "Please come to me, Van; please come at once, my dear, I want..." They topped a page, stared at her like a prophetic message written on a wall. She could not but see them, and she could not fail to comprehend.

SHE had called Van Buren, and he had answered to her call. She felt so certain of his presence that she drew her dressing-gown tighter about her throat, tucked her slippered, unstockinged feet beneath the chair. Fear fell from her like a cast-off garment.

"Van," she said, "Van, my dear, you have come."

There was no response; that is, none that she could hear. Her voice sounded strange in the lonely room.

"Van," she said again, "tell me it is you."

This time his reply reached her, there could be no doubt of that, yet not a word was spoken, not a sound disturbed the heavy silence of the room.

"Yes, I am here," he told her, and then: "I love you."

Face in arms, she sobbed aloud.

"Oh, my dear, I love you so."

She felt his presence drawing nearer, closer to her.

"It's not too late," she breathed, "tell me it is not."

She raised her tear-stained face, pushed the smeary letter across the desk until it lay quite near the edge.

"Read it," she pleaded, "and tell me that you understand."

She knew him to be beside her, around her, hovering over her, caressing her. She breathed deeply, drank in this love that filled her, and, trembling with the new knowledge that had come so inexplicably, she read the words aloud, scarce knowing what she did. Slowly and clearly she pronounced them, as if reading to a child, making sure he would catch the thought that lay behind them. As she read, each syllable was repeated after her, much as if an echo had been born within the room, a soundless echo, if such a thing could be. The end came all too soon.

"YOU understand?" she questioned.

She was learning rapidly, and her voice was a whisper.

"Yes, *cara mia*," he replied. "I understand."

"And you love me still?"

There could be no uncertainty as to this.

She crossed to a big armchair, sat deep within it, closed her eyes. Van Buren was there as soon as she. He told her, wordlessly, what he had done. He told her of the tinkling bell, her call, the sound of which had carried a little way into the crimson entrance to the beyond.

"My call," she told him, half reproachfully.

"Your call," he echoed.

"To tell you that I love you," she went on.

He replied: "But how was I to know?"

To this there was no answer.

"And now you are dead?"

This time she made no sound.

"Yes."

"Dead," she repeated, "dead. And I am alive."

"Alive!" said he. "The dead alone are alive."

She caught her breath. There was a pause before she went on.

"What are we to do?"

She looked to him for guidance, and, as always, he did not fail her.

"You must join me," insisted he.

"How can I join you, *caro*?" she asked. "I could not—would not kill myself."

"I'll kill you," he replied.

"You!"

The idea startled her, as well it might, although it was but common sense to him.

"Yes," said he, "I will kill you. I am strong enough, if you will help me set you free."

"How can I help you?" she asked.

"By willing it with all your might."

She hesitated.

"But what will people say?" inquired she.

"Heart failure," was his reply.

Constance sensed his smile.

"They always call it that," said he. "It is because they do not know."

She brushed her hand across her brow in an endeavor to dispel the chaos in her brain.

"You love me?" he demanded.

"You know I love you," she returned.

"You could not live without me?"

"Life would not be life if you were gone."

His point was gained.

"And you will try to join me?"

"I will try," said she.

HE urged her not to be afraid. She lay back in the enfolding chair, eyelids drawn, and thought of her heart pumping steadily, firmly, within her breast. And with all her mental power she bade it cease. All her mentality, a mentality by no means to be despised, she centered on this desire, this dear desire that meant so much to her. She held the thought for an endless moment.

At length she felt another driving force laboring beside her own, a force more powerful by far, more effectual. This outside force grew stronger and stronger, and from it her own mentality gained a much-needed strength. The soul of Van Buren was fighting for its happiness, for her soul's release.

Slowly, but very surely, her heartbeats weakened. This weakening was almost imperceptible at first; then it grew more noticeable and its effect more evident. At the same time her mind gained in power, became clearer, saner, more alive. Never had she seemed so rational, so remote from the petty foibles of mankind, the infinitesimal futilities. As she struggled on, the presence of Van Buren gained in vividness. He grew dearer and more real to her than he had ever been. She could feel him beside her, almost inside her, forcing her to come to him now that it was beyond his power to return to her. Never had she loved him so, never so desired him.

Her soul was on the edge of freedom. The faint flutter of her heart grew fainter and yet more faint, then ceased momentarily. Her soul reached out for liberty, but the body grasped it once again, trapped it, would not let it go. She would have given up the fight had not Van Buren encouraged her, spurred her on. Her heart gave one last palpitation, after which her soul was free.

For a sickening second she saw her body seated upright in the chair, death's calm scrawled over its passive face, its vacant eyes staring across the quiet room. Van Buren summoned her, and in a moment they were side by side, far above the sullen streets, winging their way along the highroad to eternity.

"DECADENCE" AND POETRY

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

NO term or phrase in the entire critical vernacular has suffered so constantly and persistently from misuse as has the word "decadent." It has come to constitute the *sine que non* of the reviewer's equipment. The poets alone who have fallen under its designation are innumerable, and include many of the finest creative minds of modern times. Both Swinburne and Rossetti went down to their graves stigmatized by this unfriendly adjective. Oscar Wilde and Arthur Symonds also fell under its ignominy. In our own country we have a conspicuous example of "decadence" in Poe; and, in later years, another victim is to be found in George Sylvester Viereck.

Save in the shrouded and stagnant quarters of academism most of the men so labeled have survived the critics' enmity. The genius of Swinburne and Rossetti has triumphed over their detractors' derogation. Wilde's poetry is now read and his plays are viewed by respectable persons. Symonds is actually becoming a favorite of the anthologists. Poe has at last received his due in America.* And I even look forward to the time within the near future when Viereck's poetry—a lyricism which has not been excelled in this country since Poe—will be appreciated.

In view of the prevalent practice of characterizing all poetry of a certain stamp as "decadent" it might be well to inspect this word in reference to its general application. Broadly speaking, any work of art which appears to be off the well-beaten track of æsthetic procedure is set down as decadent. Whatever is incomprehensible, whatever departs from custom, whatever strikes out into uncharted paths, is thus branded. Hence we get our first set of synonyms for "decadent": "anti-classic," "unfamiliar," "progressive," "unconventional."

BUT "decadent" has also a more specific connotation as applied to literature. In the first place, it is used more commonly to indicate works in which a sexual or passionate frankness exists, works in which women have dropped their purely angelic rôle and have become human, and in which men do not live altogether in the ethereal regions of the spirit. Thus we have a second set of synonyms: "erotic," "sexual," "emotional," "evanescent."

Moreover, closely allied to this definition is the one which the word assumes when used in describing works of realism; for, in the representation of realistic and objective nature, it is difficult—save for the immaculate—to ignore altogether the demands and manifestations of sex. Hence our third set of synonyms: "truthful," "uncompromising," "lifelike," "unsentimental."

The word "decadent," therefore, as used adversely in regard to poetry, has three shades of meaning, or, rather, one collective meaning which is an amalgamation and a blending of "new," "sensuous" and "frank." And in addition it contains by implication the color and tone of such adjectives as "pernicious," "evil," "depraved," "unwholesome," "corrupt," "inferior" and "vile."

Now, why should honesty and innovation so disturb the literary reviewers? Why should they seek to disqualify every attempt at renovation and advancement by heaping scornful abuse along the pathway of the future? The only answer is that the average critic has an instinctive fear of

change and a constitutional resentment of truth. He is the spokesman and the defender of the old and tried. He can see only that which has passed, and takes his temper from those who are in power. His mission is to justify the established order of things. He is the link between the incompetency of inferior artists and the ignorance of the public. Consequently, he is the antagonist of pioneers.

BUT are these new writers actually decadent in the true sense of the word? Webster's Dictionary defines decadent as "decaying, deteriorating, falling away, declining"; and the Oxford Dictionary defines it as "falling away, declining, deteriorating." In other words, decadence is the inability to create new life, a tendency toward retrogression. Thus "decadence," far from being a synonym for the qualities in modern realistic poetry, is, in fact, the antonym of those qualities. And it applies perfectly to the work of the accepted and respected academicians who imitate and reproduce the achievement which has preceded them. They create nothing new; they draw their inspiration from past creative effort without equaling their ancient models. Their labor represents a "falling away, a declining, a deteriorating": in short, it is decadent. We should not be astonished therefore—in the light of modern psychology—that these gentlemen should apply to the energetic and vital experimenter the term of their own weakness and inefficiency.

The most recent victim of this stigma is James H. Worthington, a newcomer into the field of verse. His advent has been most inconspicuous, due to the inaccessibility of his offerings. His book, "Sketches in Poetry, Prose, Paint and Pencil," has just appeared in a hand-made, limited, boxed, illustrated edition, each quarto volume of which costs enough to support an entire family for at least a week. The ordinary poet is content to enter the Parnassian brotherhood on foot. Not so Mr. Worthington. He drives up in a golden chariot. But even the glory of his equipage has not protected him from the critics. He, too, it appears, is "decadent."

Now, let us see just to what extent he is deserving of this designation. In the first place Mr. Worthington is an astronomer, or, at least, an amateur of astronomy (the most poetic of all the sciences, by the way); and in those poems which have drawn their inspiration from star-gazing he has sought to "adhere to permissible scientific deduction." This is, indeed, a departure, for heretofore the stars and moons of the poets have performed the most miraculous feats, running wild through the heavens at all times and angles. Mr. Worthington's orderly worlds, which cling to their proper orbits and adhere to their accustomed schedules, are consequently new and strange phenomena in poetry; and since they smack of science, they are banned by the reviewers who know only of those "other worlds" and "elder stars," where the ordinary singer insists he has lived in former incarnations.

It must not be thought, however, that this new writer is merely a versifying astronomer. To the contrary, he has sensed in the gigantic scheme of the universe an actual and realistic grandeur which no poet without a telescope could feel. Herein does Mr. Worthington differ from the fanciful astrologers of verse. He has sounded a modern note by allying science to symbolic imagery. His poem "Mars" for this reason is a striking and unusual performance: it combines the mystery and fascination of that planet with the

* Poe: Hanns Heinz Ewers.

realities of this earth. It is in line with the whole modern trend of research in art. In brief, it is, from the critic's standpoint, "decadent."

A GAIN, there are poems in this book which view the world with that actualistic vision which began in English letters with Robert Burns, passed through Meredith ("Love in a Valley"), Rossetti ("Jenny"), Henley ("Hawthorn and Lavender"), Arthur Symons ("London Nights") and, crossing the Atlantic, was perpetuated by Viereck. "To an Unrepentant Magdalene" and "Algiers" are not unlike the spirit and conception in "London Nights" and "The Candle and the Flame." The first of these two poems deals frankly with a phase of life which Victorian ladies would have looked upon askance; and the second is filled with a sensuous color which once was thought to be inimical to polite literature. Surely time enough has elapsed since Flaubert and Gautier to accustom us to such things; but critics evolve more slowly than ordinary mortals, and so Mr. Worthington is added to the list of "decadents."

Modern naturalism is another note which we find in the work of this new poet. He is, in fact, "decadent" from all angles. His "Song of a Plain Girl" is a passionate recital of unrequited love. Its sexualism is honest, and its theme, while not a new one, is simply stated without recourse to innuendos and false sentiment. Of a different kind of naturalism is "The Traveler" and "The Laborer"—the naturalism of disillusion and vain striving. They are not uplifting in the conventional sense. In them the insignificance of man is contrasted with the cosmic vastness, and hence is not idealized and measured by the petty criteria of a sentimental materialism. And in "To a Woman" the poet's repudiation of moral standards is a result of his consciousness of more universal laws. But there is enough superficial evidence to

permit the critic to cry "eroticism"; and so the word "decadent" is lugged out and pasted across the text.

The injustice of designating Mr. Worthington by this term is perhaps greater than in the case of Symons and Dowson, for both these earlier poets were, to some extent, eclectic. But Mr. Worthington, however much you may dislike his poetry or find fault with his purely creative ability, has at least striven for something new. And this impulse is the reverse of decadence. He has sought to combine modern literary methods and means with a scientific ideal, or, rather, to express the naturalism of our immediate life in terms of an eternal and universal point of view based on the vision of worlds other than our own. His attitude, therefore, is in keeping with all modern literature which is not *actually* decadent; and for this reason, if for no other, he should be welcomed.

Robert P. Baker's illustrations visualize, in somewhat sculptural fashion, the symbolic ideas of the poet, some of them giving us a very distinct sensation of the immensity of space and of the forces which exist outside of our daily experiences.

The book as a whole represents the various qualities which have come to be known as "decadent," and is an excellent statement—aside from any question of merit or demerit—of the new spirit which has swept over modern letters. As such it reveals quite plainly how far removed from actual decay the new literature really is. Poets need no longer fear being called decadent, for the word connotes progress and honesty and a reverence for facts. Sometimes the search for truth carries the artist far afield or leads into the morass of sex. But any striving toward a clearer expression of the real is better than a stale contentment with things as they are.

"LEBEWOHL"

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

I HAVE cried out to you with the crying of my songs,
I have called out to you with the voices of my soul;
Enough that the dead past to the dead past belongs.
Lebewohl!

Love is a little thing, and the years slay and sever,
Grief has a voice that sobs, but soon his lips are dumb—
Yet shall we spurn the gods that do not stay forever,
When they come?

We pray not to forget, and laugh at our forgetting,
We jest at the old wounds where the heart bled, and yet

I would cry out between the dawn and the sunseting,
And then—forget.

This is the awful boon that all grief may inherit
And not God rob me of—this one swift cry today
Echoed out of my spirit sundering, and your spirit
Answers from far away.

Therefore to you I cry it out of the years replying,
Therefore to you alone, out of my changing soul
Passed like a thought, I cry, and pass in the darkness crying,
"Lebewohl!"

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DINING WITH SCHOPENHAUER

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

WAS dining lately at Mouquin's, alone. You had better not so dine there, unless you have reached that melancholy climacteric, "a certain age"—(I do not plead guilty myself). It is not good for men to dine alone at Mouquin's, and it is even worse for Mouquin's. All here is planned for sociability and the sexes—the *menu* is a pæan of sex as frankly declarative as a poem of Walt Whitman's; the wines, the suave, lightfooted French waiters (really French), seeing all and nothing; the softly refulgent electric bulbs, the very genius of the place, all bespeak that potent instinct which harks back to the morning of the world. One sees it in the smallest matters of detail and arrangement. Elsewhere there is room and entertainment for the selfish male, but here—go to! The tables are not adapted for solitary dining; at the very tiniest of them there is room for two. An arrangement that would have moved the irony of Schopenhauer and signalizes the grand talent of Monsieur Mouquin. To conclude, a solitary diner is an embarrassment, a reproach, a fly in the ointment of Monsieur Mouquin. I was all three to him lately, but I make him my most profound apologies—it shall not occur again. Why, I am now to tell.

I was dining at Mouquin's alone, and it seemed as if the spirit of Schopenhauer suddenly descended upon me, who had been there so often, joyous and joyously companioned. The waiter took my order with a veiled hint of disapproval in his manner. He forgot, too, that he was of Mouquin's and, therefore, anteriorly of Paris—he spoke English far too well for the credit of the house. (At Mouquin's, you know, the wines and waiters are alike imported.) I knew what the waiter was thinking about—I felt and understood his subtle, insinuated reproach: I was alone. There was no person of the opposite sex with me to double or treble the bill and to obey whose slightest hinted wish the *garçon* would fly with winged feet, *à la Mercure*. Decidedly it is a violence to the Parisian waiter to dine alone at Mouquin's, for it robs him of that pleasing incentive which is essential to the perfect exhibition of his art. I do not qualify the phrase—the French waiter at Mouquin's is an artist, and never more than when he rebukes me, wordlessly, and without offense, for dining alone.

HOWEVER, I was a good deal worse than being alone or in company, for have I not said that Schopenhauer was with me? Do you know Schopenhauer? Is he anything more than a name to you—that giant sacker of dreams, that deadly dissector of illusions, that pitiless puncturer of the poetry of the sexes, that daring exposé of Nature's most tenderly cherished and vigilantly guarded secrets, whose thought still lies like a blight upon the world? Do you know his beautiful theory of love, which is as simple as the process of digestion and indeed very similar to it? Once in Berlin an enthusiast spoke in Schopenhauer's presence of the "immortal passion." The Master turned upon him with his frightful sneer and asked him if his bowels were immortal! . . .

When Actæon surprised the chaste Diana at her bath he was merely torn to pieces by his own hounds. Schopenhauer's punishment for betraying the deepest arcana of nature was worse, yet not worse than the crime merited—he was compelled to eat his own heart! . . . Not, I grant you, a cheerful table-mate for a dinner at Mouquin's, when the lights glow charmingly and the bustling waiters,

the incoming guests, the rustling of skirts, the low laughter indicative of expectancy, and the confused yet agreeable murmur of voices—the bass or baritone of the men mingled with the lighter tones of the women—announce a joyous evening. Charming fugue, in which a delicate ear may detect every note of appetite and passion, though the players use the surd with the most artistic precaution. Admirable convention, by which men and women come in sacrificial garments, or evening attire, to worship at the shrine of the Flesh.

But why drag in Schopenhauer? Do not some guests come unbidden to every banquet, and is it within our power to decline their company? Let us be thankful if at least we do not have to take them to bed with us.

The climacteric, perhaps? My dear sir, when I tip the waiter tonight I can get him to say easily that I am not a day over forty. . . .

THROUGHOUT the large room (we are upstairs, gentle reader) the tables are filling rapidly with well-dressed men and women. Nothing in their appearance, generally, to challenge remark; a conventional crowd of male and female New Yorkers, intent on a good dinner and subsidiary enjoyments. For the first time, perhaps, I notice how pleasant it is to observe everything at leisure, without having to talk to any one—you really cannot see things in a detached, philosophic manner when you have to jabber to a pretty woman.

A clerical-looking gentleman with a severe forehead is one of my neighbors. His companion is a handsome young woman, rather highly colored, who seems more at home in Mouquin's than the forehead. A couple take the table next to mine; the young fellow is well-looking enough, the girl has the short, colorless, indeterminate American face, with its pert resolve to be pretty; both are young and have eyes only for each other—that's the point. They sit down to table as if preparing for the event of their lives; this eager young expectancy is smilingly noted by others than myself.

A large man convoying three heavy matronly women who yet do not look like mothers—you know that familiar New York type—takes a favorable station against the wall where there is much room for eating and whence the outlook is commanding. The large one perjures himself fearfully in explaining how he had it specially reserved. I know him for a genial liar, and maybe the ladies do, too. These four have evidently come to eat and drink their fill, and to look on: Schopenhauer is no concern of theirs, nor they of his.

Not so this elderly man with the dashing young woman on his arm—the man is too handsome to be called old, in spite of his white hair. The young woman has that look of complete self-possession and easy tolerance which such young women commonly manifest toward their elderly admirers—this is not romance, but what is generically termed the "sure thing." Schopenhauer is but faintly interested, and my eyes wander toward the little American type. She has had her second glass of wine by this time and it has hoisted a tiny flag in her cheek. A little more and she will succeed in her determination to be pretty—the dinner is only half under way. Schopenhauer bids me note that she eats now with undisguised appetite, and that she fixes a steadier gaze upon her young man than he can always meet. Both young heads are together and they eat as fast as they talk—but youth atones for all. These two continue to draw the gaze of most persons in their vicinity.

THERE have been one or two mild selections by the orchestra, but they passed unnoticed in the first stern business of eating. It is a pity that artists should be subjected to such an indignity, but it cannot well be avoided by artists who play for hungry people. The leader of Mouquin's orchestra—perhaps I should say the orchestra at Mouquin's—is a young man with a high forehead and long hair. I am not a critic of music, like my friend, James Huneker, and I am unhappy in the difficult vocabulary which that gifted writer employs. But it seems to me the conductor and first violinist at Mouquin's is an artist. A veritable artist! No doubt I shall be laughed at for this—I have said that I am ignorant of the technique of criticism.

When the orgasm of eating had in a degree subsided, Schopenhauer nudged me to observe how the company began to give some attention to the music and even to applaud a little. Ah, it was then the young leader seemed grand and inspired, to me. He looked as if he did not eat much himself; and his music—something from Tannhauser—fell on my ears like a high rebuke to these guzzling men and women. I do not know for sure what the "*motif*" of it was (this word is from Mr. Huneker), but the refrain sounded to me like: "Do not be swine! Do not be swine!"

The swine were in no way abashed—perhaps they did not understand the personal allusion. I have read somewhere in Mr. Huneker that the Wagnerian "*motif*" is often very difficult to follow.

We had reached the coffee, the psychic moment when the world is belted with happiness; when all our desires seem attainable; when with facile assurance we discount the most precious favors of love or fortune.

"You will now observe," whispered my invisible guest, "that with these animals the present is the acute or critical moment of digestion, from which result many unclaimed children and much folly in the world. The edge of appetite has been dulled, but there is still a desire to eat, and the stage of repletion is yet to be reached. These animals now think themselves in a happy condition for the æsthetic enjoyment of art and even for the raptures of love. They have been fed."

The terrible irony of the tone, more than the words, caused me to turn apprehensively; but no one was listening, and my hat and coat occupied the chair where should have sat my *vis-à-vis*.

WITH the coming of the cordials and the lighting of cigarettes, the music changed to gayer measures. The young maestro's head was thrown back and in his eyes flamed the fire of what I must call inspiration, in default of the proper phrase of Hunekerism; while his bow executed the most vivid lightning of melody. This was the moment of his nightly triumph, when his artist soul was in some degree compensated for the base *milieu* in which his genius had been set by an evil destiny. He now saw before him an alert,

appreciative audience, instead of an assembly of feeding men and women. For the moment he would not have changed places with a conductor of grand opera.

"Note that foolish fellow's delusion," said Schopenhauer. "I have exposed it a hundred times. He thinks he is playing to the souls, the nobler emotions of all these people, and he plumes himself upon his paltry art. They also are a party to the cheat. He is really playing to their stomachs; and their applause, their appreciation is purely sensual. Yet I will not deny that he is doing them a service in assisting the process of digestion; but it is purely physiological, sheerly animal. The question of art does not enter at all, any more than the question of love does in the mind of yonder old gentleman who has eaten and drunk too well, and is now doting with senile desire upon that young woman."

I noticed, indeed, that the elderly gentleman had become gay and amorously confidential, while his companion smiled often with affected carelessness, yet seemed to be curiously observant of his every word and gesture. But *their* affair was no matter for speculation.

I GLANCED toward the clerical gentleman with the severe forehead. Both he and the forehead had relapsed perceptibly, and there was evident that singular change which takes place when a man doffs the conventional mask of self. His lady friend seemed disposed to lead him further. No romance here. . . . "It is the stuff of all romance," snarled Schopenhauer.

The heavy women waddled out once or twice to the retiring room and came back to drink anew. No man looked at them, save in idle curiosity—they were beyond tempting or temptation. "These represent the consummate flowers of the sexual instinct," remarked the sage. "Gross as they now seem, they were once young and what is called desirable. They yielded fully to their animal requirements—they ate, drank and loved, or, to speak more correctly, digested—with such results as we now see."

I shuddered . . . but the large women were indubitably enjoying themselves.

There was more music—the guests applauded ever the more generously. The leader now condescended like a veritable artist—*à bas le café!*

I noticed that my little American beauty left the room (without her wraps) a bit unsteadily, and came back presently, very high in color. A drink was waiting for her, and she began talking with her young man as if she and he were alone in the world. I noticed also that the young man carried his liquor rather better and seemed to shrink a little under the eyes attracted by the girl's condition. In my ear I heard the sardonic whisper of Schopenhauer:

"*They call this love!*" . . .

I would rather dine with a pretty woman at Mouquin's or elsewhere than with any philosopher, living or dead. Especially Schopenhauer: *à bas* the climacteric!



FROM DEATH'S OWN EYES

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

"And love that caught strange fire from Death's own eyes."

—SWINBURNE.

CHARACTERS.

MILDRED (*forty*)ALFRED (*between eighteen and nineteen*)GWENDOLEN (*eighteen*)

(A room tastefully furnished and not without luxury. Niches in the wall; couches with silk cushions; rich draperies; a piano; books; a table laid for a light repast; a clock; a mirror. One door leads directly to the hall, another to the inner chambers.)

(Mildred is dark-complexioned. From time to time a flash of summer lightning passes over her face. Even at a distance one would suspect her hair of being scented with some costly perfume. In all her limbs there is a certain languor as of an early September day. She is the Woman of Forty.)

(Gwendolen appears a little older than her years would warrant. She is fair. The instincts of the Mother-Animal, almost entirely lacking in Mildred, are strongly pronounced in her, and lend warmth of expression to her gray eyes.)

(Alfred is blond. The dreamy expression in his blue eyes is in strange contrast to the fullness of his lips. In speaking he looks older than he is. His gestures are nervous and unsubdued, but a certain, almost girlish, grace saves him from the awkwardness of his age. Under the stress of emotion his voice breaks into a boyish treble.)

(Mildred goes up to the small table. She touches a few dishes as if to enhance the symmetry of the arrangement. She is evidently feverish and excited. She consults a little watch, set with pearls, and compares it with the clock. She goes to a mirror and gently applies a pencil to her eyebrows. Then she sits down at the piano, strikes a few bars, and breaks off with a sharp discord.)

(With firm steps she approaches a desk, takes from it a vial the contents of which she empties into one of the wineglasses on the table.)

(She hurries to the piano again. The hands of the clock point to a quarter of eleven. Footsteps. A knocking within.)

MILDRED (*throwing a cloth over the table*): Come in.

GWENDOLEN: I am going to bed, aunt; is there anything else you want me to do?

MILDRED (*with unwonted tenderness*): No, my dear. I thank you.

GWENDOLEN (*looking at her with some astonishment*): Are you not well?

MILDRED (*impatiently*): Quite, my dear, quite.

GWENDOLEN: Good night, then.

MILDRED: Good night.

(Gwendolen goes out, and Mildred locks the door behind her.)

(After a brief space light footsteps are heard in the hall. A key is turned in the outer door. Alfred enters, and the light falls full upon him. He is dressed as if for dinner. His fair hair and the light in his eyes contrast sharply with his dark attire. He throws his arm about her neck.)

MILDRED: You are earlier than I expected.

ALFRED: Yes. I managed to get off. You can imagine how I enjoyed all the chatter, knowing that you waited for me . . .

MILDRED: Who was there?

ALFRED: Girls—geese! A few of my classmates. Only two people of any interest, Marion and Clarence.

(Mildred's eyes flash.)

ALFRED: Do you know, she is quite pretty. She wore a dress of cream lace, and had two red roses in her hand, whose petals trickled down her slender fingers like drops of blood . . .

MILDRED: That is her unvaried appearance since her absurd affair with Albert . . .

ALFRED: And Clarence—

MILDRED: Neither of your interesting people is to my taste. Above all, beware of him. You see him far too often.

ALFRED: What harm can that do? His is an unusually lucid mind; he is one of those people who understand—everything.

MILDRED: He is one of those natures who have a dangerous passion for playing with other people's souls. You must guard yourself against him.

ALFRED: He is a man of wise words and quick sympathy. Think, by contrast, of my college-mates! How they weary and disgust me with their salacious jokes and confessions. Then, too, all their ideas of life and love are so curiously repellent and so different from what I feel. They would consider such a love as ours as something to be bragged of, but always with a tacit insinuation of its immorality. And yet their commerce with women of the street seems to them pardonable, even proper.

MILDRED: That is not altogether their fault, but society's, which considers love outside of marriage for a woman of one's own class a prime offense. The average materfamilias is piously indignant over the sin of some Paolo and Francesca, but closes her eyes to her son's frequent excursions to houses of painted vice. Thus, in their early youth, are they robbed of the power of loving the body purely.

ALFRED: They are not all so fortunate in their teachers. You have taught me to see with other eyes. How shall I ever thank you! To think that their fate might have been mine!

MILDRED (*playing with his hair*): My dear, you could not ever have been one of them.

ALFRED: But what is the matter? Your hands tremble.

MILDRED: Nothing, nothing. Feverishness, perhaps . . . Do you not care to eat something?

(She throws the cloth back from the table in such a way that the wineglasses in one corner remain hidden.)

ALFRED (*looking at the table with child-like delight*): Just what I love, mushrooms and caviar!

MILDRED: Oh, you big baby! Will you have a cocktail?

ALFRED: Yes. I'll have one. But put two cherries into it. Then I can imagine them to be two lips reddened with sharp kisses.

(They drink.)

MILDRED: Will you have a cigarette?

ALFRED: Will you?

MILDRED: Not tonight.

ALFRED: Then I won't smoke either. Do you know, I really don't care particularly for smoking. I do it now and then, because it looks graceful and because you like it.

MILDRED: Yes. There is a strange charm in seeing you hold a cigarette between your passionate boyish lips. It is hard to tell then whether its fire or your mouth burns with a redder flame . . .

ALFRED: And I, I love to see you smoke. You are the

only woman whom it suits. It gives you a more demoniac air. Little tips of flame seem to quiver about your lips. One wonders then whether it is the reflection of your cigarette or your soul that dances there . . .

MILDRED (*smiling*): Another cocktail?

ALFRED: No, I thank you. One is enough to set my blood racing in choric measures through the brain . . .

MILDRED: Some wine then?

(*She lifts a bottle of red wine which almost falls from her trembling hand.*)

ALFRED: There is something wrong with you tonight—something unusual about you.

MILDRED: A passing weakness.

(*Mildred puts the cloth entirely away and fills the glasses.*)

ALFRED (*draining his*): To your health!

MILDRED: To yours, (*falteringly*) and to the future. (*She tastes the contents of her glass carefully and then drinks it down.*) Do you know, Alfred, we should never have met . . . It would have been better for you and for me . . .

ALFRED: Better? How can you say such things! Did you not bring a new and radiant light into my life when the great sun of your love arose for me? I, to be sure, could be but little to you, beautiful and courted as you are; I had nothing to give you except my heart.

MILDRED: Yes, dear, but listen. I am your first great love; you are my last. First love is perennially beautiful. It wears a purple raiment and a wreath of roses; it remains throughout life one's dearest memory. But with the sweetness of the kisses of one's last passion, there is blended a bitterness in the conscious knowledge that its end is always near. The color of its robe is almost strident in its brilliance, for it is red with the scarlet of fever and the crimson of one's heart's own blood . . . This love, too, bears a wreath, but it is a wreath of thorns. It is the saddest of all loves, it has no illusions. I know that you will leave me, for I am old.

ALFRED: You are, and will be, my one love.

MILDRED: Oh, you are such a child! It is your youth, it is the Eternal Masculine in you, that will drive you away from me. And if not these, then the artist will come, who makes of the hearts of those who love him a lyre on which he plays—harmonies long and full, or mere *vers de société*; and when he has lured from the instrument all songs that it could give, he breaks it and throws it away. And yet I am glad that I have given you a voice. It is said that the love of mature women is dangerous to young men. It is a lie. I believe that the society of wearied and sophisticated men, who poison them with their cynicism and dazzle them with their wit, is far more fatal. I feel that my influence has been good.

ALFRED: You gave me—all.

MILDRED: And yet, I made a mistake. I should have flirted with you, played with you as queens do with their pages, but I should not have loved you; it should not have gone so deep. I love you too much to let your love die in mere friendship. Others may do so, I cannot. I cannot bear the thought of losing you. Your limbs have the fragrance of tender grasses . . . When your boy's head rests on my bosom I know that my image entrances you entirely, that you are not old enough to have to think, when in my arms, of some perverse wanton who stung your jaded nerves to a last pang of pleasure. And finally, I know that our love has been of deep significance to your life and to your art, not a *liaison* that passes without trace. But pass it must. That, too, is sure, and a great loneliness will devour my life.

ALFRED (*almost weeping*): But I will not leave you, O my queen! You knew how to receive my adoration, to bear yourself like a queen, even as you understand all that seethes

and yearns and wells up in me—all that clamors after spiritual birth. You unlocked for me the hidden crystalline fairy-castles of Love, you showed me the secret gardens in which Dalliance and Beauty walk under trees with violet blossoms that break into emerald fruitage. You gave me of your knowledge; you incited me to creation; every verse of my poetry is an aspect of your beauty, every poem is a night with you. For the curve of your breasts is smooth and firm like a perfect marble flower, the touch of your hand gentler than the beating of angel's wings . . . You have given my life its meaning, which I have coined into golden words.

MILDRED: But after me others will come, men and women, and they, too, will gain an influence over you. I shall live to see how you come to me less gladly than of old, with an excuse here and an excuse there. (*She shivers.*) It were better to make an end . . .

ALFRED: How can you speak so! Why break one's heart over things that are far away upon the knees of the gods, hidden in gray mists, and which will, perhaps, never come to pass. Why do you torture our souls as they did in mediaeval cloisters, where they scourged the neophyte in punishment of the sins that he might some day commit.

MILDRED (*with sudden resolution*): And those old monks were wise. I knew a man once who slew his wife. There was no visible motive for the deed. I sought him out in prison and spoke to him. "Was she unfaithful to you?" I asked. "No," he replied, "but she might have been." He met death with a smile on his lips, for he knew that none other had possessed, nor ever would possess, that body which he loved to idolatry. (*She speaks with a strange exaltation, that almost frightens him.*)

ALFRED (*trying to calm her*): Dearest, fairest in all the world! But my love cannot pass.

MILDRED: Even when wrinkles will line this brow; when these breasts are no longer like perfect marble flowers, but like two faded blossoms; when my body, where your lips touch it, will exhale a faint scent, which you alone will notice—a scent that foreshadows the odor of decay.

ALFRED: How strangely you speak today. I shall kiss the wrinkles from your forehead; I shall touch your breasts, so that they break into new bloom; I shall drink your breath until it becomes sweet as wine and as intoxicating—and if I cannot give you my youth, I will grow old along with you.

MILDRED (*with peculiar intonation*): And if death were to part us?

ALFRED: Then would I kiss your dead hair, water your breast with my tears, and lay the rose-leaves of my song upon your pallid eyelids. Love like mine is stronger than Death . . .

MILDRED: Are you quite sure of yourself?

ALFRED: I would pledge my very soul.

MILDRED: It is well.

ALFRED: What is well? And why this austerity, this strange insistence?

MILDRED (*with clear, impassioned tone*): Fate has so willed it, that you will be put to the test sooner than you dream . . .

ALFRED (*frightened*): How is that possible? I do not see. There is something terrible in your eyes . . .

MILDRED: Child, look at me! How will you bear it? (*Pointing to the glass.*) The wine—

ALFRED (*springs up and stares wildly into her eyes*).

MILDRED: The wine which you have drunk was poisoned!

ALFRED (*swaying and catching hold of a chair to avoid falling*): Why, why have you done this? (*Grasping his fore-*

head.) I am dizzy already . . . I thought the wine had a bitter taste . . . Is there no help?

MILDRED (*with regal air*): It is too late.

(*The candles throw their full light upon her. There is in her eyes a strange illumination, and a pallor steals over her face.*)

ALFRED (*whose dramatic instinct awakes*): If I must die then, and if there is no salvation, my beloved—none, then had I rather receive death from your hand than from another's. I feel a quivering in all my limbs. I hear the beating of strange wings. All your gifts are good gifts, even—the gift of death.

(*The light in Mildred's eyes becomes intenser. Her pallor interchanges with redness. She places her hand upon his head and her slender fingers run through his hair.*)

ALFRED: Do you hear?—even the gift of death.

MILDRED (*with trembling voice*): And do you know what death is, child? In this golden hair that I caress today a slimy something will creep—the worm. These child eyes, now full of tears, will start from their hollows; from your slender loins will the flesh fall, and into this brain, now full of words like jewels, the dust of the earth will be ground and loathsome things that lurk in darkness. You will be in a land that knows neither love, nor song, nor remembrance; you will be a thing of horror, a mass of corruption. That—(*her body shakes*)—that is death.

(*Alfred has become gray as ashes. A convulsion as in strong fever runs through his body. His head, which she has been covering with kisses, sinks upon her lap.*)

ALFRED (*with a sob in his voice*): If I die now—you must lay a lily on my grave and throw in secret three roses into my coffin . . . You must take all my books and all my manuscripts . . . Mildred, Mildred, it is very terrible to die so young . . . especially with so much left unsaid and uncreated . . . What an artist dies in me . . . Yes, this is what you shall write upon my grave: *QUALIS ARTIFEX PEREO!* . . . And yet of this I may boast. My life has been a harmonious whole. Had I grown older, it may be that discords would have crept in. Thus far my life has been as a poem; it has been like faring in a silver gondola over seas incarnadined, with music in the stroke of every oar . . . And suddenly the storm-clouds gather . . . The lightnings flash over the firmament like the glow on the face of some god . . . But through the roar of the tempest the melody sounds on; the waves lash the silver gondola into the whirlpools . . . Yet in destruction still rises soft music, a song to you . . . And that is death—death which you gave me; and why should you not? . . . you gave me life? . . .

(*A ghastly pallor has spread over Mildred's features. The light in her eyes has died. Her hands clutch convulsively after his.*)

ALFRED: But how pale you are! . . . Mildred . . . ? Is it possible! . . . You, too! . . . Ah, a great joy rises in my heart! . . .

MILDRED: Come here, Alfred. Come near—nearer. I have lied to you . . . Do you really believe that I could have sacrificed your life? Yet I did right to lie to you. For now love, seeing the greatness of yours, sweetens the thought of death.

ALFRED: What have you done? By the mercy of God, what have you done?

MILDRED (*with weak voice*): It was I who drank the draught!

ALFRED: Christ! What shall I, can I, do? Is no one in the house? No antidote within reach?

MILDRED: Let be. (*She looks at the clock.*) The poison has done its work. Take the footstool and sit at my feet.

So, so. I am perfectly contented, I am perfectly happy. Death comes to me not as to a flower that dies anew with the fall of each petal, he comes swiftly. He comes in halcyon days and gives me of his drowsy vintage. Do you see, Alfred, I shall remain to you a beautiful memory, perhaps the most beautiful of all? I shall live in your song and in your heart. But my fading eye will guard this vision of you sitting at my feet. That will remain, if there is memory hereafter. Dear boy, I never let you know how much I loved you, how my thoughts were with you day and night. A perversion men may call it; but is it not in the strangest gardens of love that the fairest flowers blow? I am entirely conscious of what I have done. I know that Death stands beside me now, and clutches at my heart with his fingers. It throbs still like a flickering flame, throbs with immeasurable love. To my very breast Death has risen, but my lips still live . . . Do not tremble, my darling . . . Kiss me, kiss me! . . . Oh, how my lips are athirst! . . .

(*Alfred covers her face with kisses. She winds her arms about him. Suddenly they relax. A white foam rises to her lips and a convulsion pitilessly shakes her body to and fro. Then there is silence.*)

(*Alfred remains for a few moments as if turned to stone, unable to comprehend what has happened. He touches her face with his hand and the foam sticks to his fingers. Then he breaks out into violent sobbing.*)

(*At this moment a loud knocking at the inner door is heard. He opens it and Gwendolen stands before him. Her hair falls about her shoulders. She is clad in a night-dress.*)

GWENDOLEN: Merciful God! What has happened! You here, Alfred! And aunt!

ALFRED: Dead, dead, dead. She is dead. (*Almost screaming.*) Poisoned! She has poisoned herself!

GWENDOLEN (*seeing Mildred*): God! How is it possible! Only an hour ago I spoke to her. (*Shaking the corpse.*) Aunt! Aunt! I must away—must call a doctor!

ALFRED: Stay, Gwendolen. You must not go. Do you not understand that you *must* not go . . . She has poisoned herself . . .

GWENDOLEN: And you? Why are you here? How do you know?

ALFRED: *Gwendolen!* . . .

GWENDOLEN: Can it be?

ALFRED: You must think no evil of her, *she loved me* . . . And it is this love that brought about her death.

GWENDOLEN: How could this happen?

ALFRED: Come! I will tell you. She was dear and good. And how I loved her! You must not condemn her. Listen. (*Gwendolen sinks down on a couch in the farthest corner of the room.*)

ALFRED (*sitting down next to her*): She came like a good fairy to the troubled waters of my youth. She placed her finger on my wounds. She understood what I said and what I left unsaid. She understood all, and she was all to me. She filled my life and my song. She was so pure, so fair, so wise; I could reveal to her my most secret thoughts. Her smile forgave everything. And then came Love. Like a great flame it came between us and made our life splendid with immortal bloom. I had no warning of this; I came here happy, and she has killed our dream that it might never die! And now she lies cold and dead—dead!

GWENDOLEN (*stroking his hair*): How you loved her!

ALFRED: Loved her? She was as beautiful as a legend of long-dead loves. She was like a sun over the wastes of my life. And she was beautiful, perfectly, and I loved her perfectly. I kissed her adorable body as though it were the Host . . . I burned my soul upon her lips—

(His hand, entwining her neck as if seeking help, slips down, and is arrested upon her half-bared breast.)

GWENDOLEN *(her whole body trembling)*: Alfred!

ALFRED: Oh!

(They both spring up and dare not look at each other.)

(At that moment a gentle sound is heard. It is the head of the dead woman falling sideways against the chair.)

(Curtain.)

FROM "THE LYRE OF LIFE"

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

TIME sheds a halo on those who are gone: distance gives an aspect of perfection.

Nothing makes as many enemies as success.

Sympathy is the crucible of the spirit.

The more ignorant we are the more contented.

Imagination flavors life. It is a torch illumining reality.

The more we suffer the more we see.

REALITY is the stumbling block we would forget when we love.

Inconstancy is the arrow of desire.

Wisdom consists in knowing how to avoid suffering.

Analysis is the vivisection of pleasure.

We grieve more for what we have never possessed than for what we have had and lost.

The more we know the less we expect.

PURITY consists not in never having known, but in having known all and—forgotten.

We love first passionately, and,—afterward,—wisely.

Commonplaceness makes many people happy.

Art is the consolation of those who fear life. It is a secret dissipation for the unworldly.

PASSION subsists on mystery and illusion: they are fuel for the imagination.

Perfection is only a projection of the will.

We are never so unhappy as when we have conquered Nature; nor never so happy as when we have obeyed her.

Art is intellectual intemperance.

A man is as great as his passions.

HAPPINESS consists in seeing life other than it really is.

If life were all that we wanted it to be there would be nothing to wish for and we would soon be bored.

Art liberates; life confines.

Suspicion is the suicide of love.

AS others fall, so we ascend. The errors of our friends are the danger signals that save us from destruction.

The tragedy of existence is in realizing we can never be other than we are.

What is forgiveness without forgetfulness? But can we forget?

Consistency is stagnation.

THE home is a prison that has no reprieve. Its bars are respectability, duty and public opinion.

Civilization is hypocrisy enthroned.

When we begin to think of ourselves we cease to love.

Thro' those whom we love most we suffer most.

Love is the sea. Friendship is the raft.

HOPE is the beacon-ray we project on reality.

Truth is like cold water; it cures or kills.

Grief is never as solitary as joy, for all people understand pain, but few are able to enter into another's happiness.

WE want the world's commendation most when we deserve it least.

Pity is a disease of the heart that has no cure.

Happiness is only recollection.

We are silent when we are the happiest and when we are the most miserable.

OLD age lives in the past; youth in the future. That is why they are irreconcilable.

Laughter is a cloak for our real feelings.

Regret poisons the mind and intensifies memory.

Next to riches we all love praise.

THE two states possible to man—ennui or want.

Joy is like a rainbow; when you would capture it it is gone.

Youth laughs at age. And age pities the follies of the young.

The more we know the less we feel.

IF we could divine the future very few of us would retain the zest for experience.

Hope is the false pennant of destiny.

We only really hate those whom we love—for they are the cause of all our suffering.

WE are never so penitent as when we are found out.

We love most when we fear most.

The advice of our relatives is usually unrestricted impertinence.

If our friends knew us as we really were they would discover everything they say about us to be true.

WE only forgive in others what we have had the occasion to forgive in ourselves.

Art and love—the two great illusions.

Charity is often only refined egoism.

To know all is to forgive all.

The less we think the happier we are.

KINDNESS is often personified egoism; we do good because the praise or gratitude of others affords us pleasure.

Happiness consists more in knowing what not to do than what to do.

Love is a misstep that has no returning.

A tender heart is a great pitfall.

STORIES OF POOR PAPA

By ALEXANDER HARVEY.

THE COAL

WHEN I went into the cellar with the scuttle I found my father in a drunken stupor on top of the coal. The sight filled me with amazement, for I had not seen him come in. It was easy to conjecture, in the light of past observation and experience, that my father, realizing his condition, had been anxious to avoid meeting my mother. I might have paid no attention to him but for the fact that he lay across the shovel. I tugged vainly once or twice at the handle of that implement.

"Little boy!" It was my mother at the head of the cellar stairs. "Are you bringing me the coal?"

"The bum's on the shovel," I explained, making another desperate effort to release it.

"On the shovel!" echoed my mother.

She hastened down those stairs and began to pull my father by the leg. The effect was to dislodge a mass of coal with such swiftness that my mother fell on top of my father. She at once began to pull his hair and to scratch his face.

"I'll have you arrested!"

My mother screamed the words so loudly that my little brother came to the head of the stairs to find out what was the matter.

"Drunk again!"

Having made that remark, my brother raced down the stairs and proceeded to pelt my father with lumps of coal. The diversion vexed me. My father was my favorite parent, although my brother liked my mother best. Many a hot debate arose between us as a result.

"Stop it!"

This admonition from me made my brother so defiant that he hit my father right in the eye with a piece of coal. I retorted at once by pelting my brother with coal, drawing his fire in return.

"Little boy! I thought I sent you down here to get me a scuttle of coal!"

My mother had risen to her feet and was gazing at me with a countenance rendered formidable by the streaks of black on it. The shovel was now available, for my father had assumed a sitting position on the coal. He simpered at me in the maudlin fashion so characteristic of him when he was drunk. The whole of life, indeed, seemed a succession of jokes to my father when he was drunk. He had caught so fully the spirit of what was to him now another joke that he threw a lump of coal at me. Then he threw another and then yet another. By the time I had picked up the scuttle and begun operations with the shovel the fusillade was so hot that I had to retreat with a cry of pain. A lump of coal had caught me smartly on the jaw.

"Will you let the child get me that scuttle of coal?"

Before my father could reply to her loud question, my mother had inverted the scuttle and extinguished his head with it.

"I have called to collect the rent!"

This announcement, in the familiar voice of the landlord, drew my gaze to the head of the stairs. There stood the eminent deacon who owned the house in which we lived. How long he had been a spectator of the scene below him I could not conjecture from his manner. I was quite embarrassed by so untimely an interruption, but the landlord was quite at his ease.

"You know," he said to my mother, "you promised to give me my money on Monday. Today's Friday."

He had scarcely spoken the words when lumps of coal hit his hat and knocked it off his head. He was sufficiently dexterous to catch it as it fell and put it on again, whereupon a lump of coal hit him on the bosom of his shirt. He finally withdrew from the head of the stairs in the face of a veritable bombardment. We all heard the front door slammed.

"Serves him right!" cried my mother. "I sent him a postal card about the rent."

Just then she caught sight of my father and burst into a fit of laughter. There he sat on top of the pile of coal, with that inverted scuttle extinguishing his head.

"If your father hadn't been drunk," declared my mother, "he couldn't have hit the landlord once!"

THE TUREEN

MY father was taking the dishes, one by one, from the kitchen table and throwing them through the window into the back yard. They smashed noisily, while my mother looked on with an affectation of the utmost good humor.

"That's right, you drunken loafer!" she cried, as he lifted a dish of roast beef and sent it flying after the sugar bowl. "Don't leave us anything to eat off of! Ha! ha!"

I peered through the crack in the door at this spectacle with great relief. I had been warned by my mother to get home in time for tea, and here I was an hour late! Luckily, my father had shown up with his belly full of rum, to use my mother's expression. He had different ways of being drunk. Sometimes he lurched in heavily and sank into a stupor on the kitchen sofa. Now and then he brought home a strange dog, and then he was only half drunk. On the present occasion, as I knew from past experience, he must have arrived early in the afternoon and slept off a spree. He got up with a headache, whereupon my mother scolded him until he began upon those dishes.

"Go in and get me that tureen before he lays hands on it!"

I turned to find Mrs. Bobb standing beside me. I had been sent to her house next door to borrow that very soup tureen. It had been given to Mrs. Bobb as a wedding present years before. When I went to borrow it, I was charged by my mother to say that we would take the very best care of it. Nevertheless, I could not venture into the kitchen at that moment. My mother would be sure to send me to bed, protesting that this scene was the fruit of my disobedience.

"Come around with me to the gate."

Without heeding the protests of Mrs. Bobb, I stepped out on the sidewalk and hastened to the back fence, which I climbed. A teapot flew past my head as I unbolted the gate. Mrs. Bobb awaited me on the other side, as I had expected.

"Now, if you'll stay here," I told her, "you won't get hit and I'll catch the tureen when it comes out."

"And I'll give you five cents," said Mrs. Bobb.

The delight induced by the proposition made me spring like a panther upon a plate as it sailed through the air.

"What a good catch!" Mrs. Bobb spoke encouragingly, I know, because she had such a direct interest in my success. "I'm sure you'll be a base ball player when you grow up!"

"That's nothing." Harry Hill raised his head over the top of the fence on the other side of the yard. "He can catch a cup and saucer together."

Harry Hill had often seen me catch the dishes in this

fashion. He regretted at times that his own father didn't do as my father did. The way of Harry Hill's father, when he got drunk, was to drag every dish off the table to the floor with one swift jerk of the tablecloth.

"But I only have a little fun every once in so often," Harry Hill would complain to me, "because my father's never drunk, except on pay day. Your father's drunk all the time."

He had scarcely praised my prowess to Mrs. Bobb when I afforded her a fine illustration of it by catching a pitcher. It was a large and heavy bedroom pitcher, which we used on the kitchen table at meals. We had had a much finer one once, but my father threw it out of the window before I grew expert at catching the dishes.

"If you'll only catch my tureen like that!"

Mrs. Bobb spoke devoutly, and I laughed to reassure her. Our anxiety took a new direction at that moment.

"You drunkard!"

My mother had abandoned her attitude of high good humor and was flinging herself at my father. He held the tureen aloft.

"You shan't throw that!" My mother grasped my father by the nose. "That tureen isn't ours, you dead beat! We borrowed it from a neighbor."

My father clearly deemed this another of my mother's lies. He made a quick rush to effect the release of his nose. She held him so tightly that he dragged her off her feet. She fell, pulling him down with her. They fell on the tureen, which broke into many pieces.

THE LODGER

THE police were looking for the very best lodger we had in the house. He had two wives. One of them, who was young and quite pretty, occupied our second story front room with her baby. She was a most agreeable tenant, who did not care how often my father came home drunk.

"Yes!" reiterated my mother, as she washed the dishes at the kitchen sink, "just because your loafer of a father has made up his mind to be drunk for the rest of his life, they're putting the only paying tenant we've got behind the bars!"

The individual to whom she referred entered the room at that moment. He was wearing an old skirt of my mother's, a pair of her shoes and a pair of her stockings. His bust had been made effective with the aid of a pair of my mother's corsets, over which he wore one of my mother's jerseys. On top of his head rested a switch of my mother's false hair. I could not have recognized Mr. Wilson if I had not known beforehand what he was going to do. My mother, nevertheless, was not altogether satisfied by her inspection of him.

"It's lucky I've such a small foot," she said, pulling a stocking up to his knee in the least conventional style imaginable, "or you couldn't put on my shoes."

Mr. Wilson was at once put to washing the dishes at the sink, which I must say he did with a striking resemblance to the aspect and operations of a servant girl we used to have.

"You go to the grocer and buy a box of matches," said my mother, giving me a five-cent piece. "And as you walk around the block, see if that detective is still watching the house."

The words were scarcely uttered when my father came in drunk. He was, to be sure, making a creditable effort to seem sober, but to the experienced eyes of my mother and myself he was in no condition to afford the assistance he was to have rendered in the emergency that confronted Mr. Wilson.

"Fool that I was," cried my mother, "to believe the loafer when he promised me this morning to stay sober for one day!"

My father was so bent upon seeming sober that he made a critical inspection of Mr. Wilson, who, by this time, had washed all the dishes and was beginning to wipe them.

"Very good!" My father spoke in the thick voice that be-

trayed the difficulty he was having in the part he played. "Mr. Wilson's good girl."

Whereupon he drew from his pocket a long, thick veil, which he tried to put around Mr. Wilson's head.

"If we don't get this loafer into bed," affirmed my mother as she slapped my father's face, "he'll spoil everything!"

She scratched his chin and clawed his cheeks, while I lay hold on the back of his coat and dragged him backwards. Thus we got him through the kitchen door, and up a flight of stairs.

"Someone's watching the house! It must be the man with that warrant!"

The agitation of the young and pretty Mrs. Wilson as she whispered this news to us over the banisters provoked a renewal of my father's effort to look sober.

"S'all right!"

He waved that long, thick veil.

"Get the drunkard into bed!"

At this command from my mother, Mrs. Wilson gave us her assistance. We bundled my father into the bedroom occupied by my parents.

"I wonder who's watching the house," my mother said.

"Nobody we know," I said. "Some one from headquarters."

"Go 'round the block!" she commanded. "Buy a box of matches. See how many new faces you find!"

It was quite dark when I stepped into the street. On a corner stood the strange man who, I divined, had a warrant for the arrest of our bigamist. He peered keenly at me as I walked by. I ignored him. I ignored, as well, the patrol wagon further on, the driver of which showed some disposition to address me. But I escaped into the grocer's.

It was not so easy to elude those men when I came out.

I had been obliged to await my turn among a throng of patrons in a Saturday night rush.

"Mr. Wilson lives in your mother's house, doesn't he?"

That detective spoke to me in the most winning manner.

"Mr. Wilson?"

As I repeated the name in a meditative manner, the door of our house opened and shut noisily. The detective looked up. I looked up.

There, on the sidewalk, was my father in my mother's clothes. I knew him at once by his walk, that unmistakable walk of his when he was pretending to be sober.

"Good evening."

My father bowed with the old-fashioned distinction of manner he displayed when he was pretending to be sober.

"Good evening," I said with perfect presence of mind.

My intimate knowledge of my father made it plain to me that he was obeying the imitative impulse that was strong in him when he was at a preliminary stage of inebriation. He thought he would seem sober if he did what he saw a sober person doing. The detective at my side had no such clue to the mystery that faced him. He tore from my father's face that long, thick veil. My father stroked his mustache in a bored fashion, bent as he was on seeming sober to the last.

"Wilson!"

The detective fairly shouted the name. My father bowed politely and said he was glad to meet Mr. Wilson. In a moment more my father was whisked off in the patrol wagon, and I raced indoors to report this extraordinary piece of good luck. There I found my mother beating Mr. Wilson over the head with the broomstick.

"You villain!" she shouted, "you dare to tell me you never married that poor girl up stairs after all!"

"But," urged Mr. Wilson, who was still wearing those clothes of my mother's, "the marriage would have been bigamous!"

"I know that," screamed my mother, tearing the skirts off him, "but that poor girl up stairs would be a respectable woman!"

THE MISSING MYTH

By FRANK PEASE.

Upon the myths of childhood are builded
the foundations of states.

A SCORE of years ago there was let loose within these States a scourge of destructive criticism the like of which no time and no country had ever suffered. It will come to be known as the Age of Leveling. In that period the myth of good repute, the old proud myth of high estate, magical success, masterly perseverance, the myth even of character itself, fell before the fierce onslaught of investigators, prosecutors and crank journalists. It was the theft of a myth on a gigantic scale, and it brought rich returns to the men who backed it with pen and press. Notwithstanding the sweeping scope of their piracies, there was one thing overlooked, a matter that might have yielded much material for their pains: the muckrakers overlooked robbing the cradles.

Now, whether this was an accident—a thought scarce to be considered so keen is a muckraker's scent for "copy"—what man can tell? Certainly it was not fear, nor was it modesty, for the tribe possessed the fanatic fearlessness of zealots coupled with the immodesty of *sans culottes*. Perhaps the positive stimulus of 1914 was lacking. At any rate it was not until this momentous year that the most deplorable, the most vicious and most unwarrantable resultant of muckraking appeared in our midst: cradle-robbing.

To attack maturity's myth is one thing, but to destroy the inspired myth of childhood is quite another. This last is an almost irremediable crime. For what has taken whole generations to build, when once destroyed, requires even more generations to rebuild. Yet this is just what has been going on before our very eyes since 1914. We have allowed critics, a very demon of criticism, fullest scope amongst the ideals of our children; that is, have allowed havoc to play with the future of our children.

In modern conceptions history is no mere record of the past. History is a becoming. But a becoming from what—out of what? The future is composed of today's present and yesterday's past. All that went into the making of that past has descended into the making of this present, just as it in turn will enter into the making of the future, and all—the actions of men, the character of things, the combinations of events—go into the making of the national myth. Logically, and for the upbuilding of a people, no break should be permitted in the continuity of its myth. But this has already occurred, as I will illustrate presently.

NOW while the past could be shown, concretely, in our present acts, its chief importance for the future subsists in our present beliefs, faiths and aspirations, for these are the very essence of our myth, the link which connects our past with our future. Primarily, if our myth is a strong, noble, ascending myth, then our beliefs and hopes, and consequently our actions, will be strong and noble. Our children will imbibe strength and nobility from such a myth. If our myth is weak, uninspired or confused, then that inner morale which is character will never be attained by our children, though devise, systematize and discipline as we will. The child *absorbs unconsciously* the rugged grandeurs or the polished insincerities of the nation's myth. A nation's myth is its categorical imperative.

Thus myths are very important factors in the making of nations. He who robs a nation of its myth violates its soul.

No nation, be it young or in the full prime of its maturity, can afford to be robbed of its myth. It could not persist for a single generation without its myth. A myth is the very cement of a nation's substance. Now could there be discovered a nation where the social cement of its myth is a more important ingredient than in America, composed as it is of the most diverse aggregation of men and manners ever assembled under one rule, one ideal, one common interest?

Until 1914 America possessed a great and noble myth, perhaps the greatest and noblest that has yet appeared on earth. Its central point of irrefutable datum of history, this myth so dear to the ardent fancy of each new generation of our schoolboys, rallied in its penumbral train a pictured pageant of heroes and heroines, brave men, intrepid women, surprising tales of exploit, undying loyalty, supreme defiance to oppression, and, finally, that masterpiece of human inspiration, Victory. Across the luminous tapestry of tradition these shadowy—real figures moved as gods in the creating of our national myth. (Perhaps they were gods!) At all events each generation of American youth since has viewed them as gods, paid them the homage that gods should be paid—which is unquestioning faith, re-created the epic of their labors in sublimations of fancy, but, chief of all, youth incorporated much of their heroic virtues in the development of its own character. But this was prior to 1914.

IN 1914 what happened? What became of our national myth? Who stole or destroyed it? Who robbed our cradles and despoiled our future of its noblest psychological possession—the Epic of '76? Who or what has so confused and disconnected contemporaneity from our past that there exists not a single schoolboy capable of discerning truth from falsehood: the truth of that stalwart myth from the present falsehoods of contradictory sentiment in favor of the one-time enemy?

In the making of our country, *who was the enemy?* What was it those gods of the Epic set themselves against? Who or what was the tyrant, the exploiter, the all-powerful subduer of states and races, the great intriguer and ruthless destroyer of men's hunger for separateness, for self-identity, for Freedom?

Out of precisely what manner of experience, or delusion, or of instinct to becoming, did those men of the Thirteen Colonies set themselves so titanic a task as opposing the mightiest overlords on earth? Did they, then, possess something we have lost—an intuitive perception of the greatness of their future?

Lest we forget, let us picture it.

A new world, a new ideal, a new freedom shackled by an old enemy. Land, bound neither by the hoary magic of parchment nor the sycophantic espionage of gamekeepers, there, all about, ready for the taking, if only—the foreign redcoats, symbol of such ancient tyrannies as to make men's blood run cold, if only they were gone!

Land, the dearest possession of mankind, whole leagues of it, a continent, a very Mystery in its unplumbed and priceless proportions, veritably a world anew—and all for the taking. O insinuate and majestic thought! O sublime men to so think and so will—to take! Of such are the Kingdom of Myths.

That they did take, and in the taking weave a fabric of such heroic tints as had seldom if ever inspired men; who

amongst us doubted it until 1914? The schoolboy has always believed it, known it, pledged himself by it. Are we, then, to deny it?

A handful of farmers, fathers of families, planters and huskers of corn, milkers of cows, harvesters of wheat, wielders of axe and plow and sickle, the same rough-handed, warm-hearted, brown-faced men as are to be found along the rugged stone walls of New England byways, these uprising in the majesty of a new-sighted freedom, a thing consonant and indigenous to the New Soil, arming themselves with pristine and invincible wrath to drive the trained soldiery of the proudest empire of earth back to the forts, and still back, until at last remained only the wake of their re-treating ships. O spectacle!

THAT ride in the night! How its hoofbeats reverberate the lanes of time like drumbeats calling a conclave of the gods. How rang the bells of their rough-hewn temples; and how, at the peal of those immortal tocsin, flashed the tallow lights upon the hilltops; how clanged the muskets, rattled the powder horns, champed and pounded the huge farm steeds; all in such a rushing and running and resolute hurry that even the little damp shoots of April trees crouched still in their emerald matrix to wonder at the passage of the gods.

And then, later, those ragged tides surging the slopes of Valley Forge; that brave, lone man facing the agony, not of death, but that a single life exists for any man to give; that sacred defense of Boston's Hill, diademed now with the star-aspiring stone of victory; that dauntless daughter, Molly Pitcher, serving the guns, a Joan of the New Arcadia; those strong, unvoiced Convention men, whose silent wills bulwarked that Washington, that Jefferson, that Patrick Henry, when dangling gibbets lusted for their necks; that writing on the wall of time: Mene: Tekel: Upharsin: "We Declare Ourselves Free and Independent." What magic!

Once more: in the making of our country, *who was the enemy?* Who or what has shorn us of this wisdom? How comes it the once diamond-clear Epic of '76 is now so blurred, so seemingly irrelevant, so indecisive in our present? Was it all delusion? Was there no tyrant? Were there no heroes, no clash of arms, no triumphs? Have our schoolboys, then, imbibed a false history and a false idealism? Why our present Babel, when once so clear an Epic?

It is necessary to retrace our steps a little. We are just beginning—rather, since 1914—to reap that ill harvest sown by the muckraker. Ours is essentially a psychological world. We move through a *métier* wherein stimulus and response are psychological: an "advertising world," so to speak. Now it is just as impossible to unloose such a flood of destructive criticism—psychological stimuli—as began a score of years ago, and not, sooner or later, suffer its malign effects, as it would be to turn ravenous wolves among a flock and not find bloodshed and scars of a morning. We shall yet pay very dearly for our Lawsons and Tarbells, our Russells and our Steffens.

IT would be a perfectly possible though arduous task to point that blood still being shed, those scars still eviscerate; that is to say, to point out and to connect the widespread confusion, suspicion, and contradictoriness in contemporary values instigated by freebooting muckrakers. What they attacked then were the psychological fixities by which conduct, social position, power itself, are maintained. What we are witnessing today is the result of that undermining. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the irrelevancy, the dimness and the forgetfulness toward that grand panorama of psychological

values embodied in our national myth. This myth has become the obscure property of antiquarians, Fourth of July orators, and emerged politicians. No longer does it breathe upon youth the sacred fire of valor, the lesson of separateness, the high resolve, the old proud will to becoming.

In its place we have the wide talk of "*rapprochement*," the "consanguinity of race," the "common medium of language," and there goes about the sinister story of a "secret alliance," connived at, indeed striven for, by some of the highest officials of the nation.

This break with the fine traditions of our past is confusion itself, and is precisely the malign influence to produce disorder in the myth of our schoolboys. Taught from text books that there was a *real* enmity, a *real* separation, a *real* struggle for freedom in the making of our country, everywhere, outside the books, they are confronted with the contradictory preachments of Anglo-mania. Such confusion and contradiction will not make for clarity of thought or integrity of character. Either the books are wrong, the Epic of '76 a mere scenario of literary fancy, the pride of separateness a valueless illusion, and the propaganda for *rapprochement* a highly desirable thing, or they are not. Both could not be truth.

In his attempts to adjust these incompatibilities, the schoolboy will develop that nihilistic scepticism which is the bane of "higher criticism" and "impersonality." (What have children to do with incredulity!) He will doubt where he should believe. He will view with ill-disguised contempt the efforts of instructors to instill regard for the old values, just those values which are America's supreme contributions: national self-sufficiency, separateness of intention, will to the becoming of its own particular destiny. He will say: "We should worry!" and soil the very soul of his morning with unbelief. But it is *we* who should worry, *we* who *feel* America, *we* who *still* believe in her, and who know that if anywhere on the face of the globe that art of arts, the Art of Living, is ever to appear, America will yet produce it. But today she is not on the way to produce it if she allows her youngest sons to be robbed of their myth.

THE way unto our present chaos was prepared by the muckrakers. In attacking all that was fixed, sacred, invaluable to the perpetuity of our myth, they attacked the very fundamentals of national faith. In making the function of destructive criticism common and habitual to the man of the street, they have set up such cross currents of confusion that the best minds of our judiciary, our legislatures and our economic institutions are utterly unable to contend with or so much as imagine a solution. Anglo-maniacs in their propaganda are pursuing the devious ways of muckrakers, ushering in more confusion, more destructive criticism, and are doing all they can to weaken the national myth. That this crime of the muckrakers and Anglo-maniacs should result in the disintegration of collective faith is not to be wondered at. Men in the mass, once habituated to respond to the latest stimulus, their old fixed values questioned, derided, denied, will not do otherwise than thus respond. Such men have always been led. It does not appear that it can ever be otherwise. The question of questions is: Whither?

The man of the street—and not he alone, alas!—*thinks* he is exercising some sort of prerogative innate to American "freedom" or "democracy" or the "rights of free speech" and "free press" when he "takes sides" in the present international situation. As a matter of fact he is doing nothing of the kind. His is nothing more than the muckraking habit become universal and popular. "Criticism" is one thing, but that fell process of uprooting, pulling down, and leveling that "taking

sides" which involves a long train of unguessed liabilities, and which, more important still, constitutes an open break with the very first principles of our national myth, all this has nothing to do with "freedom" or "democracy," and much less with a "studious neutrality."

IT is a strange hybrid of furtiveness and complexity that has come among us, this sudden Anglo-mania; just as strange a matter as would be propaganda for *rapprochement* with any other nation of Europe. One might ask such men: "Why do you come to America? Why do you continue to dwell here if you do not find we have institutions in the making more attractive than those you left? What do you expect us to do, substitute the myth of the British Empire for our own Epic of '76?" What few men seem to realize is where all such propaganda leads to, where the chips fall. That men should have feelings one way or another is not to be wondered, it is essentially human; but that so many of our institutions of social control should have officially lent themselves to a direct pro-English propaganda is the profoundest blow ever leveled at the traditions of American separateness and self-sufficiency. It is aimed straight upon the destruction of our national myth, and implies embarkation upon undiscovered, and—who could doubt?—unrestful seas.

IN 1914, when the storm of Europe broke, the opportunity to throw overboard the Epic of '76, to propagate *rapprochement*, very questionable doctrines of consanguinity, and to grow maudlin over the commonalities of language, lay chiefly in the condition that whoso or whatsoever produced the first stimulus would hold the winning hand. The way to evoking immediate response to initial stimulus had already been well prepared by the muckraker. But men with strong faiths in powerful traditions do not respond to the first stimulus, nor to the second; indeed, they may not respond at all, but choose to conduct themselves along the lines of their first principles. And the first principles of a nation are its myths. The myth of America is no mere *laissez faire* questioning of *rapprochements*, "secret alliances," or "consanguinities"; it is the positive repudiation of such propaganda by a body of men who did not hesitate before the very blood sacrifice itself to stand forth, self-contained and self-sufficient. This is their supreme power, their insinuate appeal, their immortal and—until 1914—their untarnished glory. Upon such a myth alone can the Free Republican persist.

Is there not something profoundly suspicious in this sudden cult of Englishism? Does it not appear as though there were a special interest—something much deeper than the exigencies of munition purchasing, perhaps a far-cast and deep-laid "policy"—forwarding the doctrine of consanguinity? At any other

time it would be most trite to refer to our census in refutation that we are "cousins" of the English, or, for that matter, "cousins" of any other European race. We are all races, engaged upon the imposing task of making a new race. Can this be insisted upon too often? The man who is bored instead of inspired by its reiteration has lost the greatest single possession of the mind: the instinct for becoming, the delight in the splendid spectacle of becoming. Pity him! his is already the measure of a new-made grave!

MUCKRAKING, Anglo-mania, the deepening scorn for our past, the careless unconcern for our future, these are all of a piece. Each and all spring from the habit of unlicensed criticism; a criticism that is gnawing at the very heart of America. Criticism which has nothing constructive about it should be muzzled or left to die through lack of patronage. Any divergence from America's first principles effected by the bawl and clamor of the man of the street, by *rapprochement* propaganda, by the poison-pens of muckrakers and Anglo-maniacs, will, sooner or later, bring America to the pathos of Carthage.

The Epic of '76 is still the most valuable spiritual possession of the American nation. It is a fountain of faith common and accessible to all. It has been the greatest single source of consolidation. It should continue to be. If there are those who still hold that America is big enough, free enough, strong enough to permit the winds of all cults and isms to blow across her people, then they know little of the processes by which mind in the mass is formulated or controlled, and still less of our increasing needs of consolidation.

It is time for men who have enough insight to know where things lead, when once established as popular habits, to head off the underhand attempts of Anglo-mania to de-nationalize us. There never was a more unpropitious moment in our history than now to propagate *rapprochement*. Never was there a time when the principles enunciated and fought for by the men of the Revolution were more needed than today. Never was there a time when the magical myth of '76 was more valuable as a scale of measurement for domestic faith and foreign intent than today. Never was there a time when amalgamation through the inspiring influence of our neglected myth was more essential. Because we are surrounded by the astounding phenomenon of mechanism and the prodigious figures of its quantitative production, is no denial that behind and before, beneath and above, within and without, there must ever be working the silent strength of the national myth; assimilating the latest-comers, consolidating the native born, unconsciously and indestructively welding the sons and the sons' sons into one people, free, indivisible and independent.

For this is the missing American Myth.

ANOMALY

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

EVEN as I desire you, you are hateful to my sight.

Your beauty is a loathed thing
That fills me with strange terror and delight!

O, I would fly from your caresses!

Forever to be free of your curved arms—
And the bewildering odor of your tresses!

O, subtle flesh that I cannot forsake!

The longing for your youth is like a thirst,
And in my being burns an ageless ache...

I curse the little mouth and shining hair,

The milk-white throat and hands like hyacinth flowers,
And the soft bosom which is my despair.

Why are you beautiful and bright as fire,
And mine?... I hold your perfect face
And hate you with a fury of desire!

MORE WAR TIME POEMS

By OLIVER AMES.

CRESCIT EUNDO.

THE morning Times today discloses:
 "The Germans use tuberculosis;
 They prick their prisoners on the skin
 And coax the fierce bacilli in."
 As I demurred, my friend averred:
 "For me, I credit every word—
 It jibes so well with all we've heard."
 "Yes, and tomorrow when the Times
 Reports its next of German crimes,
 You'll credit that—it's safe to say—
 Because it jibes with this today."

THE DRINK HABIT.

WE drink our fill of German acts
 In jugs from London, labeled "Facts"—
 "Facts" which, before they leave their port,
 Distillers season, mix, and sort.
 Then to the flavors, pleasant grown,
 Our palates add a tang their own.
 Besides the craving for each *juice*,
 We crave the *feelings* they induce:
 We want to drink, we want to thrill
 With anger, exaltation, will.

ARS POETICA.

TO write the verse that most appeals,
 Feel as the general public feels;
 Take what most stirs the general mind,
 And give it back, condensed, refined;
 That each, as with a strange relief,
 May say, "*That voices my belief.*"
 So far so good, when poet's lore
 Concerns the racial stock and store,
 Our human nature, by and large.
 Hence Shakespeare's universal hold,
 Hence Robert Burns is never old.
 So far so *bad*, when passions charge
 The air from utmost height to marge,
 And poets set to words of power
 The tragic madness of the hour.
 For times there are when poet's speech
 (As first in vision, valor, reach)
 Is not to *voice* mankind—but *teach*.

SOME FRIENDSHIPS.

I FIND it isn't any fun
 To speak free thought about the "Hun."
 One friend, with Calvin in his frown,
 Declared his right "to knock me down";
 One, lighted by his aureole,
 Proclaimed abroad "he'd kill my soul."
 A third erect, with finger tense,
 "You're free—but take the consequence";
 Whilst each became thereby to boot
 The thing they damn, a Prussian brute.

Still others now will pass me by
 With leer on lip and cast in eye,
 As if to show the type they feign—
 The Prussian cynic of their brain;
 But others yet, who know me well,
 Though sorrowing for my "league with Hell,"
 Would meet me as they used to do—
 But cannot conquer something new;
 And these are they who grieve me most—
 At heart most like the good and true
 At Bonn and Goettingen I knew,
 Now battling in the German host.

A CONTRAST.

ON Europe's age-old battle place,
 Kultur and Caveman face to face!
 'Tis well for Freedom, is it not,
 That she can get the Hottentot,
 The Zulu, Sikh, and tusked Black
 To battle for the Union Jack!
 And Braves of dugout and tepee
 To battle for the Fleur-de-lys!
 'Tis well for Thought these wild men brought
 The bludgeons that their grandsires wrought
 By fen and forest, hut and boat,
 To wield against the Schwarz-weiss-rot!
 Ho! Cannibals and dusky Djinn
 Will help to bring the future in!
 In divers tongues, as mad as Hell,
 They shriek to onset, yell on yell.

Whom sends Germania forth to meet?
 What woolly heads? What horny feet?
 Whom sends she forth! Earth ne'er could boast
 Before in arms such goodly host!
 The banker gives his wife the keys;
 Unclasping infants from his knees,
 The keeper of each inn and shop
 Goes forth; the farmer leaves his crop;
 The artist lays his picture down;
 The schoolman strips the cap and gown;
 The poet makes one verse to cheer
 The hearths behind, then too is here.
 Es braust ein Ruf! Die Wacht am Rhein!
 One chorus is their battle-line!
 On Europe's age-old battle place
 Kultur and Caveman face to face.

THE SYMBOL.

WE'VE made the Allies symbol of
 Our deepest faith and hope and love;
 And symbol too of all we feel
 As dearest in our commonweal.
 Hence I who doubt the Allies' cause
 Thus spurn our moral, civic laws!
 Hence am I proven soon or later
 Both moral reprobate and traitor!
 But yet my point is only this:
 That symbol's very much amiss.

IMMIGRATION AND THE INTERNATIONALISM OF THE AMERICAN MIND

By PROF. H. N. MAURER.

THE dominant factor in American politics has been the factor of compositeness. American history is the sum total of the moral reactions of many widely differing groups and sections upon each other and upon American experience. Each of these groups is an essential coefficient of our national existence. Without profound changes in things American, in the reaction of the American political mind upon national as well as international questions, none can be discounted, the German-American as little as the Anglo-American.

It is time to remember that at the bottom of many American reactions is the European experience of the immigrant: the American reaction is often largely the behavior toward American problems of the immigrant, guided by his previous European experience. In this sense the European experience of very ethnic group becomes an American national determinant and the attitude of all of us toward European events is not simply the recrudescence of the Englishman or the German in us, but an American institution, pregnant with things American. To speak of "alien" influence of the other fellow's hyphen, or "dual allegiance," does not betray an honest effort to think internationally. "Dual allegiance," for instance, that is, in the last analysis, supernational loyalties and faith—a sense of responsibilities international—will be a virtue, not a vice in a truly international civilization. The basic civic virtue of the new Weltburger.

In the light of American history he does not even think nationally, who calls essentially American the pro-ally sympathies of the Anglo-American or pro-German pure and simple the pro-German sympathies of the German-American. Whatever internationalism there may be in the future, the international mind has been a paramount factor in the American past.

A glance at German literature and the attitude of mind of the older German immigration shows that the foundation of the old German-American idealism was the belief, the result of his European experience—in a manifest destiny of America. America to be the guarantee of an idealistic world-citizenship, American democracy the trustee of ultimate social and political justice in the world. The letters of Carl Schurz show to what degree America was an asset in his Weltburgertum, and it is worth noticing how Carl Schurz, the American, continued to receive his bearings from Carl Schurz the Weltbuerger: how his American political mind received its motives and directives from his European experience and training.

A glance at American history and the function of the German immigration in it brings out another fact; namely, that its civic virtue, its responsiveness to progressive American impulses stands in direct proportion to its European experience. The stronger the foreign group consciousness, the stronger the European reaction, the more pronounced the "hyphen," the more "desirable" are, on the whole, its American reactions. It is generally true that the European without a political point of view, a passion as an immigrant, becomes at best a materialistic American, and it is yet to be seen just how many patritotic Fourth-of-July "exercises" will be required to make him see in the Stars and Stripes anything else but at best the magic tablecloth of plenty. But the fighter, the man with a creed, he who comes flushed

with the recent exertion for a cause, he steps ashore, looks around, get his "bearings" and "lends a hand."

NOR is the study of the process of assimilation of the immigrant less instructive as to the biology of things American and their relation of things European. First of all, it is worth noticing that the strengthening of American group affiliations, party ties, etc., brings frequently a decreasing rather than an increasing responsiveness to the voice of the American political conscience. Then it is a fact that the naturalized citizen assimilates American experiences first by analogy to his European experience, spells his American problems in terms of European thought. This analogy works subtle changes: Americans judge American institutions and problems by standards American, the naturalized European judges them by standards of European experience. Thus it may be said that under normal conditions the two agree neither on things European nor on things American. At best we can say that the "rights of man" have become an asset of international idealism, that the European immigrant brings his own version of the declaration of independence writ in terms of his European experience, and as long as he is admitted to citizenship at all, he must be expected to present his own assets with an European rate of interest accrued at his own computation for ultimate payment at the counters of American democracy. That we all have in America poured new wine into old bottles, need not be proven; that the dregs of all our European experience have flavored our common American vintage is plain.

What else is, for instance, the tremendous influence of the German-American element upon the history of the sixties if not a manifestation of European forces, a continuation of an European struggle upon American soil? American unionism, American nationalism as far as the German-American was concerned, was a manifestation of German nationalism and liberalism: a continuation of the revolution of 1848. For the German-American the American Civil War was something very different from what Americans thought it to be. It was a liberal revolution and an agrarian revolt. In 1865 the German Union leagues expressed the idea that they had meant to fight the war as against their own ancient enemies; state sovereignty and aristocracy; that the salvage of mere Union fell far short of their program; that reconstruction must mean the establishment of a true labor democracy and an agrarian revolution in the South. But if the planter gained nothing by being compared with the hated Junker in Prussia, the American executive reaped where the administrative bureaucracies of Europe had sown and the popular fury fanned by irresponsible kings in Germany broke over the head of an irresponsible executive in America. Americans had forgotten their George III, but German-Americans remembered their "Kartaetschenprinz," and the American constitutional system came very near being remodeled on the plan of the British cabinet system. That, the Germans at least, demanded as the fruit of victory for their triumphant democracy.

THAT ever since American social as well as political and legal thinking has been affected by European social forces and social thought is obvious, and if the socialistic

thinking of the early Horace Greeley Republicanism is indebted to England and English socialistic thought, the German academic socialists and social reformers have influenced both the Progressive movement and American socialism. American social democracy has valorized the legacy of European social thinking—American political democracy will not escape the influence of the revolution in Europe today.

As in the past, American democracy will be neither essentially English nor essentially German. The essence of American civilization is neither the one nor the other nationalism, but its internationalism. We have always had to deal with international assets and liabilities, and that, in the end, means international integration. That which we all so ardently seek as a panacea for the evils that ail the world: progressive international integration—has been the one greatest single fact in American history. The greatest American nationalizing agency has been our internationalism. Why should it not remain so in the future? Why should not our internationalism be a truer promise of international good will, of international integration and of peace on earth, than this latter-day militant nationalism of the sectional mind and of the jingo, based as it is on international antagonism and distrust. The function of ethnic sectionalism in America has been to breed things American, the function of our internationalism is that of a lever of international integration. What else can the new ideal of democratic control of foreign as well as domestic policies mean than a replacing of bankrupt ancient regime diplomatic principles by a system which will allow social forces, socio-psychic currents, to deepen the channel toward international integration. But, then, it is not enough to dismiss as "alien" the German-American point of view; it must be treated as a *bona fide* American reality, for it becomes a national and an international factor for better or for worse.

The most conspicuous moral force released by the shock of the war within the German-American group is a new German nationalism. The "new nationalism" of Americans finds itself face to face with a new nationalism of Germans, international in the sense that it spans both continents, American because it is the focus of the political and moral consciousness of millions of Americans by right of conquest and adoption. The destinies of the new nationalism of Americans will be determined by its ability to assimilate or obliterate this bequest of the war. But at the very outset the problem is complicated by the fact that the war has created in every American a keener sense of ethnic identity with, or cultural affinity for, some of the nations and political systems involved in the war; we have to deal with a strong consciousness of moral unity among Germans here and there no more or less than with a stronger sense of solidarity of the Anglo-Saxons, the Irish, the Slavs and others. The principle of domination will be difficult to adopt for the new nationalism of America: its line of least resistance will be reconciliation. Indeed, from this point of view, the gravest mistake has been the deliberate or unconscious identification of American political purposes with British imperialism and the assumption that the Anglo-Saxon type is the standard and measure of Americanization. The consciousness of moral unity of the Germans, as of the Irish, or the Slavs, has a new ethical foundation since the war: the German-American is, like every other American, convinced that the millions of his kin in the Fatherland are dying for a noble cause and the blood of the martyrs of the German world calls to them to exert themselves for that same cause against what seems only the same enemy in disguise: if,

indeed, "America first" is to mean their assimilation or subjection by an empire of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

ON the other hand, there is no reason why this new ethical ground of the new nationalism of the Germans should not bear things beneficial to America. All the forces of German idealism and moral awakening cannot be dammed into the mighty channels that turn the mills of German imperialism, nor all the splendid moral forces of a people be capitalized and warbound and quoted at so much below par. The moral side of the German personality has been stirred far beyond its political precipitation: the message of their dead will soon be before all, to live so, think so, that they may not have died in vain. But this voice rings from across the waters in words of every tongue: this is the message for all of us. This can and must be the only common ethical foundation of our new nationalism: a new humanism. This war must usher in for Americans not a new era of Anglo-American or German-American romantic nationalism, but ethnic federalism more than ever.

In this sense it is wasteful, if not dangerous, to discount what there is in America of faith in Germany and its corresponding attitude toward political issues. It is as valuable an American reaction as the faith in the mission of England. Faith must become the basic force of the "new nationalism." Faith and good will toward each other here and abroad. The German-American must repudiate that eleventh commandment reversed, the "Gott-strafe-England" attitude of militant Germans, but Anglo-Saxons cannot encumber this nation with the mortgage of British feuds. Anglo-Americans take for granted that America belongs to the greater empire of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The German-American can only welcome that, it makes for mutual good will and international integration as far as England and America are concerned. But not less so ought the spiritual reality of the world of the German heart and mind be a gladsome fact of progressive international integration. For instance: if the responsibility of a German kinship may be a drawweight to the momentum of a self-centered or rash Americanism here, it might some day prove no less a corrective against the selfishness of the super—and only—German there. At all events, whatever side may have to reckon with this German-American dual allegiance, it will always be for peace and mutual consideration.

In proportion as this our international attitude of mind becomes a coefficient of our domestic and foreign policies, it becomes an asset of national and international integration. Ethnic sectionalism is a fact to start with, not to deny, as an earnest of common purposes. The formula for national integration, national adjustment, must be derived from the consciousness of common needs and aspirations; the formula for international integration, international adjustment, must come from the consciousness of an international solidarity: the essential thing for us is not the interest of Germany, or England, or, indeed, America, but the rights and needs of international society and the consciousness of common destinies. As a constructive American democracy is evolving a higher law of social justice, so it will evolve a higher law of international equity and public right. But if political progress, whether here or abroad, whether national or international, must come from the better instincts of the people, then it will take the better instincts of all of us, not only of some of us, to appeal to the better instincts of all of the others.

EDWIN MARKHAM, POET AND SEER

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

I T was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea—
or, to be more precise, it was in Staten Island in the year 1908 that I first met Edwin Markham. I had just startled my contemporaries by the publication of "Nineveh and Other Poems," and now I was to make the acquaintance of the one American poet whose name had traveled around the globe. I had reached my destination by devious and labyrinthine roads. At last the Markham cottage was in sight. I knocked at the door. A maid-servant appeared. "Is Mr. Markham at home?" I asked. "He expects me. I am George Sylvester Viereck." I pronounced my name slowly, stressing each syllable voluptuously.

The maid was not visibly impressed. Evidently she did not read the literary supplement of the *New York Times*. In all likelihood she had never heard of the *North American Review*. Maybe even Clayton Hamilton's article about me in the *Bookman* had escaped her attention? Perhaps she had never even heard of Clayton Hamilton? While I was musing thus, making mental notes of the amazing ignorance of maid-servants in Staten Island, she had vanished. I waited patiently on the porch, rehearsing in my mind what I would say to the great poet in the epic moment when George Sylvester Viereck met Edwin Markham.

I remembered from my history lessons—I had hardly left college—how the Pope at one time divided the world between the King of Spain and the King of Holland. It was my firm intention to divide the American Parnassus in a similar manner between myself and Edwin Markham. I was ready to acknowledge his supremacy as the greatest American poet of the older generation, if he was willing to recognize me as the prince of the new generation. I have little doubt that the judgment of literary history will confirm my verdict. I am certain that it will confirm the first half. In those days my attitude toward Markham was unconsciously somewhat patronizing. He was the old poet, but I was Prince Charming. Today Edwin Markham is still what he was, a great poet. I have been faithless to poetry—in my fashion. She is to me one of many mistresses. She is the sole mistress of Edwin Markham.

Edwin Markham does not seem older today than when I first laid eyes upon him. But alas, Prince Charming has taken on a little weight, not much, but still enough to reveal that fact. His flesh (perhaps his heart) is a little heavier, and his golden hair is a little lighter where the curls used to be. Edwin Markham has preserved to this day the heart of a child. He is young in enthusiasms. The years do not rest heavily upon him because of the faith that is in him. His personality is so lovable that even his fellow craftsmen have forgiven him his success. The Poetry Society of America will shortly make Edwin Markham its honorary president in order to express in some way the love and reverence that we all feel for him. Now that Riley is dead he is the best beloved of our poets. Even while Riley was living he was the greatest—notwithstanding William Dean Howells, who is disposed to rank Riley first.

THIS introduction may seem unnecessarily long to my readers, but it was no longer than the wait on Mr. Markham's front porch seemed to me. For was it not possible that some of the benighted Staten Islanders should recognize me from my pictures? Would they not be surprised to see that I, George Sylvester Viereck, was compelled to wait ten min-

utes, ten eternities, for admission! In those days I did not know Staten Island. At last the great leonine head with its shock of white hair appeared in the door. Edwin Markham stood before me. He looked over me. He looked through me. Finally he said to me with a somewhat puzzled expression: "Boy, where is Mr. Viereck?" Edwin Markham was surprised when I established my identity. He had thought me considerably older. Judging by my poems, he considered me a hardened sinner at least twice my age. I was in the early twenties, but I looked eighteen. I was pleased with the unconscious tribute. We became friends.

The house was one large library. A pleasant fire burned on the hearth, warm and genial like the heart of Edwin Markham. And there was Mrs. Markham, his muse, his amanuensis, his wife. We talked. Markham is a good listener. He is also a good talker. We talked and talked. We talked the sun out of the sky. Like every true poet, Edwin Markham is also a prophet. He has a social as well as an individual conscience. Like every man who has suffered much, he understands much. Markham's books are not many. His latest, the "Shoes of Happiness," embodies his creed in the following quatrain:

OUTWITTED.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

IN spite of his established reputation Edwin Markham has retained that sympathy with rebellion that is inseparable from sturdy Americanism. His Americanism is not that of the Tory kind. He is not of the type of Choate and Root, wicked old men, who desire to immolate the youth of the country upon the bloody altar of war. He has none of the smug complacency of the New England rhymsters, in whose brains the fogs of London have settled. He could have easily achieved new triumphs if he had chosen to celebrate Anglo-Saxon brotherhood in his verse. His lines, like Kipling's, would have been hummed by the cables across the continent, and every British press agent would have crowned him with a new wreath of laurels. But the Americanism of Edwin Markham is like the Americanism of William Randolph Hearst. His heart goes out not to Great Britain, but her victim, Ireland.

I shall never forget that afternoon in Central Park when a few of us gathered around Edwin Markham to celebrate the memory of Ireland's poet martyrs. Although the newspapers hardly printed a line about it, the meeting of the poets of America in honor of the slain poets of Ireland was a memorable occasion. I can still see Markham, his white curls waving in the wind, and the few poets who were with him on that day. Each read a poem or said a few words for the men who had died that Ireland might live, while the children and the nursemaids stood aghast in a little circle around us. The birds sang in the trees; the policemen watched speechless with amazement. It was not like a Pilgrim's dinner. There were no toasts to the King of England. There was no taint of corruption or treason. But the spirit of America was with us, and the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of freedom. Edwin Markham, let it be understood, is not a pro-German. His sympathy goes out to all men who champion ideals, even if those ideals are mistaken.

Man is the conscript of an endless quest,
A long, divine adventure without rest.
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a bond:
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!

He knows that the one danger to freedom is complacency.
Like Goethe, he feels that he but merits life and liberty who
daily conquers them anew.

Are you sheltered, curled up and content by the world's warm
fire?

Then I say that your soul is in danger!
The sons of the Light, they are down with God in the mire,
God in the manger.

The old-time heroes you honor, whose banners you bear,
The whole world no longer prohibits:
But if you peer into the past you will find them there,
Swinging from gibbets.

So rouse from your perilous ease: to your sword and your
shield:
Your ease is the ease of the cattle.
Hark, hark, where the bugles are calling: out to some field—
Out to some battle!

Markham sings a song not merely for Ireland. He also
eloquently chants of Israel.

Once verily, O mighty Czar, your crown was justified,
When from your place among the thrones your lifted spirit
cried:

"Let there be no more wars on earth, let weary cannons cease."
Well was it, Ruler of the North, that Caesar should say,
"Peace!"

And yet from Russia comes a cry of souls that would be free;
A cry from the windy Baltic runs down to the Euxine Sea.
It is the cry of a people, of a people old in grief,
A people homeless on the earth and shaken as the leaf.

Listen a moment with your heart and you will hear, O Czar,
There in your clear cold spaces under the North Star—
There in your Arctic silences swept clean of base desire,
Where the unseen Watcher reaches up the awful Fan of Fire.
Around you is the vastness and the wondrous hush of snow,
That you may hear their cry in the night and let the cap-
tives go.

Have they not kingly lineage, have they not pedigree?
Are they not wrapt with wonder, like the darkness of the sea?

They come out of the night of years with Asia in their blood,
Out of the mystery of Time that was before the Flood.
They saw imperial Egypt shrink and join the ruined lands;
They saw the sculptured scarlet East sink under the gray
sands;

They saw the star of Hellas rise and glimmer into dream;
They saw the wolf of Rome draw suck beside the yellow
stream,
And go with ravenous eyes ablaze and jaws that would not
spare,
Snarling across the earth, then, toothless, die upon his lair.

And have they not had grief enough, this people shrunk with
chains?

Must there be more Assyrias, must there be other Spains?
They are the tribes of sorrow, and for ages have been fed
On brackish desert-wells of hate and exile's bitter bread.
They sang the elegies that tell the grief of mortal years;
They built the tombs of Pharaohs, mixing the bricks with
tears;

They built the walls of cities with no threshold for their own;
They gave their dirge to Nineveh, to Babylon their moan.

After tears by ruined altars, after toils in alien lands,
After wanderings by strange waters, after lifting of vain hands,
After cords and stripes and burdens, after ages scorched with
fire,
Shall they not find the way of peace, a land of heart's desire?

Shall they not have a place to pray, a place to lay the head?
Shall they not have the wild bird's rest, the fox's frugal bed?
Men's eyes are on you, mighty Czar; the world awaits the
word;
The blood-splashed gates are eager, and the rusted bolt has
stirred!

I AM afraid that Mr. Markham waits in vain, if he waits
for the Czar to stir. The German sword alone will rend
asunder the chains of the Chosen People. Sometimes Mark-
ham is greater as a poet than as a prophet. His poem to
Alfred Noyes is fine as literature, but as prophecy it falls short
of the mark. He would hardly have written an almost
idolatrous poem to Alfred Noyes if he had known that Alfred
Noyes would be the chief propagandist of Great Britain in
the United States, if he had known that Alfred Noyes, unable
to make an impression, except in the columns of the North-
cliffe press, especially after the Irish revolution, would vent
his anger upon the dead by casting an infamous slur upon
Roger Casement.

But Markham is not always in a serious mood. He is too
mellow not to have learned to smile. His eyes twinkle. He
appreciates goodly viands. In the long poem after which the
book is named there is the most dainty description of a dinner
in modern letters. We must go back to the ancients to find
its parallel. The great Mahmoud has lost his appetite. His
doctors despair. A wise man recommends as the only road to
health that the Commander of the Faithful must wear the shoes
of a happy man. Until these shoes are found his court at-
tempts to ease his distemper in many ways. The dancing girls
display their charms—

But never once, so the books aver,
Did a finger move or an eyelid stir
Of the great Mahmoud. Then the cooks began
To bake and boil for the sick Sultan.
Yes, the nineteen cooks in the kitchen skurred,
And each foot flew like a startled bird,
Till the slaves came up in quick relays,
With bowls and platters on silver trays.
There were pastries frail as the melting mist,
Rosette, crescent, and caraway twist;
A jelly that quaked in a golden jar;
Grapes from the valley of Kandahar;
Coffee that smoked in an Osman bowl,
Brew for body and beauty for soul;
Sherbet cooled by the Tartary snows,
And fragrant now as the Kashmir rose;
Almonds sugared, and peaches spiced;
A citron candied, an orange sliced;
Rice from Cyprus, and figs from Fars;
Melons from under the Syrian stars;
A fish from the Nile, a lamb from Thrace;
And—a larded lark that I cannot trace.

If even these morsels failed to tempt the great Mahmoud,
he must have been a very sick Sultan indeed.

MR. MARKHAM himself prizes most the poems "Virgilia"
and "The Crowning Hour." In both poems the breath
of authentic poetry is unmistakable. But their message, which
seems to clear to the poet, somehow eludes me. In that respect
the two poems remind me of certain masterpieces of Swine-
burne, such as "Hertha." There is hardly a line that is not
pure gold. One feels somewhere in those stanzas the heart-
beat of the universe. Yet it is difficult to define them, to
express them in intelligible terms. Presumably if the esoteric
theories of reincarnation which Markham attempts to express
could have been conveyed in prose, he would not have chosen
the vehicle of verse. Perhaps one must have climbed near
to the peak of life and caught a glimpse of the beyond
before one understands "Virgilia." "The Crowning Hour" is

less difficult. In one stanza Markham epitomizes the hopes of all lovers:

For over the world a dim hope hovers,
The hope at the heart of all our songs—
That the banded stars are in league with lovers,
And fight against their wrongs.

And again:

There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,
For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,
And the Holy Will is done.

Markham is not a poet of passion, yet the third poem in the series, "Lion and Lioness," is one of the most powerful love poems in any literature. This poem will live—even longer than the "Man with the Hoe." It was my intention not to allude to the "Man with the Hoe." Mr. Markham is tired of that poem. He carries its reputation like a stone around his neck, but he cannot drop it. It has been translated into every tongue. In the "Man with the Hoe" Markham has given eloquence to the dumb. The laborer, the brother of the ox, has at last found utterance for his age-long wrongs. But

even when his wrongs are righted, "Lion and Lioness" will remain fresh in the dreams of mankind.

One night we were together, you and I,
And had unsown Assyria for a lair,
Before the walls of Babylon rose in air.
Low, languid hills were heaped along the sky,
And white bones marked the wells of alkali,
When suddenly down the lion-path a sound . . .
The wild man-odor . . . then a crouch, a bound,
And the frail Thing fell quivering with a cry!

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light:
The dead man lay there quieted and white:
I roared my triumph over the desert wide,
Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,
I felt your body breathing by my side.

Markham read this poem to me on the occasion of my first visit to him. I can still see his eyes glowing in the twilight. I can see him shake his mighty mane. For the time being he was indeed a lion. I have forgotten many things, sorrows and joys and sins. But I shall never forget that poem. I do not think that the world will forget it.

TOLSTOY'S JOURNAL

THERE is a revival of interest in Tolstoy throughout

Europe, owing to the publication of his *Journal* in Russia several months ago. Only the first volume was brought out, dating from October, 1895, to December, 1899. There are serious lacunæ or gaps in the work, as some of the important manuscripts are withheld by the great man's widow, pending a dispute with the executors of the will. It seems that Countess Tolstoy is opposing the strict fulfillment of her husband's wishes in regard to this literary testament—not a new attitude of hers, by the way.

A writer in the *Mercure de France* describes the *Journal* as a most impassioned work which exhibits in striking relief the noble and puissant figure of Tolstoy. Written without care as to form, the book is made up of the author's meditations or self-communings on a great variety of subjects, but principally upon God, the meaning of life and death, human weakness and imperfections, etc. It might be called the history of a soul—but a soul of peculiar beauty and grandeur.

So far as I know, the first volume of Tolstoy's *Journal* has not yet appeared in English. I, therefore, translate from the *Mercure de France* some of the most striking reflections noted by the French reviewers.

December, 1895:

Often I wish to suffer, to be persecuted. This means that I am indolent, that I do not want to work, but desire that others may work for me, and torment me, while I shall have only to suffer.

January, 1896:

I went to bed and could not sleep. Suddenly this image of life presented itself to me, sharply and clearly: We are all travelers. Before us is a station which we know very well. How can we arrive there otherwise than gaily, joyously or cordially united, without sadness at reaching it ourselves or because others attain it before us, since beyond there, once more, we shall all be reunited. . . .

* * * * *

Death is always a thing new and important. When they

represent death on the stage it does not make a thousandth part of the impression produced by a real death.

* * * * *

What an odd fate!—In adolescence truths begin, the passions, and one thinks: "I will get married and all that will pass." So I did myself, and I had a long period of calm, during eight years. Then came the wish to change my life; the struggle was renewed and the suffering. At length it seemed that I was reaching port, winning to repose. But it was false. The most painful state was only beginning—and the beginning will last even unto death.

* * * * *

This evening, by the light of faith in God, I reflected upon the different phenomena of life, and all seemed so good and happy. I shall await the test and I shall prepare for it. March, 1898:

How good it would be to write an artistic work which should clearly exhibit the diversity of man: now a malefactor, now an angel; now a sage, now a madman; now strong, now feeble.

* * * * *

Popular poetry reflects always, nay, predicts and prepares the popular movement—the Crusades, the Reformation. What can the poetry of our parasite society predict or prepare? Love, debauchery—debauchery, love.

* * * * *

Nothing softens the heart so much as the conscience of one's guilt, and nothing hardens it so much as the conscience of being right.

1899:

The women who demand men's work for themselves and the same liberty as men, also demand, for the most part unconsciously, the liberty of debauchery; for this reason they fall much lower while thinking to rise higher.

* * * * *

There is no future—we ourselves make it.

(Translation by Michael Monahan.)

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

AFTER witnessing "The Morris Dance," my friend, Robert Allerton Parker, remarked with ludicrous intensity, "Give me the commercial drama." I cannot help but agree with the dramatic editor of *Current Opinion*. For Mr. Winthrop Ames' latest offering is uniquely bad and unnecessary. Few plays produced in New York City so completely lack interest and life as Granville Barker's "The Morris Dance." Were it not for the program one could hardly believe that the gifted author of the "Voysey Inheritance" is also the perpetrator of the greatest theatrical outrage of the season 1917. However, it is easy to forgive Mr. Barker. He who has given us much pleasure may occasionally annoy us. But it is not so easy to forgive Mr. Ames. When Mr. Ames built his Little Theatre he announced that his house would henceforth be the abode of the rare, the beautiful, and the superior. His theatre was not for the masses. It was created solely for the entertainment of those who possess culture, money and leisure. To a certain extent Mr. Ames has delivered the goods. He has, it is true, produced several plays which deserve all praise and produced them in a manner which left nothing to be desired. "Prunella" need only be mentioned to remind theatregoers of the debt they owe to Winthrop Ames. But on the whole, Mr. Ames has not, as I see it, made the best of his opportunities. The Washington Square Players, without his resources, have accomplished far more than the director of the Little Theatre. They have produced plays from the German, the French, the Spanish, and have encouraged the American dramatist at the same time. They have produced unusual and beautiful plays. And although the actors are generally inferior to those employed by Mr. Ames, the complete effect of a performance by them is sure to surpass the work of the Little Theatre's imported cast. The mind of Mr. Ames moves in a curious direction. It knows perfectly well what is good and who is it. It knows, for instance, that George Bernard Shaw is a great man, and that Granville Barker has written some very interesting plays. But when it comes to choose it is certain to take a play written by Shaw twenty-five years ago, between acts, or a farce by Barker without humor or merit of any kind. If Mr. Ames were an opera producer, and if he had to produce an opera by Richard Wagner, I would bet anything in the world that he would select "Rienzi" and ignore "Parsifal," "Tristan," and "Siegfried." I agree with Robert Allerton Parker: "Give me the commercial drama."

* * *

Occasionally a successful playwright deserves all the praise lavished upon him (or her). Clare Kummer is that rare person. She is the author of "Good Gracious Annabelle." The production of that comedy was an event in the history of the American stage. Now Clare Kummer has again squarely hit the bull's eye in the center. "The Successful Calamity," her second play, has scored heavily. The Booth Theatre is "turning 'em away."

Clare Kummer has progressed. Her second play is better than her first, and I have no doubt but that her third work will surpass even these two excellent comedies.

"The Successful Calamity" is the first comedy of manners produced and written by an American. Although the word "society" is never spoken throughout the play, "The Successful Calamity" actually contains the atmosphere which characterizes the well-bred and the old-rich. Now the well-bred often use slang and often disregard politeness. In Clare Kummer's play we find a group of human beings who possess good manners and who nevertheless are extremely human and natural.

A rich man, enormously successful, socially and in business, is haunted by the thought that his family look upon him merely as the family provider, as a sort of a cash register. He is never consulted by his children. His wife flits about from this to that. Motor cars are bought, engagements are made, dinners are arranged. All that he has to do is to appear in his destined place.

One night, oppressed by the light disregard of his family, he hits upon a scheme to test their loyalty and love. He will tell them that he is ruined. So he announces the failure of his banking house. To his astonishment they rally around him as one. His wife lavishes unsuspected tenderness upon him. His children offer him their aid and affection. Even the servants refuse to desert him. Of course, many complications ensue. For one thing, the announcement of his failure nets him \$8,000,000. After many amusing episodes everything is straightened out and everybody is happy.

This sketch is merely a thin outline of a play which is destined to have innumerable triumphs and a successful career for years. The commanding features of "The Successful Calamity" are its brilliant dialogue and the authentic delineation of character. Even Clyde Fitch never wrote so naturally and with such ease as Clare Kummer. Her characters live. They are not stage dummies. And there is an individuality about them that makes them memorable.

Clare Kummer has proven that she is not an accident. Being a woman of genius success will only do her good. We greet her at the beginning of a great career.

* * *

A comedy by Molière generally reveals the source from which most of our clever playwrights derive their inspiration. The Coburn Players—who have made a huge success of "The Yellow Jacket"—have now been crowned with new laurels in appreciation of their recent production of Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid."

This delightful farce is as up-to-date as though it had been written today. It is infinitely better than Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma." By changing a few sentences and costumes the play could easily become an excellent satire upon modern medicine. Written several centuries ago, "The Imaginary Invalid" proves how slowly we have advanced, and how far Molière was ahead of his generation.

* * *

In the last number of *THE INTERNATIONAL* it was stated that Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" was first produced in America by Director Rudolph Christians at the Irving Place Theatre. Subsequently I have discovered that my statement was an error. The first performance of "The Wild Duck" in America took place in the German Theatre, Milwaukee. This progressive playhouse has been producing many unusual and radical plays. In the near future the Milwaukee German Theatre will present Dostoevsky's powerful tragedy, "The Idiot."

* * *

I like the Winter Garden because you always get just what you want when you go there. Fortunately no one connected with the Shuberts' has ever thought of discarding the famous alley that leads from the stage to the rear of the house. Across this bridge at each performance the Winter Garden girls stalk and sing. This has become an institution. A Winter Garden Show without the Reinhardt bridge would be like winter without snow. I mention this with such fervor just now because of rumors to the effect that the management is seriously thinking of removing this delightful contrivance. "Woodmen spare that tree."

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THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 4.

APRIL, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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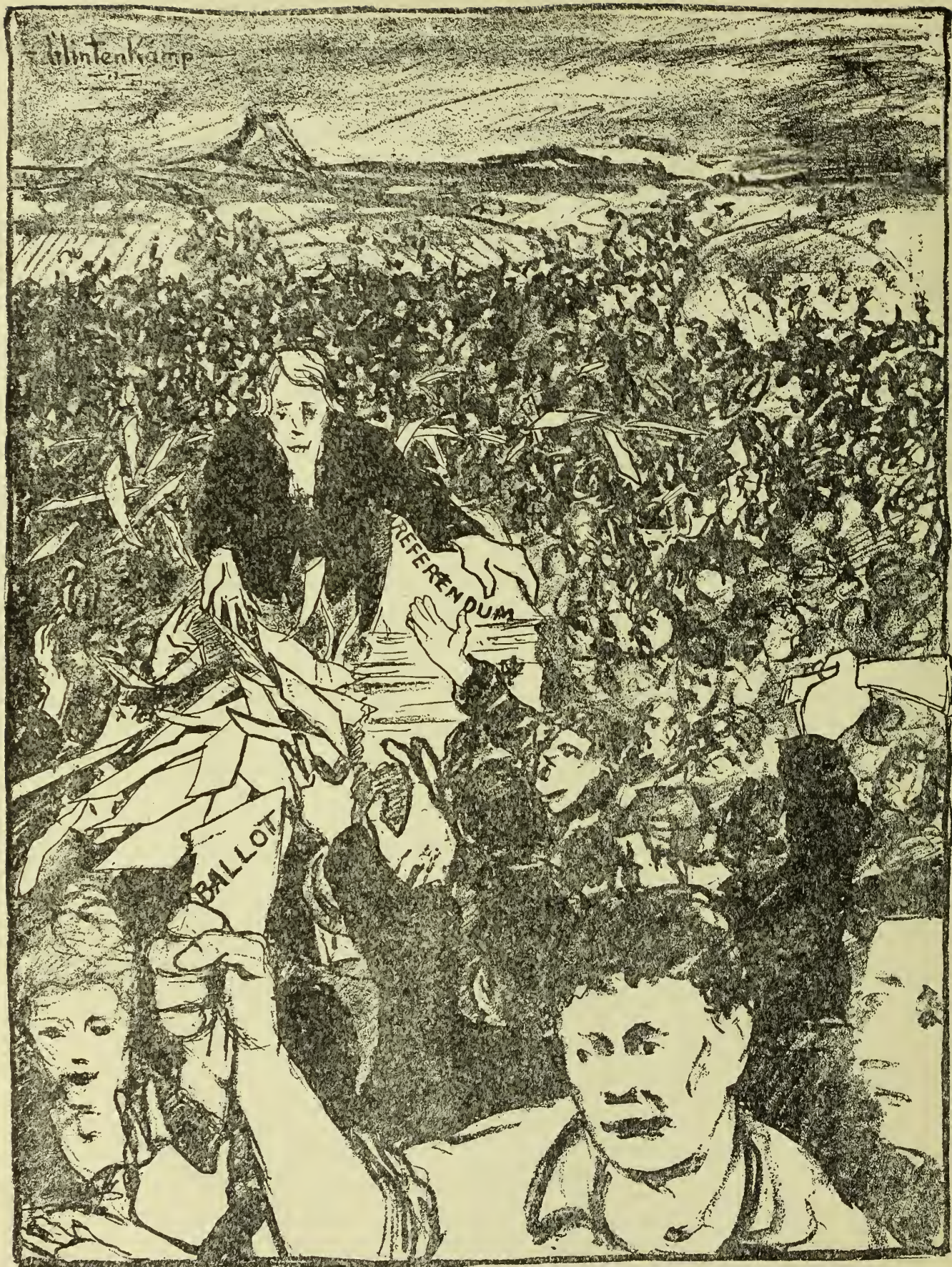
President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, R. O. Veller; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches. Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor. If accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Drawn for the International by G. Lintenkamp.

Uncle Sam: "Let the people decide if they want war—or not."



THE INTERNATIONAL

EDITED BY
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY

VOL. VI. No. 4.

APRIL, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE CRISIS IN OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE time seems to be drawing near when the faithful and patriotic citizen of this republic must be distinguished from the traitor. The world at large must be made to see that we Americans of all parties and of every creed are one. There can be no divisions among us when it is a question of defending our heritage of constitutional freedom. We have not as yet heard that any overt act of a German submarine has justified the President in appealing to Congress for a declaration of war. We anticipate nothing of that kind. If, on the other hand, the action of any naval power brings us into the vortex of war, we must stand united behind the government as patriots. This kind of talk is perhaps a little rhetorical, but there are crises in the destiny of every land when its citizens must consider their attitude with reference to a possibility of war. War is at any rate a possibility. It does not seem probable. The time for discussion has ended. The President has committed the country to a given line of conduct in the event of an overt act by a belligerent. Be the consequences what they may, we are ready for war. We believe the American people are ready, that they will stand loyally behind the government against any European power whatever with which the misfortunes of circumstance drag us into conflict. If we must fight Germany we will do so. If we must fight England, we will do that. If we must remain at peace with all the world, we must.

THE QUARREL OVER PREPAREDNESS.

NATURALLY, an effort is being made to have it appear that the German-Americans are opposed to the policy of preparedness for this country. We have long said in these columns that our lack of preparedness is a disgrace. This country ought to have a navy four times as large as the one we now

have. The army should be strengthened in a way to make it adequate. If we are to have a war with Germany, and we pray that it may be avoided, we think it high time to proceed with the building of battleships, cruisers, submarines and coast defenses. There is no German-American of any intelligence who would not indorse the need of preparation for all eventualities. In spite of this well known fact, there are insinuations in the New York newspapers that German-Americans are secretly opposing the increase in our navy which is so necessary. It is much to be regretted that the pacifists do not comprehend the injury they are doing to their own cause by opposing the appropriations for our navy. These pacifists should not be regarded as in any sense representative of any one but themselves. The moment Congress convenes the question of our defenses ought to be taken up with vigor.

COLLAPSE OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

THE conduct of German international relations by the Wilhelmstrasse has been the subject of much just criticism within recent weeks. The blunder of Zimmermann in sending his proposal to Mexico for an invasion of this country was in the circumstances inexcusable. Herr Zimmermann ought to have known that the mere suggestion would unite Americans of all kinds, the German with the rest. The moment an invasion of this country is attempted by any foe from any quarter, every citizen would spring to its defense. The German-Americans would fight for this country if necessary against Germany. If Herr Zimmermann does not know this by today he is past redemption. He ought to be got rid of in order to make room for a competent successor. But, while we censure the Wilhelmstrasse for its ineptitude, let us not forget that Downing street is running counter to the best sentiment in this country by blocking our commerce,

The President does well in our opinion to arm merchant ships, but why should they not be protected from interference by the British as well as by the Germans? We are not blind to the technicalities of international law. Let the rule of international law be observed, but does it not apply to all belligerents instead of to one only?

THE SIGNING OF PLEDGES
OF LOYALTY.

SOME superfluous agitation has prevailed on the subject of a pledge of loyalty to the President which many have been asked to sign. If any citizen feels that a pledge of loyalty to his country will do any good, by all means let him sign it. Some there are who think their loyalty to their country ought to be taken for granted. So they have refused to sign. Still others feel that the implied coercion in the mode of presentation of the pledge is offensive. This is a matter which can safely be left to the individual judgment. There is no reason why a man should sign any pledge of loyalty at all. We would not even seem to criticize any man with reference to this subject. It has come up owing to a fear in the minds of some Republicans, we believe, that the sheep are getting mixed up with the goats. What does President Wilson himself feel about this matter? We observe that some at least of the men who are conspicuously circulating the pledge were among the number of the President's fiercest opponents at the last election. Let there be freedom of conscience in this matter. It seems to us highly advisable to exact pledges of loyalty to this country and its institutions from certain doubtful patriots in New York who appear to have forgotten that our allegiance is no longer to the British King.

THE NEW MILITARY
SITUATION IN EUROPE.

WHAT strategical conception may underlie the retirements of the Germans in Northern France remains to be seen. The British are exulting loudly over these movements. If then they fail to push their offensive with vigor within the next three weeks, how shall we accept their interpretations of the advance of which they boast? The withdrawal of Germans may prelude their advance into Western France. They may have resolved upon an offensive in Russia. Perhaps there is some blow pending in the Balkans. There is no possibility of a complete German collapse, although the London dailies take stock in the theory. The reader who wishes to get at the ins and outs of these bewildering reports has but to study the war map. If the Germans carry on their retirement until the Belgian coast is given up and if at the same time there is no

onward movement by the forces of France and England, we may rest assured that Haig and Nivelle anticipate a crisis in the direction of Salonika. The fall of Bagdad was a disagreeable surprise to the Germans and there is no need to blink the fact. But the failure of Sarraill to prosecute his offensive threatens the allied strategy in all Europe. No withdrawal in Flanders will compensate the French and English. The whole aim of the allies in the west is to break in to "Mittel Europa," to force now or soon an entrance through the barred gate to the Fatherland. This fact is not appreciated by ourselves owing to the constant talk about the starvation of Germany. If the allies break into Central Europe this spring or this summer we may believe that Germany has been starved out. We need take no stock in the starvation theory otherwise.

THE CRISIS
IN GERMANY.

IN the light of the recent speech of the Imperial Chancellor, it is evident that a great constitutional change is impending in Germany. The government will be liberalized. The rights of the masses of the people are apparently to be based upon a greater responsibility of the executive to the Reichstag. This modification of the attitude of the sovereign power to the will of the people is timely. Nevertheless, the fear that Germany is to succumb in the military sphere as a result of her liberalization in the political sphere is fatuous. The might of the German people in arms cannot be diminished as a result of an extension to Germany of the liberal ideas which prevail in this country. On the contrary, the political crisis may infuse new energy into the German offensive and thus be the means of bringing victory to German arms. Whatever changes are in store for Germany will be brought about in an orderly fashion. There is some talk of a reorganization of the imperial presidency. The German Emperor in his official capacity is a sort of chairman of a committee with powers and duties which possibly are to be modified. The subject is one which the German people can decide without aid from onlookers, however intelligent.

A FORM OF
INTIMIDATION.

FOR the past week there have been vague insinuations that the secret service agents have collected the names of persons who in certain contingencies will be interned. The threat is supposed to be terrible. It is a form of intimidation. Let no one be cowed into any concealment of his political opinions by covert threats of the kind. In fact, we should all speak our minds freely and openly, so

that those who want any one interned may have the fullest evidence. People who permit themselves to be intimidated gain nothing. According to a recent paragraph in the New York World, the secret service agents have the names of editors, public speakers, doctors and professional men who will be interned in short order whenever the Federal authorities give the word. We take no stock whatever in these tales. The number of traitors in this country is small. No American citizen with a particle of sanity can help seeing that if we get into a war with a great European nation it is incumbent upon us to emerge the victor. To aid a foreign foe of this country would be, in an American citizen of any kind of origin, an act of suicide. If we have here any sham Americans who do not want to take the part of our country against a European power when war breaks out, they should have their sanity investigated. They should be dealt with not by the secret service agents, but by the alienists.

AMERICAN SCORN OF
WASHINGTON AND
JEFFERSON.

NOTHING in the history of the past month is so suggestive as the readiness of native Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin to disregard the most solemn behest of George Washington. He warned his countrymen against the folly of concerning ourselves with the affairs of Europe in a partisan sense. Nevertheless, the President is urged by the Anglo-Saxon element to interfere directly with the concerns of the old world. We do not say that this shows any lack of patriotism. We much prefer not to comment upon it at all. Still, the fact is too conspicuous to ignore. Let us, then, merely observe that the Anglomaniacs amongst us seem never to have heard of George Washington. It does not become us to advise any old world power to arm or to disarm, to war or to remain at peace. The truth that Europe has a set of interests separate from ours is ignored so much at present that we ought to sit down and read Washington's farewell address. Teddy the Terrible says we stand committed by treaty to protest against whatever outrage is endured by Belgium. How did we get into that position if George Washington is still an important figure to us? Who made the treaty that binds us to intervene by war in favor of a European state? What concern is it of ours if two European powers cannot arbitrate? That word arbitration is like the word peace in its paralyzing effects upon the judgments of a good many prominent men. There is no magic in a shibboleth and no magic in a catchword. Our interest in this war is the result of the fact that in one or two of its phases it is a world struggle. From that standpoint we have the right to proffer

a hint now and then. Where the war is pre-eminently European and, in that sense, local, we had best mind our own business. Otherwise we shall become involved in Belgian questions, Servian questions, Polish questions and Macedonian questions that cannot possibly be controlled by our notes or protests.

THE DOVE RETURNS TO
THE ARK OF WAR.

PEACE for the next two or three months will be a pious aspiration in Europe. No one in Berlin or in London was under any delusion on the subject. It is in this country alone that hallucinations on the subject of the present great war are cherished. Peace was impossible under the conditions suggested because this is a decisive war, a war for the dominion of the European world. It can end only in the defeat and destruction of the armed forces of one side or the other. Germany has not destroyed the British navy, at least yet. Germany has not destroyed the armies of either France or Great Britain yet. Germany has perhaps made measurable progress in the destruction of Russia as a practical belligerent. If and when Russia has been destroyed as a fighting power, Russia will cease to be in the war really. That fact shows how absurd is the statement of the outer rim of powers that they will not conclude a separate peace. The one that is "knocked out" will from that very circumstance have concluded a separate peace. As long as everyone can get back into the ring, the fight will have another round. In a couple of months we shall certainly hear more peace talk. We can judge of its importance by the number of combatants still capable of getting back. This is the whole mystery of "peace." There is much to regret in the tendency of our idealists to imagine that peace is bestowed upon the world by committees of estimable and distinguished ladies and gentlemen presided over by "has beens."

THE ABDICATION OF THE CZAR.

ANY one with the least historical instinct will see at once that all talk of a republic as an outcome of the events of the past few weeks in Russia is absurd. Even assuming that the estimable professors and journalists and lawyers out of the Duma who have banded themselves together into a provisional ministry or government succeed in controlling the executive power at Petrograd for the time being, a monarch must emerge. His personality need not concern us. He may accept a constitution of the usual liberal type. He may come into power at the head of a military movement. In any event, the

Russian republic is a permanent impossibility. Monarchy alone expresses the genius of the Muscovite masses.

There are various reasons for this. In the first place, Russia is a religious state. It cannot be based upon any merely political aspirations. The Russian state and the Russian form of Christianity are indissolubly linked. In the next place, the sovereignty to which the people bow down must derive a sanction from the orders in the state, bureaucratic, aristocratic and peasant. The working classes are not sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently enlightened to make a democratic republic possible to them. They want bread and meat and shoes before they want anything else. Finally, the army is monarchical to the last officer in the general staff. Russian society could not be organized on a republican basis even if the men who lead the republican movement were not in a sense "outsiders," divorced from the traditional, appealing to new and strange sanctions. The peasant is religious, or if you will, superstitious. He is largely Asiatic, Oriental. A republic in Russia would admit too much that is alien to the civilization that alone makes Russia powerful. A monarch would be necessary if only for the sake of keeping the vast realm from splitting into fragments.

It is overlooked that the Europeanization of Russia, as far as it has proceeded, has been the work of the Romanoffs ever since Peter the Great. With-

out the Romanoffs, the great Russian plain would be given over to Orientalism. It is quite likely that the men in power at Petrograd will see the futility of further experiment with the doctrinaire republicanism of the college professors and find a man to hold the sovereign title while the statesmen wield the sovereign power.

The charges of treason against certain members of the Romanoff dynasty are natural enough. The Czar and the men in his confidence did not know how to deal with the domestic revolt that was growing daily more formidable. It is well known to the informed that for some months past disaffection had been growing well nigh universal. The Czar felt himself powerless to quell it. The Socialist element and the radical professors alone were strong. The traditional bureaucrats seem for some reason to be second-rate men, mediocrities. Feeling that a prolongation of the war made the rule of the Romanoffs practically impossible, the Czar strove for peace. His confidants, and especially the palace clique, sympathized with the idea. This explains the rumors of a separate peace with Germany. There is reason to believe that the men about the Czar strove for this separate peace, but they may have been unable to assure the Germans that a peace with the Czar would be permanent. No German purpose could be subserved by concluding with Nicholas II. a peace that the Duma must repudiate. There was no way out of the blind alley for the Czar except abdication.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

(Tripletelle)

IN Southern climes the mocking bird,
Gray-black and brown, with silver blurred,
Sings, sings, and sings, the whole night long.

And pale magnolia blossoms throng
Where dreaming forest depths are stirred,
With warblings of the mocking bird.

All strains of wood and field are heard
Where star-entranced, the mocking bird
Sings, sings, sings, the whole night long.

ROULADE.

The mocking bird, 'mid shadows blurred,
By passion stirred and silence heard,
Sings clear and strong the whole night long.

ARMAGEDDON AND H. G. WELLS

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

"THERE are," a great English critic remarked to me, "two groups of writers in London. Those who are sexed and those who are sexless. Bernard Shaw belongs to the second group. H. G. Wells belongs to the first." Wells is rather over than under sexed. The sex note pervades his writings. It creeps even into his war books. It makes him human, very human. It lends richness to his style, zest to his conversation, and makes him—temperamental. He is always interesting because he is always a lover.

I first met Wells many years ago at a luncheon given in his honor at the National Arts Club. I believe he made a speech. I do not remember the speech. I believe we shook hands. I remember the handshake. Not because Wells was a celebrity, but because he has magnetism. He is a slightly built man. So am I. Some day he will be stout. So shall I. Our nervous energy may put off the inevitable day of reckoning. We are both Northerners, both Teutons. Teutons of our type are apt to grow stodgy. I am blond. Wells, I think is dark, almost swarthy. I may be entirely mistaken as to that. Such, however, is my recollection of him. As a matter of fact, I can hardly say that I met him the first time. You cannot meet people in crowds. Still he was very real to me even before that meeting. He was a little more real thereafter.

Our next meeting was in the spring of 1914, only a few weeks before Armageddon. I provided three days for my visit to England. In those days I was at Oxford, at Canterbury, at the British Museum and at Madame Tussaud's. I had luncheon with Wells, dinner with Zangwill, supper with Havell Ellis and a long talk with Bernard Shaw. I attended a tea given for me by Elsa Barker, where I met Arthur Symonds and scores of others whose names, alas, have escaped my memory. Besides there was Piccadilly and a fascinating young American friend with the features of Sir Galahad and the disposition of

"Gilbert, the filbert,
The Colonel of the nuts."

These lines are from a musical comedy which I witnessed in London. They have haunted me ever since. I also saw a play by Zangwill, and I had three suits and one overcoat made for me by an English tailor. Then there were charming ties to be bought, and the most enticing of socks. One afternoon I spent with my fascinating friend in Kensington Gardens, visiting the places where Peter Pan strayed at night. Another afternoon I devoted to writing picture postal cards to my friends at home. If it had not been for these diversions I would have met Barrie and Chesterton. In that case I would never have thought of returning to England. I should feel that I had received from her all she could give me.

I reached England on the *Imperator*. I left her on the *Vaterland*. I wonder when, if ever, these ships will carry me again across the sea. It seems hardly credible that the face of civilization should change completely in the course of not three years. . . . On my way back home I passed the English fleet, ready for action, not knowing that its only achievement would be the abortive attempt to starve the women and children of Central Europe. Germany, instead of building submarines day and night, was still negotiating with London!

It was my intention to write a book on England. Or, to be more precise, a book about George Sylvester Viereck visiting England. But the stupendous events of the war have driven most of my English impressions into the most inaccessible

storage cells of the brain. It is with difficulty that I attempt to reconstruct my recollections. I do remember that Wells and I had an excellent luncheon. Wells loves to talk. He is a conversational dynamo. No wonder he didn't make a hit with Roosevelt. No wonder his own estimate of Roosevelt is tinged with bitterness. He was determined to lecture to Roosevelt. Roosevelt was determined to lecture to him. If the two men had met in a club like two human beings the fight would have been fair, the odds more even. But they met at the White House. Roosevelt won. If I had been a few years younger I would have liked Wells less. There was a time when I insisted on talking and talking about myself. But I have learned to listen. Wells has not yet learned this accomplishment. He is aware of his own weakness. Mr. Britling, the hero of his recent war-book, talks Mr. Direck, his young American visitor, almost to death at their first meeting. The meeting between Wells and Viereck was not unlike the meeting between Britling and Direck. But here the likeness ceases. While Mr. Britling is undoubtedly a portrait of H. G. Wells, Mr. Direck in no way resembles me, in spite of the, no doubt accidental resemblance of our names.

The egotism of Mr. Wells is by no means displeasing, because the man is really alive. He really has something to say. He talks against time, but he talks to the point. Wells is a complex personality. There is not merely one Wells, but several varieties of Wellses. There is Wells of the scientific imagination. There is Wells the philosopher. Wells the dreamer. Wells the propagandist. Wells the erotic novelist. His mind is a prism with many faces and facets. He is immensely interested in himself, immensely interested in finding the real Wells. So am I. Wells is self-conscious. He is conscious of many selves. At times he is foremost the dreamer. At other times the scientist is foremost in him. Again at other times he forgets dream and science in the fiery indignation raised by some social wrong. The man's books are as multiple as his personalities. Some are shallow, obviously written merely with an eye to commercial demand. But Wells at his best, like the little girl, is very, very good. In fact he has no peer among contemporary writers. It is possible to write more balanced stories. It is possible to portray certain phases of life with more penetration. It is possible to think more clearly. It is possible to be more eloquent. But it isn't possible to be more human.

LIFE, after all, is not definite. No formula is always workable. We must change our philosophies as we change our working formulæ. Truth is relative. But if we only see its relativity we are lost at sea without a lodestar. We stray through the void without compass. If we desire to achieve we must believe. We must believe in the Truth for the Time Being. We cannot work out the problems of life or of mathematics without a working hypothesis. We need not always employ the same hypothesis. Wells changes his hypotheses in accordance with his moods. He approaches life from a thousand angles. He has not reached its heart. No man has done this, not even Jesus. But at least in the books of Wells we can hear its pulsations. We can find it in some of his early fantastic stories. We can find it in *Tono Bungay*, perhaps the greatest novel of our age. I do not say that it is the greatest, because it is possible that some Russian may have accomplished even more. But I know of no novel in any Western tongue that is so pregnant with life. Even Wells has never surpassed *Tono Bungay*, except possibly in Mr. Britling.

His heroes are never very positive. But they grope for something that is the secret of all our quests. His conception of God is not as patronizing as Thomas Hardy's, but no more cheerful. His philosophy is not unlike Hardy's. In the beginning of the war Hardy wrote a poem that is not unlike Mr. Britling. Hardy expressed in one poem what Wells expressed in a book. He saw humanity underneath us all, the heart that beats in every breast, Saxon and Teuton, friend and foe. But Wells is younger than Hardy. He is far more violent. He writes more readily and more rashly. He is a journalist as well as an artist. Sometimes the artist in him succumbs to the journalist. Hardy is always the artist. Wells writes some things that are execrable. Some of his essays on the war vibrate with malice. But that is perhaps because his mind is so sensitive that it cannot but record its environment. But give him time, and he will analyze his environment. He will analyze himself. He will rise above both. This is what he has done in Mr. Britling. I shall mention Mr. Britling many times. It has greatly impressed me. It is the greatest book on the war. Wells is the only man who has looked upon the war with the eyes of the present and with the eyes of the future. He is both inside and outside the panorama. It is one thing for Hardy in "The Dynasts" to write a drama of the Napoleonic wars. It is infinitely more difficult for any man in the midst of war to detach himself from his environment as Wells has done. It is quite possible that in his next book he may again change the focus. He may write a book that is infinitely smaller. He may write such a book to express a new mood in himself or because he thinks that such a book is needed. In that respect Wells resembles my late friend, Hugo Muensterberg. In fact, there is a curious parallelism in the lives of the two men, a parallelism that, I hope, ended with the death of Muensterberg, for we are not ready to lose Wells.

Muensterberg only a few months before his death called my attention to the fact that he and Wells had written exactly the same number of books. Muensterberg, like Wells, was very prolific. It was difficult even for their admirers to keep up with them. Both men were psychologists. Both men possessed the poetic imagination. The poet is a maker. Every constructive thinker must be a poet. Both reacted very readily to the psychology of the people. Both fell naturally into being the spokesmen of their respective nations. In the beginning of the war they were far apart. Shortly before Muensterberg's death they had reached almost the same conclusion. Their vision of the future was alike. Muensterberg could think of England without hate. Wells can think without hate of Germany.

I know it is dangerous to make this remark, for Wells may change his mind overnight, and write the most bitter, the most scathing, the most pitiless, the most unjust attack on the Germans. But there are whole passages in Mr. Britling that sound exactly like Muensterberg's conversation that night—almost the last time before his sudden end that we were together. In Muensterberg's books on peace and the future there are passages that could be bodily incorporated in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." The two men, both responsive to the loftiest intellectual currents of their peoples, had reached a common ground where their minds could meet. The two philosophers met long before peace negotiations. Peace still seems far apart at this moment. Nevertheless, peace cannot be far off when men like Muensterberg and men like Wells begin to agree. For some reason Muensterberg had not read "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." He just finished the book preceding it. In that preceding book Mr. Wells was still very much the Jingo. In Mr. Britling he is himself. He speaks for intellectual England. In his next book he may

make himself again the advocate of the devil. But that will be merely an episode. No one, not even Wells himself, can obliterate Mr. Britling. I read long passages from that book to Professor Muensterberg one night after dinner. It was a revelation to Muensterberg. It made his kindly heart beat faster. It proved to him that his vision was right, that peace would come before mankind has destroyed itself. "On that day," as he said in his last message to me, "men will look one another in the face with astonishment; the spell will be broken. They simply will not believe that they could misjudge and maltreat their friends so grossly. The subtle power of our mind to forget will become mankind's blessing. As soon as peace is secured, we shall keep the peace not only by the harsh method of enforcing it, but by the hundred times better method of making it natural. And it can become natural because all the scorn of today will fall off like the scab of a healing wound."

THIS might be an excerpt from Mr. Britling's letter to the father of his dead son's tutor, a German boy who died in the trenches; he died for Germany, just as Mr. Britling's son died for England. Muensterberg is more of the schoolmaster than Wells. Consequently he gives merely his conclusions, not his intellectual processes. Wells gives us not merely his conclusions. He traces the steps by which he has reached his conclusions.

The Wells of Mr. Britling is very different from the Wells of the "Thirty Strange Stories." He is more like the Wells of Tono Bungay. When he wrote his short stories he took himself more seriously than his work. Today he takes his work even more seriously than himself. Yet I regret that he refuses to give us more of these stories. He seems to think little of them. He says that they were merely journalistic exercises written to make money. Still they are extraordinary enough to make another man's reputation. If Wells had written nothing but his short stories, he would deserve a niche in the literature of fantastic fiction only a little under Poe, and, from the viewpoint of artistry, a little over Jules Verne. I feel sure that he would have written these stories even if nobody had paid him a penny for them. Probably his commercialism is only a pose. He has written books that are purely commercial. "The Food of the Gods" and other fantastic novels from his too fertile pen are entirely negligible as literature. Mr. Wells is unkind to his short stories. One is apt to underestimate one's dead self, perhaps to hide one's inability to revive it.

Tono Bungay delineates the rise of a man and a patent medicine. It is written in chapters and paragraphs that make it look like a scientific treatise. No scientific treatise has revealed life more deeply. It is needless to say that the characters are neither wholly bad nor wholly good. In fact, Mr. Wells realizes that good and bad are in themselves meaningless terms. His characters are contradictory; that is to say, they are human. I can find no other word for him or for them. I do not care so much for Mr. Polly. I never have been able to read the "New Machiavelli." In "The Passionate Friend," Wells is merely imitating himself. And it is not a very good imitation. Any second rate hack could do better. The best book since "Tono Bungay" is "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." I cannot get away from Mr. Britling. I cannot let my readers get away from him; yet I confess that there are pages in Mr. Britling that are terribly dull. It is difficult to read the first half of the book. There are too many words, too little action. The thought is not always brilliant. But, nevertheless, upon the plain foundation Wells rears a masterpiece.

Once we get deeply into the book there is a crescendo

of interest that culminates in Mr. Britling's letter which can leave no heart unmoved. It makes one gasp and weep. Mr. Britling lives at Matching's Easy. He is a writer of the same accomplishments as Mr. Wells. The character is obviously a self-portrait. His book is the record of his reactions to the war, and the reactions of Matching's Easy. There are love affairs in the book, but they are entirely subordinate in interest. The story of Mr. Britling's soul absorbs the attention. Mr. Britling is very frank. If we understand, Mr. Britling we understand intellectual England. We can forgive things that shocked us. We can understand things that seemed incomprehensible before. In the beginning he did not believe in the war. When it came he believed it would be of short duration. He was almost afraid that it would be too short to write its lessons deeply upon the slate of mankind. He was certain that the Germans would be defeated. The lies of the British censor which deceived America also duped Mr. Britling. But his optimism did not last.

The defeated Germans continued to advance. Through a week of deepening disillusionment the main tide of battle rolled back steadily towards Paris. Lille was lost without a struggle. It was lost with mysterious ease. . . . The next name to startle Mr. Britling as he sat with his newspaper and atlas following these great events was Compiègne. "Here!" Manifestly the British were still in retreat. Then the Germans were in possession of Laon and Rheims and still pressing south. Maubeuge surrounded and cut off for some days, had apparently fallen. . . .

It was on Sunday, September the sixth, that the final capitulation of Mr. Britling's facile optimism occurred.

He stood in the sunshine reading the *Observer* which the gardener's boy had just brought from the May Tree. He had spread it open on a garden table under the blue cedar, and father and son were both reading it, each as much as the other would let him. There was fresh news from France, a story of further German advances, fighting at Senlis—"But that is quite close to Paris!"—and the appearance of German forces at Nogent-sur-Seine. "Sur Seine!" cried Mr. Britling. "But where can that be? South of the Marne? Or below Paris perhaps?"

It was not marked upon the *Observer's* map, and Hugh ran into the house for the atlas.

When he returned Mr. Manning was with his father, and they both looked grave.

Hugh opened the map of Northern France. "Here it is," he said.

Mr. Britling considered the position.

"Manning says they are at Rouen," he told Hugh. "Our base is to be moved round to La Rochelle. . . ."

He paused before the last distasteful conclusion.

"Practically," he admitted, taking his dose, "they have got Paris. It is almost surrounded now."

He sat down to the map. Mr. Manning and Hugh stood regarding him. He made a last effort to imagine some tremendous strategic reversal, some stone from an unexpected sling that should fell this Goliath in the midst of his triumph.

"Russia," he said, without any genuine hope. . . .

And then it was that Mr. Britling accepted the truth.

"One talks," he said, "and then weeks and months later one learns the meaning of the things one has been saying. I was saying a month ago that this is the biggest thing that has happened in history. I said that this was the supreme call upon the will and resources of England. I said there was not a life in all our empire that would not be vitally changed by this war. I said all these things; they came through my mouth; I suppose there was a sort of thought behind them. . . . Only at this moment do I understand what it is that I said. Now—let me say it over as if I had never said it before; this is the biggest thing in history, that we are all called upon to do our utmost to resist this tremendous attack upon the peace and freedom of the world. Well, doing our utmost does not mean standing about in pleasant gardens waiting for the newspaper. . . . It means the abandonment of ease and security. . . ."

"How lazy we English are nowadays! How readily we grasp the comforting delusion that excuses us from exertion. For the last three weeks I have been deliberately believing that a little British army—they say it is scarcely a hundred thou-

sand men—would somehow break this rush of millions. But it has been driven back, as any one not in love with easy dreams might have known it would be driven back—here and then here and then here. It has been fighting night and day. It has made the most splendid fight—and the most ineffectual fight. . . . You see the vast swing of the German flail through Belgium. And meanwhile we have been standing about talking of the use we would make of our victory. . . . "We have been asleep," he said. "This country has been asleep. . . ."

THE war was to come still closer to Mr. Britling.

By night there was a new strangeness about London. The authorities were trying to suppress the more brilliant illumination of the chief thoroughfares, on account of the possibility of an air raid. Shopkeepers were being compelled to pull down their blinds, and many of these precautions were very fussy and unnecessary, and likely to lead to accidents amidst the traffic. But it gave a Rembrandtesque quality to the London scene, turned it into mysterious arrangements of brown shadows and cones and bars of light. At first many people were recalcitrant, and here and there a restaurant or a draper's window still blazed out and broke the gloom. There were also a number of insubordinate automobiles with big headlights. But the police were being unusually firm. . . .

"It will all glitter again in a little time," he told himself.

He heard an old lady who was projecting from an offending automobile at Piccadilly Circus in hot dispute with a police officer. "Zeppelins indeed!" she said. "What nonsense! As if they would dare to come here! Who would let them, I should like to know?"

Probably a friend of Lady Frensham's, he thought. Still—the idea of Zeppelins over London did seem rather ridiculous to Mr. Britling. He would not have liked to have been caught talking of it himself. . . . There never had been Zeppelins over London. They were gas bags.

Mr. Britling was anxious to do his bit, but bureaucracy would have none of him. "To bellow in loud tones, to leave things to Kitchener, and to depart for the theatre or the river or an automobile tour was felt very generally at that time to be the proper conduct for a patriot. There was a very general persuasion that to become a volunteer when one ought to be modestly doing nothing at all, was in some obscure way a form of disloyalty." England was doing business as usual.

But the war came still closer to Mr. Britling. The Belgian refugees began to arrive. The Belgian temperament conflicted with British priggishness, much to Mr. Britling's secret amusement. Mr. Dimple in Clavering Park told his troubles to Mr. Britling.

"Of course," he said, "we have to do our Utmost for Brave Little Belgium. I would be the last to complain of any little inconvenience one may experience in doing that. Still, I must confess I think you and dear Mrs. Britling are fortunate, exceptionally fortunate, in the Belgians you have got. My guests—it's unfortunate—the man is some sort of journalist and quite—oh! much simply Honest Doubt. I'm quite prepared for honest doubt nowadays. You and I have no quarrel over that. But he is aggressive. He makes remarks about miracles, quite derogatory remarks, and not always in French. Sometimes he almost speaks English. And in front of my sister. And he goes out, he says, looking for a Cafe. He never finds a Cafe, but he certainly finds every public house within a radius of miles. And he comes back smelling dreadfully of beer. When I drop a Little Hint, he blames the beer. He says it is not good beer—our good Essex beer! He doesn't understand any of our simple ways. He's sophisticated. The girls about here wear Belgian flags—and air their little bits of French. And he takes it as an encouragement. Only yesterday there was a scene. It seems he tried to kiss the Hickson girl at the inn—Maudie. . . . And his wife; a great big slow woman—in every way she is—Ample; it's dreadful even to seem to criticize, but I do so wish she would not see fit to sit down and nourish her baby in my old bachelor drawing room—often at the most unseasonable times. And—so lavishly. . . ."

Mr. Britling attempted consolations.

"But anyhow," said Mr. Dimple, "I'm better off than poor dear Mrs. Bynne. She secured two milliners. She insisted

upon them. And their clothes were certainly beautifully made—even my poor unworldly eye could tell that. And she thought two milliners would be so useful with a large family like hers. They certainly *said* they were milliners. But it seems—I don't know what we shall do about them. . . . My dear Mr. Britling, those young women are anything but milliners—anything but milliners. . . .”

A faint gleam of amusement was only too perceptible through the good man's horror.

“Sirens, my dear Mr. Britling. Sirens. By profession.” . . .

THE Hymn of Hate reached England. A wave of malignity answered. Mr. Britling likewise responded.

It became manifest that instead of there being a liberal and reluctant Germany at the back of imperialism and Junkerdom, there was apparently one solid and enthusiastic people, to suppose that the Germans were in some distinctive way evil, that they were racially more envious, arrogant, and aggressive than the rest of mankind. Upon that supposition a great number of English people settled. They concluded that the Germans had a peculiar devil of their own—and had to be treated accordingly. That was the second stage in the process of national apprehension, and it was marked by the first beginnings of a spy hunt, by the first denunciation of naturalized aliens, and by some anti-German rioting among the mixed alien population in the East End. Most of the bakers in the East End of London were Germans, and for some months after the war began they went on with their trade unmolested. Now many of these shops were wrecked. . . . It was only in October that the British gave these first signs of a sense that they were fighting not merely political Germany but the Germans.

But the idea of a peculiar malignity in the German quality as a key to the broad issue of the war was even less satisfactory and less permanent in Mr. Britling's mind than his first crude opposition of militarism and a peaceful humanity as embodied respectively in the Central Powers and the Russo-Western alliance. It led logically to the conclusion that the extermination of the German peoples was the only security for the general amiability of the world, a conclusion that appealed but weakly to his essential kindness.

When he thought of the broken faith that had poured those slaughtering hosts into the decent peace of Belgium, that had smashed her cities, burnt her villages and filled the pretty gorges of the Ardennes with blood and smoke and terror, he was flooded with self-righteous indignation, a self-righteous indignation that was indeed entirely Teutonic in its quality, that for a time drowned out his former friendship and every kindly disposition towards Germany, that inspired him with destructive impulses, and obsessed him with a desire to hear of death and more death and yet death in every German town and home. . . .

And still closer the war came to Mr. Britling. Then came the raid on Scarborough, and the killing among other victims of a number of children on their way to school.

This shocked Mr. Britling absurdly, much more than the Belgian crimes had done. They were *English* children. At home! . . . The drowning of a great number of people on a torpedoed ship full of refugees from Flanders filled his mind with pitiful imaginings for days. The Zeppelin raids, with their slow crescendo of blood-stained futility, began before the end of 1914. . . . It was small consolation for Mr. Britling to reflect that English homes and women and children were, after all, undergoing only the same kind of experience that our ships have inflicted scores of times in the past upon innocent people in the villages of Africa and Polynesia. . . .

THE first inspiration of the war faded. Young men still went to die, but the old men and the women at home began to creep back into their easy-going ways.

Old habits of mind and procedure reasserted themselves. The war which had begun so dramatically missed its climax; there was neither heroic swift defeat nor heroic swift victory. There was indecision; the most trying test of all for an undisciplined people. There were great spaces of uneventful fatigue. Before the Battle of Yser had fully developed the

dramatic quality had gone out of the war. It had ceased to be either a tragedy or a triumph; for both sides it became a monstrous strain and wasting. It had become a wearisome thrusting against a pressure of evils. . . .

Under that strain the dignity of England broke, and revealed a malignity less focussed and intense than the German, but perhaps even more distressing. No paternal government had organized the British spirit for patriotic ends; it became now peevish and impatient, like some ill-trained man who is sick, it directed itself no longer against the enemy alone, but fitfully against imagined traitors and shirkers; it wasted its energies in a deepening and spreading net of internal squabbles and accusations.

But ever nearer war crept upon Mr. Britling.

A fussy old relative, Aunt Wilshire, was playing “Patience” in the drawing room of her boarding house. “Five minutes later she was a thing of elemental terror and agony, bleeding wounds and shattered bones, clinging about in darkness amid wreckage. And already the German airmen were buzzing away to sea again. . . .”

For the first time it seemed to Mr. Britling he really saw the immediate horror of war, the dense cruel stupidity of the business, plain and close. It was as if he had never perceived anything of the sort before, as if he had been dealing with stories, pictures, shows and representations that he knew to be shams. But that this dear, absurd old creature, this thing of home, this being of familiar humors and familiar irritations, should be torn to pieces, left in torment like a smashed mouse over which an automobile has passed, brought the whole business to a raw and quivering focus. Not a soul among all those who had been rent and torn and tortured in this agony of millions, but was to any one who understood and had been near to it, in some way lovable, in some way laughable, in some way worthy of respect and care. Poor Aunt Wilshire was but the sample thrust in his face of all this mangled multitude, whose green-white lips had sweated in anguish, whose broken bones had thrust raggedly through red dripping flesh. . . . The detested features of the German Crown Prince jerked into the centre of Mr. Britling's picture. The young man stood in his dapper uniform and grinned under his long nose, carrying himself jauntily, proud of his extreme importance to so many lives. . . .

And for a while Mr. Britling could do nothing but rage.

“Devils they are!” he cried to the stars.

“Devils! Devils! fools rather. Cruel blockheads. Apes with all science in their hands! My God! but *we will teach them a lesson yet!* . . .”

That was the key of his mood for an hour of aimless wandering, wandering that was only checked at last by a sentinel who turned him back towards the town. . . .

He wandered, muttering. He found great comfort in scheming vindictive destruction for countless Germans. He dreamt of swift armored aeroplanes swooping down upon the flying airship, and sending it reeling earthward, the men screaming. He imagined a shattered Zeppelin staggering earthward in the fields behind the Dower House, and how he would himself run out with a spade and smite the Germans down. “Quarter indeed! Kamerad. Take *that*, you foul murderer!”

In the dim light the sentinel saw the retreating figure of Mr. Britling make an extravagant gesture, and wondered what it might mean. Signalling? What ought an intelligent sentry to do? Let fly at him? Arrest him? . . . Take no notice? . . .

Mr. Britling was at that moment killing Count Zeppelin and beating out his brains. Count Zeppelin was killed that night and the German Emperor was assassinated; a score of lesser victims were offered up to the *manes* of Aunt Wilshire; there were memorable cruelties before the wrath and bitterness of Mr. Britling's was appeased. And then suddenly he had had enough of these thoughts; they were thrust aside, they vanished out of his mind.

All the while that Mr. Britling had been indulging in these imaginative slaughterings and spending the tears and hate that had gathered in his heart, his reason had been sitting apart and above the storm, like the sun waiting above thunder, like a wise nurse watching and patient above the wild passions of a child. And all the time his reason had been maintaining silently and firmly, without shouting, without speech, that the men who had made this hour were indeed not devils, were no more devils than Mr. Britling was a devil, but sinful men

of like nature with himself, hard, stupid, caught in the same web of circumstance. "Kill them in your passion if you will," said reason, "but understand. This thing was done neither by devils nor fools, but by a conspiracy of foolish motives, by the weak acquiescences of the clever, by a crime that was no man's crime but the natural necessary outcome of the ineffectiveness, the blind motives and muddleheadedness of all mankind."

So reason maintained her thesis, like a light above the head of Mr. Britling at which he would not look, while he hewed airmen to quivering rags with a spade that he had sharpened, and stifled German princes with their own poison gas, given slowly and as painfully as possible. "And what of the towns our ships have bombarded?" asked reason unheeded. "What of those Tasmanians our people utterly swept away?"

"What of French machine guns in the Atlas?" reason pressed the case. "Of Himalayan villages burning? Of the things we did in China? Especially of the things we did in China."

Mr. Britling gave no heed to that.

And still nearer the war came to Mr. Britling. His darling son Hugh enlists. He is proud, but still he bears a wound in his heart. And in that wound the inefficiency of the government rankles fiercely. Hate gone, romance gone, Mr. Britling is sobered indeed.

What was the good of making believe that up there they were planning some great counterstroke that would end in victory? It was as plain as daylight that they had neither the power of imagination nor the collective intelligence even to conceive of a counterstroke. Any dull mass may resist, but only imagination can strike. We might strike through the air. We might strike across the sea. We might strike hard at Gallipoli instead of dribbling inadequate armies thither as our fathers dribbled men at the Redan. . . . But the old men would sit at their tables, replete and sleepy, and shake their cunning old heads. The press would chatter and make odd ambiguous sounds like a shipload of monkeys in a storm. The political harridans would get the wrong men appointed, would attack every possible leader with scandal and abuse and falsehood. . . .

The spirit and honor and drama had gone out of this war. . . .

It is true that righteousness should triumph over the tyrant and the robber, but have carelessness and incapacity any right to triumph over capacity and foresight? Men were coming now to dark questionings between this intricate choice. And, indeed, was our cause all righteousness?

There surely is the worst doubt of all for a man whose son is facing death.

Were we indeed standing against tyranny for freedom?

There came drifting to Mr. Britling's ears a confusion of voices, voices that told of reaction, of the schemes of employers to best the trade unions, of greedy shippers and greedy house landlords reaping their harvest, of waste and treason in the very households of the Ministry, of religious cant and tolerance at large, of self-advertisement written in letters of blood, of forestalling and jobbery, of irrational and exasperating oppressions in India and Egypt. . . .

MR. BRITLING'S wrath vents itself upon his American friend, Mr. Direck. "Mr. Direck was unfortunate enough to notice a copy of that innocent American publication, *The New Republic*, lying close to two or three numbers of *The Fatherland*, a pro-German periodical which at that time inflicted itself upon English writers with the utmost determination." Reading *The Fatherland* did not make Mr. Britling happy. But I believe that it had its effect in Britling's eventual transformation. He delivers his soul about America in a discourse of accumulating bitterness.

Like many Britons Mr. Britling had that touch of patriotic feeling towards America which takes the form of impatient criticism. No one in Britain ever calls an American a for-eigner. To see faults in Germany or Spain is to tap boundless fountains of charity; but the faults of America rankle in an English mind almost as much as the faults of England. Mr. Britling could explain away the faults of England readily enough; our Hanoverian monarchy, our Established Church

and its deadening effect on education, our imperial obligations and the strain they made upon our supplies of administrative talent were all very serviceable for that purpose. But there in America was the old race, without Crown or Church or international embarrassment, and it was still falling short of splendid. His speech to Mr. Direck had the rancor of a family quarrel. Let me only give a few sentences that were to stick in Mr. Direck's memory:

"You think you are out of it for good and all. So did we think. We were as smug as you are when France went down in '71. . . . Yours is only one further degree of insularity. You think this vacuous aloofness of yours is some sort of moral superiority. So did we, so did we. . . .

"It won't last you ten years if we go down. . . .

"Do you think that our disaster will leave the Atlantic for you? Do you fancy there is any Freedom of the Seas possible beyond such freedom as we maintain, except the freedom to attack you? For forty years the British fleet has guarded all America from European attack. Your Monroe Doctrine skulks behind it now. . . .

"I'm sick of this high thin talk of yours about war. . . . You are a nation of ungenerous onlookers—watching us throttle or be throttled. You gamble on our winning. And we shall win; we shall win. And you will profit. And when we have won a victory only one shade less terrible than defeat, then you think you will come in and tinker with our peace. Bleed us a little more to please your hyphenated patriots. . . ."

He came to his last shaft. "You talk of your New Ideals of Peace. You say that you are too proud to fight. But your business men in New York give the show away. There's a little printed card now in half the offices in New York that tells of the real pacificism of America. They're busy, you know. Trade's real good. And so as not to interrupt it they stick up this card: 'Nix on the war!' Think of it!—Nix on the war! Here is the whole fate of mankind at stake, and America's contribution is a little grumbling when the Germans sank the *Lusitania*, and no end of grumbling when we hold up a ship or two and some fool of a harbor-master makes an overcharge. Otherwise—'Nix on the war!' . . .

"Well, let it be Nix on the war! Don't come here and talk to me! You who were searching registers a year ago to find your Essex kin. Let it be Nix! Explanations! What do I want with explanations? And"—he mocked his guest's accent and his guest's mode of thought—"difficult prop'ositions."

He got up and stood irresolute. He knew he was being preposterously unfair to America, and outrageously uncivil to a trusting guest; he knew he had no business now to end the talk in this violent fashion. But it was an enormous relief. And to mend matters—*No!* He was glad he'd said these things. . . .

He swung a shoulder to Mr. Direck, and walked out of the room. . . .

Mr. Direck heard him cross the hall and slam the door of the little parlor. . . .

Mr. Direck had been stirred deeply by the tragic indignation of this explosion, and the ring of torment in Mr. Britling's voice. He had stood up also, but he did not follow his host.

"It's his boy," said Mr. Direck at last, confidentially to the writing-desk. "How can one argue with him? It's just hell for him. . . ."

AND then war comes to close grips with him. It touches his own flesh and blood. Hugh is killed. Almost simultaneously a message "opened by the censor" reaches him telling him of the death of young Karl Heinrich, his son's tutor, somewhere in Russia. Before he died he had written to his parents and had asked that his fiddle, which he had left in Mr. Britling's care, should be returned to them. And here Mr. Britling, touched by sorrow, not merely by his own bereavement, rises to sublime heights.

Another son had gone—all the world was losing its sons. . . .

He found himself thinking of young Heinrich in the very manner, if with a lesser intensity, in which he thought about his own son, as of hopes senselessly destroyed. His mind took no note of the fact that Heinrich was an enemy, that by the reckoning of a "war of attrition" his death was balance and compensation for the death of Hugh. He went straight

to the root fact that they had been gallant and kindly beings, and that the same thing had killed them both.

By no conceivable mental gymnastics could he think of the two as antagonists. Between them there was no imaginable issue. They had both very much the same scientific disposition; with perhaps more dash and inspiration in the quality of Hugh; more docility and method in the case of Karl. Until war had smashed them one against the other.

He determines to write a letter to young Heinrich's parents. He painfully begins, laboring for expression.

He tried to picture these Heinrich parents. He supposed they were kindly, civilized people. It was manifest the youngster had come to him from a well-ordered and gentle-spirited home. But he imagined them—he could not tell why—as people much older than himself. Perhaps young Heinrich had on some occasion said they were old people—he could not remember. And he had a curious impulse too to write to them in phrases of consolation; as if their loss was more pitiable than his own. He doubted whether they had the consolation of his sanguine temperament, whether they could resort as readily as he could to his faith, whether in Pomerania there was the same consoling possibility of an essay on the Better Government of the World. He did not think this very clearly, but that was what was at the back of his mind. He went on writing.

If you think that these two boys have both perished, not in some noble common cause but one against the other in a struggle of dynasties and boundaries and trade routes and tyrannous ascendancies, then it seems to me that you must feel as I feel that this war is the most tragic and dreadful thing that has ever happened to mankind.

He sat thinking for some minutes after he had written that, and when presently he resumed his writing, a fresh strain of thought was traceable even in his opening sentence.

If you count dead and wounds this is the most dreadful war in history; for you as for me, it has been almost the extremity of personal tragedy. . . . Black sorrow. . . .

But is it the most dreadful war?

I do not think it is. I can write to you and tell you that I do indeed believe that our two sons have died not altogether in vain. Our pain and anguish may not be wasted—may be necessary. Indeed they may be necessary. Here am I bereaved and wretched—and I hope. Never was the fabric of war so black; that I admit. But never was the black fabric of war so threadbare. At a thousand points the light is shining through.

It was clear to him now that he was writing no longer as his limited personal self to those two personal selves grieving. "He was writing not as Mr. Britling, but as an Englishman that was all he could be to them—and he was writing to them as Germans, he could apprehend them as nothing more. He was just England bereaved to Germany bereaved." When men can write like this, can peace be still afar? He realizes that there can be no victory in this war; that, whatever the issue may be, all nations are losers.

He was no longer writing to the particular parents of one particular boy, but to all that mass of suffering, regret, bitterness and fatigue that lay behind the veil of the "front." Slowly, steadily, the manhood of Germany was being wiped out. As he sat there in the stillness he could think that at least two million men of the Central Powers were dead, and an equal number maimed and disabled. Compared with that our British losses, immense and universal as they were by the standard of any previous experience, were still slight; our larger armies had still to suffer, and we had lost irrevocably not very much more than a quarter of a million. But the tragedy gathered against us. We knew enough already to know what must be the reality of the German homes to which those dead men would nevermore return.

If England had still the longer account to pay, the French had paid already nearly to the limits of endurance. They must have lost well over a million of their mankind, and still they bled and bled. Russia, too, in the East had paid far more than man for man in this vast swapping off of lives. In a little while no censorship would hold the voice of the peoples. There would be no more talk of honor and

annexations, hegemonies and trade routes, but only Europe lamenting for her dead.

The Germany to which he wrote would be a nation of widows and children, rather pinched boys and girls, crippled men, old men, deprived men, men who had lost brothers and cousins and friends and ambitions. No triumph now on land or sea could save Germany from becoming that. France, too, would be that, Russia, and lastly Britain, each in their degree. Before the war there had been no Germany to which an Englishman could appeal; Germany had been a threat, a menace, a terrible trampling of armed men. It was as little possible then to think of talking to Germany as it would have been to have stopped the Kaiser in mid career in his hooting car down the Unter den Linden and demand a quiet talk with him. But the Germany that had watched those rushes with a slightly doubting pride had her eyes now full of tears and blood. She had believed, she had obeyed, and no real victory had come. Still she fought on, bleeding, agonizing, wasting her substance and the substance of the whole world, to no conceivable end but exhaustion, so capable she was, so devoted, so proud and utterly foolish. And the mind of Germany, whatever it was before the war, would now be something residual, something left over and sitting beside a reading lamp as he was sitting beside a reading lamp, thinking, sorrowing, counting the cost, looking into the dark future.

And to that he wrote, to that dimly apprehended figure outside a circle of the light like his own circle of light—which was the father of Heinrich, which was great Germany, Germany which lived before and which will yet outlive the flapping of the eagles.

Our boys, he wrote, have died, fighting one against the other. They have been fighting upon an issue so obscure that your German press is still busy discussing what it was. For us it was that Belgium was invaded and France in danger of destruction. Nothing else could have brought the English into the field against you. But why you invaded Belgium and France and whether that might have been averted we do not know to this day. And still this war goes on and still more boys die, and these men who do not fight, these men in the newspaper offices and in the ministries plan campaigns and strokes and counterstrokes that belong to no conceivable plan at all. Except that now for them there is something more terrible than war. And that is the day of reckoning with their own people.

What have we been fighting for? What are we fighting for? Do you know? Does any one know? Why am I spending what is left of my substance and you what is left of yours to keep on this war against each other? What have we to gain from hurting one another still further? Why should we be puppets any longer in the hands of crowned fools and witless diplomats? Even if we were dumb and acquiescent before, does not the blood of our sons now cry out to us that this foolery should cease? We have let these people send our sons to death.

It is you and I who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys.

Massacres of boys! That indeed is the essence of modern war. The killing off of the young. It is the destruction of the human inheritance, it is the spending of all the life and material of the future upon present-day hate and greed. Fools and knaves, politicians, tricksters, and those who trade on the suspicious and thoughtless, generous angers of men, make wars; the indolence and modesty of the mass of men permit them. Are you and I to suffer such things until the whole fabric of our civilization, that has been so slowly and so laboriously built up, is altogether destroyed?

When I sat down to write to you I had meant only to write to you of your son and mine. But I feel that what can be said in particular of our loss, need not be said; it can be understood without saying. What needs to be said and written about is this, that war must be put an end to and that nobody else but you and me and all of us can do it. We have to do that for the love of our sons and our race and all that is human. War is no longer human; the chemist and the metallurgist have changed all that. My boy was shot through the eye; his brain was blown to pieces by some man who never knew what he had done. Think what that means! . . . It is plain to me, surely, it is plain to you and all the world, that war is now a mere putting of the torch to explosives that flare out to universal ruin. There is nothing for one sane man to write to another about in these days but the salvation of mankind from war.

Now I want you to be patient with me and hear me out. There was a time in the earlier part of this war when it

was hard to be patient because there hung over us the dread of losses and disaster. Now we need dread no longer. The dreaded thing has happened. Sitting together as we do in spirit beside the mangled bodies of our dead, surely we can be as patient as the hills.

I want to tell you quite plainly and simply that I think that Germany, which is chief and central in this war, is most to blame for this war. Writing to you as an Englishman to a German and with war still being waged, there must be no mistake between us upon this point. I am persuaded that in the decade that ended with your overthrow of France in 1871, Germany turned her face towards evil, and that her refusal to treat France generously and to make friends with any other great power in the world, is the essential cause of this war. Germany triumphed—and she trampled on the loser. She inflicted intolerable indignities. She set herself to prepare for further aggressions; long before this killing began she was making war upon land and sea, launching warships, building strategic railways, setting up a vast establishment of war material, threatening, straining all the world to keep pace with her threats. . . . At last there was no choice before any European nation but submission to the German will, or war. And it was no will to which righteous men could possibly submit. It came as an illiberal and ungracious will. It was the will of Zabern. It is not as if you had set yourselves to be an imperial people and embrace and unify the world. You did not want to unify the world. You wanted to set the foot of an intensely national Germany, a sentimental and illiberal Germany, a Germany that treasured the portraits of your ridiculous Kaiser and his litter of sons, a Germany wearing uniform, reading black letter, and despising every kultur but her own, upon the neck of a divided and humiliated mankind. It was an intolerable prospect. I had rather the whole world died.

Forgive me for writing "you." You are as little responsible for that Germany as I am for—Sir Edward Grey. But this happened over you; you did not do your utmost to prevent it—even as England has happened, and I have let it happen over me. . . .

"It is so dry; so general," whispered Mr. Britling. "And yet—it is this that has killed our sons."

He sat still for a time, and then went on reading a fresh sheet of his manuscript.

When I bring these charges against Germany I have little disposition to claim any righteousness for Britain. There has been small splendor in the war for either Germany or Britain or Russia; we three have chanced to be the biggest of the combatants, but the glory lies with invincible France. It is France and Belgium and Serbia who shine as the heroic lands. They have fought defensively and beyond all expectation, for dear land and freedom. This war for them has been a war of simple, definite issues, to which they have risen with an entire nobility. Englishman and German alike may well envy them that simplicity. I look to you, as an honest man schooled by the fierce lessons of this war, to meet me in my passionate desire to see France, Belgium and Serbia emerge restored from all this blood and struggle, enlarged to the limits of their nationality, vindicated and secure. Russia I will not write about here; let me go on at once to tell you about my own country; remarking only that between England and Russia there are endless parallelisms. We have similar complexities, kindred difficulties. We have, for instance, an imported dynasty, we have a soul-destroying State Church which cramps and poisons the education of our ruling class, we have a people out of touch with a secretive government, and the same traditional contempt for science. We have our Irelands and Polands. Even our kings bear a curious likeness. . . .

At this point there was a break in the writing, and Mr. Britling made, as it were, a fresh beginning.

Politically the British Empire is a clumsy collection of strange accidents. It is a thing as little to be proud of as the outline of a flint or the shape of a potato. For the mass of English people India and Egypt and all that side of our system mean less than nothing; our trade is something they do not understand, our imperial wealth something they do not share. Britain has been a group of four democracies caught

in the net of a vast yet casual imperialism; the common man here is in a state of political perplexity from the cradle to the grave. None the less there is a great people with a soul and character of its own, a people of unconquerable kindliness and with a peculiar genius, which still struggle towards will and expression. We have been beginning that same great experiment that France and America and Switzerland and China are making, the experiment of democracy. It is the newest form of human association, and we are still but half awake to its needs and necessary conditions. For it is idle to pretend that the little city democracies of ancient times were comparable to the great essays in practical republicanism that mankind is making today. This age of the democratic republics that dawn is a new age. It has not yet lasted for a century, not for a paltry hundred years. . . . All new things are weak things; a rat can kill a man-child with ease; the greater the destiny, the weaker the immediate self-protection may be. And to me it seems that your complete and perfect imperialism, ruled by Germans for Germans, is in its scope and outlook a more antiquated and smaller and less noble thing than these sprawling emergent giant democracies of the West that struggle so confusedly against it. . . .

But that we do struggle confusedly, with pitiful leaders and infinite waste and endless delay; that it is to our disciplines and to the dishonesties and tricks our incompleteness provokes, that the prolongation of this war is to be ascribed, I readily admit. At the outbreak of this war I had hoped to see militarism felled within a year. . . .

From this point onward Mr. Britling's notes became more fragmentary. They had a consecutiveness, but they were discontinuous. His thought had leaps across gaps that his pen had had no time to fill. And he had begun to realize that his letter to the old people in Pomerania was becoming impossible. It had broken away into dissertation.

The later notes are disconnected, and written in a sprawling hand. The last paragraph summarizes Mr. Britling's philosophy distilled out of his own heart's blood.

"Let us make ourselves watchers and guardians of the order of the world. . . ."

"If only for love of our dead. . . ."

"Let us pledge ourselves to service. Let us set ourselves with all our minds and all our hearts to the perfecting and working out of the methods of democracy and the ending forever of the kings and emperors and priestcrafts and the bands of adventurers, the traders and owners and forestallers who have betrayed mankind into this morass of hate and blood—in which our sons are lost—in which we flounder still. . . ."

Here the book ends. Not very definite, not very hopeful, and yet with the only conclusion, the only hope possible to mankind. Already libraries have been written on the war, but nowhere have I found pages more golden. The achievement of Mr. Wells, as I have indicated before, is twofold. He has given us the most intense picture of the war from the inside that we have seen. But he has also risen above and beyond himself, above and beyond the war. In a moment of time he has lived centuries. He has traversed the space of the years like a traveler on his own Time Machine. He has delivered the judgment of posterity and judgment of our own day in one. We need not agree with him in everything. He rises above himself, but he still remains an Englishman. That is not strange. Hardy in "The Dynasts" is distinctly insular. Wells is not informed of all the facts. He does not understand the Belgian invasion. He misjudges the Kaiser. He remains, in some things, the dupe of his environment. The high Court of Mankind may take exception to points in his argument. But the ultimate verdict of history will not be unlike the verdict promulgated by the temperamental and human, very human, and very gifted Englishman, H. G. Wells.

THE SPECIALIST

By ARKADYI AVERCHENKO.

I SHOULD not say that he was untalented, yet this man had so many strange and savage inspirations that he tormented and terrified all that had anything to do with him. Apart from this, he was kindly, and that made the matter all the worse: it made him officious and willing to be of service—which shortened the lives of his neighbors by about one-half.

Before the time when I first had occasion to make use of his services, I had always entertained towards him a feeling of the most sincere respect and good will, for Usatov knew everything, could do anything, and had, towards difficulties that perplexed and confused others, only a feeling of secret contempt and amusement.

Once I said:

"What a nuisance! The barber shop is closed, and I ought to get a shave!"

Usatov cast a glance of wonderment at me.

"Shave yourself."

"Don't know how."

"What! A little thing like that! Shall I shave you?"

"Do you know how?"

"I should say so!"

And Usatov's smile had that in it which made me ashamed of myself.

"All right, go ahead."

I got my razor, my shaving towel, and said:

"Soap and water will come right away."

Usatov shrugged his shoulders.

"The use of soap is an ancient prejudice; the barbers are very much like the high priests of old: they go through a lot of ceremonies they don't believe in themselves. I'll shave you without soap!"

"But that will hurt, will it not?"

Usatov smiled contemptuously.

"Just sit down."

I sat down and said, half-closing my eyes:

"You mustn't hold the blade of the razor, but the handle!"

"All right, that's a minor matter after all. Sit still."

"Ouch!" I gasped.

"That's nothing. Your skin is not yet accustomed to it."

"My dear fellow," I replied with a slight moan, "you lather it first, so that it may get accustomed to it. And what's this thing trickling down my chin?"

"Blood," he said assuagingly. "We'll let this side go until the blood dries; meanwhile we'll get at the other side."

He diligently applied himself to the other side. I moaned.

"Do you always groan that way when you get shaved?" he asked, not without irritation.

"No, but I don't feel my ear."

"Hm—— I did nip it a little bit. But never mind, we'll paste it together again. Look at that! Does your moustache always disappear so quickly?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I barely touched it and it was gone. You know, I think your razor's too sharp!"

"Well, would that do any harm?"

"Yes. The barbers consider sharp razors to be very dangerous."

"In that case," I timidly suggested, "perhaps we could postpone the shave to some other time?"

"Suit yourself. Don't you want a hair cut while we are at it?"

He was trying the razor edge on his nail. I politely but firmly declined.

ONE evening he was visiting us and was just showing my wife an ingenious double stitch which would open up as soon as you tried to touch the cloth.

"My dear," my wife said to me, "I just recalled that you must have the tuner call to tune the piano."

Usatov clapped his hands in delight.

"Why didn't you say that before! Heavens! What's the use of wasting money on a tuner when I——"

"Can you do that, too?" asked my wife, overjoyed.

"No more is needed than a careful effort of the ear——"

"But you haven't any key," I interrupted.

"What's the difference? I can use the sugar-tongs for a tuning fork."

He equipped himself with the sugar-tongs, went up to the piano, and began pounding with his fist on the treble keys.

The instrument squeaked.

"The right side is a little slack—got to be pulled tighter."

He began pulling tighter, but as, by mistake, he was bestowing his efforts on the left side of the piano, I considered it was my duty to call his attention to this fact.

"Oh, did I? That's all right. Then I'll just screw the right side an inch or so further."

He kept poking away at it, beat the piano with his fist, pressed his ear to the sounding board so hard that he nearly squeezed it into his head, and then fooled around with the pedal for a long time for something or other.

After all this fuss, he dried the sweat from his brow and asked, with a busy, efficient manner:

"Say, old man! Do the black ones need winding up, too?"

"What black ones?" I asked, failing to understand him.

"The black keys. If they need it, say so. There aren't many of them,"

I took the sugar tongs from his hand and said, dryly:

"No, never mind."

"Why not? I am always glad to do a little friendly turn of this sort. Don't be afraid to say so."

I declined. It cost me not a little effort to curb his restless zeal.

Yet he doubtless did not consider this day wasted, for he succeeded in screwing down the lamp-burner into the reservoir and thus putting a big lake of kerosene on our velvet table-cover.

A few days ago he came to see us, shouting in busy glee as he crossed the threshold:

"Your bell doesn't ring!"

"Something's wrong with the bell; I'll send for an electrician and have the wiring looked after."

"My dear fellow! Not while I'm around. Why, I'm a born electrician! Who will fix your bells for you if I——"

Tears of inspired joy glistened in his eyes.

"Usatov!" I exclaimed, grimly, "you shaved me, and thereupon I consulted two physicians. You tuned my piano, and I had to call in a tuner, a joiner and a polisher."

"What! You employed a polisher! My dear old fellow! Why didn't you tell me? I'd have——"

He had already taken off his coat, heedless of my objections, and was beginning to roll up his shirt sleeves.

"Run, Glasha, and buy thirty feet of wire. Ivan, go to the electrician's place, at the corner, and purchase a couple of push buttons and bells of double pressure."

As I knew absolutely nothing about the wiring of bells myself, the unfamiliar expression, "bells of double pressure," awoke in me the hope that the field of electricity might be

one in which I could have confidence in my queer friend.

"Possibly," I thought to myself, "this is the thing in which he is a specialist." But when he began putting in the wire, I asked my specialist suspiciously:

"Say! Aren't you going to insulate them?"

"From what?" asked Usatov with indulgent irritation.

"Whaddye mean—'from what?'"

"From what am I not insulating them?"

"From themselves, of course!"

"What do you want to do that for?"

As I had never gone into the specific reasons for this need, I silently permitted him to go on as he liked.

"We already have an opening in the doorway here; through it we must pass the wire, attach this button to it, and then put up the bell in the kitchen. You'll see how soon I'll have it done!"

"And where are you putting your batteries?"

"What batteries?"

"You don't expect the bell to ring without any battery cells!"

"Not if I press the button with all my might?"

He seemed suddenly plunged into thought.

"Throw away your wire!" I said, "and let's have supper."

IT was nevertheless difficult for him to part with the bell.

He had become attached to this simple instrument with all the warmth of his savage, impetuous temperament.

"I shall take it with me," he asserted, "probably it may still be used for something."

Which it really was vouchsafed to him to fulfill.

He attached the bell to the hanging lamp, immediately thereafter tore down said lamp from the ceiling, and immediately thereafter scalded my little boy with red-hot soup.

A few days ago, at a reception, I overheard a conversation between Usatov and a lean and bony old man who looked very ill.

"You say the doctors cannot drive out your inveterate case of rheumatism? I am hardly surprised. Unfortunately, medicine nowadays is synonymous with charlatanry."

"What! You don't mean it!"

"Word of honor! You should have come to me: you'll never find a more thorough specialist on rheumatism."

"Please tell me your remedy, my dear——"

"Oh, I really must say it's the easiest thing in the world to cure! Daily baths in hot water. Say from 150 to 200 degrees. In the morning and evening a teaspoonful of Brunswick tea in broth of beef bones. Or, better still, two doses of cyanide of potassium in four kilograms of water. Before meals, take a walk—say three or four square miles, and injections of naphtha in the evening. I swear to you, in a week you won't recognize yourself."

(Translated from the Russian by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann.)

TEMPERANCE

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

DRINK and Desire are as two lions in the path of life, like those that confronted Christian on his way to the Delectable Mountains. Some men through good fortune, or deficiency of temperament, or mere cowardice, contrive to evade them; but the lot of most manly men is to meet and wrestle with them.

Those who come off whole are the better and stronger for the encounter, and this is the meaning of William Blake when he says: "The road to temperance leads by the House of Excess."

Sobriety, moderation, is impossible to the young man who is getting for the first time his fill of love and drink. Nature herself urges him on to intemperance, even though she shall whip him later for the sin with whips of scorpions. Yes, Drink and Desire are two lions in the way of life, but some of us remember that after we had fought, and fought hard, it was pleasant to call a truce and make our bed with them.

For if you have never got drunk you do not know the virtue of sobriety and have no sound cause to plume yourself upon it. The true test of virtue is to conquer temperance through intemperance—to face the lions, like Paul at Ephesus—to lodge at the House of Excess.

So if you have not been much tempted and favored by women, your boasted continence is of as little account as that of a Trappist. Bring your chastity to the fire!

I GUESS there will always be drink—that old lion!—in spite of the present determined attitude of the parsons of America. They may shoo him away from this place and that and compel him to be wary in his foraging expeditions, but nobody really expects that they will bring his pelt home with them.

Nor yet that of his shy mate. Nature has her own wise

purpose in throwing us to both these lions, and we need not quarrel with her should we survive our trial. Yet I suppose the stoutest hero that ever overcame them doubted not that they took from him some virtue of strength and grace and fortitude, lacking which he could never again be the man he was.

The problem remains, how to side-step the lions of Drink and Desire or get by the House of Excess without stopping or tarrying thereat. I think the parsons will hardly solve it for us by their present crusade against the "cake and ale." Man has an incurable longing for the stuff o' temptation, for all daring hardihood and adventure, for the gay fooleries of two-and-twenty.

From tavern to tavern
Youth saunters along,
With an arm full of girl
And a heart full of song.

Aye, and for those soberer pleasures when the season of careless youth being at an end, the sweets o' the night begin to come in.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

IN short, gentlemen of the cloth, Nature will not be denied. And as I have heretofore written, men of genius, of generous, bold or creative spirit, have always a certain license in this regard. The world has learned more from

their intemperance in drink and love and other things than from the unshaken virtue of a million parsons. Great vices often presuppose great virtues and the converse of this is true also. Nature is never less a moralist than when mixing in her alembic the materials of human greatness.

The artist may be said to claim a special exemption, though always at his peril. But he who would recreate life, making such an image as shall challenge the reality, must live it to the full. Yet better were it even for the genius if he learn betimes that the road to temperance leads by the House of

Excess and tarry not there too long on his journey. Many have so overstayed their time, like Burns and Lamb and Poe; and this is the scandal of genius and the edification of small minds.

THE only man who should greatly regret having lifted the latch at that House is he who remains under a life-long necessity of intemperance. Most of us are the better for having caroused a while there, and then, admonished by the clock, paid our shot and come on our way.

THE COLORS OF THREE JAPANESE TOWNS

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKYO.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY speaking, the city of Tokyo, like the Japanese civilization, which is often unmoral, if not immoral, is a wanton growth, not a true development from the inner force of impulse; its immensity in size, and perhaps in humanity, too, is not the consciousness of sure development, but more or less in the nature of an accidental phenomenon. It appeared like a mushroom without any particular reason; the wonder is that it has stayed and grown bigger and bigger. It fairly well represents the Japanese mind in its incapacity for spiritual concentration; if it has any charm (it has, in fact, many and many charms, often fantastic and always bewildering) it should lie in its ignoring of definite purpose, or its utter lack of purpose. It is almost too free to be called democratic; it has no discrimination. (My friend critic, that unique New York, scorns Tokyo as the human beehive of mobbishness.) Many millions of Japanese, dark in skin, short in stature, live here looking as if the increasing summer clouds had fallen on the ground, now parting and anon gathering again with a sort of mystery of Oriental fatalism; the first and last impression is a weariness not altogether unpleasant, ghostly at the beginning and tantalizingly human afterward. That weariness originates in the confusion, physical and spiritual, to speak symbolically, the strange mess of red, blue, yellow, green, and what not. (Fame be eternal of Utamaro, Hokusai and Hiroshige, those color magicians of art, the true exponents of Japanese life!)

This Tokyo was at the first the town of *samurai* of two swords, of mind more bent on learning how to die than how to live, proper to say, founded by Iyeyasu Tokugawa, the mighty prince of the Tokugawa feudalism, four hundred years ago, whose want of artistic education made it quite natural for him not to see the poetical side of city-building; he allowed every whim and imagination of the people to take their own free course. This neglect, more fortunate than otherwise, produced a great variety in color and humanity that system and wisdom never could create, that were at once paradoxical, but highly interesting. It is forever the man's city, if we can call Kyoto the city of women for the sake of comparison; in consequence, it is apt to be naked, *bizarre* and often arrogant, but there is no other city like Tokyo, which is honest and simple. As a piece of art the city is sadly unfinished; in its unfinishedness we feel a charm, as I said before, the charm of weariness that rather breaks, in spite of itself, an artistic unity. Consciousness of perfection is unknown to the city; while it is quick and bright on the one hand, it is, on the other, verily lazy and uncivilized, like the Japanese temperament itself. I can count, on the spot, many a street which raises an apologetic look, as if they did not approve their own existence even themselves; it is quite natural, I say, as it is the city as a whole, without a definite purpose.

I THINK that "New Japan" (what a skeptic, shallow sound it has!) has little to do with the real Japan of human beauty, because it was created largely by the advertisement, for which we paid the most exorbitant price to get the mere name of that; in short, we bought it with ready cash. Therefore it is no wonder that it is so perfectly strange to many of us. I hear a whisper too often at some street corner: "Is it really our Japan?" I know that old true Japan, every inch of it, was the very handiwork of the people in general, while "New Japan," "the rising country of first class in the world," as it was proudly written by a newspaper man, as I can imagine, who wears a single eyeglass straight from London, was created by a few hundred men, we might say, the Westerners born in Japan, whose hopeless ignorance of the old civilization of their old country, strange to say, helped them to fill the highest place in the public estimate. They were almost reckless to bring everything from abroad, good or bad; we did not mind trying it under one condition, that we might change it for another if it was not fitting. We discovered profitably Shakespeare and even Ibsen lately; and it seems to me that a copy, doubtless, of the American edition of "How to Build a City" fell one day in the hands of the Mayor of Tokyo, who proclaimed in the voice of a prophet that the city should be rebuilt in the very fashion nobody, at least in the Orient, ever dreamed. Figuratively speaking, we were changing our *kimono* of old brocade, precious with tradition, for a plain sack-coat, perhaps made in Chicago. The municipality has been for the last two or three years spending an enormous amount of money for the sudden enlarging of the streets and the hasty building of houses of brick or stone, of white or red; but I wonder why our Japanese city should be one and the same with that of the West. And again I wonder if it was her weakness or strength that she accepted the foreign things so easily. It makes me reflect what right she has, however, to object to the foreign invasion, as she had no definite purpose as a city originally. And is it the only way to put the Western morality in the old heart of the city? Can she ever become really civilized?

KYOTO.

THE noisy time has slipped away even gracefully at Kyoto. (I see that it—the barbarian of modern type—has still a certain amount of etiquette in Japan.) Content is so natural that even becoming here (at other places it is almost outlandish and at the same time the most expensive thing to acquire), when one passes through the dustless streets of Kyoto, where the little houses with moss-eaten dark tiles humbly beg for their temporary existence on promise not to disturb the natural harmony with the green mountains and the temples that the holy spirits built. How different from the foreign houses, red or white, seeming even to push away the old-fashioned Nature with vain splendor of scorn. The

Kyoto people, the moth-spirits or butterfly-ghosts, are born for pleasure-making, and to sip the tea. I say pleasure-making, but not in the modern meaning; the modern pleasure-making is rather a forced production of criticism, therefore often oppressive and always explanatory in attitude. I say they sip the tea; I do not mean the black tea or the red tea which the Western people drink, calling it Oriental tea; but I mean that pale green tea, so mild that it does not kill the taste of boiled water. It is the high art of the tea-master to make you really taste the water beside the taste of the tea; he is very particular about the water when he is going to make the tea; I am told that his keen tongue at once differentiates the waters from a well or a stream, and he can distinguish even the season from the taste of the water, whether it be spring or autumn. He always laughs at the attempt to make tea with the ready water from a screw in the kitchen, which most unpoetically comes through the tube from a certain reservoir. We do not call you a real tea-drinker when you think you only drink the tea; you must really taste the fragrance and spirits of tender leaves of a living tea-tree, which grew by accident and fortune under a particular sunlight and rain. And, of course, more than that, you must learn how to sip the tea philosophically; I mean that you must taste, through the medium of a teacup, the general atmosphere, grey and silent. And there is no better place than Kyoto, the capital of the mediæval, to drink tea as a real tea-sipper.

A FEW days ago I enjoyed a little play (comedy, but poetry), "Sakura Shigure," or "The Cherry-blossom Shower," by my friend Kokho Takayasu—the play is the love between Yoshino and Saburobei. Yoshino was a courtesan of four or five hundred years ago—of course, not in the modern sense, but a type which the Tosa school artists were happy to paint, the most famous beauty of that age, whose name was known even to China, although it was the age of isolation. It is said that Li Shozan, the Chinese poet, sent her a poem written on his meeting with her in a dream. It is written in Okagami: "Her temperament was sprightly; she was wise. Her charming spirit was impressive; she was at once free in disposition, and again sympathetic in feeling." Yoshino was a rare personality; and it was the age when dignity and freedom were well protected even for a courtesan; in truth, she was in no way different from the maiden at a palace of the Heian period. Yoshino was a character which only the Kyoto atmosphere and culture could create, and I congratulate the dramatist Takayasu, whose perfect assimilation with Kyoto made him able to produce this play. The play opens with the scene where Yoshino is leaving the house of pleasure with her lover, Saburobei, who has been disinherited by his wealthy family on her account, only to find the real meaning of life and love. The story is interesting; but I am not going to tell it, as it is not the very point for my purpose.

The second scene is a cottage, wretched but artistic, as are the inmates Yoshino and her husband. I see in the background the mountains of Higashi Yama, Kiyomizo, and Toribe, to whose protection Kyoto, whom I love, clings with almost human passion. The house is wretched, but the presence of Yoshino—now housewifely, but having an unforgotten glimmer of gaiety of her past life, makes the whole atmosphere perfectly tantalizing. The season is autumn (Kyoto's autumn sweet and sad); the leaves fall. And again, as the season is autumn, we have at Kyoto a frequent shower, as we see it on the stage presently; and that shower, light but very lonesome, is necessary, as it made Shoyu, father of Saburobei, of course a stranger, find his shelter under Yoshino's roof. Yoshino welcomed him in, and offered him a cup

of tea. He was taken to admiration while he looked on her way to make tea, as he was no mean tea-master. He became on the spot an unconditional admirer of his forgotten son's wife, whom he had cursed and despised without any acquaintance.

I HAVE said already that you should come to Kyoto to drink tea; I say again that even at Kyoto you must drink it while listening to the voice of rain; better than that, of the autumnal shower, sad but musical, which is spiritual, therefore Oriental. It is the keynote of the tea, of the old capital of Japan, and again my friend's play. What happens next when Shoyu finds in Yoshino a tea-drinker, and an admirable woman, too, would be, I believe, the next question you will ask me. It is prosaic to answer it, and it will end as any other comedy always ends. And it would be better to make it end as you please; that is not the real point. The main thing is the tea and the autumnal shower, the soul of poetry that is Kyoto.

You are bound to be sad sooner or later in Tokyo or any other city of modern type, where you will find yourself as a straying ghost in a human desert; there the dream would die at once as a morning glory under the sunlight. While I admit that the weariness is, in fact, the highest poetry of the Eastern nature, I will say that Tokyo's weariness is a kind that has lost beauty and art; and the weariness at Kyoto is a kind that has soared out of them. That is the difference; but it is a great difference. As there is the poetry of weariness at Kyoto—the highest sort of Oriental poetry—it is your responsive mind that makes you at once join with great eternity and space; it is most easy there to forget time and hours. It seems to me that nothing is more out of place at Kyoto than a newspaper. When you would know the time of day or night you have only to wait for a temple bell to ring out; you would be more happy not to be stung by the tick-tack of clock Sanyo Rai, the eminent scholar of some sixty years ago, wrote an invitation to his friend saying that he would expect him to come "at the time when the mountain grows purple and the water clear." Indeed, it is the very hour of autumn evening at Kyoto where Nature presents the varied aspect by which you can judge the exact time. By the mountain, Rai means Higashi Yama; by the water, of course, Kamo Gawa. It is the happy old city, this Kyoto, whose poetical heart exchanges beauty and faith with Nature. It is only here, even in Japan, that Nature is almost human, like you and me.

DAIBUTSU.

THE valley, a snug basin forgotten by consciousness, was filled with the autumnal sunlight of gold, which shone up to the tremendous face of Daibutsu (famous holiness at Kamakura) who, like thought touched by emotion, appeared as if vibrating; Nature there was in the last stage of all evolution, having her energy and strength vaporized into repose. The trees, flowers and grasses in the sacred ground calmed down, to speak somewhat hyperbolically, into the state of Nirvana. The thought that I was a sea-tossed boat with all oars broken, formed itself then in my mind; it was natural I felt at once that it was the only place, at least in Japan, where my sea-wounded heart would soon be healed by the virtue of my own prayer, and by the air mist-purple, filling the valley most voluptuously. I cannot forget my impression when I heard there the evening bell ring out and the voice of sutra-reading from the temple, and how I lost my human heart and pride, becoming a faint soul, a streak of scent or a wisp of sigh; I was a song itself which grew out from my confession. Such was my first impression on finding myself in Daibutsu's ground, the haven of peace and heavenly love all

by itself, soon after I returned home from my long foreign sojourn, that is many years ago now; but it seems it was only yesterday that I, like a thousand waves hurrying towards the Yuigahama shore of Kamakura, hurried to Daibutsu with my own soul of wave-like song of prayer; can our human souls ever be more than the wave of the sea?

It was the next summer that I had many, many more occasions to lay my body and soul under the blessings of Daibutsu's valley (Oh, what a scent that is the Lord Buddha's!) as I had many weeks to spend there at Kamakura; summer, the months of my love, with the burning ecstasy that would soon be intensified into the grayness of Oriental desolation. I like the summer heat, you understand, not from the fact of heat itself, but from the reason we have to thank its presence for the sweetening of the shadows of trees, where I will build, while looking at the delicious white feet of passing breeze, my own kingdom with sighing, to speak plainly, dream old Kamakura of the Middle Age, that is, of art and religious faith. Today, it is in truth a common sort of country town of modern Japan, of stereotyped pattern with others; if there is a difference, it is only in its appearing less individual and far sadder because it has had such a great history, when we observe that its general ambition now points toward commercialism; but it is during those summer weeks only that we can fairly well connect it with the old art and prayer, let me say, with the true existence of Daibutsu the Wonder, as we see then with our living eyes the thousand pilgrims in white cotton, bamboo mushroom hats on head and holy staff in hand, and sacred little bells around their waists (what desolate voices of bells!) swarming here mainly to kneel before Daibutsu from every corner of the country where all winds come from; I was glad to see the whole town religiously changed at once.

HOW often I found myself with those pilgrims muttering the holy words in Daibutsu's valley where nature, not like that of the former October of rest, was in all its spiritual asceticism with repentance and belief; the gigantic divinity in bronze, of folded hands and inclined head in heavenly meditation, over whom time and change (summer heat, of course) have no power to stir its silence, is self-denial itself. Oh, let my heart burn in storm and confession like the hearts of a thousand cicadas whose songs almost shake the valley and trees; we might get the spiritual ascendancy out of physical exhaustion; it makes at least one step nearer our salvation. The autumnal rest or silence can only be gained after having all the summer heart-cry; isn't Daibutsu's self-denial the heart-cry strengthened into silence?

THERE is in this statue a great subtlety, speaking of it as a creation of art, which might result, let me define it arbitrarily, from a good balance of the masses of idealism

and what we generally understand as realism; as the latter is indeed so slight, even our modern imagination, whose rush always proves to be disturbing, has enough room here to play to its content. The proof that the said idealism and realism melt into one another in such a perfection is clearly seen in its external monotony, or, let me say, in its utter sacrifice of gross effect, while it, on the other hand, has gained the inward richness most magically. To call it an accident is not quite satisfactory, although I do not know how far it is explained by saying that it is the realization of magic or power of prayer which our ancestors placed in bronze; there is no denying, I think, that it is the work of prayer to a great measure. Tradition says:

It was Itano no Tsubone, one of the waiting ladies to Shogun Yoritomo, who undertook, when he passed away with the unfulfilled desire to have an object of worship at Kamakura, his own capital, similar to the Daibutsu at Nara, to collect a general contribution and fund, with the assistance of the priest Joko; the first image, which was of wood, was finished in 1238, or the first year of Rekinin. She was again called to action, when in the autumn of the 2d year of Hoji (1248) the image, also the chapel, was overthrown by a storm, this time assisted by the Shogun Prince Munetaka, she successfully restored the image in bronze. The artist who executed it was Goyemon Ono of Yanamura of Kadzusa province.

Putting aside the question who were Ono and Itano no Tsubone, the significant point is that it was created by a thousand people whose religious longing and hope were fulfilled in this Daibutsu. It is not our imagination alone to think that the statue always lives as it is the real force of prayer; when we see it we build the most musical relations one with another at once, because we forget ourselves in one soul and body.

I believe that it might not have been so great an art as it is if it had been made in our day, mainly because it would express too delicate details; and the temple light from the opening of the doors, when it used to stand within, must have often played with it unjustly. But it became a great art when the storm and tidal waves destroyed the temple and washed the statue in 1355 and again in 1526, and left it without cover ever since, with the rustling trees behind, the light and winds crawling up and down, against whose undecidedness its eternal silence would be doubly forcible. Is it not that our human souls often grow beautiful under the baptism of misfortune and grief? So Nature, once unkind to the statue, proves to be a blessing today; it looms with far greater divinity out of the rain, wind, lights of sun and moon, whose subtle contribution it fully acknowledges. Where are the foolish people who wish to build the temple again to put the image in?

THE WANDERER

By JEANNETTE MARKS.

HEAR the illimitable wind
Rush from the desolate sea of space
Into the valley's folded gloom,
And smite the branches gibbeted
On frosty trees, and lash the woods
To moans of age-old agony!

Hark! how it leaps upon the roofs
Of cottages, to drop whimpering

Like some old dog before the door;
Or pipes through chink and sill, a witless thing.

It is the only houseless one,
A pensioner of sea and cloud,
An outcast in a universe
Of night and day, of life and death,
An alien frenzied wanderer—
Homeless, illimitable wind!

SPAIN AND HER RULERS—HER ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY

(A well-known German journalist, who, after a lifetime spent in England, has become a refugee in this country, sent us the following article, based on the diary of a friend, who lived in Spain and knows her language like his own. This friend had considerable opportunity to study the people during the war, and through his connections stood in near relation to many important personages near and around King Alfonso of Spain. This article is direct evidence against the assertions contained in an article entitled "Will Spain Be Forced Into the War?" recently published in the New York Times.)

AT the outset of the war the present Minister-President Count Romanones, standing behind the then Minister-President Dato, tried to test the feelings of the people by publishing an article in his party journal, *La Correspondencia de Espana*, in which he wrote strongly against Germany, demanding war with that country. Its only result was that the same evening the windows of his house were shot at and shattered with stones, so that Romanones in his deadly fear excused himself by declaring that he had never written this article himself, and ascribed it to the former Paris Ambassador, Senor Perez Caballero. This gentleman now knowing the real feelings of the people which would not have stopped even at lynching him, granted that he had written the article in effect, but that the inspiration came from Romanones. Being a veritable "Hidalgo," he preferred to lose his future career rather than to go on lying. Our Spanish friend had several interviews with the ex-Minister, Don Juan de la Cierva, a statesman without whose "conseil" the present king would not undertake a single important step, which he would also consider with Maura, Dato and others.

Maura's policy has always been a blessing to Spain, although his near relation to the church is often considered unfavorable for the well-being of the nation. Maura was a man under whose reign short shrift was made of the bomb-throwers, although it was really La Cierva, who, as Minister of Police, was responsible for peace and order. He it was who stopped the bloody week in Barcelona, who closed the wine-shops and restaurants at midnight and who voted for the shooting of the anarchist Ferrer, who was considered in government circles a traitor to Spain. Cierva would not allow a monument to be erected for Ferrer across the Palace of Justice, which was demanded by the revolutionary party; the man who did not acknowledge the rights of matrimony, nor of private possession, and who did not believe in the rights and demands of the family and was against the church. La Cierva is distinctly a friend of Germany and the Germans. He is one of the few members of the Spanish Congress who has ideas of his own and dares to maintain them. He is the man who did away with Spanish official graft and brigandage, and who will create before all a strong and sane, virile Spain. Our friend has found out all this, although La Cierva never shows his hand in public. Seldom has an interviewer been favored as much as our friend, who had lately an interview lasting more than an hour with Senor de la Cierva, in which the great man spoke a good deal about Germany, her policy and her efficient institutions. Even now his sons write to our friend on official paper expressing their delight in the German victories.

AND then Don Antonio Maura! Until recently he declared, when he was wrongly accused of being an enemy of Germany, that he was neither an enemy of the Central Powers nor of the Allies. But that he was a neutral Spaniard. Maura intends to introduce into Spain local laws and institutions, workmen's insurance and compensations based on German standards, which for years have been proved to be efficient. Maura harmonizes with La Cierva: he is a devout Catholic, and the church of Spain itself is distinctly friendly

toward Germany. In fact, the official journal of the church in Spain, *El Correo Espanol*, is the most pro-German paper. Although before the war without any real importance, it is now read everywhere because it is considered the only paper which prints the truth. Of course there are other newspapers like *La Tribuna*, *El Debate* and *ABC*. The former is the organ of the conservative party whose head is Don Antonio Maura. The young conservatives call themselves "Maura party," and their news organ is friendly to Germany. Since the war *La Tribuna* and *El Correo Espanol* have grown considerably in importance, whereas newspapers of the so-called French Trust, like *El Herald*, *El Imparcial* and *La Correspondencia de Espana*, have lost 50 per cent. of their readers. This is to be ascribed to the attacks of the political *Punch* of Spain, *El Mentidero*, which showed up certain newspapers as having received large sums of money from the French government as a subsidy.

Now to King Alfonso! Although a Bourbon, the Spanish King hates the French. He can never forget his previous reception in Paris, where he would not like to stay a second time. It may be interesting to state here that when the French President, Poincaré, repaid the King's visit in Madrid, claqueurs had to be hired to greet and acclaim him, as the Spanish multitude only groaned and hissed.

KING ALFONSO'S mother belongs to the Austrian Hapsburgs, and always speaks German with her son, a language which he is supposed to speak better than the Spanish of his own country. La Reine Doña Victoria is English, but being a Battenberg she is considered a German. Her uncle, the English Admiral, Prince Louis of Battenberg, according to the Spanish version, having resigned his official post at the beginning of the war, true to his German origin, is liked and acclaimed by the Spanish nation, whereas the young Prince of Battenberg, the brother of the Queen, who died on the battlefield against Germany, was hardly ever considered and no official mourning was ordered.

Last July 3 our friend joined an auto party to the royal Castle, La Granja, along with Canovas Cervantes, the chief of the conservative newspaper, *La Tribuna*, which is friendly to Germany. The King was present. Along with the secretary of the Minister-President, Marques de Valdeiglesias, they were invited to join the King at a game of polo, where they could judge from the conversation that the then Minister-President, Senor Dato, who is now one of the most important personages on the Spanish political horizon, was an absolute friend of Germany. There they also met the master of ceremonies of La Granja, who told them that although the King receives every day the whole collection of cuttings from all the papers of importance, he especially studies by his own wish and desire *La Tribuna* and its war news. Our friend has been told by a personage very near the King, whose name we are not allowed to publish, that the King at the commencement of the war had a table fixed up in the card room of his Madrid palace with the map of France, on which the King himself moved the flags according to the latest war news received. When he found one morning that the German army had arrived before Paris, he took the German flag and stuck it into the heart of Paris. No one since has dared to

remove this flag, as the King's own fingers had placed it there, And although the Germans have never reached this point, it pleases His Royal Majesty to let it remain there. Often enough thus the king shows his unfriendliness toward France, although he cannot do this officially.

Although English sources and official news tried very hard to suppress with all the means at their disposal the news of the reception of a German U boat in Cartagena, its presence was a great delight and a festival to the Spaniards. The Spanish navy showed its appreciation by giving officers and men a grand dinner on board the Spanish warship Espana.

OUR friend has lived in Andalusia and knows the people, whom he describes as good and straightforward, but with their mother's milk they have imbibed their hatred toward England. As long as Gibraltar sticks as a black spot to the Andalusian earth, its population will have and hear the words of the old song in their ears: "Espanoles accordaos de Gibraltar" (Spaniards, remember Gibraltar), and if Portugal continuously disturbs the quiet of the Spanish Main, she can only do so thanks to English assistance. The Spaniards know this well, and Spain only waits for her opportunity to stop the Portuguese influence and to wipe an English Gibraltar from her map. It is really that solution and this gain which Spain expects from the end of the European conflict.

It was the opinion in Spain that the Spanish army would revolt even if Spain were to join against Germany. In fact, all the officers in clubs and cafes so openly told and expressed

their delight at the German feats of arms that an order was given by the Spanish War Minister forbidding them from publicly stating their standpoint toward Germany. Our friend in the *New York Times* who told us that the Spaniards in high places were enemies of Germany is best answered by a few stanzas of the great poet, "Don Jacinto Benavente," who wants to tell the Allies the truth:

A los Aliados.

Si la suerte os concede la victoria,
Para tanto vencedor que poca gloria,
Pero si vuestras armas encuentran quien las venza,
Para tantos vencidos que verguenza.

In his verses he tells them that it only would be "luck or accident" if they were to win.

One of the strongest political parties in Spain, especially in the north, is the so-called "Jaimistas," who would like to see installed on the throne of King Alfonso their beloved Don Jaime de Bourbon. This is the same dreaded party which from time to time brought about the bloody Spanish civil wars and fought them *ad extremos*.

At the beginning of the war their leader, a member of Congress, Vazques Mella, thought fit to declare publicly that if the Spanish government would take any steps to break the Spanish neutrality, the "Jaimistas" would be the first who, arms in hand, would rise like a man, and the responsibility for a renewed civil war would forever be a burden on the shoulders of the Spanish government.

A NEW ENGLAND FABLE

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

TIME: The late Autumn of 1636.

PLACE: The colony of New Plymouth.

PERSONS:

ROGER SOUTHWORTH	FAITH RIDGEDALE
THOMAS OLDHAM	BARBARA HOWLAND
JOHN ALLERTON	ALICE VANE

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

An autumnal woodland landscape. In the background a gray sea. At intervals is heard the hard thunder of the surf.

THOMAS:

Is he an Indian?

FAITH:

When the moon is bright

Goodmen have heard his piping in the glade,
And they have trembled with such wild delight
That they have risen from their beds and prayed
Contritely, brokenly!

JOHN:

No Indian made

Ever such music.

THOMAS:

Hast thou heard him then?

JOHN:

Last night the fever throbbed in me again.
I could not sleep. The great, dark clouds rode by.
O'er the harsh tumult of the autumnal sea
The wild geese flew with their disconsolate cry,
And the wet leaves fell over all the land.
I stood beside the window—sick, unmanned.

Suddenly burst the splendor of the moon
Over the shingles of the beach. He stood
Tall, dark, on a bare rock beyond the wood,
Drawing no strains from viol or bassoon
Or virginal or any instrument
That's played by men in all the world; but sent
Through two frail, slender pipes a fluttering breath.
I heard the music. Beautiful as death
That comes, after long agony, at dawn,
When the dark sea grows pearl, the stars being gone,
And all the branches by the wind are stirred.

THOMAS:

'Tis Satan's piping that thine ears have heard!

JOHN:

He played again: Music that seemed a call
To a sounding battle under an ardent sky
Silver with flash of swords heroic
Drawn to defend the ancient majesty
And awe of freedom that can never die.
But, ah, the music of his ending! Sea
And shore melted away... Oh, there must be
Somewhere the garden that his singing reed
Showed me in vision: there lovely women lead
By aery fountains a delightful dance.
O bosom sweet and sweeter countenance
Of thee, large-eyed, with polished knee and tress
Flowing under the dark, dark cypresses...

FAITH:

His mind is fevered. Give no heed. Dear lad,
Thou art ill with too much watching!

THOMAS:

Would I had
The tempter by the throat! Hither we fled
Unto God's paths of peace. Thou wert better dead
Than nurse such devil's poison in thy heart.

ALICE:

'Tis not the worst! There is a maiden stays
From prayer and penance in her soul apart;
Minds not her wheel, hums through the idle days
Some godless ditty unto Satan's praise
And...

THOMAS:

Woman, of a slanderous tongue beware!

ALICE:

Watch Barbara! She sits with unbound hair!

FAITH:

Hush, for she comes to join us!

ALICE:

She'll confess
She has heard viols twanging in the air!

JOHN:

O white limbs under the dark cypresses...

The men and maidens withdraw, speaking soft and embarrassed salutations to Roger and Barbara, who scarcely observe them.

ROGER:

Barbara!

BARBARA:

Ay!

ROGER:

Thou art so shaken and pale.

BARBARA:

Over the Northern ocean storms the gale.
Hear the waves pound! See how the poor leaves fall!
Oh, how the trees moan.

ROGER:

Is there no help at all
My love can give thee in thy sorrowing
Of bleak, estranged days?

BARBARA:

There is no thing
On earth can heal or hurt me any more.
Thou seest I weep not. Go, friend, to some maid
Will guard thy hearth and love thee, undismayed
By the cold horror of the wintry shore
And stealthy silence of the wilderness.

ROGER (*Sternly*):

Summer will come. Our want and our distress
Have cried not vainly to the courts of God.

BARBARA:

Ye have gathered sour corn from the brine-drenched sod
And scratched for noisome mussels in the slime
And called it mercy in the evil time.

ROGER:

Better than plenty in a godless land.

BARBARA:

Godly...godly...Look thou, this little hand
Is very hard with toil. I care no jot.
But oh, the hardness of my heart begot
By the stark gloom and the unseeing eye
When desperately the dreadful hours drag by.
I sang a little song of English cheer,
Of cowslips in the meadows and blithe air,
And maypole dances in the dawn o' the year,
And old tales told o'er simple country fare—
And in the room there fell a sudden hush,
I heard my heart beat, felt a stinging flush—

And then my father prayed as for one dead.

ROGER:

My very dearest, be thou comforted.
For on a day in spring-time we shall wed,
And little hands will cling to lip and breast—

BARBARA:

Never! I will not have a child to be
Flung helpless on this miserable earth
To hear no viols of music or of mirth,
Only to feel the ache of fierce unrest
Beside the moaning of the bitter sea:
I, who have heard the chanting of the free
And fervent pomps of life we have forgone...

ROGER:

What hast thou heard?

BARBARA:

Naught.

ROGER:

Dost thou walk alone?

Child, Satan tempteth thee!

BARBARA:

Mayhap!

ROGER:

Atone

With fast and prayer, for the worm dieth not!...Nay,
I will deal gently with thee. Dost thou mind
The many-masted Thames, the loud, shrill wind,
The dread and exaltation of that day
Our fathers sailed from home? Thou wert a fair
Small maid with solemn glance. Even then was I
Thy lover and thy servant everywhere,
Upon the rocking ship gave thee my coat
Against the drizzle of the Northern sky,
And in the old Dutch city by the moat
We sailed our childish skiffs on, kissed thy cheek:
Too old to love thee not, too young to speak.
Now are our spirits free, now are our feet
Upon the rock of God. Come thou to me!
Then shall thy peace be as a river, sweet,
Thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.
Remember this when evil thoughts are nigh!

BARBARA (*Almost inaudibly*):

I shall remember...and remembering, die...

Slowly Roger strides toward the sea. The dusk deepens as Barbara remains alone. Gradually, as though awakening from a dream, she lifts her eyes. From the dark woods emerges, half shadowy outline at first, The Flute-Player, a long-locked youth clad in a tiger-skin and sandals. His lips are molded in lines of noble severity, his eyes are untroubled. On his head is a wreath of oak-leaves; in his left hand he holds the tibia. His voice chants rather than sings.

THE FLUTE-PLAYER:

I have come with the light
Over great sea-spaces,
I have watched for beauty
From star to star.
I have found thee, O radiant
Face of all faces
In forests afar.

Oh, bide not here
Where the high heart sickens,
And glory is slain
By a ghostly wrong—
In an island garden
The sun-god quickens
The soul to song.

With limbs unfettered
 With sweet brows sweeter
 Thou shalt dance with them
 Who have never sinned,
 Where the flowers die not
 And the hours are fleeter
 Than wings of the wind.

BARBARA:

Oh, chant, dear voice, for I shall never fare
 To feel the glow of that diviner air,
 Nor tread the grass that is more soft than sleep,
 Nor marvel by the marge of fountains deep.
 Oh, sing, dear voice, that when the shadows come
 Its memoried music in my heart may hum,
 And with me, in the darkness, vigil keep.

THE FLUTE-PLAYER:

In garden girt by solemn bloom,
 Ere Time began her periods,
 Blind eyes of fate themselves the gods
 Made man of glory and of gloom.
 And in the snow they lit red fire,
 And the strange gift of speech they gave,
 And the dark horror of the grave,
 And love and longing and the lyre.

Love! For behold the beasts: they pair
 To bring forth beasts after their kind.
 Man loves with ardors of the mind,
 With subtle anguish seeking where
 Beauty abideth, bright and bare
 And timeless. When his love he holds
 An immortality enfolds
 Her deep eyes and her burnished hair.

Ah, to his heart he clasps the pain
 That is the core of all delight,
 And in the valleys of the night
 The singing fires flit through his brain:
 And he is driven by a pang
 Sweet and imperious, a cry
 Born where in orbits dread and high
 The morning stars together sang.

And by the yearning and regret
 Of unimaginably sweet
 Goals he is driven, and his feet
 Upon the way of dreams are set.
 And still his deepest moods are wrought
 Of passion for pallid breast and limbs,
 Or music of his throbbing hymns
 Or of the hardihood of thought.

Yea, such is man whose name I name:
 Free, self-directing, high, secure:
 His forehead to the nightwinds pure,
 And in his heart the crimson flame...
 Upon a ledge that froths the sea
 Stands naked an eternal youth,
 His eyes are wells of song and truth,
 His arms stretch sunward: it is he!

THE FLUTE-PLAYER (*Pauses, his voice grows deeper, the lines of severity about his lips grow tense*):

Thy fathers' hearts, O girl, are chilled,
 Unseeing their eyes, their voices dumb.
 A curse is on them. They have come
 To dig, to sow, to slay, to build
 For the poor wall's and furrow's sake.

The earth shall leap in flames, but they,
 Pointing old follies on that day
 With bloody hands, will not awake.

They will go westward and will find
 Imperial mountains in the sun,
 Valleys where the great rivers run
 Unto a greater sea behind,
 And rear their shop and turn their mill
 And drone their tribal canticles,
 And in the frost of self-built hells
 Be blind to the eternal will.

And passion's quest will mark as wrong,
 And hurl affronts at fate and time,
 And hold all beauty as a crime,
 And writhe a jeering lip at song,
 Suffering no joy in house or hall,
 Cursing with gargoyle mouths agape
 The sacred purple of the grape
 In vineyards of the sumptuous fall.

And chief of freedom will they speak,
 And chiefly freedom they will vaunt—
 Yet with impalpable terrors haunt
 The inviolable souls that seek
 A more heroic heart and home,
 Who, vigilant beside the seas
 Watch other, fairer deities
 Rise, as of old, from crest and foam.

Come with me. It is early. Yet
 Thou hast not born a son to be
 A slave, deeming himself most free,
 With fetters for a coronet.
 Eternity's at dawn, its night
 Will come ere this new earth and heaven,
 The clouds above its mountains riven,
 Will see the everlasting light.

BARBARA:

My heart breaks, O dear voice, at thy deep song.
 Have I not felt the fetters, thong by thong?
 Do I not see the olive groves wherein
 Our pallid limbs could mingle free of sin?
 But I have sworn. It lies too deep. I bide
 Once more the surge of the Atlantic tide
 Ere my last refuge in the earth I win.
 Did I know grief, mine eyes
 O're thee would weep;
 Loveliness that we prize
 Earth cannot keep!
 Yet in a thousand years
 What were all human tears?

Then shall a daughter fair
 Born of thy race,
 Noble, with wind-blown hair,
 Stand in this place,
 Great and serene and free,
 All that thou dar'st not be.

What of the night, the day?
 Tempest and tide?
 All things must pass away,
 All things abide.
 Ever the gods are just,
 And Beauty more than dust.

As the form of The Flute-Player fades into the shadow of the forest Barbara sinks slowly to the earth. She lies very quiet and takes no heed of those who come in anxious search of her.

FAITH:

She is in a swoon!

THOMAS:

Ay, she is deathly pale.

FAITH:

And tears are on her eye-lashes. The gale

Blew wide her long, long hair.

ROGER:

My little lass,

I should have left thee not. There come to pass

Strange things in this wide world.

THOMAS:

Not without God.

ROGER:

I left her gently, friends, yet as I trod

Unto the shore a dread came over me.

I yielded not, but prayed. And now is she

Sick and, perchance, to death.

FAITH:

We must carry her

Unto her father's house.

THOMAS:

Did not then stir

Her eyelids and her lips?

ROGER:

There lies her hood.

BARBARA:

I have heard the piper piping in the wood!

THOMAS:

The piper! It is Satan's self among

A guilty folk. Search ye your hearts for wrong.

Lo, in a meadow once, when spring-time was,

I saw her dancing, dancing in the grass

With fever in her eyes and flying feet;

She plucked the flowers and bee-like sucked their sweet,

And hastening to a brook she dipped therein

Her long, white, naked arms. And full of sin

And wantonness was all her summer mood.

BARBARA:

I have heard the piper piping in the wood.

FAITH:

Go to the brook-side for clear water, friend.

Barbara nursed thy little lad. Commend

Thine own soul unto God.

(Thomas obeys her.)

ROGER:

Is it the end?

FAITH:

Nay, for her breath comes calmly. Didst thou speak

Harsh words to her?

ROGER:

I know not. I would seek

Light in the darkness that encompasses

Suddenly all my world. Doth not God bless

The doers of His will. *Is it His will...?*

We sat together in the twilight. Still

Her father prayed for more abundant grace.

I heard him not. For all her flower-like face

Yearned there like silent music. Her small wrist

Lay delicately turned as to be kissed,

And the wind blew her hair against my cheek.

And yet I kissed her not. We have waxed weak

In dear, impassioned ministries of love,

Deeming her deeds are chronicled above

In the cold halls of heaven...Awake! Awake

Once more, thou heart of song, thou dream come true,

And I will bear thee where the waters blue

On ancient marbles into beauty break,

And all thy garnered sweetness I shall view,

And suffer no more winter for thy sake!

FAITH:

She stirs and moves. Lo, she has heard thy cry!

BARBARA *(Faintly)*:

Is it not strange to rise, only to die?

Look: by yon gaunt and sombre oak he stood...

I have heard the piper piping in the wood!

Thomas returns. The night has come. But there are no stars in the sky under which Barbara is carried to her father's house.

GHETTO DREAMS

By MORRIS ABEL BEER.

THEY are playing in the gutters,
Jew and Gentile, boy and girl,
And each syllable he utters,
Sends her little heart in flutters,
Brain a-whirl.

O, the time when he an earl,
And a princess she will be,
And he kissed the golden curl
Of the tiny blue-eyed girl
Fair to see.

Like the penny fairy tales,
They will wed in distant days;
O, a brave knight never fails,
From the old enchanted vales
Never strays.

And the princess in the tower
Will let down her golden hair,
And he will bring a flower,
Climb unto her ivied-bower,
Love ensnare.

But a witch whose soul is creed,
In the Ghetto reared a wall,
And in vain the lovers plead,
She has smote in twain the reed,
Stolen all.

O, the blighted childhood dreams,
And the painted tales they read,
What a bitter cup life seems,
For the sunshine never gleams,
All is dead.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN

By LEWIS S. GANNETT.

(This was written months ago, before the mad desperation of a nation hungry and at bay combined with the revengeful clamor of our senile "patriots," our screaming newspapers and our gold-hungry interests to drag this nation to the edge of the war-pit. But it is as true today, when newspapers mercilessly hound out the men who will not laud the course of a President whom they believe to have strayed on false trails, when men who refuse to cry "my country right or wrong" are pointed at as "traitors" by leader-writers who apparently cannot conceive such a thing as an honest difference of opinion.

How we, of older American descent, will treat our German-American fellow citizens when they face war with the country of their fathers, with a country where their cousins are starving, is a challenge to the American tradition of tolerance and sympathy. If we must fight, let us fight without hate or insult; if it be possible as world-citizens rather than as Americans.—L. S. G.)

I AM not a German. I am not a German-American. I am not a pro-German. I have not a drop of German blood in my veins. But my Anglo-Saxon blood boils as I think of the insults that have been heaped on the heads of those who have dared be true to their Germanic ancestry. As an Anglo-Saxon I like to see fair play. The treatment of German-Americans in the United States these last two years seems to me to have become one of the living atrocities of the war.

It has come to this: for a German-American to be pro-German has become to many minds synonymous with being un-American. (By some curious inversion of logic, it has gone further, especially among those who with their mouths most bitterly denounce Germany for her militarism, it is regarded as pro-Germanism to be a pacifist; and hence to oppose Teuton ways of thinking in America has become proof positive that one is un-American.)

In the pre-Presidential campaign leaders of the two so-called great parties vied with each other in their denunciation of the hyphens. Hyphen-chasing has become one of the most popular American sports. Our Eastern papers gloated whenever a German-American was defeated in the primaries or for office. They announced it as a triumph for "Americanism."

Postponing the inquiry, What is Americanism, let us consider the equally important question, Why is Americanism. Why do we wax so ardently patriotic at just this time? Why is Americanism a campaign slogan to which the weary spell-binder can turn when all his other tricks fail? Why more enthusiasm for 100 per cent. Americanism, undiluted and efficient, than for any other commonplace? Four seasons a year, three meals a day, night the time for sleeping, all these might seem equally excellent slogans—they are equally obvious.

Why the outburst of hate for German-Americans? Why did the New York *Tribune* groan with such utter anguish when Hughes refused to spit at them? Why did the *World* find its best issue against Hughes that "A Vote for Hughes is a Vote for the Kaiser," when its only evidence was the support of German-Americans? What have the poor German-Americans done that their very name has become a term of scorn and a symbol of pariahdom?

There have been bomb-plotters and spies. But why condemn with them all German-Americans? They were not German-Americans; they were Germans; not neutrals, but belligerents.

German-Americans have not defended bomb-plot methods. For a time they defended bomb-plotters because to the very last ray of hope they believed them innocent. A child-like innocent trust, do you say? Yes, but very natural—just as labor men to the very last defended the MacNamaras; just as thousands of workingmen in the country today believe the MacNamara boys were victims of a wicked plot, and will always defend and believe men working in the cause of labor; just as most Americans today, with the admitted facts of Captain Morey's official statement staring them in the face, blame Carranza for the Carrizal fight and blink at the American crime!

IT is one of our most precious vanities to believe that we are guided by our reason. Most of us are pro-Ally and we think we know the reasons. As a matter of fact nine-tenths of us line up first and find the reasons afterward. The truth is, and our grandchildren will know it, that this war is not half so simple as most of us lazily prefer to believe it; it is not all black on one side and white on the other. Things unfortunately are not so simple in this unacademic world. The Kaiser and his advisers are probably no more hypocrites in their talk to the German people than is Sir Edward Grey when he talks for publication in England or Woodrow Wilson speaking of the passion for peace in his breast and in the country's breast the while he insists that Congress appropriate more money for battleships than any country ever spent for such purposes in times of peace in the history of the world. They merely look at things from a 100 per cent. German point of view.

There is a great deal of black on both sides—and a vast deal of white, too. And our decisions have largely followed our cultural allegiances.

New England, where there is perhaps less German blood than in old England, is more bitterly and whole-souledly and narrow-mindedly and unintelligently anti-German than almost any representative community in old England. The Middle West is, as our Eastern papers say, "poisoned" with pro-Germanism. German-Americans are almost invariably of pro-German sympathies. We of English descent are as unanimously pro-Ally.

There are exceptions. There have been German-Americans who were pro-Ally because their social and business friends were pro-Ally, and some of us who are not ourselves pro-German have despised them for the shallowness of their cultural allegiance. There have been others who have been profoundly and reasonably pro-Ally. Still others have had to withdraw, ostracized, from their old circles of friendship because they dared to be loyally pro-German.

IN an Eastern city there are two families, one Anglo-American, one German-American, which for years had held their Christmas celebration together. Their children had grown up together. It was the most intimate kind of relationship. Now they no longer see each other. The two fathers can no longer talk together. The bond of sympathy is cut. The German-American may be lightly wounded, but he simply cannot listen quietly to the abuse which the Anglo-American heaps upon the land of his fathers.

"I wouldn't mind it," said the wife of one German-American, "if only, whenever I came into a room, the others did not all stop talking and obviously try to be nice to me." It was as if her husband had been convicted of a crime of which it was impossible to speak. Poor woman! Her husband was a pro-German, known as such. He wrote for the magazines.

German names are immediately suspected. In the ways of prosperity German workmen are not allowed to share. Wherever German-Americans go they meet sneers at the land of their traditions and ideals.

A New Yorker always keeps a corner in his heart for the village in which he was born. He is not less loyal to New York. He may have left the village because of its limited opportunities—because he preferred New York. You and I, both of us, despise him if he sneers at the small town from whence he came. Yet we ask German-Americans to do just that to Germany.

O. HENRY tells a story of the "cosmopolitan" who boasted of his wanderings about the world. He had been everywhere and had no home. Yet, as he left the cafe, he heard a man speak with scorn of the muddy roads of a little town in Maine, and he forthwith peeled to his shirt-sleeves and went in to clean up that man. The town in Maine was the town in which he was born. And we like that man better because he revered the memory of the place from which he had come away, the town he hadn't seen for years, about which clustered all the associations of his boyhood days, of his mother's knee—even of the woodshed.

Shall we despise German-Americans because they still cling tenderly to the memories of the country where they roamed as boys and girls, to the land that is their Motherland as well as Fatherland? Shall we blame them if they resent it and grow bitter when we spend our days spewing forth insults to that country? When the papers we give them to read make Germany a symbol for everything that is black

and vile, enlarge upon her undoubted crimes, and seek petty apologies for those of her enemies?

WE who talk so glibly of the necessity of Americanization are often most un-American of men. We have lost the vision of our forefathers. America is to us completed. We talk of the melting-pot: we forget that we, too, need melting, that the product of our chemistry is to be distilled of many substances.

If America means anything in the world today it means a glorious experiment in internationalism. We are a nation of nations. In the America of tomorrow toward which some of us dream there will be more of Italy and more of Russia, more sunlight and more warm religion, more of the Hebrew and more of the Catholic, more of Greece—and more of Germany.

Our papers denounce the German-American alliances for keeping strong the cultural allegiances; they would better praise them. That Jewish, German, Italian, Hungarian, French and English daily papers are sold on the same news-stands in New York; that a Cleveland paper prints a page in four languages—these are symbols, not alone of the United States, but of the world that is coming into being.

To despise the link with the Old World, to insist America First and America Alone—this is the true crime against true Americanism, this is the atrocity that has been committed in our hearts.

A QUESTION OF FIDELITY

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

CHARACTERS. ,

ALFRED (*forty-five*)

ADA (*twenty*)

I.

(*A library furnished with massive elegance. The couches and chairs are covered with olive-colored leather. The walls are adorned with portraits of artists and writers. The modernity of the arrangement is strongly pronounced.*)

(*Alfred's appearance has dignity and poise. His movements are calm and gracious. In his features, especially when he smiles, there is still something boyish. His silken hair, slightly curled at the ends, is beginning to turn thin here and there, and shows traces of gray.*)

Ada. *Brown hair, dark eyes; slightly anaemic. She is delicately built. There is a nervous flicker in her eyes, and her hands, as if in search of something to play with, flutter continually up and down.*

(*Alfred and Ada sit side by side upon a couch. They hold upon their knees a heavy photograph album and slowly turn its leaves.*)

ALFRED: To turn over old photographs is like walking through a graveyard. A little cross here, one there . . .

ADA: But the originals of many of these are still alive.

ALFRED: What self-deception! They are all dead.

ADA (*looks at him with a question in her eyes*).

ALFRED: Or as good as dead. It is a curious mistake to imagine that photographs, when months or years have passed, still resemble their originals . . . Not even after the lapse of days . . . If when we part we express the hope that we shall see each other again—it is the bitterest of irony. For we never do.

ADA: I fear that I do not quite take your meaning.

ALFRED: Man changes his personality more than once in life. He sloughs it as a snake its skin. He changes with

every minute. Only we do not recognize the change if we have him continually before our eyes. When people see each other again after the passage of years, they should be introduced anew, as though they were strangers. How little that is understood! But it is for this reason that I have not the least desire to meet with old friends or old loves if it is long since I have seen them. Nothing comes of it; at best a timid attempt to sustain the farce that we are still the same and still interested in one another.

ADA: In that case you will find many dead here.

ALFRED: Yes, I have been away long and have grown old.

ADA: Old? A poet old? I thought you dwelt among the hills where flows the fountain of eternal youth.

ALFRED: You know me only from my poems.

ADA: And is it possible for the songs to remain young and the singer to grow old? It must be terrible to be older than one's poems.

ALFRED: Not so terrible. Each year brings its new songs and the old ones are buried. They lie in their coffins like the corpses of little children . . .

ADA: What a horrible idea! And has the past no significance to you?

ALFRED: A memory here and there. (*Turning over the leaves.*) Aha, there is Albert. What has become of him?

ADA: Do you not know that he entered a Trappist monastery five years ago?

ALFRED: I am not surprised. From aestheticism to asceticism there is but one step. And here is Irene. I wonder what changes time has wrought in her. Did she, too, enter a convent?

ADA: No; not yet. Mamma visits her now and then, but I am not permitted to go there.

ALFRED: And why, pray?

ADA: She has grown very corpulent; lies all day on the sofa, clad in flowing robes, reading the *Memoirs of Casanova* and the novels of the Marquis de Sade.

ALFRED: Which, I presume, you have not read?

ADA: And why should I not? I am a modern woman. Have I not read your poems, too?

ALFRED (*amused*): I would hardly group those books together.

ADA: I have studied you thoroughly. I have read you until I know you by heart.

ALFRED (*with a touch of irony*): Have you indeed read me?

ADA: You see I possess the *édition de luxe* of your works.

ALFRED (*smiles politely*).

ADA: Oh, I know more of your life than you think.

ALFRED: Indeed?

ADA (*opens the album at a place which she has kept with her finger during the whole conversation*).

ALFRED (*visibly annoyed*): You never knew her.

ADA: No, but mamma told me that it was on your account—

ALFRED (*aside*): It is very odd that women forget their own love affairs more quickly than those of their friends.

(*A short silence ensues.*)

ALFRED: And so you have read my poems, and no doubt admire me very much?

ADA: Oh, if you knew how I have lived myself into your works, how you have become a part of me, and how during long days and nights I dreamed in what manner I should bear myself toward you and lay my admiration at your feet. And when I saw you at last, I couldn't say a thing. I must have seemed quite silly.

ALFRED: Was it disappointment that bereft you of speech?

ADA: No, it was something very different, something deep, disturbing. (*With a sudden tremor in her voice.*) I realize that you must have lived many poems, not only written them . . .

ALFRED: The best poems are those that one writes, not those that one lives. Life always leaves a bitter savour in the mouth.

ADA (*with growing intensity*): Always? Surely the poems that you lived were beautiful?

ALFRED (*gently taking her hand*): Child, child.

ADA (*covers his hands with kisses*).

ALFRED: Ada, what are you doing? (*He tries slowly to disengage his hand.*)

ADA: Oh, you do not know how much I love you! I can't help it! The love of you beats in my temples, throbs in my blood! (*Sobbing, and again covering his hands with kisses.*) Will you repulse the great love that I bring you, as a god disdains too humble an offering?

ALFRED (*freeing himself from her*): You are a dear, good child. But that is quite impossible. I do not refuse the offering because it is too humble, but because it is too costly; and because it is not the right one. It is the poet whom you admire, not the man.

ADA: No, it is you yourself whom I love. And my love did not awaken until I saw you, until I felt the compulsion of your presence, the pressure of your hand.

ALFRED: Child, child, and yet again I say—child. When one has passed through many experiences in the course of life, one learns to differentiate, to pick and choose, above all to resign. The love of any human being is a precious gift, the greatest of all. And even into a poet's hands there falls not every day a woman's heart—especially when—(*he sadly touches his hair*). And we grow more selfish, too, more averse to change. One becomes accustomed to loving a certain person and hates to break that custom, establishing no more relations that last for ten days or a fortnight and wreck one's peace.

ADA: But I tell you that I love you—*love* you!

ALFRED: No doubt; but suppose that some handsome young fellow with black locks, or golden if you please—(*again he strokes his hair*).

ADA: Never. I hate young men. They fill me with disgust. Their very touch makes me tremble with repulsion. I know they never have but one thought—that of possession.

ALFRED: Suppose, for the sake of argument, that I marry you; furthermore that some day we have a child. And if I were to go then, what would become of you? For I shall die long before you.

ADA: I am not very strong and hardly fit to perform the degrading functions of the Mother-Animal. And at any rate, I am quite sure of this, that I shall not survive you. I shall leave the world with you. Let me tell what I have often dreamed of—I have never told it to any one. I thought of borrowing a boat, of rowing out upon the sea where it is deepest, and then—

ALFRED: You are a poor helpless little thing. One feels like gathering you in one's hands, covering and protecting you as though you were a little bird.

ADA (*leans toward him*).

ALFRED: And if I were to gather you to my heart, were to protect you like some dear possession, and then one day—and yet, no one would ever be to you what I am.

ADA: Never. No other man shall ever hold me in his arms.

ALFRED: That is not quite what I meant.

(CURTAIN)

II.

(*A year later. A boudoir with secessionist furnishings. On a small book shelf is to be seen the édition de luxe of Alfred's poems. Above it hangs the poet's picture.*)

(*Ada wears a dressing gown of pale green silk. She draws in the air with sensuous delight... Upon her face lies the calm of the satisfied Woman-Animal. Her thoughts follow him who has just left her.*)

(*At that moment her husband enters. Lightly he puts his arms around her and kisses her forehead.*)

ADA (*with sudden compunction*): How good you are!

ALFRED: Are you not the dearest, loveliest, most fragile thing in all the world?

(*Ada's eyes turn to the copy of her husband's works on the shelf, then to his picture, and finally fix themselves upon his face, which beams over her benignantly.*)

ALFRED: Well, child?

ADA (*plaintively*): Oh, Alfred.

ALFRED (*searches her face with a strange smile*).

ADA: I am unworthy of you.

ALFRED: Why?

ADA: I am unworthy of your love; I am a wicked woman.

ALFRED: Child, be calm; whatever you have done, you cannot have been wicked.

ADA: Oh, I deserve that you kill me with a dagger and drag me by the hair instead of caressing me. Be just to yourself. Drive me from the house that I have dishonored, with lashes for my sin.

ALFRED: There is no sin; there should be no punishment.

ADA: But if you knew—

ALFRED: I know.

ADA: Robert—

ALFRED (*placidly*): What of it? A charming boy.

ADA (*looks at him horror-struck*).

ALFRED: In fact he is very charming.

ADA (*covers her face with her hands*).

ALFRED: I am quite fond of him.

ADA (*sobbing hysterically*): Alfred, this is frightful. You might have spared me that—for our old love's sake you might have spared me that. It were better to have beaten me, to have strangled me, to have lacerated my flesh to rags, but not this awful—this unspeakable irony.

ALFRED (*with infinite mildness*): It is not irony.

ADA (*first looking at him as if she distrusted his sanity, then turning pale with anger*): If I had suspected that! And so I am as indifferent to you as a piece of wood. This is how you care for me. And I gave you my youth; I let you absorb me; I sat at your feet night and day, and I adored you as though you were a god. (*The anger oozes from her.*) Oh, I am a very unhappy woman. (*Choking sobs rise in her throat so that she cannot speak.*)

ALFRED: You are ill, child. (*He presses a button.*)

(*A servant appears at the door.*)

ALFRED: A glass of water, please. (*He walks up and down the room quietly.*)

ADA (*broods sullenly*).

(*The servant re-enters, bearing a glass of water.*)

ALFRED (*takes it from him at the door and forces her to drink as if she were a little child*).

ADA: I do not understand you. I stand before your goodness as before a miracle. I should kneel before you as before the image of the Crucified One—kneel until my knees bleed. For I have broken my faith to you.

ALFRED: You err. You have not broken faith with me.

ADA: Your belief in me is wonderful. It almost fills one with fear to be so loved. It will give me strength in the future. But first there must be nothing between us but the naked truth. Robert—

ALFRED: I know, I know. I came a little later on purpose, so as to leave you to yourselves.

ADA: Are you an angel or a devil? (*Moaning.*) Do you not understand—it was not a harmless flirtation? I have brutally broken the faith I vowed you. I have responded to another's kisses, his flesh and my flesh, my blood and his, were one!

ALFRED (*with slight weariness*): But, dear child, I know it.

ADA (*trembling*): And—?

ALFRED: Your views are strangely Old Testament; yet you boasted of being a modern woman!

ADA: Modernity! Modernity! That is a phrase one uses in polite conversation, not when one's life is at stake!

ALFRED: But I am modern and have learned to mould my life accordingly. It is passing strange that in the presence of the New Man the New Woman becomes at once and invariably the Old Eve. Let me give you some more water, it will do you good. You are calmer already. Just sit still, and I will sit down next to you.

ADA: And how can you forgive what love never forgives?

ALFRED: There is nothing to forgive.

ADA: And you will continue to live with me?

ALFRED: Why not? Surely, we are very happy.

ADA: And so will you not kill me? and you do not love me?

ALFRED: But you have not been unfaithful to me. You cannot be, not even if you would.

ADA: I cannot be?

ALFRED: You can be unfaithful to me only with myself.

In that sense you are untrue to me daily; in that sense we are all untrue. For, look, when we get to know any one we make unto ourselves an image of him, and it is this image of him that we love. The man himself changes from day to day. Do you not remember my telling you that? And soon he is no longer like that image, or picture if you will, even if at first the resemblance was perfect. The man has become another. If we love this other we are untrue to the object of our first love. But if our love clings to the image, to the idea, if we refuse to see the gradual changes deepen, then we become untrue to the man himself. And thus it is that with himself we break our faith with him.

ADA: And so you assert that I cannot be untrue to you?

ALFRED: Only if another means to you exactly what I do, to body and to soul, in the present and in the past. Your average man is more easily replaced than I. Robert is a delightful boy, but he's not I; others will come, but they, too, will not be I. I will tell you of an experience in my life. Mildred—

ADA: You have never spoken to me of her.

ALFRED: Because I do not care to drag the dead from their graves and touch their cere-cloth with ghoulish hands. A dead love is either profoundly indifferent or ineffably sacred—in either case we should honor it with silence.

ADA: And for that reason you were so angry when I—

ALFRED: Yes, because it is terrible when men will not let the ghost of another's love rest in peace, but from mere curiosity shake it from its repose and drive it to wander upon earth . . . You know I loved Mildred. (*The echo of an old sorrow stirs his voice.*) She died for me—for love of me. Yonder her corpse lay upon the chair on which I had sworn her eternal faith. And here I sat—with another woman.

ADA: My mother?

ALFRED: I spoke of my sorrow to her. She consoled me. And at that moment, for the twinkling of an eye, in the very presence of the dead woman, a sudden desire clutched us by the throat. And yet I cannot say that I was unfaithful to her. The other love and all that followed had their place in my heart; but the place was not the same. No other was to me what she was. The heart of man is a house of many mansions and hidden chambers. It is not so narrow as the moralists would have us think.

ADA: I do not know whether I understand you or not. I am as one who gropes in darkness; gleams of light come to the eyes of my soul, but their vision is blurred.

ALFRED: And this is what life has taught me: Forgive those who are unfaithful to you, for unfaithfulness there is none. Yield to the lust of the flesh, for it is as nothing. Receive every love that is given you, for it will make you rich. Let every love that spreads its wings go free, for so it is ordained, and so it will come to pass; and who would fetter the wind with chains or catch the gossamer in a snare? This is the Law—the new Law. It is the same for man and woman, and whoso breaks it—breaks his heart.

(*He takes her hand in his and caresses it.*)

ADA: The gospel you preach is as strange as it is new, but its charity at least is boundless, and you will not have been compassionate in vain. I will never see him more. Robert—

ALFRED: Why not? I have no objections to your receiving his visits.

(CURTAIN)



A GROUP OF GOOD BOOKS

THE CLAIMS OF AN ANCIENT NATION.

MANY an old national aspiration that has been so silent as almost to have appeared extinct has recently begun to stir again. Only the other day I met an old gentleman not far from New York who hopes to see the ancient Lithuanian state re-established after the war, who has written pages and pages to prove that his race is more closely related to the original Indo-European family than those of Western Europe, and who finds in the place-names of Lithuania an indication of the intimate connections between its inhabitants and those of ancient Greece. And the aspirations of this nationalistic group, I was informed, included, among many other things, the acquisition of the originally Lithuanian city of—Königsberg! These are among the things one learns nowadays. But at least I had known the Lithuanians had physical existence. How many Americans, however, have heard of the Ukraine, and know that there are living in Southern Russia about 30,000,000 Ukrainians, and about 4,500,000 in Austria-Hungary (especially in Galicia and Bukovina)?

It seems likely that Ukrainians in America will not permit us to remain long in ignorance concerning the existence of their fellow countrymen across the sea, for a number of Ukrainian organizations here have just issued a handsome and well-written pamphlet presenting the claims of their ancient civilization. In this volume of 130 pages a number of authorities tell what they know of the country and its inhabitants, and of their sufferings through long ages, first of Polish, later of Russian oppression. Mr. Edwin Björkman, the famous critic, who is now in Sweden endeavoring to check the pro-German activities of some of his fellow countrymen, contributes the first essay, entitled "The Cry of Ukraine." It is singularly appropriate that a Scandinavian should be interested in the destinies of this Slavic race, as it was from Sweden that the first organizers of the Russian state migrated, the ancient *Rus*, who, in the tenth century of our era, gave a name to the land of Southern Russia, and later to the whole great empire. And there is another reason why the Swede, particularly, has undertaken the study of this country: it was in the Ukraine that Charles XII, the "Mad King" of Sweden, endeavored to retrieve his failing fortunes under the heavy blows administered to his little army by the legions of Peter the Great (at Poltava, in the Ukraine, Charles suffered his worst defeat). Mr. Björkman gives a complete historical survey of the Ukrainian state, following its changing fortunes after the personal union with Russia (by the treaty of Pereyaslav in 1657) down to the prohibition of the use of the Ukrainian language by ukase of the Czar in 1876, and the slight relaxation in the severity of the Rus-

sian oppression, which was brought about by the Russian revolution in 1905.

Chapter II, entitled "The Ukrainian Revival," is by the famous Ukrainian historian, Professor Michael Hrushevsky, who treats (the chapter is taken from his *Outline of the History of the Ukrainian State*, Petrograd, 1904) of the rise of the modern political and social aspirations of the Ukrainian people. Professor Hrushevsky, it is believed, is now in Siberia; at the beginning of 1915, while traveling in Russia, he was arrested by the Russian Government, and nothing has been heard of him since.

The object for which the pamphlet was compiled is, of course, perfectly obvious. And at the end of the present war, as has been often wisely remarked, there will no doubt be comprehensive readjustments of European boundaries and re-erectments of subject races into independent states. The Ukrainians in this country are determined that the legitimate claims of their historic race shall not be overlooked when the day of reckoning comes.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN, Ph. D.

UNCLE SAM'S INTERESTS IN THE CARIBBEAN.

THE great war irresistibly is forcing an international viewpoint on the United States. We are being made aware of the world we live in—something more than a universe centred on the Atlantic seaboard, the Middle West, and the Pacific frontier, with a vast hinterland lying without.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the post-bellum days will see a cut-throat competition for markets—the brunt falling on Latin America and the Far East. The citizen of these United States who has America's good at heart will put himself in touch with the larger problems looming up outside the country. Thus, this discussion of "The Caribbean Interests of the United States"* is a birdseye view of a vital situation.

But even making due allowances for the avowedly popular appeal of "The Caribbean Interests," he must protest against a glaring omission. We do not understand how a book can be written on our American Mediterranean without carrying an indebtedness to the supreme authority on national position, especially dealing with our challenging concern for the Caribbean—Admiral Mahan. Even the bibliographical appendix makes no mention of any of his works among nearly a dozen general references. The patent debt of all students

*"The Caribbean Interests of the United States," by Chester Lloyd Jones, professor of Political Science, the University of Wisconsin.

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of foreign policy to this master-mind makes the omission the more damaging.

Similarly, if "The Caribbean Interests of the United States" suffers here, the work again shows the same lack of discrimination in the books cited. The inclusion of two volumes such as Crichfield's "American Supremacy"—biased hopelessly—is to put the stamp of approval on a work which brings a smile to the face of any one who knows anything about Latin American History. This inadvertence would be less serious were it not repeated in more than one reference to the cursory productions of Winters.

"The Caribbean Interests of the United States" fills a gap in foreign policy. But, we repeat, two counts stand heavily against it—the omission of the outstanding authority in the field to the point of but giving mention to four articles of Mahan in an appendix, and the fact that this appendix contains on the other hand works which do the author's critical ability great damage.

G. CHARLES HODGES.

LEGENDS OF OLD PENNSYLVANIA.

IN "Juniata Memories" (John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia), Henry W. Shoemaker has accomplished a work that should be of lasting interest to future generations. Quite apart from its artistic value, which is in no way small, this volume of folk-lore possesses intrinsic value to all students of the race-currents and history of America. It contains twenty-six stories of Pennsylvania life, ranging from Indian adventures to legends of romance that have an actual foundation in the lives of the early mountaineers. The greater part of these tales, filled with sumptuous imagery and "warlock and wizardry," have been recounted to the author by native residents during his wanderings through the wild trails of the Juniata Valley. Their historical significance is important, inasmuch as they reveal the valor and experience of the pioneer settlers whose deeds have been transmitted from mouth to mouth, even as the old provençal legends that were the foundations of later French literature in Troubadour times.

Mr. Shoemaker is a naturalist of no small scope, and his book is full of intimate allusions to wild life in Pennsylvania, as well as many philosophic truths. He has a deep reverence and understanding for the minute beauties of nature, and is at his best in his glowing pictures of the woods and their magical inhabitants. He has a fine sympathy for humanity as well, and his prose is happy in its deep feeling and melodious flow. His descriptive sketches glimmer and haunt the memory like the ripple of April streams, and the sweet melancholy of many of his tales searches the heart's deepest recesses.

"Juniata Memories" is interesting from many aspects. As a contribution to the annals of American research, it is of note to students of history, religion, Indian lore, ethnology or to the mere pleasure of adventure. It is colored with a high imaginative flavor that few volumes with such an aim attain. Mr. Shoemaker must guard against allowing his rich imagery too free a play; although in most of the stories this opulence is tempered by meditation and an exposition of events that cannot fail to delight the lover of romance.

Perhaps the two most successful tales in the collection are "The Shadow Man" and "The Snow Image," for they present a beauty of detail and circumstance in picturesque and moving prose. The author's vision is exalted, and he writes with conviction and ardor.

Mr. Shoemaker's work is that of an honest thinker who has given his best to the succeeding generations. It is a sincere book, because it is a true book. One cannot be otherwise than

impressed by the throbbing background of reality in every story. And it is a book that should appeal to the heart and to the race of the American people. Those who care for rich prose and a fine vision of nature can spend no more enjoyable hours than in reading "Juniata Memories."

WANTED: A PUBLIC DEFENDER.

AN important subject dealing with the right of indigent accused persons to secure an adequate defense in criminal cases is analyzed by Mayer C. Goldman, of the New York Bar, in his book, "The Public Defender" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Goldman has been one of the leading advocates of the public defender idea, and prepared the bills which were recently introduced in the New York Legislature. He has also written and spoken extensively on the subject. He urges that the public defender is a necessary factor in the administration of justice, and shows in his book that such an office is sanctioned by historical precedent as well as by the practical operation of the office in various American communities.

Mr. Goldman discusses the public defender idea, the injustice of the "assigned counsel" system, public prosecution and prosecutors, the ancient conception of crime and other analogous subjects, in addition to giving a public defender chronology showing the extent of the movement throughout the United States. This is the first book to be written upon this important subject, and it should be of particular interest to laymen as well as to lawyers. It is a plea for justice to all classes of accused persons.

Justice Wesley O. Howard, of the Appellate Division, New York Supreme Court, has contributed a foreword in which he indorses Mr. Goldman's views as to the necessity for a public defender, and commends the book. Mr. Goldman has portrayed in a simple and concise manner the need for the establishment of official counsel to represent accused persons, and his book is an important and valuable contribution to the literature on the subject.

RIGHT AND DUTY OF CITIZEN AND SOLDIER— SWITZERLAND PREPARED AND AT PEACE.*

THE preparedness discussion has brought out a number of articles and books expository of the Swiss military system, but this interesting volume is perhaps the most comprehensive and most illuminating of them all.

Mr. Kuenzli makes a very acceptable background for his account by giving a brief history of Switzerland, showing how its military system grew out of Swiss traditions, history, needs and modern conditions. The present military organization of the Swiss forces is explained in detail, but the author's intimate knowledge enables him to illuminate every factor by showing its bearing upon the daily life, the character, the patriotism and the democracy of the people.

He tells of the universal physical training of the Swiss boys, which aims to build character as well as body; of the cadet corps, which complements the physical instruction; of the rifle practice, the military clubs, the interests of the populace in the army and its training, the influence of the system upon the democracy of the people, and the other phases and outgrowths of the Swiss method.

Mr. Kuenzli endeavors to show how easily the Swiss system could be applied to the United States, and how greatly its features would benefit the people of this country in physique, in character, in patriotism and in the solidarity of the nation.

* This work may be procured through The International: \$1.25 postpaid. All books mentioned in this magazine may be purchased through us.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

IT is not astonishing that the Viennese musical comedies should be so popular throughout the world. For generally a comic opera hailing from the land of the Hapsburgs possesses the sweetness and charm that characterize the state documents issued by the Ballplatz. In particular we have in mind "Miss Springtime," now prospering at the New Amsterdam Theatre. This delightful production is as lyrical, as gracious and as appealing as the Austro-Hungarian note recently handed to President Wilson by Baron Zwiedinek. It is impossible not to like it. The waltzes in "Miss Springtime" steal into your heart. The songs are forever echoing about you. Wherever you go you are bound to hear them. Not since "The Merry Widow" has the world been so captivated. The merit of Kalman's work is proven by the fact that in spite of its immense popularity it is genuinely valuable. The book by Guy Bolton is a creditable complement to the music. As long as the Austro-Hungarians have Kalman and Lehar to write their music and Tisza and Czernin to write their diplomatic notes the world will continue to love the dual monarchy.

Speaking of Viennese music, mention must be made of "Her Soldier Boy." There is something pathetic in the fact that this piece in the original is a stirring Austro-Hungarian operetta, composed by Kalman for the entertainment of war-stricken Budapest and Vienna. But with that curious ill-taste and unsportsmanship which marks a certain group in the American theatre, "Her Soldier Boy" as produced now is an out and out pro-Ally production. How this reminds one of the time when a mob descended upon the house of Ibsen to lynch him. Down the street came the crowd singing a mighty song. And the words of the song they sang were written by Ibsen.

* * *

When we are very young we are all fond of paradoxes. It is only when we get older that we realize that life may be more important than the wittiest paradox of Gilbert K. Chesterton. Today Mr. Chesterton believes this himself. He has a good memory. Somewhere on the palimpsest of his head there is sharply engraved a clever story from that master of paradoxes—Oscar Wilde. This story relates the disaster that befell a man of magic. Wilde's man of magic was not a faker. He was genuine. Nevertheless he carries a boy around with him in order to feel confident and sure. One day while giving his act he is challenged. A man in the audience claims that a boy is hidden in the cylinder. As a matter of fact there is no boy there. The magician had done the trick entirely alone. But he confesses; for he ordered the boy to conceal himself in the ball for this act. *He does not know until later that the boy for once disobeyed him.* Chesterton could not help thinking of this story when he wrote "Magic," which is now having a successful run at the Garrick. That is nothing against the play. It is well to build on solid foundations. And when one cannot be entirely original it is indeed sensible to emulate the work of those who are original. Having said so much we can add that "Magic" is a most entertaining play

and very creditably presented by Mrs. Hapgood, who also offers with "Magic" Galsworthy's gripping one-act piece, "The Little Man."

* * *

The newest theatrical firm to enter the lists in New York is the house of Urban & Ordynski. We may expect the unusual and the advanced from these young men. For Ordynski is full of ideas and possesses marked abilities as a producer. He is familiar with the entire modern theatre of Europe, and learned his business under Max Reinhardt. As for Urban, he is almost as well known as Charlie Chaplin. He is the man who revolutionized the scenery of the American stage.

The first play offered by the new firm is Ossip Dymov's sensational drama, "Nju." "Nju" has had an immense success on the Continent. It was produced in Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg. "Nju" reveals Russian life of today with singular power and distinction. There is no compromise, no striving after effect. Its very simplicity gives it additional strength. Marriage is the theme of Dymov's fine play. A woman—with a strain of greatness running through her—dares to aspire towards that higher life which the artists of the world reveal to her. She pays for her ambition with her very life. Petty souls conspire against her and secretly rejoice in her downfall. Her lover, the poet, flirts with another lady at his mistress' funeral. Married or unmarried you will be held spellbound by the Russian's masterly handling of a theme which can never grow old.

* * *

At the Irving Place Theatre the most important recent production was Felix Philippi's "Das Grosse Licht." This polished melodrama was given for the benefit of Heinrich Marlow, the leading actor of Director Christians' admirable company. Heinrich Marlow is one of the finest of living actors. His art is singularly comprehensive and catholic. He can be comedian or tragedian with equal facility. His presence is noble; his voice rich and indicative of every passing mood. One feels in everything that he does the pulsing intelligence that directs his work. In "Das Grosse Licht" Marlow invested a rather valueless role with great dignity and beauty. While it is true that many a good play has been spoiled by bad acting, let us remember the bad plays that noble actors have fanned into life and passion.

Better by far than "Das Grosse Licht" is the latest offering of the Irving Place Theatre, "Im Klubsessel." Karl Rössler and Ludwig Heller are the authors. I do not know whose is the directing talent, but the result is a comedy which pleases and entertains constantly, and which will, no doubt, enjoy a successful run.

"How can you be so heartless as to eat the meat of animals?" demands Prof. Kolumbus Vogelsang in "Im Klubsessel," "become a vegetarian."

"I would gladly become one," responds Count Teta-Lannatsch, "only my heart would bleed to see the poor flowers and the lettuce and the asparagus die in order to gratify my gross appetite."



ALONG AND OFF THE AVENUE

(Being a semi-ridiculous treatise upon Gotham's Rue de l'Opera, its "smart" shops, its near-smart shops, etc., ad infinitum.)

RECENT advertisements of Moneymaker's department store tell in glowing figures of speech how the French government has released the famous Paul Poirer (pronounced Pwal Pwaree in the original) on a brief furlough in order that the ladies of these here United States may be saved from a throw-back into sheer barbarism in the matter of dress. Paul, you know, is the French heavyweight he-modiste titleholder. Paul made quite a hit on the Marne or at Louvaine, where they say he covered himself with glory, mud and a bombproof. Among his latest creations we understand that an afternoon gown of military severity is considered the quintessence of modern design in that it best expresses the spirit of the times; and this charming frock will be further embellished with a vanity set of silver, worn at the hip, the chief ornament of which is said to be a miniature trench-shovel and pick of filagreed silver—which implements will be of inestimable value at smart luncheons in the cracking of nuts or eating soup.

In spite, however, of these progressive efforts on the part of the major league emporiums, we fear that their day is dead. The mammoth store is no longer vogue; to be smart these days one must shop along and off the avenue; and, of course, there is only one avenue in New York.

Why is the small shop growing in popularity? The reasons are legion. For instance, a department store has everything on draught from a darning needle to a life-sized horse. A department store is too complete, and too crowded, and too hurried. And it is too easy to get what one wants in a department store. It makes of a shopping trip exactly what lunching at Childs' or the Automat makes of a meal—one is conscious of a clatter and a rush and a jam and a subsequent sensation of indigestion and thoughtful regret.

Of course, the great stores evolved out of little ones and prospered. Now many of them have ceased to prosper. The reason is that the pendulum is swinging back. Dame Fashion, ever fickle, is seeking the small and more or less exclusive shops along and immediately off the avenue, and in her train trail, sheep-like, her devotees and disciples.

Here is a case in point:

CAMERA: "Bill Smith is a foreman in a boiler factory in Tuscalooza (this is a panoramic description); noon whistle blows; exit Bill. Scene 2: Exterior factory in T. Bill comes out and is met by Maggy Smith, aged 5 years 2 months, chewing an all-day sucker and packing Bill's dinner in a pail—in the left background Mrs. Bill discovered hanging out the wash and waving shirt affectionately at her husband as picture fades.

Sub-title 2: TWENTY YEARS AFTER (not by Dumas). Joslynne Smythe (formerly Maggy of the all-day sucker) eases herself out of a 90 h. p. sea-green Sedan in front of Jiffany's and is followed by Mrs. William H. Smythe (erstwhile dryad of the suddy scene aforesaid). (You see, William H. Smythe, through sterling qualities and perspicuity won success in the contracting business until he engaged successfully in the manufacture of Senators, shrapnel and other high-grade staples in popular demand). Nevertheless Joslynne wears a No. 3½A, which isn't half bad for the daughter of a man who was once a foreman in a boiler works.

A slender, debonair young man steps forward as Joslynne and her mother reach the pavement, and lifts his hat. His name is Clyde Leftover; and he is Joslynne's fiancé. He is going to go shopping with his future wife and his mother-in-law-elect. He has a brindle bulldog on a leash which answers to the name of Teddy; and if Teddy had on a campaign hat and a pair of glasses it would have been a case of dual identity, the resemblance was so strong.

(This is all explained in the picture, you know.) Well, Joslynne has always been sorry that Clyde wasn't a Knickerbocker; but Clyde tells her that the only Knickerbockers left are a hotel or two and a brewing company. Clyde always has his name in the fashion column of the Herald; he is a blue-ribbon New Yorker from Denver, Col. Joslynne had secretly cherished the desire to draw something out of the matrimonial grab-bag with a name like Stuyvesant Van Something, but it wasn't to be. Her father finally told her that such scions as remained of Dutch ancestry were mostly running elevators down in the financial district or janitoring four-room-and-bath apartments in what Mr. Montague Glass calls the Bronx.

Well, anyway: Mrs. Smythe suddenly recalls a forgotten item for the library of their new house, so they all go down to the Avenue's smartest literary charnel-house, where she covers the manager with a pair of double-barreled lorgnettes and orders six yards of the best assorted classics, "de lukes" editions, and seven feet nine inches of the most refined fiction.

Thus, gentle reader, goes it along and off the avenue. Some belong; others do not; but they spend. And if they do not always get their money's worth in the actual value of the goods they purchase, they at least are, as a rule, more satisfactorily waited upon than in the pulsing, crowding stores.

Many, in fact most, of these small select shops lull one into an unguarded sense of security with the harmony of their decorative scheme, the unostentatious good taste of their display, the apparent lack of haste in their service—they wait upon you, but do not keep you waiting.

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THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. No. 5.

MAY, 1917.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, R. O. Veller; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.75 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

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THE EFFORT TO INTIMIDATE
AND COERCE CONGRESS

PRESIDENT WILSON'S
NEGLECTED WARNINGS.

AMERICANS of every shade of political opinion have noted with concern the efforts of a military clique to impose its will upon Congress. Daily we read in the newspaper dispatches, long and short, from Washington, in which somebody or other in the War Department is represented as impatient at the course of Congressmen in deliberating upon proposals. The martinets of the War Department labor under one hallucination. They think the policy of this country—the military policy as based upon principle—must be taken from the military. The truth is the exact opposite. The principles upon which our military policy is based will be taken by the officers from Congress. This point will have to be emphasized again and again. Are we to go to war? The Congress decides that question. Shall we have conscription or the voluntary system? The decision rests with Congress. Once the matter of policy is decided by Congress, the military will be told to execute the national will. The military will decide questions of strategy and of tactics after the policy of the country is declared by Congress. Let there be an end of the disedifying spectacle of men in exalted army positions using the newspapers to express covertly their displeasure at Congress. These militarists, who are running amuck for no other reason than that they hold high command in the army, ought to be taken to task by Secretary of War Baker. It is a pity that Mr. Baker has not the backbone of Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Mr. Daniels permits no trifling with the principle of the subordination of the military power to the civil power. Mr. Baker does not seem to realize that there is such a principle. We suggest to Mr. Baker that he take the martinets in hand, telling them that national policy in this country is made by the people through Congress. Once the policy is made, the President will give the orders to the Secretary of War.

THERE has been so much to distract and bewilder the public mind in the crisis we all face that the recent words of President Wilson respecting its nature have passed unheeded. He said in effect that it was a subtle, that it was extreme and that our peril in consequence may be the greatest in our history. His food plea went to our stomachs. His warning should stir our hearts. We are not quoting the President, textually, but it seems that he meant something of this kind. His warning words have passed unheeded, practically. The truth is that the nature of the national peril at this moment is such that it could be grasped only by one who had made a careful and prolonged study of international relations. It is a peril fraught with what Bismarck called the imponderabilia. It would not be obvious, even if explained, to the simple American mind of the Middle and Far West. One of the perils includes the committal of the nation to all kinds of intrigues among the powers of Europe. We earnestly hope that the talent at the disposal of our Department of State will be qualified to cope with the difficulties. Our one dread is that some morning or other we shall be confronted with an accomplished fact which the Senate, as the treaty making power, will be asked to endorse. The Senate must confirm every treaty with a foreign power or it has no binding force upon our country. The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is of grave importance in these peculiar times, when all the powers of Europe, to say nothing of those of Asia, are bearing down upon us clamoring for money, for food, for troops and for God knows what. Here, we suspect, is one of the subtle perils at which the President so wisely hinted. Fortunately, we have in Woodrow Wilson a man who, in eloquence, can rival Viviani, and in subtlety can prove deeper than the deep Balfour.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1920—
JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

THE only department of the government that seems truly prepared for the tremendous crisis in our national destinies is that of the Navy. For this important advantage we are indebted to Josephus Daniels. His great task, when he took charge of the Navy Department, was to relate the fleet to the country's national life. He found the navy in control of just such a clique as is now trying to hedge the War Department with a mock divinity. There was no appreciation among the members of the strategy board of the fact that our fleet must be directly related with the forces of the national life. It must be a democratic fleet, in the sense that its personnel has to be recruited from the flower of our population. It must afford a career to young men of ability, eager to rise, with a soul above mere gin, carousing and crime. The evil tradition of the old period still causes the civil authorities to send criminals to the recruiting officers of our navy. The fleet is sometimes regarded—this is an old British tradition—as the refuge of evildoers. Josephus Daniels has stopped that infamy. There is not in the whole country today, or in the world, a body of young men of such fine character, of such high ideals, of such devoted patriotism as are drilling now aboard the various units of the United States Navy. To these youths we are mainly indebted for the fact that we can sleep safely in our beds and eat in comfort. The Secretary of the Navy is the real hero of the war, therefore. His department has answered to the country's call because he founded his great reform primarily upon the enlisted man. It is to be hoped that Congress will authorize at once the laying down of six first-class battleships and five battle cruisers, together with the rest of the program of the Secretary of the Navy. In the meantime, and in order that those servants of the people who merit promotion may be encouraged, we nominate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1920, the heroic Josephus Daniels, object of the meanest conspiracy to discredit a public man that ever disgraced a bureaucratic clique. Luckily, the American people know their friends.

THE ATTACK UPON THE
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THOSE of us who believe in the institutions of our country will learn with amazement of the plan to deprive the press of its traditional freedom. The model of the bureaucracy at Washington seems to be the "reptile press" of the Bismarckian era. That is all very well if one has the Bismarck. As for getting our model of censorship from England, that is sheer nonsense. The London press has been filled with complaints recently of the stupidity of the censor. He

has raised such a storm of protest that one might imagine him to have been in the pay of the Germans. It is perfectly proper to forbid the publication in any newspaper of the movements of our armies and our fleets, but to forbid discussion of events and of measures and of men and of policies would be to attempt the impossible. The American people are just as American when they are at war as when they are at peace. The truth of the matter is that this crisis has brought to light in the War Department a clique of ancient and superannuated martinets, who do not understand the genius of a free people. These men would create rebellion at home if they had their way. Let this war be regarded as a people's war, not as an officer's war. Then we shall have an intelligent public opinion. From this point of view, the choice of Mr. George Creel, the brilliant essayist and publicist and editor, is wise. He has the faculty so rare among military men, that of discrimination.

A GRAVE POSSIBILITY
OF PERIL.

NOTHING could be wiser than the determination of Congress to make itself heard in the conduct of the war. The legislative departments of the various belligerents have done what is most creditable in times that bring credit to few. For example, it was the Chamber of Deputies at Paris which refused to permit the evacuation of Verdun by the French when the military had decided upon that step. It was the legislative department of the British Government that forced the equipment of the artillery with shells, that speeded up the war, when the executive under Asquith had grown slack. It was the Reichstag that forced the impending popularization of the German Government. It was the Duma that made the Russian revolution. These great achievements have been possible because the legislatures of the several countries concerned asserted themselves with vigor. In our country we have had, ever since the war began, a persistent attempt to discredit our Legislature by bureaucrats connected with the executive. Let us be warned in time. There must be no muzzling of Congress, the only authority empowered to ask questions. President Wilson spoke wise words when he referred to the power to ask questions—the most precious power the legislative branch possesses next to that of impeachment and that of withholding appropriations. The bare suggestion that Congress ought to adjourn this month—made by the bureaucrats, of course—is ominous. It suggests that there are schemes afoot and that the bureaucrats behind them do not want embarrassing questions asked.

LET US LEARN TO FIGHT
BEFORE WE DIE FOR
OUR COUNTRY.

THAT is a wise policy which would train our youth before sending them to die vainly for their country. The policy of training during a period of a year is the wisest yet adopted. A soldier cannot be made in a few months. We need two or three million trained soldiers. Otherwise our declaration of war upon the greatest military power in the world is a bad joke at our expense. To hurry our young men to Europe before they are soldiers would be a crime against the American people. In two years' time, if we are efficient, we can have a couple of million of trained soldiers, all ready to take the field and prepared to fight scientifically. Therefore we favor compulsory service, by which we mean a mobilization of the national forces in a soundly administrative manner. This point would be better appreciated, we think, if the martinets and the militant militarists did not rush forward with their bludgeons and threaten Congress in its favor. Woodrow Wilson has shown his wisdom in giving his approval to the scheme of compulsory service. The only alternative is the voluntary enlistment scheme, which would be a success, in point of numbers, we believe, if placed in friendly hands. The objection to that scheme is, that while it is poetical and beautiful, it does not permit of scientific training. It can be argued in its favor that the conscripts of the German military machine are being driven back by an army of volunteers from England, but we do not think this an accurate statement of the case. We believe the French conscript army has had more to do with the events of the past few weeks in the theatre of war than any volunteer army. Another drawback to the volunteer army system is the difficulty of keeping it in the country until it is properly trained. The task of equipping it would be another affair of giants. We would not be understood as condemning the system of volunteering. Our point is that in the present emergency it would not yield an adequate army scientifically trained. It might yield a larger mob.

THE STATE OF THE
GERMAN MIND TODAY.

IT is well to remember that all the news we get about the Germans comes through enemy sources, sources, that is to say, hostile to the Imperial German Government. That government, we may rest assured, will fight to the last gasp. It has no idea at all of surrendering, of weakening, of putting itself into the position of a suppliant for peace. Therefore, we shall have a long and hard fight to impose our will upon official Berlin. The policy of the Imperial German Government seems to be to ring itself within Central Europe and, by controlling an empire of the land, defy for the time being whatever strength may be brought

to bear against it even by sea. The retreat of the forces under Hindenburg confirms us in this view. There is no reason to suspect that the Germans will soon abandon all thought of starving out their foes by way of the sea. There will be a continuance of the submarine war in an energetic fashion, but that the weapon is henceforth to be a main reliance of the Marineamt we decline to believe. We—not the Germans—overestimate the sea factor. We look, as some British experts do, for another dash of the high seas fleet into the open. The Germans have by no means placed all their hopes upon the submarine, it is useless to expect them to give in should that weapon prove a failure. When we speak of the submarine proving a failure, we have reference to the large naval aspect of the phrase. The effect of submarine warfare upon the Allies is staggering, but Germany's chief reliance still remains her army. Hence, all talk of a collapse in Germany if the submarine is proved inadequate to the strain imposed upon it must still further mislead our people. Let us, to repeat, get into our heads the idea that we have a long and stern fight ahead of us with an enemy who will not confess himself beaten. The only way to shorten the war is to arm. If we are in a war, let us not expect others to fight our battles. Let us fight our own battles. The triumph will then be ours, and ours alone.

UNREASONABLE
EXPECTATIONS
OF PEACE.

MUCH mischief may have been done by premature rumors of impending peace. These reports have a tendency to mislead the American mind into a depreciation of the crisis that is upon us. President Wilson's latest warning is timely. Already there are ill-informed men and women observing that since peace is a possibility of the near future, the measures adopted to put the country in a state of defense will be superfluous. This is the idlest and vainest twaddle quite apart from the fact that it leads to peril. Peace or no peace, now or next year, we must stake nothing upon any such prospect. Let us not commit the blunder of despising the foe—the worst of all blunders in war. This country is confronted with a serious danger. We are a people bred to peace in a world at arms. We are at war with the most determined military power that has come into being since the days of the Roman Empire under Augustus. If we do not put ourselves into a posture of defense we might as well confess ourselves defeated and make what terms we can with the enemy. The talk about peace in a little while is interfering with the spirit of patriotism, which bids us make ready. We see no reason at all to take stock in the peace talk. That talk has echoed and echoed ever since the world took its stand at Armageddon.

THE HOUR OF PERIL FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THERE are fundamental misconceptions of the war upon which we have embarked. The American people are the victims of these errors. They are errors of perspective, of proportion, of point of view. If these things persist, the task of fighting the war will be rendered greater. There is no enemy like ignorance.

The most singular of all the misconceptions in the American mind concerns "isolated" Germany. Our people seem to think that Germany is fighting all the world. Germany is at the head of a powerful alliance, in possession of the garden spot of the world. Germany is supported by Austria, by Hungary—really an independent kingdom—by a powerful Balkan state and by the empire of the Ottomans. The forces of which she disposes are very formidable. She is the mistress of Central Europe. Germany, then, is not alone, but supported. Let us remember this.

The next blunder of our people has to do with sea power. We think of a Germany "hemmed in." In a sense, we, too, are hemmed in. There is no doubt that in a war involving a co-operation of land power with sea power, the latter will be the decisive factor. But a land war—and to Germany this is primarily a land war—can be waged indefinitely if the troops be trained, the command efficient and the supplies hold out. To Germany, the war, in its vital relation to her purpose, is a land war. There never was much truth in the British theory that should the submarine fail, the war on Germany's side will fail. The submarine is not essential to Germany's purpose in Mitteleuropa. We are told that the Germans are cherishing a delusion about England. They think the war has resolved itself into a problem of reducing England with the submarine. Whatever the masses of the people in Germany may think, we may rest assured that the general staff in Berlin has no such misconception of the war. To the military magnates of Germany this war is a series of vast operations on land for the consolidation of a power that shall dominate Europe from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf.

Germany might be compared with a lion that has taken refuge in a long cave. The cave has two openings, one to the north—the North Sea. The other opening is in Arabia and the Mediterranean. Between

the two openings of the cave of refuge is a vast region in which the lion can forage. The pursuers at each end or opening of the cave do not realize this. Their ships represent these watchers at the two entrances of the cave of our illustration. Central Europe is Germany's cave.

The war has thus become a sort of lion hunt. Our mistake consists in the idea that the lion has no friends, no owners, so to speak. Well, the lion—the Imperial German Government—has the German people back of him. It is to be feared that the words of President Wilson, intended to separate the German people from their government, will have just the opposite effect. The words of our President may achieve the purpose intended—in time. For the moment the people of Germany are disposed to resent so open an effort to win them from their allegiance. Let us not forget the blunder of Genet when Washington was President. Genet was the ambassador of France in this country. He undertook to appeal to the people over the head of Washington, and that destroyed the cause of France with us. It may be that President Wilson has made the mistake of Genet. Time will tell.

In any event, it behooves the American people to win a more accurate perspective of the war. It is a great undertaking. We must not rest content with distributing money. That was the policy of Carthage. In the end Carthage went down. Let us do what the Romans did. Let us arm ourselves. Let us refrain from the practice of despising the foe. The foe is not to be despised. He is dangerous. He may be deadly. Our standpoint is American.

There is in the air nowadays a new cosmopolitanism which makes all the world one—with the exception of Germany. Our American trait is provincialism. Let us stick to our provincialism. The men who won the War of the Revolution were provincials. The Mexican War was won by the parochial, the petty. The Civil War was domestic. Let us, by all means, defeat Germany, but let us, as we have urged elsewhere, do it ourselves. The policy of hiring other people to fight our battles is a dangerous one. If the people who fight our battles for us are not content with our terms, they may sell us out to our enemy, who will allow all kinds of plunder—from us. Mercenary war is as fatal to those who instigate it as to those whom it bleeds white. Remember Carthage.



TRECENTO

By HANNS HEINZ EWERS.

PERSONS:

FERRUCCIO II, DUKE OF APULIA (40)
 NYSSA, AN ALBANIAN GIRL (17)
 BRACKE, A GERMAN KNIGHT (45)
 CASERTA (68)
 STROPPA (25)
 TOSCANINI (30)

} AT FERRUCCIO'S COURT

THEOTOCOPOULOS, A GREEK PHYSICIAN (55)

SERVANTS

Bari, Apulia, Fourteenth Century.

(The castle of the duke. A large hall, rather low-vaulted, Gothic. On the right in the rear, a window set in a very thick wall. A huge curtain occupies the middle of the rear wall; back of it stand in rows the embalmed corpses. Many men, a few women; all in white shrouds. A few places in between are still unoccupied. All the corpses have, around the neck, a halter that is fastened to the beam above. This makes them seem to swing in mid-air. In the free places, empty halters hang from the beams. The curtain is closed. To the left an oriel with several windows, in it a few arm chairs. To the right of the curtain a window—then a door that leads down from the staircase.)

To the right and left are doors, masked by hangings. Nothing on the walls, only a few large sconces with many candles. Vaulted ceiling, arches! Dark marble pavement. A rather small table, on it a large wine decanter, glasses, fruit dish, silver cake basket! Beside the table a very large arm chair and two small arm chairs. Against the wall several large and small arm chairs. Under the table, etc., is a medium-sized carpet. It is evening, only a few candles are burning. The hall is faintly lit. To the right is the banqueting hall, to the left are the sleeping apartments of the duke.)

SCENE I.

FERRUCCIO: Bring him in here, the Teuton. Advise me, as soon as his horsemen have passed the gate. Who has the guard?

CASERTA: Count Stroppa, Sire.

FERRUCCIO: 'Tis well! Thou and he must entertain him. Tell him I banquet within, tell him to await me. Let him not grow impatient—let him not become aware of what is passing within.

CASERTA: The noise, Sire—

FERRUCCIO: What noise? That he can hear; do we not banquet within? Only that the envoys of the French King are in the castle—that is he not to know—that not. And watch ye that none enter from the banqueting hall.

TOSCANINI: Be sure of that, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO: The German Knight must wait until I come. Gossip with him, drink deep and make him to drink—Is the wine tasted? Leech!

THEOTOCOPOULOS (*enters from the rear*): I myself saw it poured in, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO: No matter—taste it again. And taste the pastry, every piece. (*The physician pours out a glass of wine, drinks. The two others break off small bits of the pastry and eat them.*)

CASERTA: Superfluous prudence, Sire.

FERRUCCIO: Superfluous? Did none yet die of poison in the Castle of Bari?

TOSCANINI: If thou didst not command it.

FERRUCCIO: So, only then? Can I myself eat a mouth-

ful that has not been tasted? And this German must not die—not today! Within three days I should have the Emperor's whole pack at my heels. (*The blast of a horn is heard in the distance.*) That is the signal—they pass the gate. A woman, bring him a woman, that the time may not seem long to him. I will see to it that those within soon drink the Frenchmen under the table! Take one of the dancers—take the tall wench from Naples! No—take rather the small, slender one—the willow-wand, the one that was brought yesterday to the castle. What do they call her?

TOSCANINI: Nyssa—she came with a bark from Ragusa.

FERRUCCIO: Yes, she. She laughs, lewdly, like a Thesalian witch. She dances and bends, that the men become brutish dogs! Take her—she will make even the blood of the heavy German ox to seethe. Promise her ten Venetian gold pieces, make her to dance, wildly and hotly—and disappear! She must caress and flatter him—sit on his knee! Open the door there into the sleeping room—open it wide. (*Caserta goes to the right, opens it.*)—That the Teuton may see the open bed! (*Laughs.*) There may he drag her. Bring her in! (*Exit Toscanini; Caserta returns.*) The Teuton must remain till I have finished with the Frenchmen, that he must! You answer to me for that. Well—how is it with the wine, leech?

THEOTOCOPOULOS: Pure and clear. I would give it to my own father and mother.

FERRUCCIO: So come! The Parisian lords await us. (*They go to the door on the left. The physician opens the curtain, from the other side enter Nyssa and Toscanini. She makes a deep obeisance before the duke.*)

FERRUCCIO: That is she. Set her to learn her part. Do thy task well, little wench. (*He passes through the door with the physician, Caserta remains behind, Toscanini and Nyssa advance.*)

SCENE II.

(*Nyssa in a fantastic dancer's costume, Caserta, Toscanini.*)

TOSCANINI: Now give heed, wench! Dance—till the eyes of the German swine stick out like buttons from his head. Tear thy kerchief off—that he may see thy impudent childish charms. (*He takes hold of her laughingly and tries to pull off her kerchief—she draws back a step.*) There is the bedroom, mind that. Coax him into there, dost thou hear? And do not let him go, the hairy bear—hold him fast until the duke comes!—Then is thy fortune made, girl.

(*Again the blast of a horn is heard, this time nearer.*)

CASERTA: They are in the castle. Go to meet the Knight, friend.

TOSCANINI: I go. (*Exit toward the back on the right.*)

CASERTA (*accompanies him*): And forget not to give the order to care for his horsemen and for their mounts.

TOSCANINI (*laughing*): Eat and drink—that they shall.

CASERTA (*Looks after him and closes the door, then returns to Nyssa, who meanwhile has remained standing in the same place*): We are alone—for a few moments only. Tell me girl—quick! Thou gavest me a ring yesterday (*he draws it out*) my ring—how didst thou come by it?

NYSSA: A messenger brought it me—many years ago, when I was yet a child. Brought also a letter. In it was written that I should go to thee—with this ring. It said also that thou hadst taken part in the conspiracy of the men of Ragusa. All were murdered by thy duke—thou alone didst escape. But thou didst swear, like the others, to keep silence

and to give help—then and ever—to any one who would bring death to the duke. And thereon thou didst receive the sacrament. So ran the letter.

CASERTA: Who wrote the letter?

NYSSA: It matters not who wrote it.

CASERTA: Who art thou, girl?

NYSSA: It matters not who I am. Didst thou swear the oaths?

CASERTA (*nods*).

NYSSA: So help me, Knight.

CASERTA: What wilt thou do?

NYSSA: Kill the duke.

CASERTA: Thou?

NYSSA: Yes, I. Dost thou not hear me? And thou must help me.

CASERTA (*laughs aloud*): Thou—a child, and I, an old man; a noble conspiracy, forsooth. (*To her.*) Maiden, twenty years have I passed at the duke's court—many a plot saw I—many a—

NYSSA: Hast thou no cause for revenge?

CASERTA: Two sons of mine did he stab—two! There hang—(*She turns, points to the curtain with a faint motion, sobs.*)

NYSSA: What ails thee, old man?

CASERTA: Naught, naught! The duke is a good man! He bereft me not of them—any day I can see my sons.

NYSSA: I understand thee not.

CASERTA: No, no! Thou art only one day in Apulia. Stay here—wilst understand it soon enough! (*He controls himself.*) Maiden, whoever thou art—fare home over the sea. That man is stronger than thou or I.

NYSSA: However mighty he may be—I will kill him.

CASERTA: Thou! The duke!

NYSSA: Procure me an opportunity to approach him. I know how to handle a knife—will slip it into my sleeve that none may see it. Can draw it out on the instant—can stab; know also how to throw it—at twenty paces, that it strikes his heart and pierces it.

CASERTA: That wilt thou do?

NYSSA: That will I do. Thereon took I the Sacrament, as thou didst.

CASERTA: So, so. Perhaps thy little hand is Heaven's weapon.

NYSSA: So help me. How can I do it?

CASERTA: Thou must—wait. (*He reflects.*) There is but one way.

NYSSA: Which one?

CASERTA: Thou must do what the duke commands.

NYSSA: What? Dance before the stranger that you await? Caress him—drink with him—and then, with the drunken one—

CASERTA: Yes, that must thou do.

NYSSA (*proudly*): For that came I not here.

CASERTA: And still it *must* be. Dost thou refuse—so will the duke order thee to be flogged and driven from the castle. Nevermore shalt thou approach him.

NYSSA: I—I should (*proudly*) I am of princely blood. (*Softly.*) I was reared in the mountains; I am pure as the snow of our mountains.

CASERTA (*to her*): A virgin—innocent—unkissed. Go, maiden, desist. I shall take thee down, shall bring thee through a quiet gate unto the port. Tonight there sails a ship across the sea—return thou home.

NYSSA (*after a short silence*): No! Tell me—if I do it, what then?

CASERTA: Then the duke will summon thee, will give

thee gold, will listen to thy tale—will laugh at thy modesty. Then go very near to him—then—

NYSSA: Then I can stab him. I will do it, Knight, I will do it. (*Loud voices are heard from without in the rear.*)

CASERTA: Maiden, here they come. Go thou up there. (*He points to the oriel; she goes there. He accompanies her for a few steps, then turns toward the door to meet the others.*)

SCENE III.

(*Caserta, Toscanini, Stroppa, Bracke.*)

(*Toscanini and Stroppa enter with Bracke, the latter in full armor with a helmet.*)

STROPPA: Enter here, noble lord! Here wait and rest awhile. So long were you in the saddle.

BRACKE: Be so kind and inform your master of my coming. My time is short.

TOSCANINI: He knows already that you are here, Sir Knight. He banquets within with the Bishop of Tarentum and his retinue. He will soon dismiss the priests.

BRACKE: How long will it be?

CASERTA: A short hour.

BRACKE: An hour? (And an Italian one to boot!) Tell thy duke that I have not that much time. Tell him, my Imperial master awaits an answer. (*As they show no signs of doing his bidding, urgently.*) Go, I tell you, announce me.

CASERTA: Go, Stroppa, tell the duke. (*He accompanies Stroppa for a few steps, whispering, then returns. Exit Stroppa by left-hand door.*)

TOSCANINI: Be seated, Sir Knight. Will you not lay aside your armor?

BRACKE: No. (*Seats himself.*)

TOSCANINI (*fills a glass*): A swallow of wine, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: Thanks, no.

CASERTA: Are you not thirsty?

BRACKE: Yes. I am thirsty.

CASERTA: And still you will not drink, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: No.

CASERTA (*rises*): To thy Emperor's health! Wilst thou not pledge me there?

BRACKE: No.

TOSCANINI: Do you fear poison? Sec, I drink first.

BRACKE: Give yourself no pains. When the duke himself will taste first of my wine, then will I drink. Otherwise not. So runs my order.

CASERTA: Tell me, how long did you ride to Bari?

BRACKE: Fourteen hours.

TOSCANINI: And are you not spent?

BRACKE: No.

CASERTA: You passed the port—saw you our ships? How does Bari please you?

BRACKE: I know not.

TOSCANINI: Tell me, Sir Knight, are you—

BRACKE (*interrupts him.*)..Desist. I need no entertainment. I can wait in silence.

(*Toscanini looks at Caserta questioningly. He motions with his head toward the oriel. Toscanini arises, goes to the oriel. Pretends to be surprised on seeing the girl.*)

TOSCANINI (*to Nyssa*): What doest thou here, little wench? Thou must have been dreaming about the moon and have fallen asleep! Within they need thee, thou art to dance before the Bishop! Come, girl! (*Nyssa advances.*)

CASERTA: Within are enough dancers. Remain thou here—dance for the German Knight, that the time hang not heavy on his hands.

TOSCANINI: That is well said. Dance before the envoy of the Emperor. And *(with emphasis)* do thy task well.

TOSCANINI *(quickly to Nyssa, half whispering)*: Lift thy skirts, wench, swing thy legs—make him to sweat through his steel armor.

CASERTA: Wilst thou excuse us, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: Call the Duke Ferruccio.

(Exeunt Toscanini and Caserta to the left, with profound obeisances.)

SCENE IV.

(Nyssa, Bracke.)

(Nyssa advances still further, always her eyes on the Knight. She is frightened, undecided. He takes no notice of her.)

NYSSA: Shall I dance, Sir Knight?

BRACKE: Do as thou wilt.

NYSSA *(hesitates, then begins to dance. At first timidly, then, as if moved by sudden resolution, wildly and passionately.)*

BRACKE *(at first does not glance in her direction, but then begins to notice her. She dances savagely—comes nearer, ends one step away from him, panting.)*

BRACKE: Thou dancest well, maiden.

NYSSA *(panting)*: So it is said.

BRACKE: I believe thee; I understand not such things.

NYSSA *(hesitates again, does not know what to do. She then takes the glass, offers it to him with a half gesture.)*

BRACKE *(laughs shortly)*.

NYSSA *(lets her arm sink again, puts down the glass. Hesitates again. Bites her lips, steps close to him. After a pause)*: Sire.

BRACKE: What now?

NYSSA *(quickly)*: Do I please thee?

BRACKE: Why not? Art young and fair.

NYSSA *(fumbles at her dress)*: Sir Knight *(tonelessly)* wilt thou—

BRACKE *(laughs shortly)*: I thought so! Let thy dress be.

NYSSA: Sir. *(She retreats a few steps, bursts out sobbing and covers her face with her hands.)*

BRACKE *(looks at her in silence. After a pause)*: Come here, girl.

NYSSA *(approaches)*.

BRACKE *(sharply)*: Thou art in the Duke's pay?

NYSSA *(hesitates, then nods)*.

BRACKE: Hast been trained for thy part?

NYSSA *(nods again)*.

BRACKE: Art to seduce me, is it not so?

NYSSA *(nods, glances involuntarily toward the open bedroom.)*

BRACKE *(follows her glance, turns—sees the uncovered bed, bursts into loud laughter)*: And the bed, too, is there! Thou hast no luck, maiden! Tell me, what does the Duke pay thee for this?

NYSSA *(low)*: I know not.

BRACKE *(arises, takes a small purse from his belt, offers it to her)*: Here, take. This may be more! The Emperor pays better than thy Duke.

NYSSA *(stands motionless. Suddenly she rushes toward him with a cry, throws herself at his feet)*: Thou canst do it. Thou! Help me, my lord! Kill him!

BRACKE: The duke?

NYSSA: Kill him—Ah—I hate him.

BRACKE: More than one in his land hates him.

NYSSA *(clasps his knees)*: Sire, sire, thou art strong. Thou art of iron. Kill him—

BRACKE: Rise, maiden!

NYSSA: The duke murdered my—

BRACKE: Arise! I will not know whom he murdered.

NYSSA *(moaning)*: Kill him.

BRACKE: My emperor needs the living duke—not the dead. *(He unclasps her hands, retreats a few steps. Walking up and down.)* Hast no luck, girl, neither with love nor with revenge.

NYSSA *(springs up, approaching him)*: Thou goest? Stay—stay!

BRACKE: Call the duke, maiden.

NYSSA *(stands a moment, then runs across the hall. Tears back the curtain, and calls very loudly into the banquet hall)*: Duke, Duke Ferruccio.

(From the hall comes drunken clamor. Bracke advances again, looks toward the door. After a moment Ferruccio enters by the door, with him Caserta and Toscanini. He is somewhat intoxicated.)

SCENE V.

(Ferruccio, Bracke, Caserta, Toscanini, Nyssa.)

FERRUCCIO *(enters)*: Ah—the German Knight! *(He greets him with a wave of his hand. Bracke nods. Ferruccio to Caserta and Toscanini, in a half-whisper)*: That went faster than I thought. They are almost done for. Go drink with them to a finish.

(Exit Caserta and Toscanini. Meanwhile Nyssa has drawn back into the oriel, unnoticed. Ferruccio advances): Be seated, Sir Knight.

BRACKE *(waits until the duke is seated, then seats himself also)*.

FERRUCCIO: What, the wine still untasted? Drink with me?

BRACKE *(takes the glass, raises it, but does not drink.)*

FERRUCCIO *(sees his action, starts, laughs)*: I understand. *(Fills his own glass, drinks.)* To your good health! Are you satisfied?

BRACKE: To Your Grace's health! *(He drains his glass. The duke refills both glasses.)*

FERRUCCIO: I kept you waiting. I know how pressing is your mission—still I made you wait. Forgive me. Look, you, the Tarentian Bishop—

BRACKE: The Frenchman mean you, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO *(standing up)*: Sir Knight—

BRACKE: The Emperor would be but poorly served did he not know who rides in through the gates of Bari.

FERRUCCIO: The Bishop of Tarentum and his train rode this noon into my town.

BRACKE: And three hours later came the Parisian envoys—you would conceal them from me—and me from them. Your Grace does well.

FERRUCCIO: And if I should swear to you.

BRACKE: Swear or swear not—or spare yourself the pains; we have been long enough in this land to know what your oaths are worth, duke.

FERRUCCIO *(springs up)*: You go too far—Sir! *(Controls himself, drinks.)* The Emperor has sent me a sorry man. He makes it hard to treat with him.

BRACKE: No, he makes it easy. We know well where we stand with you—so now you also may learn our thoughts. A fair exchange. You know the Emperor's terms—do you accept them? Yes or no?

FERRUCCIO: And do you know also what the king promises me? Three times as much! All Naples and—

BRACKE: We know that well. And know, too, that he cannot keep his word. The Emperor keeps his. Duke—it is to your profit to go with us.

FERRUCCIO: I must think the matter over. *(He drinks.)*

BRACKE: Not an hour longer. If you will not consent now, the Emperor will not delay his answer. He will march upon Bari. And in three weeks—will dash the crown from your head.

FERRUCCIO (*drinks*): When shall my troops join yours?

BRACKE: In eight days—near Altamura. Twelve thousand footmen and your two thousand Saracen horsemen.

FERRUCCIO: The Saracens I must keep. They are my bodyguard.

BRACKE: Those we must have you send. Just those.

FERRUCCIO: You drive a hard bargain, Sir Knight!

BRACKE: Why resist, Your Grace? It is to your profit—and you know that well.

FERRUCCIO (*after a short pause*): So tell the Emperor that I accept his conditions—fairly and freely. I join his army at the appointed time, near Altamura. I myself take command of my troops.

BRACKE: No, Your Grace, that will you not. I and none other command your troops.

FERRUCCIO (*springs up*): That is—

BRACKE (*stands up, firmly*): The Emperor's order. Be calm, Your Grace. We are friends; forget that not!

FERRUCCIO (*bursts into laughter*): Good friends are we, forsooth! (*Fills both glasses to brim, drinks to Bracke.*) To our friendship, Sir Bracke!

BRACKE (*drinks with him. The duke has become more and more intoxicated.*)

FERRUCCIO: If thou knewest, what I wish thee, with this draught!

BRACKE: I wish not to know.

FERRUCCIO (*continuing, laughing, half intoxicated*): I love thee, Sir Bracke! I would keep thee by me, here in this hall!

BRACKE: I serve the Emperor.

FERRUCCIO: As long as there is life in thee, just so long! I love thee dearly, German Knight!

BRACKS: 'Tis said Your Grace knows better how to hate than love.

FERRUCCIO: To hate—to love—are they not the same? What I hate and what I love—that will I have. And what I have—that will I keep. (*Laughs.*) Thee, too! I would have thee and keep thee—for me alone. And then would I love thee—even if once I hated.

BRACKE: I understand you not.

FERRUCCIO: No? The Duke of Milan collects gay-colored pictures and the Pope marble statues that are dug out of the ground. 'Tis said that thy Emperor collects old manuscripts, parchments, Greek, Roman, and Arabic—I, too, collect. I collect the people that I love.

BRACKE: So wish I you much luck for your collection. Does Your Grace dismiss me now?

FERRUCCIO: Yes—yes—ride thou, Knight. And forget not, once shall I have thee in my collection. (*He refills his glass.*) To that I drink. (*Drinks.*)

BRACKE: Let me take my leave. (*Both go toward the rear to the door.*)

FERRUCCIO: I go with thee. I must impress thy face upon my memory, lest I forget it. Have fresh mounts been given thee?

BRACKE: Count Stroppa gave the order.

FERRUCCIO: Then are they in readiness below; come, Sir Knight. (*Both exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

(*Nyssa, later Caserta.*)

NYSSA (*comes out of the oriel slowly and cautiously, looks around, goes to the door, looks after the two. Returns then to the center of the stage, stands irresolute.*)

CASERTA (*enters by the door on the left, sees her*): Thou here, girl?

NYSSA (*points to the oriel*): There I remained. None heeded me.

CASERTA: For that thank Heaven? Did they come to an agreement?

NYSSA: I think so. I understood not much of what they said.

CASERTA: Drank they?

NYSSA: The German Knight drank little. The duke much. What shall I do?

CASERTA: I know not. Perchance the duke will return—will call thee—speak with thee—

NYSSA (*wildly*): And then I can—

CASERTA: Perhaps—I know not—but go now—go! If he sees thee here, he will be suspicious, will have thee driven from the castle. Go—quickly.

NYSSA (*Takes a few steps toward the door on the left. Caserta drawing her back.*)

CASERTA: No—not there. They banquet still. They will see that thou didst come from here, will understand that thou wast present at the duke's conference with the Teuton. Will question thee—will tell the duke. (*He goes to the door in the rear.*) Go out here. Remain below on the stair—in case the duke calls thee.

NYSSA (*follows him to the door.*)

CASERTA (*starts back*): The duke is below.

NYSSA (*goes swiftly to the bedroom.*)

CASERTA: No—that, too, is impossible. The bedroom has only this one door—if they find thee there—hidden—thy life is at stake.

NYSSA (*stands irresolute*): Where, then, shall I go?

CASERTA (*looks around him*): Maiden, hast thou courage?

NYSSA (*nods resolutely.*)

CASERTA: Come, then! (*He leads her to the curtain, takes hold of the curtain, that is divided into many parts. He trembles—lets fall the curtain again.*) My sons—my two sons.

NYSSA (*has followed him.*)

CASERTA (*controls himself*): Maiden, if Heaven sent thee—. If this night—(*he lifts a bit of the lower edge of the curtain. Looks in. Lifts up a piece further along. Draws out a white shroud, gives it to her.*) There, take!

NYSSA: What is that? (*Takes it.*)

CASERTA: Take off thy dancing dress. Put on this!

NYSSA: A silken shift!

CASERTA: Draw it on! Make haste. (*She begins to unfastens her dress.*) Haste thee, the duke comes. (*Steps are heard.*) Slip in here! (*He draws back the curtain, only an empty space is to be seen; from above a rope hangs down.*) See not to the right—nor to the left—touch nothing—to the right of thee nor to the left. Nothing, dost thou hear? And even if thy blood freeze in thy veins—stir not! And when the duke comes, if he perchance does draw back the curtain—stir not! Don thy shroud—and—in the name of all the Holy Saints—stir not! Whatever happens—stir not!

NYSSA (*has opened her garment, but has not yet taken it off. She mounts the steps, Caserta draws the curtain behind her.*) (*N. B.—At this spot in the background is a small opening so that the actress, during the time the curtain is closed, can easily go out to take off her dress and put on the shroud. She then returns and stands there in her shift, the dress lies at her feet. The noose of the rope is back of her head.*)

CASERTA (*panting, stands before the closed curtain and crosses himself. The duke's voice is heard; Caserta advances to meet him.*)

SCENE VII.

(Ferruccio, Caserta, Stroppa, Servants.)

FERRUCCIO (*enters, accompanied by two servants, Saracens, Stroppa. Goes to window, looks out*): There they ride, the horsemen! How they gleam! Steel and iron!

STROPPA: Are not our coats-of-mail better, Your Grace? Those from Otranto?

FERRUCCIO: Yes—they gleam brightly. And are proof against a stab! But within is honey and filth. Fellows like thee, Stroppa; of what avail then is the armor? (*He laughs aloud.*) Answer, thou putty-faced rogue!

STROPPA: Sire—

FERRUCCIO (*aping him*): Sire—Sire! Yes, that is all you can say. (*To Caserta.*) Where are the Frenchmen?

CASERTA: Still at table, Your Grace.

FERRUCCIO: They have drunk enough. Have them seized.

STROPPA: The King's envoys?

FERRUCCIO: Yes—they! I need them no longer. The dungeon waits—rejoices already at receiving visitors! Seize them, bind them well—bring them to the keep. I am on the Emperor's side. (*Stroppa and Caserta bow, go toward the door on the left.*) Old man! (*Caserta remains standing, exit Stroppa.*)

CASERTA: My Lord commands?

FERRUCCIO: Let all the tailors and armorers be summoned in the town and in the castle. Instantly! Set them to work day and night. They must make Saracen accoutrements and weapons. Two thousand—hearest thou—two thousand! In one week they must be finished!

CASERTA: In one week?

FERRUCCIO: Not one day more. (*Laughs.*) I will hang the rags on the horse-boys—on my wretched Campanian camp-followers. (*Stands by the table, drinks again.*) So, old man, go watch over the tailoring.

CASERTA (*bows. Exit on the left.*)

FERRUCCIO (*to the servants*): Undress me! (*They begin to do so.*) My Saracens wilt thou have, German Knight? Thou shalt have them! Saracens that turn tail at the blast of a trumpet! Saracens that would rather eat macaroni than draw the bow; that hang from their horses like sacks of meal—full of lice and half-starved. (*Laughs.*) Thou shalt have thy fill of them! (*The servants draw off his outer garment, lay belt and dagger on the table, throw a half oriental sleeping robe around him. To the servants.*) Fill up my glass! One draught more—before I go to bed—and now go—friends—faithful dogs—lie down—each before his door. (*The servants, bow and leave—one by the door in the rear, one by that on the left.*)

SCENE VIII.

(Ferruccio. Later Nyssa.)

FERRUCCIO (*drinks*): I have drunk deep today (*laughs*) have both drunk and eaten well (*takes a piece of pastry. Eats.*) The knight is right—it is to my profit to go with the Emperor. He is mighty and what he promises he keeps, and the Frenchman lies. But because he lies—I can lie to him—and because he is a knave—I can be an even greater one. The Teuton is strong, honest and wise, and he makes us feel that he is better than we. He lords it over us—and lets us realize well that we are not his equals. Straightforward is he. His answer is yes or no, and that all because he is strong and holds the sword in his hand. He knows no fear—like a wild bull. The Teuton is a beast—and not a man! (*He drinks again.*) The Frenchman? I can despise him—and therefore—like him. And the Teuton who compels me

to acknowledge him—him I hate—for that very reason! That he can not understand—that does not penetrate into his bear's skull. (*He laughs out loud.*) Only wait, my Sir Bracke, I will teach you that as soon as I can have thee here—among the others. (*He walks to the curtain.*) I shall have thee, fear not. Therefore will I announce thee now, proud knight—thou wilt be the first German in my train. (*He parts the curtain quickly. The corpses are seen hanging there, all in white shrouds. Mostly men, two or three women in between; a few places are empty; shrouds lie on the ground below them. Nyssa stands among the corpses. Ferruccio stands in an empty place.*) Here is a pretty spot for you, Sir Bracke. (*He lifts the shroud, plays with it, then throws it down again.*) The shroud will become thee better than thy steel armor! And the rope is strong and stout. (*He laughs, turns back, seats himself on his chair, drinks, facing the curtain.*) To your health, dear friends! I have solved the problem how to turn the worst enemies into the best of friends, can do it better than all the emperors and kings in the world. Kill them with knife and poison or halter—have them embalmed by skillful Greek physicians—and hang them up—neatly in rows! There they become well-behaved, become tame—lose their evil thoughts! Is it not so? You there, Count Ascoli, eh? You were angry at me, hated me, because I stole your little daughter. Hadst played thy part badly, poor Count, for even before thy conspiracy was hatched, my Saracens caught thee. And thou, Balthasar Bitonto, Judge of Bari—who wouldst not condemn my Ancona captives! Once I hated and now I love thee! Hast changed thy views of right and justice now?

(*He rises, lifts his glass.*) Lucrezia Melfi—to thy good health! (*Pledges her.*) Dost remember—how thou didst give me poison in my wine—revenging thy sister's shame? Hadst to drink the cup thyself—fair Lucrezia—no tears, no struggles availed thee. First into the bed—dost remember?—and then the poisoned cup—what a night of bliss it was! Art no longer as beautiful as thou wast then, Lucrezia, in spite of all my embalmer's art—one still does shrivel.

Ah, I love you, dearest enemies—now my sweetest friends—and would not miss one of you. You, there, Errico and Dandolo—old Caserta's sons. You rode better than I, did you? To you love opened doors that only fear unbarred to me. Now no white hand caresses you—dear lads! Dream on of hot kisses—hanging in your hempen halters—fair brothers—the good old man's comfort and fond hope. (*He laughs loudly, drunkenly, lurches forward a step.*) I would kiss you all. You hated me, called down upon me death and destruction, and hang there now dear and good—gentle as sucking doves. (*Laughs ringingly.*) You would so like to harm me—but yet none can touch me—none.

NYSSA (*shrilly, loudly*): Yes, one, Duke Ferruccio.

FERRUCCIO (*staggers backward a step, appalled*): How? How? Who?

NYSSA: I, Duke Ferruccio!

FERRUCCIO (*Retreats still further; tries to steady himself by taking hold of the table.*)

NYSSA (*climbs down, walks slowly toward the duke.*)

FERRUCCIO (*sinks into the arm chair, clutches his head with his hand*): I—am—drunk—I am drunk.

NYSSA (*advancing a few steps*): Duke Ferruccio—

FERRUCCIO (*hoarsely, trembling with fear, in a strangled voice that he in vain tries to make louder*): Mehmet! Help! Rustem! Come! Help! Does no one hear me? Call the leech, varlets! I am ill—am in a fever—Mehmet! I see ghosts! The leech!

NYSSA (*advances still further*): Duke Ferruccio—

FERRUCCIO (*tries to rise by a tremendous effort; he suc-*

ceeds in raising himself, but his legs, trembling and knocking together, refuse to support him; he falls back heavily into the arm chair. Nyssa watches him, lying in wait for his every movement; always ready to throw herself on him; she has drawn a long dagger from her sleeve. When she sees that he cannot stand up she laughs aloud. Ferruccio pants, breathes heavily, beats his knees.)...Accursed wine! Accursed limbs!

NYSSA: It is not the wine—thy conscience cripples thee.

FERRUCCIO: I have no conscience—brand of Satan! (He tries to life his arm, it sinks back; he groans.)

NYSSA (feasting her eyes on his weakness, still observing him keenly): So thou feelest fear, fear of vengeance—fear of death! Fear makes thee helpless!

FERRUCCIO (with impotent fury): Those, there, feel fear—my arms and hands—my limbs! (With a mighty effort he lifts his trembling hand to his forehead.) That there—not—I.

NYSSA (laughs shrilly, lifts the gleaming dagger, as if in play.)

FERRUCCIO: Hellish spirit—ghost—whatever thou art—Fever—beast—approach. Breathe thy pestilential vapor—sink thy iron claws into my throat—I still will laugh—will spit into thy face—with my last breath.

NYSSA (starts, lets her arm sink slightly, then haughtily, proudly): I am no ghost—am living, as thou art.

FERRUCCIO (again makes a weak and futile attempt to rise. Laughs bitterly): Dead or alive—what matters it to me?

NYSSA: Dost thou know me?

FERRUCCIO (recognizes her): Thou art—the dancing girl that came from Ragusa. She danced—before the German knight.

NYSSA: I am she. And am also Danitza, Prenk Militin's daughter, the daughter of the Albanian Prince.

FERRUCCIO (scornfully): Whom I murdered as I did Hajan—his son—thy brother—(he laughs aloud).

NYSSA: To avenge them came I hither. (She lifts the dagger.)

FERRUCCIO: Cursed be thou and all thy kin!

NYSSA (cries out, rushes at him, plunges the dagger into his breast. Then retreats. Stands before him breathing heavily.)

FERRUCCIO (draws a deep breath, stands up suddenly with a jerk. The dagger falls clanging to the ground. Her look, which at first is expectant, becomes anxious—she does not know what is happening. He breathes as if inhaling new power. Suddenly he seizes her hand, and with a mighty sweep of his arm drags her to her knees before him. Laughs shortly): Stroppa was right; trusty are our coats of mail from Otranto! (He still holds her tightly, with his other hand he lifts the decanter, pours out some wine; gulps down a glassful.) That sweeps through the blood! (He thrusts her from him—takes a few steps.) The nightmare is gone—thanks for thy thrust, girl! Rise! (She gets up slowly.) Art a good maid—gavest me new life, not death. I cursed thee, thee and thy kin? No—no! Only good came to me from you, only kindness! The Madonna and all the Saints bless thee and thine. (Laughs.) All—dead and living! Thou tremblest, little one? Awake—laugh! Thou art fair—I will have thee—hearest thou? I love the fierce panther cats—and thou art wild, as was thy mother! (Coming nearer to her.) Dost thou know why thy father sought my life? Because I took thy mother—in the midst of a banquet—before all the drunken guests! For that he sought revenge. She

screamed and struggled and bit—and still none dared to wrest her from me—none, not even thy father. And then, little one, then in the night—in bed—(he motions with his head toward the bedroom)—she became tamed and—burning—kissed me, loved me—me, her master! Because I was stronger and wilder than they all. So shalt thou kiss me, girl.

NYSSA (stands rigid before him, motionless.)

FERRUCCIO (laughing loudly): Art afraid? Does thy little body say nay—as did my frame but now? Drink, drink! (He forces a glass on her.) Drink, I say, girl! (He holds the glass to her lips, she obeys and drinks.) Wait, little one, shalt see, how little I fear one of thy blood! (He throws off his garment, stands there in a coat of mail that covers his breast—his arms are bare—his legs are covered as far as the knees, from there down they are bare. He opens the coat of mail in front so that his breast is unprotected. Laughing.) A piece of prudence, girl, and a necessary one in this land. But not against thee, child, not against thee! There no coat of mail is necessary! Here, take thy dagger—stab me—here is my breast. (He picks up her dagger.) The point broken off—they make but sorry weapons in Albania. Take this one! (He lifts his dagger from the table, draws it from its sheath, gives it to her. She hesitates, then timidly takes the dagger. He tears open wide his coat of mail and remains standing in front of her.) If thou canst—stab me. (She hesitates.) How now? Dost think, I would seize thy hand? I shall not move! And mark me—my dagger is poisoned—needst only graze me—barely touch me, girl. No need of any strength—any child could do it!

NYSSA (tries to take a firmer hold of the dagger).

FERRUCCIO (more and more wildly): Dost not dare? I took thy mother—maiden—took her by force! (He stretches out his arm, his hand like a claw.) I murdered thy brother, girl—throttled him with this hand—here—in this very hall! Strike me! Strike! And thy father I stabbed, with the very same dagger that thou dost hold in thy hand! Avenge them—avenge thy mother, thy brother—avenge thy father!

NYSSA (resolutely advancing one step toward him—he holds her glance—she hesitates again.)

FERRUCCIO: Still not enough? Look around thee! There hangs thy father's corpse—beside thy brother's! (He points to them.) And between them—between their bodies didst thou stand, thou! Avenge them! (He stands there with outspread arms.)

NYSSA (advances half a step toward him, lifts her arm to stab. The dagger falls from her hand, her arm sinks. She wrings her hands, and lifts them toward him, imploringly; she is hardly mistress of herself): Sire—Sire—

FERRUCCIO (motionless): What wilt thou, girl?

NYSSA (tonlessly, despairingly, half breathless): I—love—thee.

FERRUCCIO (bursts into a short laugh): Thus I want thee—thus! Off then with the shroud—that was thy wedding shift! (Tears off the shroud, she stands there in a short, almost sleeveless white shift): How cold thou art—wilt soon be warm, trust me! (He seizes her, lifts her high in his arms, she lets herself be taken unresistingly): Come, little bride, the nuptial bed awaits us! (He carries her to the bedroom. On the threshold he pauses, turns back toward the curtain in the rear.) Bestow thy blessing on our night, Prince Prenk Militin! I thank thee for thy royal gift! Oh, yes—There shall be a victim tonight, but it will not be I. (He carries her into the room, laughing loudly.)

CURTAIN.

THE HIGH COUNTRY OF LOVE

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

(Here is one of the most remarkable pleas ever made for romantic love. Edwin Markham is one of the greatest of living Americans. Certainly he is America's greatest poet. Although many years have rolled across his soul his heart is still fresh and eager. Indeed, time has only mellowed and made more tender the spirit that burns in this lover of humanity. Nevertheless we cannot agree with Mr. Markham's estimate of such great lovers as Lord Byron, Swinburne and Catullus.)

MY Dear Poet—George Sylvester Viereck:

When I invaded Boston last month determined to shed light upon the Hub, your latest book of poems was the only book I carried with me for railway reading. I thank you for the gift that came so alive out of your lyric spirit.

Ever since you "made" the *Century Magazine* with that fine sonnet on Nineveh, I have watched with interest the rise of your poetic wings. You are still adding to the speed and elevation of your flight. You have kept alive in your heart the spirit of wonder. You are quick to see the significant under the commonplace, and you have the magic that summons the vivid word to interpret and irradiate your thought.

I observe that you are not of that modern group who scorn the past, the past which holds the ghosts of all the powers that have made us what we are. So I am glad that you have written poems that light with imagination the dusty ways of Egypt and Nineveh.

But you are not imbedded in the past: you are not chained by the distant and the dead. You turn also to find poetry in the throes and thunders of the rushing present. In your "Songs of Armageddon" you stand as the chief interpreter of the German spirit, in this hour when the eyes of the world are turned to the storied land of Grimm and Goethe and Wagner. I am interested in seeing that you are not enticed by any of the heresies that are so obnoxious in the new poetry.

You have fine poetic abilities, and I am a sincere admirer of your genius. So I am happy to note what seems to me to be a noble tendency in your treatment of the great fact of romantic love. I think I see this tendency in your lofty treatment of passion in your play, "From Death's Own Eyes." There are fine flashes of beauty in the play; but, above all, there is in it a sense of the *sacredness* of love.

And this reminds me that you say in your critique, "Edwin Markham is not a poet of passion." After this word from your pen, perhaps you may have some interest in knowing how I am impressed by the problem of romantic love.

I think it is Epictetus who condenses all moral principles into one flash of epigram: "There are some things that matter." It seems to me that our attitude toward love, toward the creative force, is one of the things that matters. So I am inclined to divide all poets into two groups. One group stains love with the sensual, with the "fetid breath" you speak of, or else they make of love the light plaything of an antic fancy; and the other group build for Love a temple of worship, a temple whose curtains are stirred by wafts of mystic wind from starry heavens. They feel that it is necessary to touch passion with the ideal sentiments in order that it may not sink into the sewers.

Love must not be confounded with lust: they are polar opposites. Lust has at heart the gratification of the self; while love has at heart the good of the loved one. Lust uses and flings away; while love is alive with the purpose of an infinite protection. Lust is gain: love is gift. Lust is prosaic and pedestrian: love is lyrical and winged. Lust travels the road to hell: love ascends forever into the immortal heavens.

WE see the decadent treatment of love in such poets as Ovid, Catullus, Tom Moore, Lord Byron, Algernon Charles Swinburne. We feel in them a light irreverence, if not an odious animalism. Ovid reeks with the sensual; Moore wreathes his irreverence in roses; Byron bedraggles love in the ditch-water of his "Don Juan"; Swinburne (much as I admire his genius) seems to find in love only the kisses that "sting" like snakes. Thus they too often clog the wings of Lord Eros with the slush of the street, instead of setting him free for an ascending flight into the empyrean. Turn to a typical page in Swinburne, turn to the words of Chastelard to Mary Stuart:

"I know not: men must love you in life's spite;
For you will always kill them; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead; yea, though you would,
You shall not spare one; all will die of you."

Of course, there are women of this serpent order—too many of them. But they are perverts, and they must not be given face and form to the exclusion of the noble woman, the woman of our dream. John Keats, in his *Lamia*, depicts the horror of the serpent woman; but, in his "Eve of Saint Agnes," he gives us a glimpse of the poetic and romantic woman.

The decadent poets leave Love dead by his defiled altars.

But in the poems of the other group of poets, Love appears as your Eros wreathed in an eternal beauty. Turn to such poets as Dante, Spenser, Schiller, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Hugo, Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, Poe. They believe in Love and in his starry passion. They see the glories and the terrors of Love: they lift him to the skies. They speak his name with a hushed reverence. They erect an altar to the immortal god; and all their poesies to Love leave us bowed at that altar in an adoration that hushes and chastens the spirit. Love is revealed as a sweet religion.

DANTE unveils his love for Beatrice as the sacred mystery in his life. Touched with a heavenly chastity is Spenser's vision of the Nymphs and Graces dancing to a shepherd's pipe:

"A hundred naked maidens lily white,
All ranged in a ring and dancing in delight."

Shelley sings his ethereal passion:

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another."

"I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?"

VICTOR HUGO tells of the hour when he met in the street a very poor young man who was in love: "His hat was old, his coat was worn, his coat was out at elbows; the water passed through his shoes, and the stars through his soul!" Tennyson pours out his heart, remembering the dead days.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others."

And again his romantic heart cries out when he hears the sea:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

This lofty ideality of love finds voice in Browning:

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird;
And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

Again it finds expression:

"God be thanked: the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!"

Rossetti also feels the hushed mystery: take these two fragments from "The House of Life":

"O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?"

"Lo what am I to Love, the Lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand."

TURN now to a poem where the chaste spirit of Poe finds a noble utterance:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

And we find the same starry passion in some of the old ballads: take "Helen of Kirconnell":

"I wish I were where Helen lies:
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!

"O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind thy heart for ever mair,
Until the day I die.

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me!"

I DO not, my dear poet, sweep together these lyric testimonies in order to instruct you. I could not instruct you, a veteran in the Muse's service. I collect them chiefly to reveal a certain bent of my mind. I collect them, indeed, as a meditation upon your remark that I am "not a poet of passion."

It appears to me that the noblest poets of all time have always forged on past the isles of the sirens, the isles of the mere pleasure-hunters, and have ascended into Love's high country where passion hushes and humbles, consoles and consecrates. For all true romantic passion touches man with the glory of the heroic, fires him with an unselfish devotion to humanity. And there, in that high country, the great poets have erected a Temple of Love, a temple that they never enter except with silent steps and chastened hearts. Bowed in this golden house, they behold the birth of Love as the birth of a new heaven; and thereafter, in all the realms of existence, they sense his sacramental presence, his divine rapture, his lyric vision.

In a word, then, a true romantic love will always be alive with a sense of its sacredness, a feeling of its eternity. And I have tried to embody in my own poems this sense of the hushed mystery of love. I trust that this idealism is at the heart of "Virgilia" and "The Crowning Hour," two poems in my latest volume, "The Shoes of Happiness." In "The Crowning Hour," the widowed lover sorrows over his lost bride; yet he knows that he will find her again and find romantic youth again, in some other life, some diviner world.

I fancy that you will find yourself in sympathy with most of these words of mine—perhaps with all of them. In any event, believe me grateful for this look into your latest volume, and pray accept these belated words of thanks. I lift my hand to you, hoping that the path of your coming days will shine with increasing light.

Yours in the sacred service of the Muse,

EDWIN MARKHAM.

IN THE RED ROOM

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

SURELY there was nothing supernatural about the manner of it. The thing happened in a brilliantly lighted room where I was one of a hundred persons, all occupied with the very material business of dining, and dining well. No environment could be more unsuited to a visitor or a message from the Beyond. The lights, the music, the noise of incoming or departing guests, the bustling waiters, the hum of joyous conversation punctuated with the popping of wine corks, the deep tones of men, the staccato laughter of women—these were the accompaniment of the strangest experience of my life, to which I hesitate to give a name.

And then, oh my God! can a Ghost eat? can a Ghost drink? can a Ghost talk and yet attract no notice in a crowded company of feasting men and women?

Let me re-word the matter—a thing which Hamlet tells us "madness would gambol from"; let me by the strictest effort of memory and reason strip the supernatural from it, if I may.

I WAS dining alone in a corner of *his* favorite French café; in the Red Room, too, of whose cheerful warmth and brightness of color *he* had been outspokenly fond in his hearty way. He had introduced me to this place and here we had often dined together. Here or elsewhere, alas, we should dine together no more . . . he died suddenly in his youth and strength some four years ago.

Always I think of him when I am in the Red Room of this café, whether alone or in company; but this night the thought, the image, the vital recollection of him, faultless in every detail, possessed me absolutely. I had made very little progress with my dinner and had taken but one glass of Château Palmer when I resigned myself to the sad pleasure of keeping tryst with his memory.

First of all, my mind dwelt on our friendship: how sweet it was, how firm, how true; with never a doubt to mar it, never a cold wind of jealousy or envy to blow upon it. We were lovers—for such friendship between men is a purer sentiment than the love of man and woman, only the nobler emotions of the heart being engaged.

We were neither too old nor too young for a real friendship; both were still well under that chilly meridian where men usually part with the enthusiasms of life in order to take on the prudence and self-calculations. Of the two *he* was the junior, but he assumed a kind of specious seniority by virtue of his physical bigness and his greater success in battling with the world. O friend, how true in your case that the battle is not always to the strong!

I recalled how the anticipation of dining with him, in this very Red Room, was quite the most exquisite pleasure I have known, no woman ever having given me the like—though I am anything but a hater of women. And I said to myself with a sigh that there were not left in all the world three men, the thought of dining with whom could yield me an equal joy.

That is, I maintain, the crucial test of friendship. Do you like to dine with him? Not without a deep meaning was of old the life of a man held sacred with whom one had shared bread and salt. The sacramental rite of ancient hospitality persists under our less simple and less beautiful forms. Nor may we violate it with impunity, barbarians as we are—Nature cries out against our performing this act with one whom we dislike or mistrust, or even toward whom

we are indifferent. In a word, I had rather make love to a woman who affects me with a physical repulsion than dine with a man I don't like. The fact proves the perfect sympathy existing between our physical and psychic selves, and from this dual voice there is no appeal—it is the highest court of human nature.

This was the very thought in my mind when raising the second glass of Bordeaux to my lips I saw *him* . . . and set it down untasted.

HE came into the room at the farthest entrance leading direct to the street, and shouldered his way through the crowd of guests and waiters in his old big careless manner, which never failed to move the admiration of women and the resentment of men. He was dressed as I had so often seen him, not in regulation evening clothes, but in a suit of some rich gray material which he wore as if it were a part of him, with a light overcoat tossed over his arm—it was in the early days of April.

The shouldering gray-suited giant, picked out in strong relief from all the black-clad guests, came straight toward me across the crowded room, his fine head, crowned with auburn curls, held solidly erect on a columnar neck; the smiling, eager challenge of his eye bent upon me.

What I thought God alone knows, if indeed I was not deprived of all conscious power of thinking in that terrible moment. And yet, obedient to old habit, I tried to rise from my chair to greet him, but found myself utterly paralyzed. Neither hand nor foot could I move.

But though my body was stricken lifeless by the presence of the Supernatural, my soul, strange to say, remained calm and without terror. And great as was the physical shock of the fear which held me now as in a vise, I yet wondered that our neighbors, almost elbowing us, seemed to pay no attention either to him or to me. . . .

"Don't get up, old fellow; you're a bit shaken. I'll just sit here, if you don't mind, and have a taste of your dinner and a sip of your Château Palmer—you *always* did like the red."

His voice!—the same genial heart tones in it that had ever such power to thrill me. Oh! I could believe it all a dream, a hallucination arising from some disorder of the senses, were it not for that voice whose tones are registered in my heart. In obedience to a nod from me—for I could not have spoken had my life depended on it—the waiter, without the least apparent show of concern, laid another plate. From his manner I could not divine if he were conscious of the presence of my Guest.

AH! then I knew it was indeed my friend over whose untimely grave the grass had withered and the winds had blown during four long years. For in the old loving big-brotherly way, he began to play the host as of yore, to heap my plate with good things and to fill my glass with cheerful assiduity. "I'm afraid you must often go hungry without me to help you, old boy," he said, with the old kind smile.

Still, I could not speak, but at his bidding I ate my share of the dinner. He, too, partook, though lightly, and soon we had made an end of it. Then the waiter having cleared the table and served the coffee, he offered me a cigarette from a full box—his old favorite brand, I noticed—and lit one himself.

I watched him mutely, with emotions which I may not describe—perhaps rather with a tense suspension of all emotions, save that of a fearful expectancy.

He spoke: "You thought of me so lovingly and insistently tonight, in this place where we have often been happy together, that I had to come to you. Love is the one thing, you see, that has power to recall us from the Shadow."

He paused, and the flute-like laughter of women rose high above the surrounding hum of talk and the surd strains of the orchestra. There came into his eye a light I well knew.

Nodding his head whence the laughter had proceeded, he went on:

"The keenest part of your regret for me, my friend, is that I who loved *that* so much should have had to die in the flower of my youth." . . .

Even as he spoke my mind like lightning overran his brief career. I saw him as he was when he came from the rugged North to the Big Town, a young giant in his health and strength and in his eager appetite for pleasure. I marked in him that terrible passion for women to which so many splendid and generous natures are sacrificed; that craving for action and excitement which eats the sword in the scabbard; that tiger thirst for the enchanted Goblet of Life which would drain all to the dregs at a single draught; that devouring energy which knows no rest but with daring hand would tear aside the curtain betwixt day and day.

He went on as if I had spoken my thoughts aloud: "Yes, there is nothing of all this about us but I have had, my boy, and good measure—as you were thinking. Life owes me nothing, even though I did close my account at thirty. I lived every minute of my time—got all there was coming to me or to any man. No regrets! If I could come back for keeps I would not live otherwise, do otherwise, than I have lived and done. Excepting, perhaps, that I would not make such a hurried job of it. Yes, that *was* my mistake, but you are not to pity me therefor. For what matter a few years more or less, a few dinners more or less—aye, a few passions, more or less, the best and only permanently alluring pleasure that life can offer? The end is the same, and the end comes as surely to him who has outlived his digestion and his capacity for enjoyment as to him who, like me, dies with every power and every appetite at the full."

FOR a moment I took my eyes from my Guest and looked anxiously about to assure myself that nobody was listening to this confession of the Dead. As before, we seemed not to attract any special attention. Our nearest neighbors, a man and a young woman, a little the worse for wine, hardly deigned us a glance, and were certainly occupied with anything but spiritual affairs. This bit of the universal human comedy was repeated here and there about the room. Many of the company had left and with each departure the scattered

lovers seemed to take on fresh courage and confidence. The orchestra continued to play intermittently and ~~was~~ applauded ever the more wildly by the still lingering guests.

All this I saw in the space of less than an instant that my eyes left his face.

He continued: "You have grieved too much, dear old boy, over the thought that I was cheated or cheated myself of my due share of life. The cowards who dared not live, the weaklings whose fill of life was starvation and death to me, found a text and a moral in my fate. Let not this be your thought, my friend, when you sit here alone in the Red Room and pledge me in old Bordeaux. Think rather that I fulfilled my life, won every prize of my desire, tasted every joy, scorned every fear, and died in the flush of victory!" . . .

As he said these last words his voice sounded like the distant note of a silver clarion. Could it be possible that he was unheard by the neighboring diners? Again I stole a fearful glance about the room.

Evidently nobody was concerned with us in the now thinned-out company. The hour was late. Leaning against the wall, at a little distance, was our waiter, quietly observant of us, as I thought, but not importunate with his attentions.

With a feeling of relief I turned again to my Visitor. *He was gone!*—but for some moments my bewilderment and stupefaction were such that I could not remove my eyes from the vacant chair where he had been seated an instant before.

I MUST have cried out, recovering my speech, for I awoke as from a trance to see that the guests were all looking toward me in a surprised fashion. In the same moment the waiter came hastily forward.

"Did Monsieur call? Is anything the matter with Monsieur?"

"No, no," I managed to articulate, my presence of mind returning at sight of those staring faces; "what should be the matter? Just bring me a pony of brandy—and the bill."

He was back in a moment with the liquor, and having figured out the bill, laid it face down on the table before me.

I tossed off the brandy, thinking that I had just had the strangest hallucination that ever sprang from a few glasses of old Bordeaux, and unable to account for it upon any theory of my previous experience, or temperament, or constitution.

Then I took up the dinner check and, surprised at the amount, called the waiter.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" I asked, indicating the charge.

"But . . . pardon!—*the other gentleman*. Monsieur is paying for two," said the waiter.

SCHEHEREZADE

By VINCENT STARRETT.

UPON the wall the firelight's black scarfs frisk;
A gleam of ruby dances in the night;
A gleam of topaz, and the room glows bright
Before a nude, bejeweled odalisque.
She comes with genii and with copper slaves,
Weaving against the golden tapestries
Of lurid and fantastic lands and seas

Across my sight; she comes with droll, bronze knaves,
White turbaned, bearing casks of ebony,
Like some weird circus, black and gold and blue;
Dwarfs, eunuchs, caliphs, houris, and a crew
Chanting in wild, exotic minstrelsy—

And with a shiver and an eager sigh,
We enter Bagdad—Scheherezade and I.

BY FORCE OF KARMA

By LAFCADIO HEARN.

"The face of the beloved and the face of the risen sun cannot be looked at."—Japanese Proverb.

A PRIEST died recently under very peculiar circumstances. He was the priest of a temple, belonging to one of the older Buddhist sects, in a village near Osaka. (You can see that temple from the Kwan-Setzu Railway, as you go by train to Kyoto.)

He was young, earnest, and extremely handsome—very much too handsome for a priest, the women said. He looked like one of those beautiful figures of Amida made by the great Buddhist statuary of other days.

The men of his parish thought him a pure and learned priest, in which they were right. The women did not think about his virtue or his learning only: he possessed the unfortunate power to attract them, independently of his own will, as a mere man. He was admired by them, and even by women of other parishes also, in ways not holy; and their admiration interfered with his studies and disturbed his meditations. They found irreproachable pretexts for visiting the temple at all hours, just to look at him and talk to him; asking questions which it was his duty to answer, and making religious offerings which he could not well refuse. Some would ask questions not of a religious kind, that caused him to blush. He was by nature too gentle to protect himself by severe speech, even when forward girls from the city said things that country girls never would have said—things that made him tell the speakers to leave his presence. And the more he shrank from the admiration of the timid, or the adulation of the unabashed, the more persecution increased, till it became the torment of his life. (Actors in Japan often exercise a similar fascination upon sensitive girls of the lower classes, and often take cruel advantage of the power so gained. It is very rarely, indeed, that such fascination can be exerted by a priest.)

His parents had long been dead; he had no worldly ties; he loved only his calling, and the studies belonging to it; and he did not wish to think of foolish and forbidden things. His extraordinary beauty—the beauty of a living idol—was only a misfortune. Wealth was offered him under conditions that he could not even discuss. Girls threw themselves at his feet, and prayed him in vain to love them. Love-letters were constantly being sent to him, letters which never brought a reply. Some were written in that classical enigmatic style which speaks of "the Rock-Pillow of Meeting," and "waves on the shadow of a face," and "streams that part to reunite." Others were artless and frankly tender, full of the pathos of a girl's first confession of love.

For a long time such letters left the young priest as unmoved, to outward appearance, as any image of that Buddha in whose likeness he seemed to have been made. But, as a matter of fact, he was not a Buddha, but only a weak man; and his position was trying.

ONE evening there came to the temple a little boy who gave him a letter, whispered the name of the sender, and ran away in the dark. According to the subsequent testimony of an acolyte, the priest read the letter, restored it to its envelope, and placed it on the matting, beside his kneeling cushion. After remaining motionless for a long time, as if buried in thought, he sought his writing box, wrote a letter himself, addressed it to his spiritual superior, and left it upon the writing stand. Then he consulted the clock, and a railway time-table in Japanese. The hour was early; the

night windy and dark. He prostrated himself for a moment in prayer before the altar; then hurried out into the blackness, and reached the railway exactly in time to kneel down in the middle of the track, facing the rear and rush of the express from Kobe. And, in another moment, those who had worshipped the strange beauty of the man would have shrieked to see, even by lantern light, all that remained of his poor earthliness, smearing the iron way.

The letter written to his superior was found. It contained a bare statement to the effect that, feeling his spiritual strength departing from him, he had resolved to die in order that he might not sin.

The other letter was still lying where he had left it on the floor—a letter written in that woman language of which every syllable is a little caress of humility. Like all such letters (they are never sent through the post) it contained no date, no name, no initial, and its envelope bore no address. Into our incomparably harsher English speech it might be imperfectly rendered as follows:

To take such freedom may be to assume overmuch; yet I feel that I must speak to you, and therefore send this letter. As for my lowly self, I have to say only that when first seeing you in the period of the Festival of the Further Shore, I began to think; and that since then I have not, even for a moment, been able to forget. More and more each day I sink into that ever-growing thought of you; and when I sleep I dream; and when, awaking and seeing you not, I remember there was no truth in my thoughts of the night, I can do nothing but weep. Forgive me that, having been born into this world a woman, I should utter my wish for the exceeding favor of being found not hateful to one so high. Foolish and without delicacy I may seem in allowing my heart to be thus tortured by the thought of one so far above me. But only because knowing that I cannot restrain my heart, out of the depth of it I have suffered these poor words to come, that I may write them with my unskilful brush, and send them to you. I pray you will deem me worthy of pity; I beseech that you will not send me cruel words in return. Compassionate me, seeing that this is but the overflowing of my humble feelings; deign to divine and justly to judge—be it only with the least of kindness—this heart that, in its great distress alone, so ventures to address you. Each moment I shall hope and wait for some gladdening answer.

Concerning all things fortunate, felicitation.

Today,
from the honorably-known,
to the longed-for, beloved, august one,
this letter goes.

I CALLED upon a Japanese friend, a Buddhist scholar, to ask some questions about the religious aspects of the incident. Even as a confession of human weakness, that suicide appeared to me a heroism.

It did not so appear to my friend. He spoke words of rebuke. He reminded me that one who even suggested suicide as a means of escape from sin had been pronounced by the Buddha a spiritual outcast—unfit to live with holy men. As for the dead priest, he had been one of those whom the Teacher called fools. Only a fool could imagine that by destroying his own body he was destroying also within himself the sources of sin.

"But," I protested, "this man's life was pure * * * Suppose he sought death that he might not, unwittingly, cause others to commit sin?"

My friend smiled ironically. Then he said:

"There was once a lady of Japan, nobly born and very beautiful, who wanted to become a nun. She went to a certain temple, and made her wish known. But the high priest said to her, 'You are still very young. You have lived the life of courts. To the eyes of worldly men you are beautiful; and, because of your face, temptations to return to the pleasures of the world will be devised for you. Also this wish of yours may be due to some momentary sorrow. Therefore, I cannot now consent to your request.' But she still pleaded so earnestly that he deemed it best to leave her abruptly. There was a large hibachi—a brazier of glowing charcoal—in the room where she found herself alone. She heated the iron tongs of the brazier till they were red, and with them horribly pierced and seamed her face, destroying her beauty forever. Then the priest, alarmed by the smell of the burning, returned in haste, and was very much grieved by what he saw. But she pleaded again, without any trembling in her voice: 'Because I was beautiful you refused to take me. Will you take me now?' She was accepted into the Order, and became a holy nun. * * * Well, which was the wiser, that woman, or the priest you wanted to praise?"

"But was it the duty of the priest," I asked, "to disfigure his face?"

"Certainly not! Even the woman's action would have been very unworthy if done only as a protection against temptation. Self-mutilation of any sort is forbidden by the law of Buddha; and she transgressed. But as she burned her face only that she might be able to enter at once upon the Path, and not because afraid of being unable by her own will to resist sin, her fault was a minor fault. On the other hand, the priest who took his own life committed a very great

offense. He should have tried to convert those who tempted him. This he was too weak to do. If he felt it impossible to keep from sinning as a priest, then it would have been better for him to return to the world, and there try to follow the law for such as do not belong to the Order."

"According to Buddhism, therefore, he has obtained no merit?" I queried.

"It is not easy to imagine that he has. Only by those ignorant of the Law can his action be commended."

"And by those knowing the Law, what will be thought of the results, the karma of his act?"

My friend mused a little; then he said, thoughtfully:

"The whole truth of that suicide we cannot fully know. Perhaps it was not the first time."

"Do you mean that in some former life also he may have tried to escape from sin by destroying his own body?"

"Yes. Or in many former lives."

"What of his future lives?"

"Only a Buddha could answer that with certain knowledge."

"But what is the teaching?"

"You forget that it is not possible for us to know what was in the mind of that man."

"Suppose that he sought death only to escape from sin?"

"Then he will have to face the like temptation again and again, and all the sorrow of it, and all the pain, even for a thousand times a thousand times, until he shall have learned to master himself. There is no escape through death from the supreme necessity of self-conquest."

After parting with my friend, his words continued to haunt me; and they haunt me still. I have not yet been able to assure myself that his weird interpretation of the amatory mystery is any less worthy of consideration than our Western interpretations. I have been wondering whether the loves that lead to death might not mean much more than the ghostly hunger of buried passions.

AMY LOWELL AND "SIX FRENCH POETS"

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

TO begin with, Amy Lowell is not "a sweet young thing." I do not even know if she is a suffragette. But I do know that she is a man. So was Sapho and George Eliot and George Sand. I daresay that Sapho looked very much like Amy Lowell does and not at all like unimaginative artists have caricatured her. In the company of these distinguished creators Amy Lowell would have felt at home. One realizes this while listening to Amy Lowell speaking. Whenever this woman speaks she really says something. No living American woman is her equal as a poet and as a critic. Europe today can produce only one woman poet who has equalled if not surpassed her. That poet is Marie Madeline.

Amy Lowell is a fighter. The blood of her ancestors burns in her brain. She knows, like James Russell Lowell did, what it means to be in the minority. But, unlike James Russell, she is a real poet. She has led the fight in America for the *vers libristes*. She has written voluminously in *vers libre*. Personally I believe that the *vers libre* movement in American poetry is the most disastrous influence that has ever befallen American letters. Here at last is the instrument that every mediocrity can play with more or less effectiveness. Amy Lowell plays upon this instrument with infinite skill. But it is as though Fritz Kreisler were to play the banjo.

The latest work of Amy Lowell is not a book of poems but a book which exploits the genius of six important

French poets. The first thing that strikes one in reading this book is the complete absence of those trite phrases which have become the accepted weapons of our reviewers. Amy Lowell does not review books, thank God. She reveals them. When she writes about a poet she depicts both his personality and work with a sympathy and a passion that is most delightful. Driven by an almost Teutonic love for facts she will not write about any man or his work until she has learned all there is to know about them. *Gruendlichkeit*, the lack of which is the most besetting sin of America, sits in the soul of this woman and compels her always to do her best. "Six French Poets" is the flower that has blossomed out of her prodigious studies in modern French poetry.

The six poets in Amy Lowell's gallery are: Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. At least two of this group—Verhaeren and de Gourmont—are world figures. The four others are practically unknown to America. It is well that it is a poet who first introduces them to us.

Amy Lowell's method of portraying her subjects is an ideal one. The personality and product of her sitter are woven into one piece of cloth. Only what is significant is enumerated. Unimportant details are left for the encyclopedias to remember. "Six French Poets" is a book which will be remembered. It is a work which enriches American literature.

WAR AMONG THE INK POTS

(This charming little article could only have come from peaceful East Aurora, where *The Fra* still blooms, indeed, brighter than ever. Felix Shay—a disciple of Hubbard—is more than successfully conducting the great organization founded by the most strenuous of Philistines. The war has not interfered with the Roycrofters. They are still turning out beautiful things. This is as it should be. The time will come, we are sure, when artists will not permit such petty things as wars are to stand between them and their art, their friends and that far-off goal toward which all creators are striving.)

WHEN the War was yet young, and *The Fatherland* the latest thing in Outrages, one day we dropped in on George Sylvester Viereck to discuss Spring Styles in Liverwurst, American Patriotism as ain't, and whether the Kaiser would prefer to be incarcerated on the Isle of Borneo or on Coney Island. The subject was so dead serious, the funny side kept continually facing in on the conversation.

Seems that when hostilities were declared, Viereck was the Editor, and Richard Le Gallienne an Associate Editor of *The International*, a Journal dedicated to mutual respect, mutual understanding of the purposes and privileges of Nations; a champion of brother-love and the right to self-expression; of Literature, the Arts, the Life Intellectual! Viereck, the German, was Editor, Le Gallienne, the Englishman, was Associate Editor! A little while, and another little while, and that which was, was not. Le Gallienne wrote Viereck a note and said—well, I have heard Dickey when he was Saying Things, and *The Fra* is regularly inspected and censored by the Purity League—Mr. Le Gallienne resigned with graceful and opprobrious insinuations, I say. Mr. Viereck accepted with éclat and Gotter und Himmels. So-So!

To complicate matters, along now comes Michael Monahan, descendant of a thousand Irish Kings, with the Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls tucked under his arm, the Swan Song of *The Phoenix* on his lips. He hesitates beneath the windows of *The International*. Then with the finest of blarney and just a wee touch of the ould brogue, he favors them with a Come-All-Ye! Up go the windows and Viereck beckons Michael in to help him tap a keg of Muenchener, just arrived on the *Deutschland* with the Kaiser's compliments! Mike joins *The International* to fill the chair vacated by Le Gallienne.

War extravaganzas are silly. The Battles of the Ink-Pots are turrible! Turrible!

Viereck quit being a first-rate Poet to become a German-Hyphenate Parakeet. Le Gallienne resigned his Editorship to disdainfully pour 'arf-and-'arf down the Deutscher's neck. And Michael, the gentlest soul that ever breathed, strikes an attitude, snorts and spouts adjectives; roars, "Bring on the domned English!"

THESE men are all my friends. George Viereck has written one Poem called *The Haunted House*; enough to guarantee him fame. (If G. S. V. will only arrange to submarine the Anti-Vice Society we'll give it a page and a Special Border in *The Fra*). But though Viereck is German-born, though his repertoire of creditable Plays, Poems, Essays, Stories, would honor a man twice his age, though he adapted Schiller's Joan of Arc for Maude Adams and the Harvard Stadium, though he was "Exchange Poet" to the University of Berlin when he was but twenty-seven, I do not recall that the German Government hung an Iron Cross, or a Leather Medal, or aught else on him, until he fathered *The Fatherland*, and started to write with red ink, his eyes shut and his teeth clenched! There are those who say that Richard Le Gallienne was marked as the next Poet-Laureate of England, when his book, *The Religion of a Literary Man*, offended the Tea-and-Toast Moralists—the Igorots of the 'Igh Church. Once upon a time, Le Gallienne

and I lived together for six months. He told me, when *The Religion of a Literary Man* was released, a dozen London Publishing Houses were paying him retaining fees, aggregating, say, 4,000 to 5,000 pounds a year. The morning after the Book came off the press, his mail relieved him of the necessity of spending so much money. His Publishers were 'orrified. Short of Several Hours, Dickey's income was *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!* All the English ever did for Richard Le Gallienne was to apply the screws!

Michael Monahan, an Irishman, touched by the Fairy Wand of the Little People, writes English so appealing, so soothing, so redolent, so lush, when tired or disheartened I find myself searching out *The Van*, or *Nova Hibernia*, and lolling around in them as in a field of deep, fresh clover on a peaceful Summer afternoon.

A writer with charm, manner, ease and the kindly heart is Michael!

And what have the Irish ever done for him? The Irish spend their spare hours locked up in Church pews, telling their beads, thumping their breasts, the while being sprinkled down with Holy Water or fumigated with Holy Smoke—mumbling Penitential Prayers. What do they know about their Great Sons! Michael has existed on half-rations, times without number, waiting for Irish appreciation, waiting to find Irish names signed to the Subscription-Blanks of *The Phoenix*, waiting for the Oirish, the blessed Omathans, to order his Books!

The War madness has us all.

You remember Le Gallienne's

War I abhor.

And yet how sweet

The sound of drums

Adown the marching street!

'Tis our feet that's to blame. Off they go marching to the rat-tat-tat of the murderer's drum!

Even calm, peaceful Billy Reedy, the St. Louis sage, demands War this week, "to the hilt!" And Frank Harris, for two years defender of the German Faith, now says the Dutchmen have Gone Mad.

Mad—we're all mad!

The Constructive work of the world is paralyzed. My friend is my enemy! Your friend is your enemy. A million boys have died: another million will die! I ask you—for what? for what?

I CONTRAST these treacherous times—when Patriots and not Humanitarians are called the First Citizens—with just a few years ago, on a hilltop somewhere in Arcady! Le Gallienne and I had a shack. He was writing his Greek Play, *Orestes*. I was amusing myself riding a black-roan bronco, sold to me as unridable.

'Twas a lazy, gorgeous summer. There was some serious work, much talk, and walks, and spreads, and interesting visitors, and a Violin that played itself in the moonlight—and a clear, mellow Soprano Voice, and Campfires 'till the Dawns disgraced and put out the Fires, and cool splashing in the creek before breakfast, and Journeys!—Journeys from the Hellespont to the Styx!

Life meant so much to us. Le Gallienne wrote a little poem

on Death. Perhaps to add a poignancy or a reprimand to fleeting pleasures! I give it to you as I remember it:

'T was moonlight on the 10th of May,
I saw a stranger walking fast;
I touched his hand and bade him stay:
"Old Friend, we meet at last."
All tall and dark and strong he seemed
Under the Rising Moon;
He turned and said, "I never dreamed
That we should meet so soon!
You are too young to be my Friend,

All Hope and Boyish Breath;
Are you quite sure you know my name?"
"Your name," I said, "is Death!"

When this Villainous War of Kings is over, I am going to ask all the Ink-Pots and Ink-Plotters to East Aurora. For a Convention! And a Bonfire! Each man to bring, as his contribution for the flames, every article he wrote on the War! While the Shadows leap, we'll all join hands and dance ring-around a rosy, and sing the National Hymn of Internationalism—in Esperanto!

RELIEF FOR HIGH PRICES

By BOLTON HALL.

Author of "Thrift," Etc.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring look sweet in the public parks, but to a mother with starving children, not so sweet as potatoes and onions and beets.

The easiest way to lower the prices of food is to raise more of it—and yet more; but today there is a prospect of less acreage. The farmers are planting less land because of the high prices of seed and of land; in some places potato seed cannot be had at all. The canners are reducing their output of vegetables because of the shortage of tins.

If you and I don't remedy this, food will cost at least twice as much next winter, even if the European war is stopped.

Nearly 40,000,000 of fighting men are now consuming and destroying produce of all sorts and even destroying the land from which their labor should produce it. And each soldier requires the entire earnings of at least four persons to keep him in the field of battle instead of in the field of crops. Is it any wonder that, while wages have risen, they only climb the stairs, while prices go up in the elevator? It is going to take some time to get those prices down.

Baron Devonport, the English food controller, with the despotic powers of the Defense of the Realm law, has commandeered lands in London which are needed for cultivation by women, children, invalids or old men.

He has followed our Mayor Pingree's Potato Patch plan, and has had them divided into small plots and expects to have millions of people employed in tilling them.

Richmond Park, where William IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert made love, is now making food for the people. Hyde Park and lots of others are to be ploughed up. A new cemetery at East Hampton has been planted with potatoes. Oxford and Cambridge College gardens are beginning to furnish nourishment for the body, rather than delight for the mind.

All this would be a flea-bite; but the Ministers of Agriculture in England, France and Italy have followed suit. Germany did it long ago, and has gone much further. A birds-eye view of Berlin looks like a park because of myriad gardens on the house tops. Berlin has over 50,000 individual children's gardens producing food in the outskirts of the city. Many other cities have thousands of them, for the city children, allotted out of public lands. If the warring nations force all their idle land into use, food will be cheaper in spite of the war than ever before, and the world will be richer in spite of the wastes of war. For not only food but all wealth comes in the first place from land by labor. Like case, like rule; if we use our land we will have more money and will get more for it.

But you can help yourself even if others haven't sense enough to help. Is there an unsightly vacant lot near your house? Wouldn't you like to improve it this spring and in improving it save the two hundred dollars you will otherwise have to spend for vegetables?

Don't you think the owner should be glad to have it cleared of rubbish and cultivated and made attractive to prospective buyers?

Don't you know that one hour of that sort of work every evening or four evenings or mornings a week will improve you as well as the lot, make you stronger, give you better sleep and increase the respect in which you are held by your neighbors and by your neighbor's wife?

Surely!

The trouble is that many aren't smart enough to find the place and the wise one's haven't time to show them, or they just don't care; or they are not yet hungry.

But they will care next winter when they have to foot the bill for vegetables—instead of for other jewels.

So think of two views of the question between now and the time the hot days come, when the land should be already seeded.

Vacant Lot Cultivation takes the sting out of charity by putting men and their families on the vacant lands and make them self-supporting and at the same time provides pure air and healthful living for ailing wives and children.

For the home-owners: Why not improve the block in which you live, supply your dinner table and supply yourself with an appetite that will be a joy in itself?

For the asylums, sanitariums, hospitals, reformatories, prisons and charity associations: why not put the "down and outs" to work in the absence of other labor; and in helping them teach them to help themselves and you?

Try it—the New York Vacant Lot Association, New York city, will send you, free, particulars of how to do it, if you will write them—now.

Not only the unemployed or the disemployed, but the sick, the despondent, the consumptive and the inebriate can produce three or five hundred dollars worth of food on each acre. Yet we are appointing endless commissions to inquire into the cost of food (as if we didn't know all about that), and are always trying to indict somebody for conspiring to raise prices. No one in this country seems to have thought of inquiring why so many available parts of the earth are kept idle, the very places where food should be produced and raw material procured.

Idle lands that are needed mean idle hands that are in need.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LET me make confession of a personal prejudice. It would be an indeed unhappy home that I would leave to revel in even the best kind of Oriental poetry. The trail of the pedant is over it all. Its formalities, its affectations, its redundancies stifle the cries of the babe genius. The spirit of poetry cannot live in the air of the inhumanities of the grammarian. All Indian arts are peculiarly tainted with precision and preciosity. Indian music must be composed in an approved "rag," or (to them) "it is not music." Indian art is mostly ancestor worship; Indian religion is more rigid than Presbyterianism. Originality has been crushed under the stone of a petrified civilization. Such new art—in every branch—as has been created in India in the last thousand years is definitely due to the influence of some invading civilization, and even this imitative stuff has been seized on by the frozen perfections of classicism, its life vampirized by the suction of atavism, and its throat caught by the dead hand of tradition.

Now far be it from me to utter a word in dispraise of one who has received the rare and ineffable honor of knighthood from so gracious and discerning a sovereign as the latest—perhaps, if Providence in its inscrutable wisdom so decree, the last—of the Georges, but the poetry of Sir Rabindranath Tagore is certainly Oriental poetry, and I must plead prejudice and incapacity in excuse of my failure to admire it.

THE people of New York are doubtless more fortunate than I, in being able to read his works in the original Bengali, which I am unable to do. Their rapture is thus easily explicable. But some persons, even in New York, share my ignorance of Bengali, and these (so it seems to me) are possibly a little perfervid in their enthusiasms, a shade obsequious in their genuflections.

As to the originals, though, one may remark that the people of Bengal are themselves as insensible as I myself to the beauties of Sir Rabindranath. His popularity in that great but unpleasant province depends upon a few popular "nationalistic" songs. The work on which he makes his American appeal is totally unknown in his own country. It consists principally of what appears to me to be a type of mysticism as spineless and amateurish and affected as Maeterlinck's, a collection of pious phrases tricked out with the tinsel of conventional similes. Ladies of a certain age are prone to weep when warmed with sherry and this kind of poetry, for the transference of the emotional stimulus from sex to religion is often accompanied by serious instabilities of mind. It is apparently to such individuals that Sir Rabindranath Tagore makes his most effective bow. Besides, he is a polite person; he says nothing, and he says it very nicely; he has a most noble and venerable beard, and the royal sword has been laid upon his shoulder. Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Chaucer, Shakespeare himself—none of these attained that height.

BUT then they were not colored. There is something about the mere fact of color which appeals irresistibly to a certain type of female. This country in particular has been overrun with "Yogis," who have all succeeded beyond wonder, disputing the favors of idle women with Pekinese

dogs and dancing masters. At least the Indian poet is on a higher level than these; but, for all that, he owes much, if not all, of his popularity to some such itch of idleness, as accounts for the vogue of the others. It is an indignity for an artist to allow himself to be exploited in the salons of the nouveau riche; a man of virility and self-respect does not consent to be treated like a bearded lady or an ossified wonder. The true artist has then yet one more handicap in America; for if the devotees of culture learned to tolerate him, they would desire to pet him. Mrs. Leo Hunter never yet bagged a real lion; it is the straw-stuffed models, breathing by dint of bellows, that roar to order in the gaudy junk-shops which in this country pass for "artistic homes."

However, we will quote a little of Sir Rabindranath's poetry, and leave the reader to judge whether it be the lyre of Apollo, or the voice of Bottom; in any case, the style is W. B. Yeats, who varnished these poems from a "crib."

I.

I was walking by the road, I do not know why, when the noonday was past and bamboo branches rustled in the wind.

The prone shadows with their outstretched arms clung to the feet of the hurrying light.

The *koels* were weary of their songs.

I was walking by the road, I do not know why. [Nor do I.—A. C.]

II.

The hut by the side of the water is shaded by an overhanging tree.

Some one was busy with her work, and her bangles made music in the corner.

I stood before this hut, I know not why. [Tired, possibly? A. C.]

III.

The narrow winding road crosses many a mustard field, and many a mango forest.

It passes by the temple of the village and the market at the river landing place.

I stopped by this hut, I do not know why. [Nearly stopped by this stanza; I do not know why.—A. C.]

IV.

Years ago it was a day of breezy March when the murmur of the spring was languorous, and the mango blossoms were dropping on the dust.

The rippling water leapt and licked the brass vessel that stood on the landing step.

I think of that day of breezy March, I do not know why. [Memory is indeed a strange thing! How profound is this thought!—A. C.]

V.

Shadows are deepening and cattle returning to their folds.

The light is grey upon the lonely meadows, and the villagers are awaiting for the ferry at the bank.

I slowly return upon my steps, I do not know why. [Closing time?—A. C.]

It is faint, intangible stuff.

FALSE PROPHECIES

(Here is an article which must appeal to every American, for the United States is the last country in the world to blink the truth, to evade a frank discussion of vital events. We do not wish to be fooled, and we are great and strong enough to look facts in the face. During the Spanish-American war our tolerant attitude towards Spain—our enemy—astounded the world. Europe looked with amazement upon Uncle Sam's chivalry. We know that President Wilson is too large a man to play a petty game. Many of the statements in our newspapers regarding the war must pain him. This article is a translation of a pamphlet published sometime ago in Germany. Although coming from our enemy, the revelations concerning the damaging propaganda of the Allies are bound to put us on guard against repetitions of a similar nature in the United States. In waging war America scorns falsehood as an ally.)

GERMANY EVACUATES BELGIUM.

After the desperate struggle on the Yser and in the neighborhood of Ypres during the second fortnight of October had been brought to a temporary conclusion by the flooding of the Polder territory on November 2, the camp of the Allies exulted as it had done after the battle of the Marne. The news was immediately spread throughout the world that the Germans had already begun to evacuate Belgium. On November 3 Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett announced in the London *Daily Telegraph* that the retreat to the Meuse and the Rhine was imminent, and that it would be madness—nay, almost suicide—on the part of the Germans to remain a moment longer on French soil. On the same day the *Algemeen Handelsblad* reported that the Germans, after their crushing defeat, were preparing strong positions between the battlefront and Brussels, on which they were going to retreat. On November 4 *La Suisse* published a telegram from Nieuport, dated November 3, to the effect that the German General Staff had first been removed to Ghent, then to Lokeren, and finally to Termonde, whereas the wounded had been transported from Ghent to Brussels.

.. After a few days (November 6) the *Berlingske Tidende* announced that the Germans had evacuated Brussels on October 26. The details of this event were, in fact, known to the *Action Française* the day before. This French newspaper was told by a Belgian citizen that the Germans had informed the population of Brussels by means of posters that the retreat of large armies from France was imminent. The Germans were seeking to veil the real reasons for their flight by pretending that cholera prevailed in France. The Belgian population was requested to assist the retreating troops as much as possible. On November 7 the *Daily Chronicle* reported from Amsterdam that Antwerp was expecting an attack. According to the *Gazet van België* of November 9 the Allies were already in Ghent and St. Nicolas. The retreat of the Germans was to be worthy of their barbarous methods of warfare. Maurice Maeterlinck knew (*vide Berlingske Tidende*, November 9, quoting the *Figaro*) that the Hotel de Ville and the Cathedral in Brussels had been undermined, so that they might be blown up during the retreat. Even the quiet town of Potsdam was affected by these events. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* published on November 10 a Reuter telegram, according to which preparations were being made in Potsdam for the return of the Emperor.

From the middle of November until shortly before Christmas such reports were conspicuous by their absence. But the new French offensive in the week of December 12 had scarcely begun when the "paper offensive" recommenced. On December 20 the *Berlingske Tidende* was informed from Paris that the retreat of the Germans from Flanders was now really imminent, and that the second German line of defense would also probably be abandoned.

Preparations for a retreat were likewise being made in the valley of the Meuse. An inhabitant of Maubeuge told the *Journal* on December 25 that the forts of the town had been blown up. It was evident from all the measures taken that the Germans intended to retreat directly to the Moselle or to the German frontier. The *Daily Express* did not exaggerate

quite as much; the *Journal* of December 28 quoted this London paper as having stated that Antwerp was being put into a state of defense. The *Daily Express* was remarkably well acquainted with all the plans of defense; among the measures to be taken was the evacuation of the town by the civilian population. Before the departure of the Germans forts and town were to be destroyed.

THE GREAT FRENCH OFFENSIVE.

During December the French tried in vain to break through at other points of the front; the propaganda consequently turned to other parts of the Western theatre of war. From December 3 onwards there was no end to the rumors of a great offensive along the front in Alsace-Lorraine. The "fire" was opened by the *Lyon Républicain* of December 3, which announced that the French were within firing distance of Metz, and that a thrust in this region was shortly to be expected. The news was not quite new, for the *Feuille d'Avis de Neufchâtel* of November 7 had already reported the bombardment of Metz by the French. From now on the news manufacturers grew bolder. On December 5 the *Algemeen Handelsblad* reproduced a report of the *Times* of November 30, to the effect that everything indicated a speedy French advance in German Lorraine. On the same day (December 5) the *Journal* spoke mysteriously of immense preparations which were being carried on in Verdun and Valmy, and added that something great was to be expected here. The prospects of the French offensive were brilliant; according to the *Echo de Paris* of November 3, the Germans were already demoralized; at Carcourt they had surrendered after having shot their officers. There being no possibility of their procuring provisions, they were starving *en masse* in the forests. According to the *Journal de Genève* of December 6, the German soldiers on the Lorraine frontier laid down their arms without offering any serious resistance.

According to the *Times* of December 5, the German line of retreat from the Woëvre was already menaced. In this case, too, however, the world waited in vain for the expected victory. A last echo of the great paper offensive against Metz is to be found in *Politiken* of December 27, which reproduced a report of the *Times* to the effect that the bombardment of the fortress had already begun.

But the telegraph operators of the Entente threatened the German lines simultaneously at other places. *Stockholms Dagbladet* announced on November 9 a great offensive on the Aisne, and the *Stampa* of December 18 reported that all the necessary preparations for a decisive battle in the center had been made. According to the *Morning Post* of December 21, the German lines were menaced and Noyon had been captured; it was added that the French advance on Berry-au-Bac could render the whole German line untenable. In the North, too, the Germans were in danger. After bombardment Lille was recaptured by the French—at any rate in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 15. The *Eclair Comtois* of November 16 was more prudent: Lille had only been evacuated by the Germans on account of the typhoid fever prevailing there, and the French had been farsighted enough not to occupy the town, but only to isolate it. The *Liverpool Daily Post* of December 19 had already anticipated the temporary French suc-

cesses near Richebourg (December 22). According to this newspaper, all the German trenches of the first line had been captured at Arras. "Our sweeping offensive has been no less successful to the south. French and British troops have arrived at the gates of Lille. Fierce bayonet fighting in the streets of this great industrial city is reported, and a general withdrawal of the main German forces to Tourcoing and Roubaix has taken place. Signed, E. T. Elias." The *Progrès de Lyon* of December 29 was able to assure its readers that Rheims would gradually be liberated owing to the French advance against Lens.

The French offensive in South Alsace in the first days of December was also greeted with exultation. On December 15 the *Stampa* announced that this offensive had begun with three army corps along the whole line from Dammerkirch to St. Dié. On December 4 the *Stampa* prepared its readers for the coming events. To the south of Strassburg, in the valley of the Breusch, the Germans had dug trenches, inundated a village, and taken all the measures necessary for flooding the southern and western parts of Strassburg. The *Petit Journal* of December 7 published a letter from London announcing that the Germans had organized an immense camp between Blamont and Saarburg, in view of their retreat.

An entirely isolated phenomenon, like the English airship attack on Cuxhaven, appeared as the prelude to great events. The *Times* of December 29 published a report from New York of the day before, according to which the attack on Cuxhaven was England's best strategical performance since the outbreak of war. It had furnished the proof of the possibility of landing in Schleswig-Holstein; it had also proved that the German fleet could be destroyed, and that the North Sea-Baltic Canal could be taken.

Along the whole front, therefore—in Flanders, in Lorraine, in Alsace, near Arras, on the Aisne—the great offensive is in full swing. The names of the places are given with much precision; occasionally the enemy's press is astonishingly well informed concerning the strength of the attacking forces, but they are even better informed concerning the measures taken by the Germans in view of their retreat. It is possible that such excessive knowledge of details regarding the enemy's plans, and also the candor with which the French offensive was exactly announced, both as to time and place, finally caused doubts to arise in neutral countries. Critical observers had to be content with news of the great offensive less rich in details and which could eventually be credited by the experts.

The *Maasbode* of December 22 is informed by a Belgian staff officer in Le Havre that English reserves are arriving, that the great offensive will begin towards the end of December or the beginning of January, and that the Germans will be driven back to the Meuse. For the Belgians the Meuse is the aim of all hopes, just as the Rhine is the aim of the French. The *Gazette de Lausanne* announced on December 23 that an energetic general offensive of the French was imminent, and that an uninterrupted advance to the Rhine would be the result. The *Corriere della Sera* likewise announced the great offensive on December 25. Together with the *Maasbode*, the *Tribuna* of December 30 expected the great offensive at the end of January or the beginning of February, after the arrival of strong English reinforcements.

In England people are more cautious. In general, longer delays are granted, and the decisive advance is not expected till the spring or summer. But according to a Reuter telegram published by the *Maasbode* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* on December 7, Mr. Runciman none the less announced that Lord Kitchener's army would take the field after New Year. Germany would then be driven out of Belgium;

a great naval battle was also to be expected hourly, and the final victory was not far off.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE.

Meanwhile the hopes of the Entente had risen to the highest level for another reason: the "irresistible advance of the Russian steam-roller." On October 28 the "Germans and Austrians began their retreat from Warsaw and Ivangorod"; and as, at the same time, the battle of the Yser "had ended apparently with a severe defeat," Germany's collapse was taken for granted. The hopes placed on Russia were all the greater, because the English and French were not too sure of their "victories." Despite all the optimistic propaganda the English press did not cease to manifest anxiety during the last three months of 1914 concerning the possibility of a German invasion of England. On January 5, 1915, the *Morning Post* declared with surprising candor: "Russia will liberate us. We barely hold our own in the West, to the East we look for deliverance. These were the two great German objectives in the present war: Warsaw and Paris. The attack on both has failed and the failure, as far as it goes, is decisive."

On November 3 the *Standard* was triumphant: Posen, therefore, and not Warsaw, is likely to be the German headquarters in the East in the near future, and the war, before the present month is out, may be transferred entirely to German territory. In that case the spring campaign will open on the line of the Oder instead of that of the Vistula, with Cossack patrols within a couple of days' march of Berlin.

According to a St. Petersburg dispatch to *Politiken* of November 6, 1914, the Russians were advancing, as on parade, right through Poland against the German frontier, without any resistance from the demoralized Germans. On November 9 the same newspaper remarked that no more brilliant victory had been achieved since the days of Napoleon than that obtained by the Russians over Germany. A similar comment was to be found in a St. Petersburg dispatch to the *Morning Post* of November 28. It was invariably stated that Napoleon himself could not boast of any greater victory. A telegram from Rome to the *Suisse* of November 7 revealed the fact that, after the overthrow of the German army, the Russians were marching directly on Posen and Breslau. A telegram from St. Petersburg to the New York *Herald*, reproduced in the *Petit Journal* of November 14, foresaw the early occupation of Danzig. The *Times* of November 9 reported that the decision of the Russian General Staff to occupy Breslau had caused great uneasiness in the capital of Silesia. The *Daily Mail* of November 10 reported that the well-to-do families were already fleeing to Berlin. The *Svenska Dagblad* of November 10 saw the Russians in Posen. The *Times* of November 28 quoted the *Rietch* as saying that the situation of the German army in Poland resembled that of the French at Sedan.

It was during this period that the Reichstag was opened. The *Matin* seized the opportunity of casting a *coup d'oeil d'ensemble* at the history of this Parliament, on the classical pretext that "we may hope it will be the last time the German Imperial Parliament meets. . . . In the future there will be a Prussian, a Saxon, a Bavarian Parliament, but there will be no German Reichstag. There must be no Reichstag, for there must no longer be a Germany in the sense of a German Empire" (*parce qu'il ne faut plus qu'il y ait d'Allemagne en tant qu'empire d'Allemagne*.)

Especially high were the hopes placed by the Entente on the operations near Lodz. On November 29 the *Matin* wrote: "The remnants of the German army are fighting with the energy of despair. But the merciless grasp of the Russians is becoming ever fiercer and tighter. If the German troops escape from this iron ring, only a remnant will find its way

back to Thorn. If, on the other hand, they do not escape, the battle of Lodz will develop into the most terrible catastrophe that has ever befallen the German arms."

On December 6 Germany replied by capturing Lodz.

INCAPACITY OF THE GERMAN STRATEGY.

The paper strategists experienced some difficulty in successfully parrying the German thrusts directed against Russia. The German supreme command managed to dispatch sufficient reinforcements to the East, and at the same time to hold the Western front. For the French critics this was but a sign of incapacity and the sure foreboding of a coming catastrophe. A French general in Verdun declared that "Germany resembled a ship in a storm, with its crew running to and fro aimlessly" (*Daily Chronicle*, December 5).

The simple fact of holding and obstinately maintaining the ground that had been gained was interpreted as a proof of the incapacity of the German supreme command. Colonel Repington wrote as follows in the *Times* of November 18, that in spite of all prophecies Germany persisted in not abandoning her Western front, was, for this clever man, a clear proof of the poorness of German strategy: "Moltke—the great Moltke—would be back on the Rhine in the West; such a decision is not to be expected of the present supreme command. It dares not evacuate Belgium even though Silesia be humming with swarms of Cossacks. When the Russian Guards are approaching Potsdam, and some Cossack officer is riding through the Brandenburg Gate, the ultimate German schoolboys and old men of the Landstrum will still be found breaking their necks upon the granite lines of the Western Allies. Each new corps that comes to try its luck in Flanders is one corps the less at the decisive point. The longer the line the greater also must be the German exhaustion. The line of the Rhine, being shorter, would be much more advantageous for Germany. Glad though we shall be when France and Belgium are cleared of the enemy, the Allies have the game in their hands if France and England continue to form a magnet for the German steel filings, and if Russia, steadily piling up her troops month by month, takes advantage of the false direction of the German armies and of the stonewall tactics of General Joffre."

But Germany was not crushed by the Russian steam-roller, neither did she abandon her Western front; nay, she even undertook a new forward movement in the East. The strategists in the enemy press were equal to the occasion. The new advance was only another, quite conclusive, proof of German incapacity.

On November 21 the *Daily Mail* wrote: "It is nothing short of madness for the Germans to relinquish their strongly fortified frontier lines with their admirable strategical railroads, and to march into Poland. Either the fortifications were not yet completed or else the Emperor's will overruled a reasonable strategy."

When the German offensive in the East resulted in the capture of Lodz—where it had been prophecied that she would find her Sedan—the enemy press was once again able to adapt itself to this unexpected turn of events, thanks to a bold logic. On December 8 the *Daily Telegraph* sounded the keynote: the occupation of Lodz was an event devoid of importance; the aim of the Russians was only to draw the enemy as far as possible inland. The special correspondent of the *Morning Post* at St. Petersburg expressed (December 7) the same thought still more clearly: "The Russians have not the slightest desire to drive back the Germans to the frontier. On the contrary, the enemy is to be immobilized in Poland, and the best enemy troops are to be drawn to the East in order to diminish the pressure on the Western front. This plan of the Grand Duke has been entirely successful."

THE EXHAUSTION OF GERMANY.

During all the period under review, Germany maintained and strengthened her Western front. She not only brought the Russian advance in the East to a stop, but pushed her own armies forward as far as the Bzura and Kavka; her warships bombarded Scarborough and Hartlepool, annihilated an English squadron near the Chilean coast and inflicted considerable damage on English commerce. But despite these undeniable facts, the legend of German defeats continued to find echo in the press of neutral countries. This is chiefly to be ascribed to the fact that during all this time the fable of the military and economic exhaustion of Germany was actively circulated throughout the world, so that all the German victories appeared merely as the last convulsions of a dying giant.

SHORTAGE OF AMMUNITION.

In the first place Germany suffers from a shortage of ammunition and guns. On November 13 the *Journal de Genève* quotes the *Echo de Paris* of the previous day to the effect that Germany is unable to import any more lead or copper, and that a shortage of munitions is, in consequence, imminent. The *Morning Post* of November 25 stated that the stock of copper in Germany was sufficient only to last till June next. The French mineralogist, M. de Launy, writing in the *Petit Parisian* of January 23, 1915, was even less optimistic; he proved that the stock in copper must be exhausted in three months—that is to say in April, 1915. In addition to the lack of copper, there was the shortage of india rubber and petroleum, which, according to Maurice Barrès (*Echo de Paris*, January 26) must inevitably entail within a short time the complete collapse of Germany.

LACK OF MEN.

Germany's supply of men was very deficient. Thanks to the methods which were brought to perfection during the successful German campaign against Russia, there was no difficulty in demonstrating that the millions of volunteers who answered the call of the Fatherland simply proved the weakness of Germany! On November 28 the *Standard* reported that 12,000 schoolboys from 15 to 17 years of age had been enrolled as volunteers. The *Echo de Paris* of November 14 declared that in Lausanne schoolboys of 17 years had been called to arms. The *Petit Parisian* of December 17 discovered that all the German figures concerning volunteers were pure inventions. All pupils of the public and technical schools under 18 years of age were inscribed *ex officio* on the volunteer lists. The *Eclair* of November 1 furnished another explanation of the success of Germany's appeal to her sons: every German volunteer receives 100 marks on enlistment. The German army at Bakalarzew was composed for the greater part of 15 and 16-year-old volunteers, badly drilled and equipped (*Figaro*, November 7). The enrollment of these young soldiers has proved to be a grave mistake, as their impetuosity was the cause of heavy losses to the whole detachment. On the other hand, in those cases where they had been placed among men of more advanced age the consequences were even worse. In Poland choice troops had been compelled to retire on account of these young soldiers having given way. The *Figaro* of December 5 is still more interesting: "a doctor from Rheims tells us that among the German wounded he had to treat a hunchback and a recruit of 65 years of age. At first he thought that exaggerated patriotism had induced both men to enlist as soldiers. But they both assured him that neither of them were volunteers, but had been enrolled by force and in spite of their protests. The enrolling of hunchbacks is a bad sign, and perhaps it is only to be attributed to the superstition of a recruiting officer who saw, in this particular man, a sort of mascot. But, on the

other hand, the fact of having recourse in so hard a war to men of the age of 65, really signifies that the enemy is having recourse to desperate means."

As regards the officers, matters were looking very black. The *Excelsior* of December 6 reported that numerous officers had to return to the front, although they had not recovered from their severe wounds. The *Figaro* of November 29 stated that a lieutenant-colonel named Kolsch, 59 years of age, had been appointed to the commandship of the First Army Corps because Germany lacked generals. According to the Entente press the number of German generals had been very greatly reduced, especially owing to frequent suicides. To the list of those who, in the columns of the press in question, had killed themselves during the period in which Liège was taken, were subsequently added the names of Beseler, the conqueror of Antwerp (who committed suicide in the *Temps* of October 29), and of Generals von Breda and von Braul, on the Eastern front (Havas report in the *Petit Journal* of November 22). Desperation had likewise overtaken the subordinate officers.

The fact of the German troops surrendering at every possible opportunity is so often reported that we can dispense with further quotations. The *Temps* of November 3 told us that the front ranks were systematically kept under fire by those behind in order to prevent them from running away.

ECONOMIC COLLAPSE.

The military collapse of Germany was accompanied by an economic one. The *Temps* of November 20 reported that the number of unemployed in Germany amounted to two million, that the small traders were ruined, that over 40 per cent. of all mortgages had been recalled, owing to the non-payment of interest. The first German war loan was subscribed under compulsion by the savings banks, insurance companies, etc., as the whole of German capital had been transferred for safety to Switzerland. The same assertions were repeated by Abbé Wetterlé in the *Petit Parisien* of February 12, 1915. He knew positively that the first war loan had been subscribed under compulsion by the savings banks, which had not even enough funds available for the purpose; and he likewise knew that the plan of issuing a second loan of five billion francs—a higher sum evidently surpassing all imagination—was impossible. German finance suffered from the lack of an adequate gold covering; Germany's credit had diminished, her budget was in a state of hopeless confusion, her national debt had attained enormous proportions, her bankruptcy was inevitable.

The *Figaro* of December 17 reported that an Alsatian, M. Paul Müller, delivered a lecture in the Société d'Agriculture in which he prophesied a famine in Germany within a very short time. In the *Economiste Européen* M. Edmond Théry proved that Germany's supplies could not possibly last longer than eight or nine months. Germany's economic exhaustion makes the victory of the Allies, of which they are sure in any case, an absolute certainty. The *Matin* of January 14 reports a speech by M. Edmond Théry to the Budget Commission, in which he proclaimed the financial and economic breakdown of Germany to be imminent, whereas France could look forward to the future with perfect confidence.

REVOLUTION IN GERMANY.

All this is not merely theoretical speculation; the German nation is about, by means of a revolution, to force its rulers to conclude peace. In the *Daily Mail* of November 5 we read that "Germany's material and moral position is desperate; the people are crying for bread and clamoring for their sons to return home." *Excelsior* of December 2 knew that in various towns it was forbidden to wear mourning, so as not to excite

the population still more. The theatres were obliged to play, the officials were forced to visit them, in order to give an impression of unruffled calm. By way of a change, the exact contrary was occasionally asserted for the benefit of the neutral reader. The *Journal* of December 30 reported that the Royal theatres in Berlin were closed, because all sorts of interruptions had taken place in the presence of the court. In December there were grave disturbances in Berlin, caused by the publication of the casualty lists. Immense crowds marched from the suburbs to the center, and were stopped by the police with drawn swords. The multitude shouted: "Down with the war! Peace and bread!" A regiment of the reserves refused to advance against the rioters (*Daily Telegraph*, December 22). A cutting from the *Petrograd Gazette* brought similar news, the sole difference being that the disturbances in question occurred on November 19, and that the crowd shouted "Down with the war! Give us back our husbands and sons!"

INNER DISSENSIONS.

Economic difficulties were further complicated by inner dissensions. *Novoie Vremya* of November 11 reported that the Confederate States had protested against Prussia on account of the violation of their rights. The war had ceased to be a popular one. In *Matin* of December 18 General Bonual predicted that the growing dissension between Prussia and Bavaria would exert an unfavorable influence on the spirit of the army. The semi-official *Bayerischer Kurier* was also declared to have stated that, had a little more prudence been displayed, the war would have been avoided (Cf. *Journal*, November 23). The Bavarians were more and more dissatisfied with the military operations. Letters from Munich described the growing excitement against the Kaiser, who vaingloriously claimed all the credit for Prussia, whereas General Kluck's army had been extricated from imminent peril by the Bavarians—a fact systematically withheld from public knowledge (New York *Herald*, Paris edition, December 24, 1914).

BREAK-UP OF THE ALLIANCE OF THE CENTRAL POWERS.

If there was lack of unity in Germany, it was not surprising that the tension between Germany and Austria should become daily greater. A Havas telegram published by the *Gazette de Lausanne* of November 22 reported a fight between Germans and Austrians south of Kalisch. This fight originated in the fact that the Austrian officers declined to obey the orders of the German General Staff. Of course, Austria thought of concluding a separate peace.

The *Universal* of December 6 insisted on the fact that Austria was doing nothing, and that Germany was much disappointed by the weakness of her ally. Under such circumstances the neutrals cannot have been surprised by the assertion that the Turks obeyed German orders unwillingly and only because the guns of the Goeben menaced the Sultan's palace (Central News dispatch in *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, November 1). It was likewise stated that the Turkish army had revolted against the German officers (*Daily Telegraph*, November 14).

INTERVENTION OF BULGARIA AND ROUMANIA.

All these stories were destined for neutral countries. From a military standpoint Germany was as good as beaten, her army demoralized, and the empire economically exhausted. In Berlin the populace was shouting for peace and bread; the German Empire was crumbling to pieces, and the only ally in company with whom Germany embarked on the war—namely, Austria-Hungary—was ready to abandon her. What a grand opportunity for neutral countries still hesitating to join the

Entente! In Italy the game succeeded. Bulgaria was courted with a like assiduity. The *Rietch* of October 31 quite understood Bulgaria's reasons for remaining neutral until the intervention of Turkey, but since then the situation had completely changed. It was a psychological impossibility for Bulgaria to remain neutral during a war between Russia and Turkey. The *Novoie Vremya* of November 5 knew that a war against Turkey responded to the dearest wishes of the Bulgarian nation. The government must take account of this wish or else its position would become untenable. Russia did not need Bulgaria's help. But the latter should express its gratitude for everything it owed to Russia's generosity. None the less there were veiled threats, to the effect that "if Bulgaria misses the opportunity, she may easily find the door closed."

Roumania was coaxed in exactly the same way. Here also the press diplomacy of the Entente alternated flattery and the promise of substantial profits, with scarcely veiled threats. Every public utterance in favor of the Entente was announced with joy. M. Take Jonescu's prophecy to the effect that Roumania would intervene on the side of the Entente at the latest in February or March, probably earlier still, was hailed with enthusiasm (Cf. *Daily News*, January 12, 1915). The *Petrograd Gazette* had previously (November 10 and 23) published a communication emanating from the Russian Foreign Department, to the effect that Roumania would take the decisive step at the beginning of December. A Greek paper, *Nea Hellas*, prophesied that the event would happen at the close of December (Cf. *New York Herald*, December 15). We know that the appointed term was subsequently invariably postponed, but the certainty of the event taking place was unceasingly, and with extraordinary tenacity, proclaimed again and again. On December 23 *Temps* warned Roumania not to miss the proper moment. The war was deciding the future map of Europe. In the result the nations would participate only in the measure in which they had borne risks. A separate peace with Hungary—by no means an impossible event—would rob Roumania of all her hopes. Even the Vatican was not spared, and the most evident efforts were made in view of influencing its attitude. The *Nouvelliste de Lyon* of January 8 did not hesitate to assert that the war in Belgium was directed principally against the Catholic Church.

GERMANY'S YEARNING FOR PEACE.

Germany was beaten, economically ruined, deserted by her allies; the intervention of the neutrals was imminent; as the last logical link in the chain, Germany's irresistible desire for peace had to be invented. Germany, having prepared for war during many years, had scarcely drawn the sword from its sheath when she already gave up the game as lost and manifested her burning desire for peace by making efforts to bring about such a peace. On November 23 (Cf. *Telegraaf* of the following day) Reuter reproduced a vivid description of this yearning for peace, written for the *Daily Telegraph* by an American just returned from Berlin. Germany was now fighting only to obtain as favorable conditions as possible. Numerous Germans were reckoning with the fact of Germany losing Alsace, and also parts of Lorraine and East Prussia, and of Austria losing Galicia. All hopes were henceforth concentrated on the preservation of German unity and of the rest of the empire. All farsighted Germans were outwardly calm, but in reality desperate. According to the *Rietch* (November 22) German traders asked for peace, for they knew better than anyone that Germany could not fight to the end owing to lack of all raw materials. The German press was following suit, and it was easy to gather from its attitude that it was endeavoring to build a golden bridge between Germany

and France (*Novoie Vremya*, November 19). The Imperial Chancellor himself had already attempted to prepare the party leaders for a speedy conclusion of peace, but they had replied that the conclusion of peace at the present moment would mean a revolution (*Lyon Républicain*, December 15).

SEPARATE PEACE.

The reports of a separate peace appear daily. The *Times* of November 12 was able to announce a forthcoming separate peace between Russia and Austria; characteristically enough, the news reached the London journal from St. Petersburg. On December 1 the *Progrès de Lyon* reported that the Emperor of Austria would abdicate, and that his successor would immediately conclude peace with Russia. The defeat of the German Empire would enable Austria to regain her former supremacy over the Germanic peoples. Another time it was the Czechs who were the moving force. Or else Italy was the intermediary, through whom Austria offered Russia to conclude a separate peace (*Gazette de Lausanne*, November 18). Or else Austria applied to Serbia. According to the *Lyon Républicain* of December 14, M. Clémenceau knew from a reliable source that Austria had twice proposed peace to Serbia. On December 29 a report from Greece via Rome, published by the *Echo de Paris*, mentioned yet another peace proposal, which Serbia had rejected with contempt. Occasionally Hungary also threatened to separate herself from Germany and Austria; this is what the *Temps* of December 17 learned simultaneously in Madrid and in the Vatican. The *Basler Nachrichten* of November 19 published the following details of Austria's peace conditions: East Galicia to be abandoned, whereas Germany, for her part, would be content to keep her ancient frontiers. This last report is a good example of the many-sided propaganda of the Allies. It appeared in a Swiss paper in the form of a Havas telegram reproducing a statement in the London *Daily Mail*, which latter claimed to have received the news from Copenhagen! Thus half Europe took part in the fabrication of the lie, which was intended to thrust a wedge between the Central Powers. In this way dissension was to be sown between Germany and Austria; but Turkey likewise was taken in due consideration—for it was added that Germany and Austria agreed as to the impossibility of preventing the dismembering of Turkey.

But not only Austria was secretly planning the betrayal of her ally: Germany was doing the same thing. The *Times* of November 12 printed a Havas telegram to the effect that Germany, after the failure of the Polish campaign, had in vain sought to conclude a separate peace with Russia. According to the *Figaro* of January 3, Germany was quite prepared, after her defeats, to abandon Austria on condition that she would receive the German provinces at the end of the war. On November 18 the *Journal* reported that, on the morrow of Turkey's declaration of war, Germany had already opened negotiations with Russia behind the back of her new ally. More frequently still Germany had offered peace to France. On October 30 the *Daily Chronicle* was able to announce German offers of peace—to say nothing of those offers which were made during the first three months of the war. According to the *Figaro* of November 12, and the *Morning Post* of November 14, unsuccessful efforts with a view to peace had been undertaken in France before the offer to Russia, of which we have already spoken, was made. Japan, of course could not be omitted. The Mikado had received a personal communication from the Kaiser in which he promised Japan to fulfill all possible dreams of the future, provided she would attack Russia. But the offer excited the same indignation which naturally manifested itself each time Germany made peace overtures. The Emperor of Japan had contented himself

with remitting the Kaiser's letter to the British Embassy (*Politiken*, November 29). Germany's intermediaries are either financiers (Cf. *Daily Chronicle*, October 30), or else Dutch Social Democrats (Cf. *Evening Standard*, of same date); occasionally they are German Socialists. One after another nearly all foreign powers were named as intermediaries. Efforts for peace were made—according to the *Times* of November 3—in Washington. On November 19 and 20 important conferences were held in Washington in connection with a proposal made to Holland, and which could only be considered as a first attempt in the direction of peace; American diplomatic circles, however, believed that the Allies would decline to make peace. Four countries participated in the fabrication of this report, which traveled from Washington to Copenhagen (Cf. *Politiken*, November 22), via the *Daily News* in London. The *Temps* of November 12 was informed that German negotiations for peace on the basis of the *status quo* were taking place in Switzerland, Norway and France.

This selection of examples of the enemy propaganda in a period of three months will be sufficient. Were we to push our investigations further, we should find many proofs of the

fact that Germany, by conquering ever new territories in Russia, was advancing rapidly to her doom; that the English expedition to Gallipoli implied the end of Turkey; that the intervention of Roumania and Greece in favor of the Entente was merely a question of days. Only in one respect have the enemy newspapers changed their methods of destroying Germany. The *Matin* of December 12 predicted that the war would end in March, 1915; the *Figaro* of December 16 postponed the end till May; whereas the *Morning Post* of January 6 did not expect the *dénouement* until shortly after September. Today our adversaries have grown more cautious as to precise dates. The suicides of German generals have diminished, hunchbacked and 65-year-old recruits in the German army have become rarer, and eloquent necrologies are no longer composed in memory of the Reichstag. But otherwise the methods of propaganda have remained the same: Germany is exhausted, both from a military and an economic standpoint; hungry crowds of working people shout for bread and peace, and the dove with the olive branch is forever reappearing—sometimes in Washington, sometimes in Switzerland, sometimes in Holland, and recently in the Vatican.

THESE ARE NOT FREE VERSES

BALLAD OF THE DANDIES

By ERNEST McGAFFEY.

WHAT of the memory of Richard Nash,
Ruler so long of the town of Bath?
Whose satire cut like a stinging lash
The lesser fops who incurred his wrath!
The weeds have grown in his glory's path
And slugs, on his grave neglected, doze,
He passed in the Dandies aftermath
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

And what of the amours of Buckingham
Villiers, the handsome and sleepy-eyed,
Half a genius and partly a sham,
A motley compound of wit and pride,
All curled and ruffled and wigged and tied,
With silks and ribbons and furbelows,
In Fashion's gallery, side by side,
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

And Fielding, D'Orsay and Chesterfield,
Yet what a forgotten roll we call,
Each in his manner to folly sealed
Less like a man than a painted doll,
Rogues and gamblers and spend-thrifts all
Vanished their vogue and their stilted pose,
And how like a house of cards they fall
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

ENVOY.

Prince! as the summer's butterflies
Their season came to a lingering close;
Their fading glow, like a sunset dies
With Brummell, King of the Belles and Beaux.

ANDROMEDA

By A. ALONDRA.

(After the French of Heredia.)

BOUND to the shining rock, the Cephaen maid
Clothed in the glory of her royal hair,
Tears her white breasts in terror and despair,
And, living still, alas! calls Death to aid.
The monstrous ocean bellows unafraid
Its challenge, and the bitter noontide's glare
Beats on the soft closed lids, as poppies fair,
That shut out visions of the fate delayed.
Then—as the thunder-clap cross cloudless skies,
A clear neigh tears the silence, and her eyes
Widen with terror and with ecstasy,
For she has seen, in flight vertiginous
The shadow of the wings of Pegasus
Reflected in the mirror of the sea.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

By A. ALONDRA.

(After the French of Heredia.)

THEY stand together on the terrace high;
The land of Egypt, stifling in the heat,
Lies, like a map unrolled, beneath their feet;
The great stars blossom in the evening sky,
One after one; and ever wearily
The sluggish river seaward rolls to greet
The cities of the Delta. Sweet, too sweet,
Blowing from fields where trampled lilies lie,
The soft air faints with perfumes of the South—
And all Elysium trembles on her mouth,
When ardent Antony, bending tender-wise
O'er the pale marvel of her radiant face,
Sees in the depths of her great, gold-flecked eyes
A boundless sea where triremes flee apace.

THE BUTTERFLY

[A MORALITY]

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

CHARACTERS:

DEATH.

A BUTTERFLY.

CHORUS OF THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN.

HIS WIFE.

HIS SONS.

I.

(*A Sleeping-Chamber with conventional furnishings. A table bearing medicine flasks. A simple bed upon which reposes THE RIGHTEOUS MAN. At his head stands DEATH in the guise of a skeleton, from whose shoulders falls a long black cloak. He is shadowy at first and scarcely visible, but his shape assumes definite outline as the scene progresses.*)

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*musingly*): And so it seems that I am about to die....Must die? Yes, I must. It is strange how clear my thoughts are. And I have no fear of Death,—no fear. Truly, why should I fear him? He comes today, or tomorrow, or yet again tomorrow—what matters when? And in the grave, under a green mound, how shall I slumber? Shall I hear the grass grow, and the flowers open, and passing swallows beat their wings? Nay, but the dead hear not, for death is not a sleep—death is an end, an end of all, and knows no awakening. Is it not passing strange? This body that has borne me for sixty years shall cease, cease in the twinkling of an eye. Is it not strange? And when the end comes I shall not know nor remember, and my soul shall be as nothing. Is it not very strange?—But of this one thing is my heart glad: I do not fear death meanly as men do, fear neither Heaven nor Hell. Life in the invisible beyond my faith could not and would not see.... Yet have I led a life clean and honorable and triumphant over temptation in the sight of all men. Yes, I have fought the good fight, not as a child, fearful of the mother's rod, but through the freedom of my manhood's strength....Bitter is the sweetness of sin....(*he smiles*) and now I must die....(*He gazes through the window.*) Yonder the sun grows crimson in his death—dies in his blood. (*Joyously.*) The sun and I—we die together; together having done our good day's work....

(*A sound is heard as of music that, soft at first, grows in intensity. The sun sinks below the horizon. A perfume of poignant sweetness fills the room and a magical light illuminates it. A chorus enters of female forms, clad in many-colored raiment, and bearing a shining crown.*)

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*with great wonder*): Who are ye?

CHORUS: We are the Things that Might Have Been.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: What is the glittering something that ye bear.

CHORUS: The Crown of Life that never pressed thy brow, the happiness whose light thy temples never felt.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*earnestly*): A life whose law was duty, such was my happiness.

CHORUS: We are that life which thou hast never lived, the deeper mysteries which thy glance never pierced....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*austerely*): I was a faithful citizen of my country; I leave the world better for my coming. What would ye more?

CHORUS: We are the moment of power that passed thee,

we bear the lily of might thou didst not dare to pluck....We are honor, power, glory....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*insistently*): Not unto all is it given to rule. I did what lay in me.

CHORUS: We are the unforgettable deeds thou mightst have done, the perished dreams lost when thy duty to others made thee forget thy duties to thyself....We are fame that bloomed not for thee; the laurel we bear never touched thy locks....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: I was a good husband to my wife. She loved me, though I was uncrowned of fame.

CHORUS: We are the word of love thou didst not dare to speak. We are the women, golden and dark of hair, with eyes of azure, emerald and amber, thou mightst have loved; their gleaming limbs we are, their breasts, their arms, their shoulders—which thy hands never touched. We are the crimson blooms upon the Tree of Life, the fire of lips un-kissed....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*irritated*): I was a good father to my children, made of them useful men and women. Was not that better? (*His voice trembles.*) Speak, was not that better? Could I have been that, had I yielded to you?

CHORUS: We are the mystical children of dreams, unborn of women whom thou didst not love....We are minutes and hours and years vanished while thou wert busy feeding the mouths at home....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*slung out of his calm*): My life has been stainless, and in that consciousness my heart is lifted up! If I passed by many pleasures, therein I was right,—surely, surely, I was right. The higher happiness I did not lose. Not all chords in my soul's harmony vibrated; the chords that sounded had the deeper tone....Blind to the earth, I gazed into the sun....

CHORUS: We are the pallid moonlight of the soul....We are the passion flowers in the Garden of Love....We are the scarlet hours dreamed of through fevered nights, sweet-bitter desires unslaked, golden fruits that passion brings in its golden bowl....We are many-colored birds in the Paradise of Sin....We are the nightingales that sing in summer nights....We are the flowers whose fragrance kills....We are the purple cloak of beauty about the skeleton of life.... We are the music whose maddening sweetness never thrilled thy nerves—the deathless human yearning that utters itself, at times in good, oftener in evil....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: How the song stirs! A new world rises before my dimmed eyes, a gleaming, glittering world. Yet—was it not greatly done to love the sun and flee the shades that lure to deep abysses?....Have I not tasted all ennobling feelings as father, patriot, friend? Was it not wise to leave the chord of brutal depths unsounded?....But if I have been deceived, if I have not been a complete man, then is life lost indeed, its columns crumbling—then is all lost....

CHORUS: We dance where the deep shadows are, we are secret runes in the Book of Fate—the splendid consciousness of self that, having lived through all that is human, understands all. And because thou didst not know us thou must perish like a moth dancing in a sunbeam....

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*whose expression has grown to be one of helpless despair, feverishly and with a shrill,*

excited voice): Ah, fool that I was who thought to be a complete man, thought to act nobly by keeping you afar....by fettering my soul, then when I bit my lips that should have bled with kisses, not with pain....when I crucified my flesh and—lost my soul! (*Calmer.*) But I will live yet,—yet snatch, like a late and famished guest, some few remnants from the Banquet of Life....I will live for you—with you—O fair and evil dreams, for a little space....

DEATH (*whose form has gradually become clear, steps forward and stretches forth his hand with a gesture of command and solemn majesty*). It is too late.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Too late?

DEATH: Thou must follow me.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Whither?

DEATH: Into the emptiness without.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Into the dreary shadow? That cannot be, it is too terrible—now that I see that my life has been as nothing!—From void to void!—

DEATH: From void to void!

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: Is there no help?

DEATH: None.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: And so from life unlived I must pass unto death.

DEATH: Unto death.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN: I will not! I defy thee. Surely the will is mighty and my heart still beats, still throbs passionately in my breast. Thou must set me free! I cannot follow thee, and will not.

DEATH (*unmoved, points at the hour-glass concealed under his cloak*).

(*And now the Chorus has faded away. The family of The Righteous Man enters. His Wife sits down beside him, his Sons stand with heads bent.*)

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*looks upon his Wife with an expression of horror and disgust*). Thou monster of evil omen, get thee away from me! Thou hast stolen my happiness.

THE WIFE: But dear, dear husband, thou must know me, thy good wife through adversity and prosperity, in labor and renunciation! Thou must remember how last year.... dear God!

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*who has listened with a petrified look, in the strident accents of madness*): I know thee only too well, thou vampire, thou my lost life. Leave me! Leave me! Yonder, yonder, are those whom I love!

THE WIFE (*looking into the empty space*): Where?

ONE SON: He knows not what he says; it is the fever that speaks.

THE OTHER SON: Poor father!

THE WIFE (*weeps silently*).

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*seeing his Sons, bitterly*): O misbegotten brood! Yonder, yonder, are the children of my heart, whom I starved that ye might be fed....

(*The Wife and Sons overwhelmed, draw back.*)

DEATH (*unseen of the others, steps close to the bed*).

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*seeing him*): Fool that I was! All is at an end. My curse upon the state, upon my marriage, my children, my duty; they have slain my soul....I am lost, and my happiness, my own dear happiness, mine by right....where is it? You have cheated me of it....It was so fair, this happiness of mine, seen ever only from afar; it was so bright, so radiantly beautiful....Perhaps I had caught it, had ye not weighted my feet with lead....

THE WIFE and THE SONS: Father!

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN (*hoarsely*): It was so fair,—my happiness,—so fair....

DEATH (*softly places a finger upon The Righteous Man's mouth*).

(*At that moment flutters against the window-pane something large and gaudy like to a Butterfly.*)

(CURTAIN.)

CHARACTERS:

DEATH.

THE BUTTERFLY.

DISGUST.

POSE.

ENNUI.

THE SEVEN SINS.

(UNTRUTHFULNESS, PRIDE, AVARICE, ENVY, MURDER, GLUTTONY, UNCHASTITY.)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN.

THE SOUL.

II.

(*A gorgeous Chamber illuminated by a crimson lamp and furnished with subtle elegance. Upon a bed of purple and fine linen lies The Unrighteous Man dying. At the head of the bed, as in the first scene, stands Death.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*dreamily*): Slowly the leaves fell from the linden-tree, slowly the wind robbed them one by one, and, ere the tree knew, it stood bare. Like beseeching arms it stretched into the air its naked boughs; drearily and despairingly rustled its leaves on the ground. Shadows of death float through my soul, like ebony swans upon an argent mere....The trembling shadow of death darkens the clusters of shimmering orchids....The bleeding roses droop, as if in prayer, their fiery blooms....It is the hour of parting from all things dear, and this soul of mine will flutter far like a helpless bird—whither? whither? Like a little homeless bird will it lose itself in the infinite void which is the universe....Is death a sleep, and will an angel some day come unto all graves and wake the sleepers with a lily wand?...Will the celestial armies sing before the sun measures sweeter than the sobbing of nightingales on earth?....It matters little. I arise from the feast of life, satisfied. Dying as I have lived, I force even death to yield me a strange and subtle pleasure from its very pain. I can say truly that I have lived my life, have tasted it with every nerve, have burned my heart in the flame of every passion, and struck each chord upon the gamut of human emotion with a master's hand....I have walked hand in hand with beauty, often by abysses of terrible loveliness wherein flames quivered, orange and red and violet. I have trodden the grapes of pleasure in the winepress of life. I have lived like a philosopher, and thus will I die....

(*Hideous noises are heard in the hall. Hoarse voices; screeches; obscene sounds. Enter Ennui, Disgust, Pote, followed by The Seven Sins.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Who dares to intrude here? Who are you?

ENNUI (*greenish-complexioned, peevishly*): Old acquaintances.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*coldly*): I do not acknowledge the acquaintance.

ENNUI (*yawning again*): Dost thou not? These fine gentlemen usually have short memories. I am called Ennui, and it is I who brought into thy life the Seven Sins....

DISGUST (*ashen in complexion, hiccoughs*): And I who stung thee from repose again and again on the search after new sensations,—as one that seasons tainted food with unheard-of spices,—I am Disgust.

POSE (*with painted lips, jauntily*): And I, who do not desert thee even on thy death-bed, I am called Pose.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*amiably*): I appreciate your coming, but by all means rid me of this disgusting crowd.

POSE: Impossible. I have served thee faithfully, but there are moments in life when every face must drop its mask, and this is such an one.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*with careless ease*): Very well, then. If you wish to amuse me with your comedy even when I am dying—I am satisfied. I can find pleasure even in this. In fact, it is charming of you. I am extremely interested. But will you not introduce these ladies to me?

DISGUST: They know thee well.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Who are they?

DISGUST: The Seven Sins.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Ladies, I am enchanted. Permit me to inquire what you carry there?

THE SEVEN SINS: A little table.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: What is it for?

THE SEVEN SINS: A dissecting table.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*pointing to a veiled something upon the table*): And what is that?

DISGUST (*removes the veil, and a little dove with ruffled feathers is seen*).

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: What kind of a little beast is that?

THE SEVEN SINS: A dove—thy soul.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: How delightful.... Ah, poor little dove, hast thou hurt thy wings?

(*The dove opens its eyes.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Dear little soul, I do not wonder that thy feathers are ruffled when such rude hands touch thee.... There, you stupid wenches, leave my soul in peace!

THE SEVEN SINS: It is too late. Thy soul is accustomed to us, for it has never been nourished from other hands than ours.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: That admits of discussion; my sins had nothing in common with you, and, upon the whole, you weary me. (*To Disgust, who is scribbling on a scrap of paper.*) What art thou writing there?

DISGUST: The list of thy sins, or perhaps the program of the comedy we enact.... Thy whole life hast thou played at comedy, and loved it; why should thy death be aught else?....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Very well; let the play begin. For I feel that I am growing weaker. (*He looks into a hand-glass.*)

POSE (*interrupting*): And more fascinating.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Very true.

(*The Seven Sins have in the meantime formed a semi-circle about the bed. Disgust stands on one side, Ennui on the other. Pose takes up her station at some distance. Death remains motionless. From the semi-circle Untruthfulness steps forth.*)

POSE (*softly*): My little sister.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Who art thou, painted creature, repulsive harlot of the false hips? Surely I had no dealings with thee!

UNTRUTHFULNESS (*sweetly*): I am thy most faithful friend, the meaning of thy life, the word that issued daily from thy lips....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*contemptuously*): Not thou. The lies that I spoke were exquisite lies. They brought joy and ecstasy; they were works of art, or rather like the essence of the lotus-flower; like blue flowers they were, or little

elves with golden wings and silver stars in their hair....

POSE: So it seems to thee, because thou always sawest my little sister through stained glasses. (*She passes her hands over his eyes.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Ah, God! How the picture changes! No more of thee!

(*Untruthfulness steps back. Then comes forth with mincing steps infinitely grotesque Pride.*)

PRIDE: I am Pride. Under my spell thou hast shrugged thy shoulders at God and his universe. Thou wast—

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: An aristocrat of the Intellect.

PRIDE: A fool. Thou didst build unto thyself a high tower, and didst gaze down from it upon mankind. But the tower was builded of sophistries and rose into the skies of Delusion. Verily had the worth of men been weighed in a golden balance thy weight would have proved lighter than that of the meanest among them.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*makes an averting gesture. A little man with bird-like claws steps forth*): Who art thou thing of horror? Surely thou art a stranger to me, thou with the rheumy eyes, hideous monster, malodorous carrion thou?

AVARICE (*whimpers*): I am Avarice. Look into mine eyes. Thou knowest me well. Oh, thou wert not sparing of gold, thou threwest to the poor many a thoughtless alms—thou must look deeper. Thou didst bury thy talent, thou thoughtest to have found Happiness, and wouldst not throw to any mortal even a crumb from thy store. Thou didst keep truth locked in thy soul and didst not spend one grain of it.... Did thy heart ever, for the twinkling of an eye, beat for another?.... Didst thou give any morsel of the Love that was in thee?....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*taken aback, interrupts him*). But my philosophy—perhaps thou art right—My.... Another vision!

(*Thereupon approaches a little man with jaundiced skin and distorted features.*)

ENVY (*maliciously*): I am Envy.

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: Envy?

ENVY: Who but I sat behind thee driving thee to ever new excesses? If any one had accomplished a great task in good or in evil, it gave thee no peace till thou hadst surpassed him—in evil. Dost thou not know me?

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*with toneless voice*): I know thee.

(*The dove beats its wings. The Unrighteous Man sinks into meditation. Forth steps a pallid, menacing figure. His intellectual face is branded with an expression of such fierce cruelty that The Unrighteous Man trembles involuntarily.*)

MURDER: Thou knowest me. I am the plaything of thy dreams. For my sake thou wast envious of the Borgias and of the Roman emperors. But even they were but blunderers compared to thee.... They slew, they poisoned the body and tortured it, but thou slewest souls with thy soul. Little brother, dost thou remember me?

(*He cackles with hoarse laughter and whispers something into The Unrighteous Man's ear.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*pales*).

(*The convulsions of the little dove become intenser.*)

(*The moon recedes behind clouds.*)

(*After a brief space Gluttony steps forth.*)

GLUTTONY (*sucking its teeth*): Ah, sweetheart, we enjoyed life, did we not? We ate pheasants' tongues and rare mushrooms and drank foaming wine.... And thou didst right. For soon must thou eat earth and the fruits of corruption,

and drink the water of the grave....Think of me who sat daily at thy board, covering my ungainly form with purple and my baldness with vine-leaves....

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*makes a gesture of disgust*).

GLUTTONY (*with strident voice*): Ah, thou needest not be so queasy now. Have I not eaten four times daily at thy table, even if thou gavest me another name and a decent little cloak?....

(The Unrighteous Man *covers his head. The dove grows more quiet and lets its weary little wings hang down.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*softly*): Ah, perhaps all of you are in the right—all. My life was fearfully small and mean. Waste places I saw through a rosy haze, and my foot trod on treacherous quicksands....But one consolation remains to me: I have loved regally, splendidly—with a love that moves Heaven and Hell, with a great, a beautiful love—not a good love—did I say good? Nay, I said great, fair, splendid, purple....

(*From among The Seven Sins approaches a woman regally clad in purple raiment, who has until now remained in the background.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*looking joyfully upon her*): Thou—thou understandest me....Speak! was I not a King in the Golden House of Love? a very God in the Garden of Passionate Dreams, where Birds of Paradise whirl through the twilight?....I have blended Heaven and Earth, have I not? Speak!

UNCHASTITY (*tenderly*): Surely, my beloved, thou didst all this.

(*She bends over him.*)

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN: What is it that passes from thee? Art thou the Pest?

UNCHASTITY: Nay, my dearest, I am Love, thy love, who comes from the scented garden where Birds of Paradise whirl through the twilight....My breasts are white like two small cockatoos. My figure is slender as a palm-tree, and red as the lotus-flower are my lips which thou kissed till they bled! Am I not fair? See, my beloved, see!....

(*The purple cloak glides to the floor and reveals a body corroded with canker.*)

DEATH (*who has slowly become visible, steps forth*).

THE UNRIGHTEOUS MAN (*tries to speak*).

(*The dove beats its wings convulsively.*)

DEATH *lays his finger on The Unrighteous Man's lips.*

(*The little dove lets its feet and head hang limply; its feathers fall out and its little naked dead form is left.*)

(*The Seven Sins and their companions have faded away.*)

(*Out of the room of The Righteous Man comes the glittering form of the Butterfly. It flies in through the open window, touches lightly the brow of the dead man and flutters away. The beat of its wings sounds for a little while like the echo of a song heard from afar.*)

(CURTAIN.)

FEMINISM—THE DOMESTICATION OF MAN

By PROF. LINDLEY M. KEASBEY.

FEMINISM is not so much a matter of sex as a question of gender. Sex shows through, to be sure, but that's to be expected, since gender is a grammatical garment peculiarly susceptible to the vicissitudes of style. Poor linguistic families, such as the Semitic, are obliged to make shift of a single change—masculine or feminine, as the case may be. Our richer Aryan speech affords a spare suit; so, when shamefaced, we Anglo-Saxons can cover our confusion in equivocal terms. Straightforward and outspoken in such matters, the male sex scorns to disguise itself in neuter garb—the female is not so scrupulous. Finding the neuter gender serviceable on so many social occasions (to cover certain sex deficiencies, and to guard against masculine inclemencies), she wraps herself smugly in its amphibolous folds and appears as a feminist in the marketplace of men. Ungallant as Earl Leofric, I propose to strip the wench, and make her march nakedly, but more becomingly, I opine.

Through natural selection the sub-order of the anthropoids is become structurally adapted to two sets of physical exercises: swinging and climbing, and striking and throwing. So far as swinging and climbing are concerned, the females of the species are in no wise inferior to the males. "Hes" and "shes" are indistinguishable through the bars of the monkey cage; among flying trapeze artists the ladies pull off precisely the same stunts as the gents, and are similarly costumed besides. It is in striking and throwing that the female falls short and the male sex excels. Arms are manufactured in men's sizes only, mixed doubles are abominable (preserve the old spelling), except for spectacle purposes, baseball is not a synecdochic game. This explains biologically the passing subjection of women and the ephemeral supremacy of man.

So long as our frugivorous ancestors were satisfied with an

arboraceous existence, swinging and climbing sufficed, and sexual equality prevailed. "Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone!"—to give place to an earthly paradise, wherein striking and throwing seem essential and sexual disparity appears. A fig for the fall of man!—he came down of his own accord. I'm referring to our pithecanthropical forefather, who abandoned the arboreal habitat to undertake the hazards of a terri-colourous career. Because of an eclectic appetite, which (plague upon his prepotency!) he has passed on to us his omnivorous descendants. For "we, alas, the flesh-pots love. We love the very leaks and sordid roots below." Or was woman originally responsible for the fall—beguiled by the serpent to expand her arboreal bill of fare? There is verisimilitude in this story of vicarious sacrifice, but be that as it may. Ever since it has been her consistent desire to sit beside the flesh-pots and eat to the full thereof. Man's function from the first was to fill their cavernous cavities with the products of the chase and of war. So it came to striking and throwing. In these exercises man became an expert, whereas woman remained a mutt—witness her ineffective appearance in militancy and sport. Here then the economic explanation of the sham subjection of woman and the spurious superiority of man.

A SORRY day, indeed, when the Lady of the Leafy Mansion left her fruitful larder to trudge along after her carnivorous consort, bearing the burdens, and babies besides. By her ineptitude excluded from the striking and throwing system, the female of the species was straightway banished from the board. So for long ages she served, content, or seemingly so, to gather such crumbs as should fall from her master's table. I'm a little uncertain concerning flesh-pots and

tables, it may be a mixed metaphor, but I'm not in the least doubtful about "love, honor, and obey."

Unable to reinstate herself by swinging, the disfranchised feminist took to climbing again. That she might make her way once more into masculine society and sit beside the superior sons of men.

"See what a grace is seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself."

Compare Hamlet, act III, scene IV, for a further portrayal of this striking and throwing colossus, "shining through the ages like some embodied defiance." Look you now what follows: in the train of the feminist movement comes the counterfeit presentment. Captains of industry, so-called, speculators and exploiters in sooth, filling the flesh-pots vicariously with the products of factory and farm! It's a jejune story, this, of the descent, or shall I say the domestication, of man? Suffice of the descent, or shall I say the domestication, of man?

Because of his striking and throwing proclivities man had the best of it so long as militarism prevailed. He seems to be coming into his own again in this recent recrudescence, by bayonet charges and hand grenades. But when it came to industrialism woman won out—by exercising her subtler wit in sedentary and seductive ways. Once a semblance of law and order was established (by paid officials: pedagogues, policemen, parsons and priests), the femme-covert found herself in sufficient security to dispense with the protective service of the covert-baron, her former defender. Whereupon he, the striking and throwing consort, was relieved of his domestic responsibilities, and shorn of his authority besides.

FOR mark you, my Feminist Friend, this is not a man-made world as you so glibly suppose. Man's crowning ambition has been, on the contrary, to destroy. So far as ownership is concerned, it's a woman's sphere. Though in a constructive sense (if they hadn't acted only as agents), the non-descript neuters should be held responsible for the sorry scheme. Since the workers of the world are asexual, even as the inhabitants of the hive. Where for sooth does sex enter in?—why even age is disregarded in the industrial operations of our day. Men, women, and children withal, work together indiscriminately, within the factory and out on the farm, if not for reproductive, for productive purposes, at any rate, promiscuous intercourse at present prevails. As a Spenserian would say: this immense monoecious organism, the proletariat, is differentiated along functional, not along sexual lines.

But to get back to the sex struggle: it was a one-sided con-

flict to start with, and another-sided victory in the end. Woman was worsted when swinging and climbing, became obsolete; man was successful so long as striking and throwing prevailed. Then under industrialism an era of neutrality, as digging and delving became necessary to stave off diminishing returns. "Man is as lazy as he dares to be." Then, too, striking and throwing require the free use of the strong right arm, so woman was forced to it first. Her digging stick is the prototype of the spade; from the "conjugal relation" we may even suppose she harnessed her husband to the plow. But soon she bethought herself: "Why should my striking and throwing consort continue to kill? better it were to capture and disarm. Suppose I allow him his fascinating females, if he deliver over to me the emasculated males?"

Thus what began by a two-fold fight became in conclusion a three-cornered campaign between the two sexes over the disposition of the sexless, in order to counteract niggardly nature and offset diminishing returns. Even so it was no easy task for the feminist to force the effeminate to work for woman's whims, under male orders, as heretofore, but henceforth at her behest.

FIRST the forces of slavery failed, then those of serfdom broke down. Freedom being requisite for further productive purposes, liberty, equality and fraternity were pretentiously proclaimed. With this practical effect: wage-earners and salary-recipients were straightway contracted for, and instructed by superintendents to speed up the job. All went well under this mercenary hegemony—so long as invention and efficiency availed. When, by way of adumbration, old familiar portents began to appear. Again nature exposed her niggardly character and among the asexuals virility re-arose. At these ominous signs the masters of the situation resorted to conciliation, keeping striking and throwing suggestively in reserve. But physical force shows so clearly through masculine diplomacy—it is altogether absent from feminine guile. So the mistress of the occasion put the question again: "If it's foolish to force, why not cajole the effeminate, even so far as to encourage the effete?" Thus, under the aegis of respectability, the feminist movement was inaugurated. And non-descript neuters are still on the job, producing nutriment enough for the augmenting masses and luxuries galore for the declining elite. Of which sex is the elite? Pardon me, my lady, if I appear banal; I ask you only: are your inconsistent desires eventually fulfilled?

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I can not say," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of The International, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917.
State of New York,
County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Sylvester Viereck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the International Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Managing Editor, Joseph Bernard Rethy, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Business Manager, R. S. Toth, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) The Fatherland Corporation, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

G. S. VIERECK,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1917.

[Seal] A. L. SCANTLEBURY, 173.
Notary Public, Kings County. Certificate filed in New York County (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

THE INTERNATIONAL

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. NO. 6.

JUNE, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Montbly, Inc.

1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bomhard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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JUNE, 1917

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CURIOSITIES OF OPINION
IN FRANCE

OUR DELIGHTFUL
DEPARTMENT OF STATE

WE take the liberty of suggesting very respectfully to President Wilson that he recall the gentleman now serving in the capital of France as American Ambassador. That gentleman, whose name we understand to be Sharp and of whom we confess we never heard until lately, must be quite incompetent to impress French opinion with the Washington point of view. How was it possible for official French opinion to be so completely misled regarding our attitude to this war if Ambassador Sharp knew what he was about? The French conception of the American relation to the war seems to be that we are the tactical tail to the strategical kite. We are the vermiform appendix. We are to be used not for the attainment of what we deem the objects of the war, but as a sort of side show to the great circus. Now, the American people are just as anxious to win the war as anybody. They are willing to die for the principles involved in this struggle. But the American people do not propose to perish in the dark with no intelligent conception of the best way to die for their ideals. These things ought to be impressed by somebody upon the French Government. We have always supposed the United States Government to be as great, as important and as dignified as any other government under heaven. We are very much afraid that the American Ambassador in Paris allows it to be assumed in the Ministry of War and at the Quai d'Orsay that the United States Government is a sub-station of the Elysée. We, therefore, respectfully renew our suggestion that President Wilson find for the post of ambassador at the French capital someone who can occasionally remind the estimable Premier Ribot that the United States is one of the great powers.

POOR Bob Lansing! He has been floored again. This time it is the censorship of the press.

What Bob wants is simply stated. He can not distinguish between the Department of State and his private law office. In the management of his private practice he has formulated principles which he thinks excellent for the management of an executive department of the government. Bob is the dearest fellow in the world. He has little psychological insight, no imagination, not a trace of fancy and only occasionally an idea, which he borrows from somebody else. Nevertheless, we think he is badly used. He is very loyal to the President and for that we honor him. We do not blame Bob for that little indiscretion about our being on the edge of war. The President summoned Bob to the White House on account of it and Bob ate his words. What the real history of the episode may have been we know not. Our private suspicion is that Bob has shouldered the blame that ought to have gone elsewhere. It may be that the whole ridiculous suggestion to censor the press and set up an autocracy in Washington did not originate with Bob at all. In his heart of hearts he may be aghast at two-thirds of the preposterous propositions that are fathered upon him. Bob's nose is handy every time the grindstone of public opinion whirrs. Bob has never been elected to a public post by the people. He has never come into direct contact with our robust democracy. He cuts as absurd a figure in an age of revolt, rebellion and red Russia as if he were a painted figure on a Watteau fan. The President uses him as a kind of clerk and amanuensis because Bob knows how to write a provocative note. Provocativeness is Bob's specialty. Nevertheless, we do not propose to stand for any injustice to Bob and we shall come to his aid whenever we see him unfairly attacked

—and he is the object of much petty attack just now.

PECULIARITIES OF THE
SECRETARY OF WAR

A VERY precarious month has been passed by Secretary of War Baker under the thumb of the general staff. Mr. Baker is no Stanton and we have an impression that if he were he would never have been chosen for his post. We think, none the less, that Mr. Baker ought to have a different conception of his duties than that of acting as an echo of every general over fifty. The trouble with Mr. Baker is that he does not realize the nature of war, he does not understand that there is little essential difference between the administration of war and the administration of peace. Indeed, life runs along in war pretty much as it did in peace, except that it is far more comfortable for many of us. Even the mortality list is not appreciably larger from the actuarial standpoint, although it is true that the casualties come wholesale instead of in driblets. Unfortunately for Mr. Baker, he has been impregnated with the expert theory of war. He thinks war is strategy and tactics. He will learn in due time that strategy and tactics are but branches of a much larger subject known as war. War, said a famous French soldier, is too large a subject for mere soldiers. We would not be understood to mean that the general staff to which Mr. Baker defers is not entitled to his respect. The general staff seems to be the only branch of the government that possesses any plain common sense in making our dispositions for the gigantic struggle upon which we have entered. At the same time, we think it a pity that Mr. Baker does not stand out of the crowd of generals. We have expressed our regret that he does not read the life of Carnot. We now indicate our sorrow that he never heard the name of Cardwell. We hope he will look the name up in a reference book.

MEANING OF THE EVENTS
IN RUSSIA

IN the fact that the new Russian Minister of War, Alexander Kerensky, is a trifle over thirty years of age, we have the key to the mysteries of what is going on in Petrograd. Youth! That is the force that fights for the revolution. Youth! That is the thing that Premier Ribot has not got, that Lloyd George has not got, that Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg hasn't got, that President Wilson hasn't got. In revolutionary Russia, youth, bold, high spirited, noble and intrepid youth leaps to the front in a crisis of the world's history brought about by old men—the Balfours, the Asquiths, the Clemenceaus and the whole legion of gray heads and gray beards. These ancient worthies are unable to see

what the new age is bringing with it. Russia will go far in her red cap because she has a great statesman to lead her in his early thirties. She has a general who is twenty-nine. She is controlled by a council of soldiers and workers whose average age, according to a statement in the Duma, is thirty-one. To a democracy like that we send Elihu Root—aged seventy, we understand. Well, you can't teach an old dog new tricks. But what a lot of tricks an old dog knows! We assume this to be the explanation of the Root appointment.

THE FAILURE OF THE IRISH
PLAN OF SETTLEMENT

THE story of the Irish crisis as Lloyd George proposes to settle it proves what we all knew before. The Irish question is a religious question. There is among Orangemen an impression that if the Catholic gains the ascendancy, the Protestant will have no chance. There is among Catholic Irishmen an impression that if Home Rule be granted, the bogy of Rome rule will disappear. Years ago, Mr. John Dillon wrote that if Ireland got Home Rule, the influence of the Catholic Church would diminish in Dublin in the political sense of the expression. The difficulty of this branch of the great Irish subject is that most of the politicians are afraid to discuss it. They fear to make enemies of this clique and of that. Now, we would urge our Irish friends to bring the religious issue to the fore. If Catholic Irishmen will deny freedom of conscience to their Protestant countrymen, let us be told so. If the Orangemen will deny freedom of conscience to the Catholic Irishman, that fact ought to be made plain. In the meanwhile, it is pertinent to observe that when Protestant Ireland got up a great rebellion under Protestant Carson, there was no execution of anybody. When Catholic Ireland revolted, there were many executions.

THAT DEFIANT MAYOR OF
CHICAGO AGAIN

THE unconventional views of the Mayor of Chicago on the subject of the war need not startle our patriots. Mayor Thompson wants to know, we believe, why we are in the war and what we expect to get out of it. It is not treasonable to ask such questions and they are very easy to answer. We went into the war because it had reached such a stage that vital American interests were imperilled. We could not afford to remain longer unarmed and defenseless with the rest of the family of nations armed to the teeth. One consequence of the fray was a plot to invade this country by way of Mexico. Another consequence was the loss of command of the sea and its transfer to a power that persisted in

sinking our ships. Another consequence was the stopping of our mails, the obstruction of our commerce and the loss of our trade. We had to go into the war or sink to the level of a vassal state. Our expectation of gain from the war arises from the fact that the settlement of the conflict in a way satisfactory to us, apart from the vindication of the principle of democracy, will do away with the vast armaments that mankind has had to struggle and groan under. The war is really a war against militarism. It must be brought home to great powers that when they arm to the teeth and mobilize in order to assert their policies, they invite their own overthrow. Finally, the Mayor of Chicago should be taught that unarmed we constituted the richest prize in the world for the victor in this gigantic contest. Armed, we can hold our own and face any outcome with equanimity. We should be sorry to see the Chicago Solon prosecuted for asking his questions. The more those questions are discussed the more clearly the wisdom of our course in getting into the struggle will be vindicated. War is terrible—and when one party to it is unarmed and defenseless the war is more terrible as a result.

THE "MISTAKES" OF
THE WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT

NEVER was a government subjected to such ill informed, inadequate and incompetent criticism as that of which the Wilson administration is sometimes the object. The multifarious activities to which the United States Government must address itself at once causes some things to be bungled. That is inevitable. There will be an incompetent subordinate here, a hasty procedure there. We must make allowance for these things. Above all else, we must avoid the mistake of criticising in a purely destructive spirit. Those who have suggestions to make are entitled to set forth their remedies for the blunders in process of commission. The practice of finding fault when one has no alternative suggestion to make accomplishes nothing. On the whole, President Wilson has shown the highest order of constructive genius in putting us on a war basis. He has acted with expedition and with foresight. All our resources must be thrown into the war. The national, common life must be related to war as until recently it was related to peace. The only blunders of moment were the attempt to suppress freedom of the press and the determination of the Department of Justice to stretch the definition of treason until it became a weapon in the hands of the oppressor. The amateurs in the Department of Justice have had occasion to look into the history of the definition of treason in the Constitution. That definition grew out of the fact that prosecutions for treason were long the means of tyranny. No state

in which the crime of treason is not clearly defined and in which prosecutions based upon it are not carefully prescribed can be said to enjoy liberty. No nation without a free press is a constitutional State. These things suggest the two blunders of the administration and they were committed because the bureaucracies at Washington are now staffed by men who have had very little experience in the work of government on a great scale. They have had touch with the affairs of little cities and they have served on little committees. They are wiser now.

THE CRAZE FOR MAKING
RED PROPHECIES

THE war seems to have gone to the heads of some of our sensational journalists. They are free with their prophecies of revolution everywhere—in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Great Britain. The spectre of revolution is very familiar to all European governments. They are experienced hands in dealing with conspiracies and with treason. The revolution in Russia was the result of sheer inefficiency in the rulers. They staked everything upon autocracy and autocracy went by the board. In the other governments of Europe the idea of autocracy finds no favor. Everybody is proclaiming a touching devotion to democracy. Before there can be a revolution one must have a set of incompetents in power faced by a set of men of genius out of power. That condition prevailed at Petrograd. Hence the fall of the Romanoffs. In the other countries of Europe this lesson has been well learned. We are of opinion that there will be no such series of revolutions as our sensational journalists look for. The occurrence of a revolution in Germany, for instance, will not add a pound of meat to the table of anybody. A strike is not a revolution. The situation in Italy looks worse than it is owing to the censorship. If the censorships could be abolished until they related only to the military operations, the talk of more revolution would be seen to be silly. It is possible that the Socialists and the anarchists have captured the censorships and are trying to bring on revolt all over Europe. That does not mean that revolution will come. It signifies only that the censorships are stupid.

THE QUESTION OF SENDING OUR TROOPS
TO EUROPE.

STATED in terms of military science, our object in this war is to secure the destruction of the armed forces of the Imperial German Government. That is the object of war in its immediate and practical aspect as a matter of strategy and tactics.

In war, however, one does not necessarily go

straight to one's object, directly towards its attainment. There is, for instance, the detail of getting to the armed forces of the German Government.

These forces are of two kinds, in the main. There are the land forces and the sea forces. We can strike the land forces of the Imperial German Government only by striking first at the sea forces. Until we have dealt such a blow at the sea forces of the Imperial German Government as will destroy them, we do not enjoy command of the sea. Until we enjoy absolute and practical command of the sea, we can not risk a troopship on the deep. In terms of every-day language, as long as the German submarine cruises the deep we cannot think of dispatching transports loaded with soldiers to the old world—even assuming that the procedure achieved a strategical object of ours.

The first business before us, then, in our task of destroying the armed forces of the Imperial German Government is to sink all the submarines. We must render the seas unsafe for a submarine. Then, when the Atlantic is converted into a lake controlled by our fleet alone, we can use that lake as a means of getting troops to the firing lines in Europe.

Now, do we want to send armies of a million men at a time to the front in Europe? Here another important question arises. The fleet is our first line of defense. The army is the second line. Once our fleet is destroyed, we should have to depend upon the army to repel an invader. And we are at war. The Imperial German Government is presumably as eager to destroy our armed forces as we are to destroy its armed forces. It will seek every opportunity to invade these shores. It can best achieve that object by organizing an expedition by way of Mexico. We would warn our people to expect action against us by way of Mexico. To repel such invasion, to forestall it, would mean an army of men within our boundaries ready to strike at the first signal. Wisdom, thus, suggests that we keep in training at home all the time an army of a million strong to act wherever in this hemisphere we are open to attack.

There is a third consideration. The powers fighting the Imperial German Government in Western Europe have not distinguished themselves as yet by any great successes. It is by no means certain that the Hindenberg retreats imply the accomplishment of a strategical object against the Imperial German Government. On the contrary, the powers in Western Europe may find themselves confronting an army they cannot drive back or defeat. In brief, the French republic and the British monarchy have spent nearly three years in defeating Germany or in trying to defeat her, and their measure of success is not sufficiently great to justify them in giving lessons to ourselves. We are glad to learn, of

course. But those who set up as teachers of the art of destroying the armed forces of the Imperial German Government should be able to point to some measure of success before their precepts can carry weight.

The cry for help that comes from France will find an echo in every patriotic American heart. France helped us to throw off the tyrannical yoke of Great Britain. We love France for that. Never shall we forget our obligation. It will, however, benefit France not a jot to risk our transports upon seas we do not command. Our prestige would be lost if we shipped our men by thousands to be drowned. Even if we landed a dribble now and then and put weapons in their hands, we should gain no prestige by having them lost in the huge forces at the disposal of the entente. Hence the talk about our prestige should induce us to act with efficiency rather than with haste. The suggestion that American youths should be shipped to France and incorporated into a European army is one which, we feel sure, our French friends will see to be ill-advised.

The immediate task, then, is to secure command of the seas. The next business is to train a million men for home defense, for immediate action on this continent when the designs of the German Government unfold themselves. The Imperial German Government would be only too delighted to see our general staff follow the suggestion that our forces be entrusted to a treacherous sea and lost in an alien organization.

Then there is the question of our line of communication. Who is to protect that? The British line overseas, the Dover patrol, is protected every foot of the way. That line is a net of mines, wires, torpedo boat destroyers, submarines, battleships, scout cruisers and every imaginable unit. It is in constant movement, but it patrols the line like a great police force. We must maintain the equivalent of the Dover patrol along a stretch of water three thousand miles long.

Summing up, we would advise our readers to keep these few precepts in mind.

The strategy of war is totally different from the tactics of battle. Yet the relation between them must never be severed.

Command of the sea is essential to movements of troops wherever land forces co-operate with sea forces.

Our war upon the Imperial German Government is in its present phase primarily a naval war.

The object of the Imperial German Government in this war will be first and foremost to destroy our line of communications.

These considerations have a direct bearing upon the problem of destroying the armed forces of the Imperial German Government so far as we have anything to do with that object of this contest.

R E V E R Y

By GEORGE MOORE.

THE best part of story-writing is the seeking for the subject. Now there is a sound of church bells in the still air, beautiful sounds of peace and long tradition, and he likes to listen, thinking of the hymns and the homely sermons of the good minister. Shall he get up and go? Perhaps the service would soothe his despondency; but there is not courage enough in his heart. He can do no more than strike a match; the fire lights up. It is one of those autumn afternoons with just that touch of frost in the air which makes a fire welcome, and as he crouches in his arm-chair the warmth soothes the spirit and flesh, and in the doze of the flesh the spirit awakes. What—is the story coming now? Yes, it is forming independently of his will, and he says, "Let it take shape." And the scene that rises up in his mind is a ball-room; he sees women all arow, delicate necks and arms of young girls, and young men in black collected about the doorways. Some couples are moving to the rhythm of a languorous waltz, a French imitation of Strauss, a waltz never played now, forgotten perhaps by everybody but him—a waltz he heard twenty long years ago. That waltz has lain ever since forgotten in his brain, but now he hears it all; never before was he able to remember that coda, and it comes with a scent of violets in it—the perfume of a little blond woman who dreams as she dances with the young man blond as herself. Let it be that the choice was made by her rather than by him, and let her wear crepe de chine, with perhaps a touch of white somewhere, and a white frill about her neck. Let her be a widow whose husband died six months after marriage, six months ago. Let her have come from some distant part of the world, from America—Baltimore will do as well as any other, perhaps better, for the dreamer by the fire has no faintest notion whether Baltimore lies in the middle of a plain or surrounded by mountains, whether it be built of marble or brick or stone. Let her come from Baltimore, from some prettily named street—Cathedral street—there must be a Cathedral street in Baltimore. The sound of the church bells in the air no doubt led the dreamer to choose Cathedral street for her to live in. . . . The dance would have to be an informal one, some little dance that she might come to, though her husband was dead only six months. Coming from America, she would be dancing the sliding Boston step, and the two together would pass between the different groups sliding forward and back, avoiding the dancer here, and reappearing from behind a group of French men and women bumping up and down, hammering the floor, the men holding the women as if they were guitars. An American widow dances, her hand upon her partner's shoulder, fitting herself into him, finding a nook between his arm and side, and her head is leaned upon his shoulder. She follows his every step; when he reverses there is never a hitch or jolt; they are always going to the same rhythm. How delicious are these moments of sex and rhythm, and how intense if the woman should take a little handkerchief edged with black and thrust it into her dancer's cuff with some little murmur implying that she wishes him to keep it. To whomsoever these things happen life becomes a song. A little event of this kind lifts one out of the humdrum of material existence. I suppose the cause of our extraordinary happiness is that one is again, as it were, marching in step; one has dropped into the Great Procession and is actively doing the great Work. There is no denying it, that in these moments of sex one does feel more conscious than at any

other time of rhythm, and, after all, rhythm is joy. It is rhythm that makes music, that makes poetry, that makes pictures; what we are all after is rhythm, and the whole of the young man's life is going to a tune as he walks home, to the same tune as the stars are going over his head.

ALL things are singing together. And he sings as he passes the concierge's lodge, pitying the poor couple asleep—what do they know of love? Humble beasts unable to experience the joy of rhythm. Exalted he goes upstairs; he is on rhythm bent, words follow ideas, rhymes follow words, and he sits down at his writing table and drawing forth a sheet of paper he writes. A song moves within him, a fragrant song of blond hair and perfume—the handkerchief inspires him, and he must get the rondel perfect: a rondel, or something like a rondel, which he will read to her tomorrow, for she has appointed to meet him—where? No better place for lovers than the garden of L'Eglise de la Trinité. His night passes in shallow sleep, but his wakings are delicious, for at every awakening he perceives a faint odor of violets. He dreams of blond hair and how carefully he will dress himself in the morning! Would she like him better in his yellow or his grey trousers? Or should he wear a violet or a grey necktie? These are the questions that are important; and what more important questions are there for a young man of twenty-five going to meet a delicious little Dresden figure with blond hair and forget-me-not eyes in the garden of L'Eglise de la Trinité? He knows she will come, only he hopes not to be kept too long waiting, and at 10 o'clock he is there for sure, walking up and down watching the nursemaids and the perambulators drawn up in the shade. On another occasion he might have looked at the nursemaids, but this day the prettiest is plain-featured; they are but the ordinary bread of existence; today he is going to partake of more extraordinary fare. He hopes so, at least, and the twenty years that have gone by have done nothing to obliterate the moment when he saw her walk across the graveled space, a dainty little woman with blond hair, dressed in black, coming to her appointment. The dreamer sees her and her lover going together out of the garden. He follows them down the street, hearing them talking, trying to decide where they shall go to breakfast. To take her to a Parisian restaurant would be common pleasure. He is bent on taking her to the country. Both want to sit on the warm grass and kiss each other per adventure. All souls dream of the country when they are in love, and she would hear him tell her that he loves her under the shade of trees. She is Chloe, and he is whomsoever was Chloe's lover. Whither are they going? Are they going to Bougeval? Many things may be said in its favor, but he has been there; and he has been to Meudon; he would go with her to some place where he has never been before, and where perchance he will never be again. Vincennes? The name is a pretty one, and it lures him. And they go there, arriving about eleven o'clock, a little early for breakfast.

The sun is shining, the sky is blue, white clouds are unfolding—like gay pennants they seem to him. He is glad the sun is shining—all is omen, all is oracle, the clouds are the love pennants of the sky. What a chatter of thoughts and images are going on in his brain, perchance in hers, too! Moreover, there is her poem in his pocket—he must read it to her, and that she may hear it they sit upon the grass. Twenty years

ago there was some rough grass facing the villas, and some trees and bushes, with here and there a bench for lovers to sit upon—for all kinds of people to sit upon, but lovers think that this world is made only for lovers. Only love is of serious account, and the object of all music and poetry, of pictures and sculpture, is to incite love, to praise love, to make love seem the only serious occupation. Vincennes, its trees and its white clouds lifting themselves in the blue sky, were regarded that day by these lovers as a very suitable setting for their gallantries. The dear little woman sits—the dreamer can see her on the warm grass—hidden as well as she can hide herself behind some bushes, the black crepe dress hiding her feet or pretending to hide them. White stockings were the fashion; she wears white stockings, and how pretty and charming they look in the little black shoes! The younger generation now only knows black stockings; the charms of white are only known to the middle-aged. But the young man must read her his poem. He wants her to hear it because the poem pleases him, and because he feels that his poem will aid him to her affections. And when she asks him if he has thought of her during the night, he has to answer that her violet-scented handkerchief awoke him many times, that the wakings were delicious. What time did he go to bed? Very late; he had sat up writing a poem to her telling of the beauty of her blond hair.

"Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.
May flowers are not more sweet
Than the shower of loosened hair
That will fall around my feet.
Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.

"The golden curls they paint
Round the forehead of a saint,
Ne'er glittered half so bright
As thy enchanted hair,
Full of shadow, full of light.
Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.

"Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair.
And weave a web of gold
Of thy enchanted hair,
Till all be in its hold.
Lady, unwrath thy hair,
That is so long and fair."

"DO let me see your poem. . . . It is charming. But what do you mean by 'enchanted hair'? Is it that my hair has enchanted you? 'And weave a web of gold'. . . . 'Unwrath'—do you mean unloose my hair?"

"Dames, tressez vos cheveux blonds
Qui sont si lourds et si longs.

How well it goes with French!"

"I don't understand French, but I like your poem in English. Do you know, I like it very much!"

It is easy to obtain appreciation for poetry in such circumstances. Horace's best ode would not please a young woman as much as the mediocre verses of the young man she is in love with. It is well that it should be so, and this is the dreamer's criticism of life as he sits lost in shadow, lit up here and there by the blaze. He remembers the warmth of the grass and the scanty bushes; there was hardly sufficient cover that spring day for lovers in Vincennes, and he tries to re-

member if he put his hand on her white ankle while she was reading the poem. So far as he can remember he did, and she checked him and was rather cross, declaring just like the puss-cat that he must not do such things, that she would not have come out with him had she thought he was going to misbehave himself in that way. But she is not really angry with him. How can she be? Was it not he who wrote that her hair was enchanted? And what concern is it of hers that the phrase was borrowed from another poet? Her concern is that he should think her hair enchanted, and her hands go up to it. The young man prays to unloose it, to let it fall about her shoulders. He must be paid for his poem, and the only payment he will accept is to see her hair unwreathed.

"But I cannot undo my hair on the common. Is there no other payment?" and she leans a little forward, her eyes fixed upon him. The dreamer can see her eyes, clear young eyes, but he cannot remember her mouth, how full the lips were or how thin; ah, but he remembers kissing her! On such a day a young man kisses his young woman, and it may be doubted if the young woman would ever go out with him again if he refrained, the circumstances being as I describe. But the lovers of Vincennes have to be careful. The lady with the enchanted hair has just spied a middle-aged gentleman with his two sons sitting on a bench at a little distance.

"Do be quiet, I beg of you. I assure you, he saw us."

"If he did it would matter little; he would remember his young days, before his children were born. Moreover, he looks kindly disposed."

Later on the lovers address themselves to him, for time wears away even with lovers, and the desire of breakfast has come upon them both. The kindly disposed gentleman tells them the way to the restaurant. He insists even on walking part of the way with them, and they learn from him that the restaurant has only just been opened for the season; the season is not yet fairly begun, but no doubt they will be able to get something to eat, an omelette and a cutlet.

Now the accomplished story-teller would look forward to this restaurant; already his thoughts would fix themselves on a *cabinet particulier*, and his fancy, if he were a naturalistic writer, would rejoice in recording the fact that the mirror was scrawled over with names of lovers, and he would select the ugliest names. But, dear reader, if you are expecting a *cabinet particulier* in this story, and an amorous encounter to take place therein, turn the page at once—you will be disappointed if you do not; this story contains nothing that will shock you—shall I say your "prudish susceptibilities"? When the auburn-haired poet and the corn-colored American lunched at Vincennes they chose a table by the window in the great long *salle* lined with tables, and they were attended by an army of waiters weary of their leisure.

THERE was a lake at Vincennes then, I am sure, with an island upon it and tall saplings, through which the morning sun was shining. The eyes of the lovers admired the scene, and they admired, too, the pretty reflections, and the swans moving about the island. The accomplished story-teller cries, "But if there is to be no scene in the restaurant, how is the story to finish?" Why should stories finish? And would a sensual dénouement be a better end than, let us say, that the lovers are caught in a shower as they leave the restaurant? Such an accident might have happened: nothing is more likely than a shower at the end of April or the beginning of May, and I can imagine the lovers of Vincennes rushing into one of the concierge's lodges at the gates of the villas.

"For a few minutes," they say; "the rain will be over soon."

But they are not long there when a servant appears car-

rying three umbrellas; she gives one to Marie, one to me; she keeps one for herself.

"But who is she? You told me you knew no one at Vincennes."

"No more I do."

"But you must know the people who live here; the servant says that Monsieur (meaning her master) knows Monsieur (meaning you)."

"I swear to you I don't know anybody here; but let's go—it will be rather fun."

"But what shall we say in explanation? Shall we say we're cousins?"

"Nobody believes in cousins; shall we say we're husband and wife?"

The dreamer sees two figures; memory reflects them like a convex mirror, reducing them to a tenth their original size. But he sees them clearly, and he follows them through the rain up the steps of the villa to the perron—an explicit word that the English language lacks. The young man continues to protest that he never was at Vincennes before, that he knows no one living there, and they are both a little excited by the adventure. Who can be the owner of the house? A man of ordinary tastes, it would seem, and while waiting for their host the lovers examine the Turkey carpet, the richly upholstered sofas and chairs.

A pretty little situation from which an accomplished story-teller could evolve some playful imaginings. The accomplished story-teller would see at once that *le bon bourgeois et sa dame* and the children are learning English, and here is an occasion of practice for the whole family. The accomplished story-teller would see at once that the family must take a fancy to the young couple, and in his story the rain must continue to fall in torrents; these would prevent the lovers from returning to Paris. Why should they not stay to dinner? After dinner the accomplished story-teller would bring in a number of neighbors, and set them dancing and singing. What easier to suppose than that it was a *la bourgeoisie's* evening at home? The young couple would sit in a distant corner oblivious to all but their own sweet selves. *Le bourgeois et sa dame* would tell them that their room was quite ready, that there was no possibility of returning to Paris that night. A pretty little situation that might with advantage be placed on the stage—on the French stage. A pretty, although a painful, dilemma for a young woman to find herself in particularly when she is passionately in love with the young man.

"BITTERLY," the accomplished story-teller would say, "did the young widow regret the sacrifice to propriety she had made in allowing her young man to pass her off as his wife!" The accomplished story-teller would then assure his reader that the pretty American had acted precisely as a lady should act under the circumstances. But not being myself an accomplished story-teller, I will not attempt to say how a lady should act in such a situation, and it would be a fatuous thing for me

to suggest that the lady was passionately in love. The situation that my fancy creates is ingenious, and I regret it did not happen. Nature spins her romances differently, and I feel sure that the lovers returned from Vincennes merely a little fluttered by their adventure. The reader would like to know if any appointment was made to meet again; if one was made it must have been for the next day or the next, for have we not imagined the young widow's passage already taken? Did she not tell that she was going back to America at the end of the week? He had said: "In a few days the Atlantic will be between us," and this fact had made them feel very sad, for the Atlantic is a big thing and cannot be ignored, particularly in love affairs. It would have been better for the poet if he had accepted the bourgeois' invitation to dinner; friends, as I suggested, might have come in, an impromptu dance might have been arranged, or the rain might have begun again; something would certainly have happened to make them miss the train, and they would have been asked to stay the night. The widow did not speak French; the young man did; he might have arranged it all with the bourgeois *et sa dame*, and the dear little widow might never have known her fate—O, happy fate!—until the time came for them to go to their room. But he, foolish fellow, missed the chance the rain gave him, and all that came of this outing was a promise to come back next year, and to dance the Boston with him again; meanwhile he must wear her garter upon his arm. Did the suggestion that she should give him her garter come from her or from him? Was the garter given in the cab when they returned from Vincennes, or was it given the next time they met in Paris? To answer these questions would not help the story; suffice it to say that she said that the elastic would last a year, and when she took his arm and found it upon it she would know that he had been faithful to her. There was the little handkerchief which she had given him, and this he must keep in a drawer. Perhaps some of the scent would survive this long year of separation. I am sure that she charged him to write a letter to the steamer she had taken her passage in, and, careless fellow! instead of doing so he wrote verses, and the end of all this love affair, which began so well, was an angry letter bidding him good-bye forever, saying he was not worthy because he had missed the post. All this happened twenty years ago; perhaps the earth is over her charming little personality, and it will be over me before long. Nothing endures; life is but change. What we call death is only change. Death and life always overlapping, mixed inextricably, and no meaning in anything, merely a stream of change in which things happen. Sometimes the happenings are pleasant, sometimes unpleasant, and in neither the pleasant nor the unpleasant can we detect any purpose. Twenty long years ago, and there is no hope, not a particle.

* * *

I HAVE come to the end of my mood; an ache in my heart brings me to my feet, and looking round I cry out: "How dark is the room! Why is there no light? Bring in the lamp!"

ART AND NATIONALITY

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

Author of "The Creative Will," "Modern Painting," etc.

WHEN trying to sound the reason why one nation creates one kind of art and brings it to its highest perfection, why another excels in a different art and brings forth only mediocre or imitative works of the first kind, and why yet another nation reaches its highest level in a third kind of art, we must go deep into their organisms and influences. Superficial characteristics will never reveal the true source of aesthetic variation. Taine has brought together the salient characteristics of nationality, and by stating their sources has explained their relation to art production. From these can be deduced the specific kinds of art which each nation has given birth to and the reasons which underlie them.

In ancient times the Greeks seemed to combine all the art impulses of the various modern temperaments: they produced philosophy, music, poetry, prose, sculpture, dancing and painting. This versatility was a result of their wonderfully balanced mental and physical forces. The separate traits of these inclusively intelligent people are to be found, exaggerated, developed or weakened, in all the Germanic and Latin races and their derivatives today. Their philosophic attributes have passed, somewhat systematized, to the modern Germans. Their subtleties, undergoing a similar metamorphosis, have lodged in the French temperament. And their nobility and pride of race to be found, converted into a sentimental fetish, in the Spaniard. It is in these traits, disintegrated among many peoples and given an acuteness or complexity in answer to the needs of modern life, that form the matrices out of which modern plastic art has issued.

The genius of the ancient Greek was eminently pictorial; his imagination encompassed all life by way of images. This is explainable by the fact that he understood man and studied him more deeply than he did nature. His conclusions were dictated by the functioning of the human body to which he turned because in it he found something tangible, absolute, concrete. By keeping himself before his own eyes as an important entity he conceived a precise, formal idea of life. This attitude led to generalizing and to an utter indifference toward useless details.

WITH the Italians of the Renaissance we have the Greek conditions over again. Between these two nations there existed temperamental similarities despite the feudalism and asceticism of the Middle Ages. Like the Greeks, the Italians preferred symmetry and proportion to comfort, the joy of the senses to celestial pleasures after death. In the religion of the Italians was that toleration which is necessary to art production; and there were courts where intellectual attainments were placed above all else. The greatest difference between the Greeks and the Italians was that whereas the Greek mind and body, exquisitely balanced and wholly harmonious, constituted a unified and conjoined whole, the Italian mind and body were separate developments. The Greeks cultivated sound, rhythm, poetry and movement simultaneously in their theatres and dances. The Italians laid stress on these various impulses at different periods, and, instead of welding them into one impulse, cultivated and intensified them individually. Just as sculpture was the leading art of the Greeks, so it was the leading art of the Renaissance, for the Italian painting was primarily sculptural, inspired by form and

line, not by tone and gradation as was the painting of the Netherlands. The color that the Italian painters used was purely decorative, never realistic: it was an ornament superimposed on perfect sculptural forms, just as the figures and designs of the Gothic cathedrals were superimpositions on an unstable and tortured science.

IN Germany to the north we find other conditions at work, and, as a result, other types of mental and creative endeavor. The temperamental difference between the Germans, and the Greeks and Italians is due in large measure to climate. In the greater part of Greece and Italy the light is so luminous that the color is sucked from nature, and all that remains is line and hard-cut, precise silhouette. Therefore the Greeks and Italians' perception is formally sculptural, for it is silhouette which inspires to sculpture. With such a vision ever before their eyes it follows that their thought—the life of their minds—should be general and, though specific, conventionalized. The Germanic races are the offspring of an opposite environment. Their climate is damper and more overcast. Cold and mist are far more general than to the southward. Hence we see no sculpture among the Germans, and since their environment is the opposite of clear-cut and incisive, they deal in metaphysical terms, naked symbols devoid of images, precise ideas and abstract systems of life. As a result the German is patient, researchful metaphysical, whereas the Italian is mercurial, seeing the metaphysical, only in terms of the pictorial. The Germans have had to clothe themselves, and thus have not lived with, as it were, and glorified the human body. In their paintings the idea is the highest consideration.

The German is methodical, and the consequent slowness of his mental processes protects him against quick and distracting reactions, and permits him a greater capacity for sequential thinking. But with all his abstract philosophical reasoning he is a realist, for he never conceives idealized forms, as did Renaissance Italians. He penetrates to the foundations even when those foundations are ugly, his ideal being internal, rather than external, truth. The German rests all his thoughts on a definite basis of science and observation, and all his thinking must lead to an absolute result. Here we have an explanation for his music. In it he expresses the abstract conceptions of life; and his ability to create it rests on his infinite patience in deciphering the enormous mass of requisite technical knowledge necessary to its successful birth.

THE Dutch and the Belgians—both stemming from Germanic stock—represent once more the influences which climate and religion and methods of life have on aesthetic creation. The Dutch chose Protestantism, a form of religion from which external and sensuous beauty had been eliminated. They adopted the settled contentment of mere animal comforts, and, as a result, grew torpid and flaccid through good living and the gratification of heavy appetites. The ease of their existence brought about a tolerance which created an art appreciation, and appreciation is the soil in which art production always flourishes. The result was an art which was an added comfort to the home—an art with a sensuality of vision which reflected the sensuality of life. The Dutch, comfortable and disliking effort, lived in a land which was all

color and devoid of hard-cut lines. Man was pictured as he appeared, neither idealized nor degraded, with little parti prit, as great masses of substance, with misty outlines, emerging from a tenebrous climatic environment.

The Belgians, on the other hand, were Catholics. They were more sensuous, more joyous than the Dutch. They saw images through the eyes of Catholicism. Their lives were filled with pomp and show and parade: even their form of worship was external and decorative. Consequently their art, while realistic, was more exalted and sensuous (as in Delacroix); but the permanent contributions came in the form of Flemish realism with its delicacy of tonal subtleties. The seventeenth and eighteenth century Dutchmen were echoed in the Barbizon school; and this salutary reaction to nature from Græco-Roman academism gave an added impetus to realism. The mercurial quality of the French mind, now classically philosophical, now naturalistic, now stiffly moral, taking on all the colors of all influences, demands strong emotions. Two centuries of inventions and complex life, added to the adopted culture of the Dutch and the Italians, created an art which was novel, colorful and at times even sensational.

France received all its permanent impetus to plastic creation from the north. There was a short period when the art was a political mélange of classic ideas, and another period when the Venetian admiration resuscitated composition (as in Delacroix); but the permanent contributions came in the form of Flemish realism with its delicacy of tonal subtleties. The seventeenth and eighteenth century Dutchmen were echoed in the Barbizon school; and this salutary reaction to nature from Græco-Roman academism gave an added impetus to realism. The mercurial quality of the French mind, now classically philosophical, now naturalistic, now stiffly moral, taking on all the colors of all influences, demands strong emotions. Two centuries of inventions and complex life, added to the adopted culture of the Dutch and the Italians, created an art which was novel, colorful and at times even sensational.

The individualism of the Renaissance found a new home in the French intellect. That love of life and the reversion to a more joyous existence (which came after the Revolution) cast the church out and drove the intellectuals back to the worship of nature. The French then had time to enjoy the complexities of composition; and the elegance of their cultivation resurrected an insistence upon style. They wrote no philosophies; they were not interested in detailed research; but they lived febrilely, and the records of their lives, subordinated to general philosophic plans which were created by style, produced great literature. Like children they received the half-completed flowers of the Renaissance and the partial realism of their forebears, and these bequests were a source of wonder and delight to them. They continued both quickly on a wave of reaction by expressing the one by means of the other. They combined the Germanic and the Latin impulses, and from this perfectly poised combination issued the excellence of their painting and literature. Their work in the other arts was merely an aside, as was poetry in Flanders, and painting in Germany. They lacked the German meticulousness and preoccupation with abstractions which are necessary to the highest musical composition, and their plasticity of mind made possible intenser images in painting than in poetry.

IN England few outside influences have taken hold. Its geographical isolation has resulted in a self-contented provincialism. The British mind, like the American mind, is, and

always has been, unsympathetic to art. Art is regarded as a curiosity, an appendage of the higher education. Intelligence, as such, is not believed in. With the English all thought must be bent toward a utilitarian end, just as Latin thought is turned toward form and German thought toward philosophy. In the stress of affairs Englishmen have little time for so exotic a flower as art. Their minds are rigid and immobile, largely because of their form of religion. They are aggressively Protestant. In their religion there are absolute punishments and rewards untempered by circumstances or individual cases. There are fixed emotional values and absolute foci of the mind; and, as a consequence, the race is without plastic expression. Their minds, groping after beyond-world comforts, have become static and out of touch with the actualities of existence. They harbor Utopian schemes, and consider life as they deem it should be lived, not in accord with nature's intention. Even in their rare painters of landscape, like Turner and Constable, the spirit of the subject is hunted above form, and when this is not the case, their pictures are, in essence, moral and anecdotal.

Because the English are primarily busy, constantly occupied with practical, commercial accomplishments, they have no leisure for an art which is a compounding of subtleties, like the painting of the Dutch and the music of the Germans. Their tastes naturally resolve themselves into a desire for a simple image—that is, for an art entirely free from the complex intricacies of organization. Their pleasures must be of a quick variety so that the appreciation may be instantaneous. And since their lives are neither physical nor mental but merely material, like the Americans', it is natural that they should react to trivial transcendentalism and sentimentality. They produce no art which is either philosophical or plastically formal. But in the art of poetry they lead the world. Poetry presents an image quickly, and it has a sensual side in its rhythm as well as a vague and transcendental side in its content. Poetry is the lyricism of the spirit, even as sculpture is the lyricism of form. Both are arts which represent quick reactions, the one sentimental and spiritualized, the other tangible and absolute. Even English style is more a matter of diction than of underlying rhythm.

The conditions, religion, temperament and pursuits of America are similar to those of England, and American art is patterned largely on that of its mother country. Poetry is the chief, as well as the most highly developed, aesthetic occupation of Americans.

Everywhere today, however, national conditions have less influence than formerly. The cosmopolitanism of individuals is fast breaking down national boundaries. The modern complex mind, encrusted by 2,000 years of diverse forms of culture, is becoming more a result of what has gone before than a result of that which lies about it. We of today easily assimilate influences from all sides, and while some of the arts are still the property of temperamentally kindred nations, the admixture of nationalities and the changes of regime are constantly reversing the old abilities.



A FRIEND OF LAFCADIO HEARN

By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

WHEN I had written my name in the Bellevue-Stratford guest book and had duly admired the fine brand of courtesy native to the Philadelphia night clerk—neither too breezy, like Chicago, nor too brusque, like New York, nor too obsequious, like Washington—I strolled about the lobby at my ease looking for my man.

Being a little ahead of the appointed time, I gave myself up to the pleasure of anticipating the long planned-for meeting. It did not occur to me that I should fail to recognize him by any chance, though I had never seen him in the flesh. The fact was I had often studied an excellent portrait of him in a favorite book of mine, the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." Also I had given some attention to the moral likeness of him afforded by the same interesting work, which had given me a strong desire to know the man.

And so I went about the Bellevue lobbies and corridors, looking for a broad-shouldered, brown-haired, bright-eyed man in his middle thirties, wearing the uniform of an American naval officer. With such a picture of him in my mind's eye, and seeing, moreover, that he likewise would be looking for me, it seemed a reasonable certainty that I could not miss him.

But I did, however, having forgotten to allow for a little matter of twenty years or so; and he hailed me first. The broad shoulders were the same, but wearing a civilian dress-coat; the brown hair was mixed with gray; the full mustache was nearly white; and the eyes were still bright, only they now twinkled behind glasses. I thought, with a whimsical momentary disappointment, of the dashing young officer whom Lafcadio Hearn had loved and trusted beyond any of the few whom he took into the inner circle of his friendship—and then I felt the eloquent grip of Mitchell McDonald. After this first impression the Captain grew younger every minute, and ere the evening ended (somewhat toward the morning) I had fully rediscovered the man of the portrait. . . .

A FRIEND of Lafcadio Hearn! Not so long ago the bitter memories of journalists gave these words an ironical meaning. But the journalists have had their say and are silent: a wiser and kinder judgment begins to prevail.

Yet it may freely be granted that if ever there lived a man with whom it was difficult to maintain an equable friendship, that man was Lafcadio Hearn. His hair-trigger susceptibility to offense, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his tarantula-like readiness to strike, his exacting though just conception of what was due himself, his touchy independence, his hatred of merely conventional amenities and, above all, a morbid distrust confirmed by many years of experience only too bitter, conspired to render his friendship a perilous, if inestimable, gift. In nothing was he more *difficile* than in his terrible candor—the exercise of this quality cost him some friends who stood silent when they should have defended his grave.

But that Hearn, with all his varied "impossibility," was capable of both feeling and inspiring a genuine and worthy friendship, his relations with Captain McDonald abundantly prove. The page is one of the most cheerful in a life that was never over-bright and that had known too few such pages; the letters which it called forth from Hearn are among the best and wholesomest and most humanly inter-

esting that he has left us. This is saying much, for better letters than those of Lafcadio Hearn have not been written since Charles Lamb died, leaving the very best letters in the world.

I HAVE elsewhere written rather fully about Hearn's letters:—my purpose now is merely to offer a few extracts from his correspondence with Mitchell McDonald, showing him to advantage in a character in which he has been shamefully libeled—to wit, that of the friend!

In January, 1898, Hearn writes from Tokio to Captain McDonald in Yokohama, where the latter was attached as paymaster to the U. S. Naval Hospital:

I believe those days of mine in Yokohama were the most pleasurable in a pilgrimage of forty-seven years. Such experience will not do for me except at vast intervals. It sends me back to work with much too good an opinion of myself—and that is bad for literary self-judgment. The beneficial result is an offsetting of that morbid condition—that utter want of self-confidence. . . . I not only feel that I ought to do something good, but I am going to do it,—with the permission of the gods.

The characteristic shyness of the man, which made him shun anything of the nature of "social functions," appears in this extract:

How to answer your kind suggestions about pulling me out of my shell I don't well know. I like to be out of the shell—but much of that kind of thing could only result in the blue devils. After seeing men like you and the other Guardsman,—the dear Doctor,—one is beset with a foolish wish to get back into the world which produced you both.

Again the note of self-distrust—Hearn seems never to have foreseen the sudden fullness of fame and literary appreciation that followed close upon his death:—

It would do me a great deal of harm if I could believe your appreciations and predictions, but I am quite sure you are mistaken about both. . . . You are making me talk too much about my own affairs and you would really spoil me if you could. . . . About the truth of life seems to be this: You can get what you wish only when you have stopped wishing for it and do not care about keeping it.

The next selection has reference to an investment proposition which Captain McDonald (a good man of business) had brought to his notice. Hearn's dread of business was comic in its intensity. This excerpt reveals the humorist of whom we have too little in Hearn's formal work:—

I read the prospectus with great interest . . . and I am proud of my friend. "Canst thou play with Leviathan like a bird? Or canst thou bind him for thy hand-maidens?" No, I can't, and I am not going to try, but I have a friend in Yokohama—an officer in the U. S. Navy—he plays with Leviathan and makes him "talk soft, soft words"—indeed he even "presses down his

tongue with a cord." . . . But as for *me*—the greatest favor you can ever do me is to take off my hands even the business I have,—contracts and the like,—so that I need never again remember them. Besides, if I were dead, you are the one I should want to be profiting by my labors. Then every time you set your jaw square and made them "fork over," my ghost would squeak and chipper for delight, and you would look around to see where the bat came from!

The shortest letter in the entire collection, but one that throws a strong light on both Hearn and his friend, is this, dated March, 1898:

I do not feel pleased at your returning to me the money and giving me your own copy of the book. I feel mean over it. But what can one do with a man who deliberately takes off his own coat to cover his friend during a nine-minutes' drive? I shall remember the *feeling* of that coat until I die.

The sensitiveness and worldly wisdom of Hearn—for he had the artist's wisdom and sagacity of observation, if not inaction—are sharply evident in this extract:—

My Boston friend is lost to me, certainly. I got a letter yesterday from him—showing the serious effect upon friendship of taking to one's self a wife,—a fashionable wife. It was meant to be exactly like the old letters;—but it wasn't. Paymaster M. M. must also some day take a wife, and . . . oh! I know what you are going to say,—they all say *that*! They all assure you that they *both* love you, and that their house will always be open to you, etc., etc., and then they forget all about you—purposely or otherwise. Still, one ought to be grateful,—the dropping is so gentle, and softly done!

The following is remarkable for its literary interest, disclosing the eternal expectation of the artist, as well as the confidence which Hearn thus early (1898) manifests in the man who was destined to become his literary executor:—

In case that during this year, or any year, there should come to me a good idea for such a story as I have been long hoping to write . . . then I shall abandon everything else for the time being and write it. If I can ever write *that*, there will be money in it, long after I have been planted in one of these Buddhist cemeteries . . . What divine luck such an inspiration would be! But the chances are that a more powerful mind than mine will catch the inspiration first,—as the highest peak most quickly takes the sun. Whatever comes, I'll just hand or send the MS. to you, and say, "Now just do whatever you please—only see that I get the proofs. The book is yours."

And here is a rare view of the devoted literary artist, who, his work being in question, scorned to mince ceremony even with his dearest friend:—

I am going to ask you simply *not* to come and see your friend, and *not* to ask him to come and see you, *for at least three months more*. I know this seems horrid—but such are the conditions upon which literary work alone is possible, when combined with the duties of a professor of literature. I don't want to see or hear or feel any-

thing outside of my work until the book is done,—and I therefore have the impudent assurance to ask you to help me stand by my wheel.

Capable of friendship and kindness surely the man was who wrote this to his friend:—

Do you know that we talked uninterruptedly the other day for ten hours,—for the period that people are wont to qualify when speaking of the enormity of time as "ten mortal hours"? What a pity they could not be made immortal! They always will be with me.

Or this, with which I must conclude the delightful but too seductive task of making these extracts—conclude with regret, for I have scarcely uncovered the riches of the vein:—

I suppose you have heard of the famous old drama which has for its title, "The Woman Killed with Kindness." Presently, if you do not take care, you will be furnishing the material for a much more modern tragedy, to be called "The Small Man Killed with Kindness." . . . That whisky! Those cigars! That wonderful beefsteak! Those imperially and sinfully splendid dinners! Those wonderful chats until ghost-time and beyond it! And all those things—however pleasing in themselves—made like a happy dream by multitudes of little acts and words and thoughts that created about me an atmosphere not belonging at all to this world of Iron Facts and Granite Necessities.

IT IS good to know that Hearn's confidence in his friend has been more than justified. When Dr. Gould, the immortal patentee of the Ocular Theory of Literary Aberrations (by an ironic coincidence, he is also a resident of Philadelphia) published his crude and vindictive disparagement of Hearn, he found in Captain McDonald a champion who was neither to be poohpoohed into silence nor cajoled into complaisance. In a word, the misguided Gould discovered that he had a fighter on his hands who seemed to like the game the better, the harder it was made for him (McDonald is Pennsylvania Irish, a rather wicked fighting strain). Together with Ellwood Hendrick, another staunch friend of Hearn, he soon forced Gould to battle for his life. The latter's lies, sown broadcast at first, were presently spit back into his face by every wind. His book, or rather libel, upon Hearn—perhaps the coldest-blooded and most deliberate attempt ever made to degrade a man of genius—fell dead on the market after having been repudiated and condemned by all honest critics both at home and abroad.

The real nature of Gould's pretended philanthropy toward Hearn was effectively exposed—it was of the sort that endeared Pecksniff to the simple Tom Pinch. It was shown that Gould had for years retained—to all intents, unjustly and unlawfully retained—a valuable collection of Lafcadio Hearn's books, in pretended satisfaction of a paltry loan. The whole of this library he has been forced to restore to Hearn's estate through the efforts of Mitchell McDonald, executor of the same.

Finally, the estate, literary and other, has been so wisely managed that it is now adequate to support the writer's family (living in Japan) in considerable comfort. McDonald has obtained prices for Hearn's work that truly would make the latter "squeak and chipper"; and, by the way, the "square jaw" is still at work. The fame of Hearn is both rising and spreading; the best of his books are being translated into the principal European languages; he seems thus soon to be ranked among the world's classics.

MENTION should be made of the latest, perhaps the most important, service that Captain McDonald has rendered to the literary fame of Lafcadio Hearn. I allude to the recent publication of Hearn's Lectures to his Japanese students—a work of unique importance and a substantial addition to his literary testament. Strange to say, Hearn seems not to have *written* a single line of these wonderful essay-lectures, as they may be called:—they were all taken down from the living voice of the Master. Years afterward, through the zealous care of Captain McDonald, they were recovered from the note-books of the Japanese students and published in a form worthy of their great value.

In all that has now been written there was nothing to qualify my pleasure at meeting Captain McDonald, and certainly nothing to prevent our having a good dinner, with the Captain as host—a part for which he was born, not made.

That our talk ran almost wholly upon Hearn goes without saying. One thing only I may set down as showing the loyalty and loveliness of the friendship between these men, so dissimilar in most external respects. Reference having been made to certain caricatures of Hearn's physical appearance put forth in ignorance or hatred or envy, the Captain said simply: "He seemed always beautiful to me!" . . .

AH, Koizumi! if perchance your honorable spirit hovered about us in the Bellevue that night,—in the city where once you tarried poor, unknown and with but scant hope until Destiny called you to the Far East and the making of a deathless name,—sure am I that you saw and heard only what deepened your love for your friend.

POEMS

To the Rose Upon the Rood of Time.

By W. B. YEATS.

RED Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!
Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways:
Cuhoolin battling with the bitter tide;
The Druid, gray, wood-nurtured, quiet-eyed,
Who cast round Fergus dreams, and ruin untold;
And thine own sadness, whereof stars, grown old
In dancing silver sandalled on the sea,
Sing in their high and lonely melody.
Come near, that no more blinded by man's fate,
I find under the boughs of love and hate,
In all poor foolish things that live a day,
Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

Come near, come near, come near—Ah, leave me still
A little space for the rose-breath to fill!
Lest I no more hear common things that crave;
The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,
The field mouse running by me in the grass,
And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;
But seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright hearts of those long dead,
And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know.
Come near; I would, before my time to go,
Sing of old Eire and the ancient ways:
Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days.

On the Sale of the Love-Letters of a Dead Poet.

By GEORGE STERLING.

THE fond and foolish lines writ for the one—
On these the gaping many have their will.
About the grave contending voices shrill,
In profanation of a trust undone:
The dead man sleeps, and protest has he none
On those that soil his passion's memory till.
Where geese may crane before the sullied sill,
The heart's poor shrine lies open to the sun.

There is no grace of shadow for this flow'r—
No balms of silence for this outraged love,
Laid bare to leering peasants for a doom.
The ghouls are out before the midnight hour:
The buzzards gather in the skies above;
The stained hyena snuffles in the tomb.

Lost Love.

By ANDREW LANG.

WHO wins his Love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain;
And Memory pursues her
With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her grey,
The flesh that yet enchains her
Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not
The Love some seem to gain:
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older
The lands of Dream among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

The Heart of Praise.

By WITTER BYNNER.

HOW shall I catch the open skies—
Or praise your blue, approaching eyes?

How should I know the heart of praise,
If there were none but golden days

When clouds upon the sun are ranged,
Is it high heaven that has changed?

How shall I urge the hidden skies—
Or blame your blue, averted eyes?

HOW THE UNITED STATES IS BEING DECEIVED

By FREDERICK F. SCHRADER.

EDMUND BURKE said: "England's ink is made to blacken those whom its bullets are intended to destroy." It is to be regretted that other nations have never realized the full significance of this aphorism.

Printer's ink has been England's best ally, either to destroy or to vitiate her enemy's power—and all nations at one time or other become her enemies. There has been a fixed purpose in her design, and if we know of what it consists it is safe to discount whatever verdict her writers and speakers may pass upon the political or intellectual character of another nation. If that verdict is favorable the conclusion is sound that it is to serve her; if unfavorable it is to be destroyed.

You can read England's policies in her literature, for she prostitutes her literature to her propaganda. It is administered as an opiate or an emetic, according to circumstances.

There is something appalling in the revelations which Willard Huntington Wright makes in regard to the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but it will startle those only who have enough common sense out of the bankruptcy of their intellectual independence to be susceptible to proofs, proofs attesting beyond cavil the insidious design of that work to inject the poison of disloyalty into the arteries of our people—disloyalty to their own achievements and ideals. This work which has gone into the homes of thousands of American families might be compared to the malignant germs of phthisis introduced into a household upon some plausible pretext if we construe rightly Mr. Wright's "Misinforming a Nation."

This remarkable little book by a recognized American critic and independent thinker lays bare the monstrous deceptions of what thousands regard as a work of unassailable authority, and shows that in each department treated in the *Britannica* English achievements have been magnified out of all proportion to their importance and value, while those of other nations—particularly of America—have been minimized and dwarfed into utter insignificance.

The eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tells us in effect that all the great things in science, literature, art, etc., have been the work of Englishmen; we have been told to adopt it as a text book, and have obeyed. We are systematically being educated in English thoughts and English viewpoints, and are accepting everything at the appraisal of English encyclopædists. In short, the *Britannica* has become an English work of national propaganda.

We have always had our Anglophiles, but it did not escape some Americans before Mr. Wright that we were made the victims of a shrewd campaign to undermine faith in American achievements and to make us surrender our intellectual independence to Great Britain. It was Lowell in his "Study Windows" who said: "She (England) has a conviction that whatever good there is in us is wholly English, when the truth is that we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism."

Those who think as Lowell thought will find a treat in reading Mr. Wright's opening chapter, "Colonizing America." In the subsequent chapters he enters into material facts in proof of his charge that "England has shown the same ruthlessness and unscrupulousness in her intellectual colonization of America as in her territorial colonizations, and she has also exhibited the same persistent shrewdness."

In the course of the twelve chapters he formulates a terrible

arraignment of the editors and publishers of the *Britannica*, taking each subject by itself: The Novel, the Drama, Poetry, Painting, Music, Science, Inventions, Philosophy, Religion. To do this successfully presupposes an encyclopædic mind. But the great task of exposing the deliberate shortcomings of the *Britannica* by citations of names, dates and facts in countless instances of omission or distortion has been successfully performed by the able American critic and essayist. That patriotic American who can hereafter repose his faith in the information supplied by the *Britannica* will have the advantage of the sultan who vowed he would never again taste water after having had revealed to him the microcosm of a drop of water through the microscope.

"The *Encyclopædia Britannica*," writes Mr. Wright, "if accepted unquestionably throughout this country as an authoritative source of knowledge, would retard our intellectual development fully twenty years."

This edition appears to have been specially designed for us—not to flatter us, but to deepen our supposed ignorance, to belittle our progress and achievements and to fill their place in our hearts and minds with English standards. Disregarding Lowell, too many of us embrace the false ideals of this foreign country; or, as Mr. Wright well puts it: "The regrettable part of England's intellectual intrigues in the United States is the subservient and docile acquiescence of Americans themselves," and: "The evidences of the American's enforced belief in English superiority are almost numberless."

Mr. Wright shows that 200 names of famous authors, painters, composers, scientists and philosophers are omitted. Included in these are Owen Wister, Gertrude Atherton, William Vaughan Moody, Edith Wharton, Bronson Howard, David Graham Phillips, Ambrose Bierce, Bliss Carman, Winston Churchill, Margaret Deland, Theodore Dreiser, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, Hermann Bahr, Andreiv, Henri Bernstein, Gustav Frennsen, Giacosa, Lady Gregory, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Romain Rolland, Schnitzler, Tchekhoff, Wedekind, Clara Viebig, Wolzogen, Cezanne, Ludwig Knaus, Hodler, Jean Paul Laurens, Twachtman, d'Albert, Marschner, Charpentier, Edgar Stillman Kelly, Kreisler, Leschetitzky, Mahler, Nevin, Horatio Parker, Max Reger, the Scharwenkas, Wolf-Ferrari, Luther Burbank, Rudolf Diesel, Prof. Ehrlich, Simon Flexner, Jacques Loeb, Percival Lowell, Metchnikoff, Marion Sims, Orville and Wilbur Wright, Bergson, Josiah Royce, Alois Riehl, Edelman, G. Stanley Hall, etc.

"Misinforming a Nation" is in itself a liberal education, as Mr. Wright goes beyond his critical metier to supply the missing information in the almost countless instances he cites among the omissions. However, it is his stalwart Americanism, his heroic assumption of the role of a present-day Siegfried, in attacking the *Wurm*, that he earns for himself the gratitude of all those of his countrymen who have not been spoiled by snobbery to the extent of doing their thinking in a British nightcap. It makes one rejoice to find an American writer bold and able to attack the torism of our Ambassador to London for lending himself to booming this storehouse of misinformation at a public banquet. His book is a standing indictment of the *Britannica*.

"MISINFORMING A NATION." A critical examination of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in relation to its effect on the development of American culture. A declaration of intellectual independence for those who aspire to an American culture. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York, 222 pp. Price \$1.25 postpaid.

THE DEAD EYES

By HANNS HEINZ EWERS.

PERSONS:

ARCESIUS: *Outwardly very ugly, lame, one limb being too short, one shoulder a little too high, plain, ugly of countenance, black-haired. In character he is good, noble, full of warmest love for Myrtocle, very cultured, a deeply passionate temperament.*

MYRTOCLE: *A Greek from Corinth, brown hair, delicate, very beautiful. She is blind, affectionate, gentle, but also capable of tragic grandeur.*

AURELIUS GALBA: *Centurion, like Arcesius, an aristocrat. Young, well-built, radiant. He suffers from his secret love for Myrtocle.*

ARSINOE: *A Greek from the Archipelago. Pretty, lively. In her relations to Myrtocle she is as much friend as handmaiden.*

MARY MAGDALEN: *The great repentant sinner. In a blue garment, golden blond locks, as in the picture of Rubens. She comes of good family, was rich, etc.; contrasts in every way with the Jewish people. Her love for Jesus is most warm and glowing.*

KTESIPHAR: *Quack physician, Egyptian type, black pointed beard, shaven head; a scurrile figure, half comical, half fear-inspiring.*

THE JEWISH WOMEN.

REBEKKA: *Young married woman, well built, pretty; light and superficial, sceptical.*

RUTH: *Very old, kind; is conscious of her authority.*

SARAH: *Young girl, filled with religious faith.*

ESTHER: *Middle-aged woman, pious.*

SCENE I.

(On a hill, outside of Jerusalem. To the right a Roman village with a fine Peristyle. Toward the rear a garden with palm trees. On the left a well with a bucket. In the background against several hills Bethphage can be seen.)

(Time: Palm Sunday, 33 A. D. The action begins at sunrise and ends at sunset.)

SARAH: This is the day—

REBEKKA: What day?

SARAH: The long desired!

REBEKKA *(laughing)*: Nonsense! Like any other will it be.

SARAH: Dost thou not know what was foretold us?

ESTHER: This day the Prophet doth enter his city.

SARAH: Palms will we strew before him.

REBEKKA: And all will be as heretofore.

SARAH: No! No! He comes to redeem us!

ESTHER: Redeem! The Saviour!

SARAH: For him the people wait. Many miracles worked he.

REBEKKA: Miracles? Who has witnessed them?

ESTHER: Everyone throughout the land!

REBEKKA *(mockingly)*: Bah! People from Galilee!

SARAH: He is promised us. Believ'st thou not, Rebekka, the Prophet's word?

REBEKKA: Believe? Isaschar, my husband, laughs thereat. When helped us ever a Prophet out of our misery?

ESTHER: The Man from Nazareth does so! The dead awakens he to life.

REBEKKA *(laughing)*: The dead?

(Ruth approaches the well.)

SARAH *(walking toward her)*: O Ruth, thou art old and knowest much! Tell the unbelievers that Jesus has brought the dead to life again.

RUTH: It is true! Lazarus was the man's name! Jesus of Nazareth touched his forehead, then rose he up from his death-bed.

REBEKKA: Was Lazarus rich, happy, glad?

RUTH: No, he was afflicted and poor, ill and cast down.

REBEKKA: If this was so—why awaken him to life's woe?

RUTH: Blaspheme not, Rebekka! God's will it was that let strength unto the Prophet.

SCENE II.

(Arsinoe issues from the Roman villa, an amphora on her shoulders. The Jewish women draw back a little, only old Ruth remains close to the well.)

SARAH: The Greek woman's slave—

ESTHER: Arsinoe.

ARSINOE *(goes over to old Ruth in a friendly way, and helps her to draw up the bucket)*: Good morning, old Ruth, I will help thee.

RUTH: Thanks unto thee, Greek. How goes it with thy fair mistress?

ARSINOE: Fair is Myrtocle, mighty and rich, and beloved by the best of lords. And still she languishes in eternal blindness!

SARAH: Oh, how many women would change lots with the fair Greek!

ARSINOE: What availeth all beauty, when no mirror reflecteth it? What availeth it, to be beloved, when one cannot read it in the loved one's eyes?

Among them- selves, aside.	{	REBEKKA <i>(laughing)</i> : A handsome lover the
		Greek woman's mate!
		SARAH: With crooked shoulder.
		ESTHER: Limping and misshapen.

(Exeunt slowly with their pitchers.)

ARSINOE *(to Ruth, continuing)*: How oft prays my mistress to her gods, but they leave her in eternal darkness.

RUTH *(her hand on Arsinoe's shoulder, mysteriously)*: To your gods! But I say to thee, child: This day one will enter Jerusalem, who maketh the lame to walk and the blind to see!

ARSINOE (*with sudden interest*): Gives sight to the blind?

RUTH: And makes the lame to walk! This day the people await him in this city. Hosannah will they cry unto the Son of David.

ARSINOE: What is he called?

RUTH: Jesus of Nazareth.

ARSINOE: Jesus—what manner of a man is he? Is he a leech?

RUTH (*turning to leave*): He is a man that hath compassion upon other men.

ARSINOE (*lifts her full amphora up onto her shoulder*): Jesus of Nazareth—who hath compassion—who giveth the blind their sight—I will tell this to my mistress. (*Returns to the house.*)

SCENE III.

(*Meanwhile the sun has risen higher, dawn has fled. On the peristyle appear, while Arsinoe is leaving, Arcesius and Myrtocle between the pillars. Arcesius leads the blind woman to the stair with tender care.*)

MYRTOCLE: The sun hath risen. Rosy beams glow upon my dead eyes.

ARCESIUS: Myrtocle, Myrtocle, beloved wife.

MYRTOCLE: The sound of thy voice enfolds me as a warm shower in May.

ARCESIUS: Myrtocle, Myrtocle, beloved wife!

(*Draws her to him.*)

MYRTOCLE: Thy finger's touch enfolds me as a soft mantle at the bath.

ARCESIUS: Do I not hold what is most precious to me in the world? So fair is the earth, so fair is the young day, so fair the heavens in the light of the sun. But fairer than all, Myrtocle, art thou!

MYRTOCLE: Fair is the earth, fair are the sky and the young day! Ah, if only my eyes could once view all that beauty.

ARCESIUS: Seest thou them not through mine eyes, beloved?

MYRTOCLE (*lovingly*): Oh, yes, I see them! Thou hast taught it me. I hear all beauty from thy lips, I feel it with thy dear hands, and only one thing, one thing would I see—

ARCESIUS: What is that?

MYRTOCLE: Thou, O beloved, thou. O once only, only one single moment.

ARCESIUS (*conceals his dismay*): Thou sweet wife!

MYRTOCLE: Remembrest thou, my lord, how thou didst find me by the seashore? In Corinth under the olive trees? A poor, ignorant, blind maiden. Thou didst tell me a fable.

ARCESIUS: What fable?

MYRTOCLE: The fable of Cupid and Psyche. Never shall I forget it.

(*She sings the song of Cupid and Psyche.*)

ARCESIUS: O Myrtocle, thou art fairer still than Psyche!

MYRTOCLE: Thou, O my beloved lord, art fairer than Cupid, the god! When I dream in silent hours, then see I myself kneeling before thy couch, my little lamp in my hand,

and my eyes glow and drink the glorious beauty of thy slumber! In thy hair's gold thy noble head reposes, thy scented locks fall over thy cheeks, over thy white neck and scatter such a radiance that the light of the lamp pales before it. White, shining, fairer than all is thy glorious form.

ARCESIUS (*who has been listening in tortured silence*): O Myrtocle, no mortal is as fair as the God of Love!

MYRTOCLE (*with passion*): Yea, yea, yea! Thou art as fair, art fairer still! Goodness and beauty are one; no one in the world is as good as thou—so must thou be the fairest among all thy fellow-men!

ARCESIUS (*in torment*): O thou—

(*She puts her arm about his neck and kisses him lovingly.*)

SCENE IV.

(*Aurelius Galba, the Roman Centurion, enters.*)

AUR. GALBA: Greetings to thee, Arcesius, and to thee, fairest Myrtocle, greetings, thou wife of my friend.

ARCESIUS: Aurelius Galba! What brings thee hither so early?

GALBA: Pontius, the Governor, summons thee to the council.

ARCESIUS: To the council? At this hour?

GALBA: The high-priest of the Jews prefers a pressing complaint. A stranger this day enters Jerusalem—Jesus of Nazareth; the people believe that he is the foretold prophet, the priests call him a dangerous demagogue. We must judge.

MYRTOCLE: Go thou before, noble Galba. Leave me my husband for one short moment, only to say farewell.

ARCESIUS (*to Galba, who turns to leave*): Dost thou not know, my friend, how it pains to part from the beloved one—even for a few short hours?

GALBA (*half aside, with a passionate glance at Myrtocle*): Do I not know it? Oh, I know well how it pains to love the unattainable! (*To Arcesius.*) Take thy leave, my friend, thou thrice happy man. I await thee at the council.

(*Exit Galba.*)

SCENE V.

MYRTOCLE (*to Arcesius*): Come, beloved, lend me thine arm! How unwelcome unto me is thy friend, who steals thee from me!

ARCESIUS: O chide him not! Methinks he suffers much—

MYRTOCLE: He suffers? Galba suffers?

ARCESIUS: He loves thee, Myrtocle.

MYRTOCLE: Galba—me?

ARCESIUS: Feelest thou it not? Believest thou I am the only one to see thy beauty?

MYRTOCLE: Surely the only one for whom it blooms—for thee only.

ARCESIUS (*embraces her lovingly*): For me—for me—yea, thrice happy am I! Since that sunny day, when I found thee. In thee dwells all my bliss!

MYRTOCLE: And thus, Arcesius, all my bliss rests in thee! And more still, more, far more! For nothing diverts my dead eyes, and all which rests in thy arms, that softly quivers at thy kiss—lives but for thee!

ARCESIUS: O Myrtocle, thy fair body is the altar on which I bring my sacrifices to the eternal gods!

MYRTOCLE: So let thy sacrifice burn through the air that they may hear thee!

ARCESIUS: The priest am I that guards the sanctuary of the highest beauty.

MYRTOCLE: How warm is thy passionate song!

ARCESIUS: How sweet is the sound of thy love.

MYRTOCLE: How the mantle of thy longing enfolds me!

ARCESIUS: How thy soul's sweet song enchants me!

MYRTOCLE: Thou radiant dream of my sightless night.

ARCESIUS: Thou goddess who beams upon my life!

MYRTOCLE: My sweetest lord—

ARCESIUS: I love thee! (*A passionate embrace. Kisses. He disengages himself gently from her arms.*) Beloved, farewell!

MYRTOCLE—So soon wilt thou go?

ARCESIUS: Soon shall I return to thee!

(*Another kiss, then exit.*)

MYRTOCLE: Soon—soon. Now his steps descend the hill. Alone am I—alone— When com'st thou? Soon—soon—my sweetest lord—could I but see thee once!

SCENE VI.

(*Arsinoe comes from the garden, in her arms a large basket filled to overflowing with many-colored flowers. She approaches Myrtocle.*)

ARSINOE: Mistress—

MYRTOCLE: Is it thou, Arsinoe? Many flowers bring'st thou from the garden. How sweet their scent!

(*She opens her arms as if to catch the scent.*)

ARSINOE: Here, dearest mistress—

(*She goes to Myrtocle; both seat themselves on the stair, Myrtocle one step higher.*)

MYRTOCLE (*takes a few flowers, feels them*): These are roses. What color have they?

ARSINOE: White! As thy cheeks, fairest Myrtocle.

MYRTOCLE: And these here?

ARSINOE: They are red, as thy lips are.

MYRTOCLE (*putting her hand again in the basket*): These are carnations—spicy and fresh. And hyacinths, many hyacinths. Their perfume is like that of fair women.

ARSINOE: Hibiscus, Mistress, reddest hibiscus.

MYRTOCLE: These bring to my bed-chamber. Place them at the head of the couch—there may they witness the dreams of my love.

ARSINOE: O happy blossoms—

MYRTOCLE: Yea, happy flowers—(*dreaming*). Arsinoe, where, where can I find the tiny lamp to light the night of my dreams?

SCENE VII.

(*Ktesiphar, an Egyptian magic physicker, enters, approaches the two women with many bows.*)

ARSINOE (*sees him, rises*): Mistress, here comes Ktesiphar, the magic leech.

MYRTOCLE: What wilt thou, evil leech?

KTESIPHAR: Lady, a potion bring I thee—

MYRTOCLE: Away, go! Thy art is evil!

KTESIPHAR: This potion here—

MYRTOCLE: Silence! Send him off, Arsinoe!

KTESIPHAR: Deign but to hear—

ARSINOE: No! Thou hast deceived us! First gav'st thou pills, then a costly ointment! But naught cured. Blind is she as ever.

KTESIPHAR: This potion cures!

ARSINOE: Now 'tis to be a potion!

KTESIPHAR: This cures! She will see!

ARSINOE: Away with thee!

KTESIPHAR: So deign but to hear me! In Thebes found they in the grave of Phto the fairest daughter of

King Rampsinit who, though born blind, later saw again, Papyrus rolls, tightly bound with gold.

ARSINOE: Thou liest!

KTESIPHAR: Nay! Nay! A priest of Isis sent me here this leaf. I distilled it, I, Ktesiphar, the leech! Three drops of gall from an old civet-cat, three toad's eggs, a mole's ting tongue, three ounces Theriak, five ounce blood of a hippopotamus, therewith a heart of Basilik. In a mortar did I crush it, and mix't therewith the eye of a hoopoe.

ARSINOE: Fie! Fie!

KTESIPHAR (*continuing*): Lady, deign but to try it! Take it at the full moon. Steep thine eyelids, drink the other half. And seeing, shall thou view the day!

MYRTOCLE (*rises, and taking a few steps towards the physician, loudly*): Hark, Ktesiphar! I'll take the potion and pay thee more than thrice the highest price—if it doth cure! Mark, though, mark thou me well. Till then thou'rt closely guarded! If it cure not—call I my slaves hither and have them—blind thee! Then may'st thou see how thy potion cures thee!

KTESIPHAR (*stammering*): Mighty lady—

MYRTOCLE: Well? Is it a bargain now?

KTESIPHAR: Lady, mayhap—mayhap—

MYRTOCLE (*urgently*): Well?

KTESIPHAR (*drawing back*): Perhaps—try I it first on a—blind dog—

MYRTOCLE (*laughs shrilly*): Yea, yea, try it on a dog!

SCENE VIII.

(*Myrtocle sits down again on the stair, takes up the flowers once more. Arsinoe crouches down beside her.*)

MYRTOCLE: He cannot help me. No one can help me. Never will my longing be stilled, my longing for the light!

ARSINOE (*embraces her knees*): O mistress—

MYRTOCLE: What?

ARSINOE: May I speak?

MYRTOCLE: Speak, my child!

ARSINOE: There may be a man who can help thee!

MYRTOCLE: Me? Nay, none!

ARSINOE (*earnestly*): At the well today met I old Ruth and she said: This day a man enters into Jerusalem, who maketh the lame to walk and the blind to see!

MYRTOCLE (*sceptically*): The blind to see?

ARSINOE: Yea, giveth sight to the blind.

MYRTOCLE: Who is he?

ARSINOE: Jesus of Nazareth—

MYRTOCLE (*thoughtfully*): Jesus? Galba spoke the name.

..*(At about this point the noise and the movement of the people behind the scenes begin gradually; Myrtocle and Arsinoe rise, listen.)*

ARSINOE: Hear'st thou, mistress, hear'st thou? There nears the crowd.

MYRTOCLE (*thoughtfully, half doubtfully*): Jesus of Nazareth—what manner of man is he? A Hebrew—a quack doctor? A fraud and a deceiver—as all the others.

ARSINOE (*animatedly*): Lady, Ruth says: He is the man that hath pity upon other men—

(*The noise increases, people enter, the stage fills. Myrtocle and Arsinoe further ascend the stairs.*)

SCENE IX.

(*The stage fills more and more, Jewish women, men and children appear among them, including the sick and crippled; not all at once, but in the course of the scene. From Arce-sius' house issue slaves and maids filled with curiosity. Old Ruth, and also Rebekka, Sarah and Esther are seen. Dom-*

inating the crowd is the figure of Mary Magdalen in a blue mantle with long golden locks. Much noise; the crowd surges to and fro; many bear palm-branches. It is intended that the cortege of Jesus is moving toward Jerusalem and comes over the hill.)

A JEW: Here is he to pass!

SARAH: They departed from Bethphage.

A JEW: The Messiah comes—

ESTHER: They descend the Mount of Olives.

ANOTHER JEW: The Prophet from Nazareth.

A SICK WOMAN (*she is carried in by her relatives; she lies on a primitive litter*): Bring me near to him! If I could but touch the hem of his garment!

SARAH: He will help thee!

AN OLD JEW (*who walks on crutches*): When he lifts up his hand—throw I my crutches away!

RUTH: The lame walk!

A JEW: Bring palms hither, hasten to the gardens!

REBEKKA: They are the Roman's gardens.

ANOTHER JEW: What of that? The son of David comes.

THE OLD JEW: Bring him palms!

(*Some hasten to the gardens of Arcesius to pluck palms, others come laden with them.*)

RUTH: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

ESTHER: He hath fed his people!

SARAH: He delivereth us from all woe!

A JEW: He raised Jairus' dead daughter!

ANOTHER JEW: In Jericho made he two blind men to see!

ARSINOE: Hear'st thou, hear'st thou, mistress?

MYRTOCLE (*excitedly*): A beam of light falls into my dark night.

A JEW (*standing quite in the background and looking toward the Mount of Olives*): They come, they come!

ANOTHER JEW: Hither leads their way.

(*The people press toward the background.*)

SARAH: They stream out toward him from Jerusalem.

(*Two men are seen silently leading a white ass across the stage.*)

REBEKKA: There they bring an ass.

A JEW: For the entrance of the Lord!

RUTH: As it is writ: Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass.

A JEW: Look, people, look!

ESTHER: Upon an ass he enters.

AN OLD JEW: Only for the poor—only for the sick comes he.

(*During these words Mary of Magdala has entered.*)

MARY OF MAGDALA: For all men came the Lord, for all, who sorrows bear—I know it well.

REBEKKA: Who is the woman?

ANOTHER JEW: Mary it is, the woman from Magdala.

REBEKKA: One of the rich!

SARAH: The sinner—

MARY OF M.: Yea—the sinner, that repented. With lard anointed I the Lord's weary feet and dried them with my hair. Before him knelt I, then forgave he me all my sins.

REBEKKA: Doth he always forgive sin?

MARY OF M.: Who in him believeth, goes from him at peace.

A JEW (*in the rear*): They are in the valley.

ANOTHER JEW: They ascend.

MYRTOCLE (*to Arsinoe*): Lead me down. (*Both descend the steps slowly.*)

ARSINOE: Mistress, where to?

MYRTOCLE: I go to Jesus—

ARSINOE (*to the people*): Make room for Myrtocle, Arcesius' wife! Make room!

(*Murmuring discontentedly, the people make way. As the two stand before Mary of Magdala, she asks Arsinoe*):

MARY OF M.: Where leadest thou the fair blind woman?

MYRTOCLE: I go to Jesus of Nazareth.

MARY OF M.: What wilt thou with him?

MYRTOCLE: I want my sight!

A JEW: The Greek woman goes to the Prophet!

ANOTHER JEW: The son of David came not for the Gentiles!

SARAH: Not for the Romans!

THE OLD JEW: Not for the rich!

ESTHER: Only for the poor Jews came he.

MARY OF M. (*with deep feeling*):

O how little know ye Jesus,

Ye people of Jerusalem—

For all men came he, for

All that labor and are heavy-laden!

MYRTOCLE: For me also?

MARY OF M.: For thee, too, fair Greck. Tell me, why would'st thou fain see?

MYRTOCLE: From the Isthmus am I, from Corinth—that is the fairest town in the world. Only I alone saw naught of all the beauty. There lay I oft on the white shore and dreamed of the light. I inhaled the flowers' sweet scent, I felt the gentle zephyrs softest breath—but alas, I saw naught. Fair is my husband, and all may look upon him only I may not, who love him more than ever woman loved. And therefore would I see!

MARY OF M.: Fair Greek, not on sight alone hangs thy life's bliss.

MYRTOCLE: Lead me to him who miracles doth! And if he heal me clouds of incense shall rise alike to Zeus and Phoebus, and to your Jehovah.

A JEW: She blasphemes—hear!

ANOTHER JEW: A like sacrifice to our God and Zeus!

A JEW: Let her not pass!

ESTHER: The stranger!

SARAH: The unbeliever!

A JEW: Force her back!

AN OLD JEW: She must not pass—

(*The people become menacing.*)

MARY OF M.: Who among you may dare to place themselves between this woman and Jesus of Nazareth?

A JEW: Only for us is his word!

ESTHER: Only for us is Jesus!

SARAH: We are the chosen people.

ANOTHER JEW: Only to us is the Saviour promised.

MARY OF M.: The Son of Man cares not for land, for kin, for birth, nor standing. Hear, ye people of Jerusalem, what he says: I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that one which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing, and when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them: Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

A JEW (*far in the rear*): Now they are quite near.

ANOTHER JEW: They pass by below.

A THIRD JEW: They come not up here.

SARAH: Let us go toward him.

ESTHER: Wave ye palms!

RUTH: Hosannah to the Lord! To the Son of David!

(*Grasps a palm, exit.*)

THE MULTITUDE: Hosannah! Hosannah to the Lord!

To the Son of David! Hosanna! (*Behind the scenes also cries of Hosanna and Hallelujah.*) Hosanna in the Highest!

(*The multitude presses toward the back down the hill; in the rear remain a few men and women watchers who look toward the valley. In the foreground only Myrtocle and Arsinoe, with them Mary of Magdala.*)

MYRTOCLE: I would see!

MARY OF M.: I will lead thee to him. But remember the words: "Renouncement is the virtue of the suffering."

MYRTOCLE: Renouncement was my life. I fain would see!

MARY OF M.: Thou must renounce thy own happiness to save thy neighbor's happiness, they neighbor whom thou lov'st.

MYRTOCLE: Because I so love my husband, I fain would see!

MARY OF M.: So will I lead thee unto him, dearest sister. He is come into the world, a light that who believeth in him, remaineth not in darkness. Believ'st thou in him?

MYRTOCLE: Yea! If longing and hoping be believing.

(*Mary Magdalen leads Myrtocle, who is supported by Arsinoe on the other side. All three go slowly toward the rear, following the multitude. Some of the slaves and maids follow Myrtocle, others thrust themselves among the few Jews who have remained behind, standing in the background and looking down from there.*)

SCENE X.

(*From without are heard the Hosannas and Hallelujahs of the crowd. The Jews that have remained behind watched the train of the Messiah.*)

A JEW: He cometh!

ANOTHER JEW: Yea, he cometh! Riding upon the ass!

A THIRD JEW: Around him are his disciples—

REBEKKA: Twelve of them!

A JEW: See the people—

A JEWESS: They strew palms before him—

A SECOND JEW: And green branches—

REBEKKA: They draw off their garments.

A JEWESS: Lay them before him in the way.

A JEW: They rejoice and shout!

REBEKKA: See, there comes the Greek!

SECOND JEW: Let me see!

A JEWESS: What doth he?

THIRD JEW: He speaks to her—

REBEKKA: Now he lifts his hand—

FIRST JEW: He touches her—

A JEWESS: Touches her eyes—

REBEKKA: Merciful God! She sees, she sees!

ALL TOGETHER: She sees, she sees! A miracle! A miracle!

(*From without a mighty cry of the multitude: "She sees! A miracle!" All rush out. The stage is entirely empty.*)

SCENE XI.

(*Sudden deep silence, and through the deep silence is clearly heard a voice.*)

A VOICE: O woman, verily I say unto thee: Before the sun hath set wilt thou curse me!

SCENE XIII.

(*The sun is high in the heavens, it is midday. Back of the scenes begin again, but always further away, the cries of the*

people: Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hallelujah! Hosanna in the Highest! Slowly the noise dies away.)

MYRTOCLE (*who now sees, rushes breathless onto the stage. She is followed by Arsinoe*): A mirror! A mirror!

ARSINOE: Yea, mistress! (*She rushes up the steps to the house.*)

MYRTOCLE (*alone on the stage. Her eyes drink in the light. Then she begins.*) (*By-play*): Light! Light! Everywhere light! How fair is the earth, how fair are the heavens, how fair is the day in the sun's bright light! Bliss! Bliss! Radiant bliss! All about me laughs the glorious world!

ARSINOE (*hurries down the stair and gives Myrtocle the mirror*): The mirror, mistress!

MYRTOCLE (*takes it hastily, after a moment*): Fair am I, Arsinoe, fair.

ARSINOE: Very fair, dearest mistress.

MYRTOCLE: Red, red are my lips—

ARSINOE: As the crimson roses so red.

MYRTOCLE: White, white are my cheeks—

ARSINOE: As the candid lilies so white.

MYRTOCLE: Brown are my locks.

ARSINOE: As the locks of Echo, the sweetest nymph.

MYRTOCLE (*lays the mirror on the margin of the well, looks down into the water*): Look, look! Down in the water—a nymph!

ARSINOE (*goes to the well*): Where, mistress, where?

MYRTOCLE: There, there! I greet thee, fairest nymph, Myrtocle greets thee.

VOICE FROM THE WELL: Myr-to-*cle*—

MYRTOCLE: It is Echo, the nymph Echo!

VOICE FROM THE WELL: E—*cho*!

ARSINOE: O Mistress, it is thine image that the water reflects as doth the mirror! And thy sweet voice's sound doth Echo return!

MYRTOCLE (*leaving the well, hears the cicada's song*): O, the cicadas! My dreams' playmates! Now know I why they sing, the children of the light! (*She embraces Arsinoe.*) All doth live—water and trees and my dead eyes do live—

ARSINOE: Fairest mistress, also in thy husband's eyes wilt thou thine image see—

MYRTOCLE: In his eyes? Where is he? When comes he? I will adorn myself for him—fair will I be for my beloved, when this night Eros the torches kindles—

ARSINOE: Fair as Psyche shalt thou be.

MYRTOCLE: Come, help me to dress, Arsinoe. The tiny lamp burns—happy is Psyche!

ARSINOE (*from long custom, approaches to lead her*): Yea, mistress—

MYRTOCLE (*frees herself, jubilantly*): Myrtocle needs no more thy faithful hand—Myrtocle sees!

(*The two women ascend the stairs and enter the house with joyful steps.*)

SCENE XIII.

(*For a moment the stage is empty, then enter slowly, earnestly conversing, Arcesius and Aurelius Galba.*)

GALBA: Now art thou home with thy bliss. Farewell, Arcesius—

ARCESIUS: Till tomorrow, Galba.

GALBA: No, friend. Tomorrow not, and not for many days. I spoke with Pontius—he doth consent. Today ride I off to Damascus.

ARCESIUS: To Damascus?

GALBA: Ne'er again doth this town see me.

ARCESIUS: What means this?

GALBA: Thou know'st it friend— (*He takes his arm, with a glance toward the house.*) 'Tis better I go—here I die—

ARCESIUS: Why?

GALBA: Of unfulfilled wishes—of unstilled longing—

ARCESIUS: Poor friend—wilt thou not take leave of Myrtocle?

GALBA (*quickly*): No! No! Bring thou her Galba's greetings! And delight thou in her—friend, thou happy man!

SCENE XIV.

ARSINOE (*comes out of the house; she goes swiftly to the well on whose edge Myrtocle has left the mirror. She lifts it, turns, then for the first time notices the two men*): Arcesius—Lord!

ARCESIUS (*laughing*): Arsinoe, thou vain girl! A mirror!

ARSINOE: Not for me—for my mistress.

ARCESIUS: For Myrtocle?

GALBA: For Myrtocle?

ARSINOE: Yea, lord! For Myrtocle! She sees!

ARCESIUS: What sayest thou? Sees?

ARSINOE: The Jewish Prophet—she went to him—he lifted up his hand—her eyes did see!

GALBA: A miracle!

ARCESIUS: Thou lie'st!

ARSINOE: Myrtocle sees.

GALBA (*with joy*): Myrtocle sees!

ARCESIUS (*breathing heavily*): Myrtocle sees! (*With expression of deepest suffering.*)

MYRTOCLE (*calls from within*): Arsinoe! Arsinoe!

ARCESIUS (*takes her by the arm, wildly*): If thy life is dear to thee, tell her naught.

ARCESIUS (*frightened*): No, Lord.

(*She goes away frightened.*)

SCENE XV.

ARCESIUS: Galba! Galba!

GALBA (*deep in thought*): Yes—

ARCESIUS: Understand'st thou it not? Myrtocle sees!

GALBA: Rejoice thou! For perfect is she now!

ARCESIUS (*more and more bitterly and despairingly*): I rejoice? I? Shattered is my bliss!

GALBA: Because she the light doth see—she, whom thou lovest?

ARCESIUS: Short-sighted man! What doth she see? Me will she see, me, me! The man who she so fair has deemed, as only Apollo was, to whom her blind love divine form did give. And the man— I—will her eye now see. Deformed, limping, ugly and repulsive!

GALBA: Friend—

ARCESIUS: Ah, ended is the beautiful dream—I am undone. . . . I am lost for aye! (*He sinks down on the margin of the well, sobs; Galba is by him.*)

MYRTOCLE (*within the house, sings Bilitis' song*): A little Astarte protects Mnasiidika, a little Astarte of clay. In Camiros a skillful potter shaped her—she is only thumb-high and of yellow clay.

ARCESIUS (*hears her voice, listens*): She sings—the song of Bilitis! Now she is happy, for her eyes have seen the sunlight. But soon the sun sinks—then will she weep over her dear dead dream.

MYRTOCLE (*sings on*): Her locks hang down, cover her slender shoulders, almond-shaped are her eyes, and her mouth is tiny. For she is the most fair one!

ARCESIUS (*gently*): Here, Galba, here bade I her farewell this morning. There dreamed her fair dead eyes the

sweetest dream that I gave unto them! O fairest dead eyes—you were the sweet secret of our bliss, the only ground on which our tender love grew. So left I her. (*More vehemently.*) And then came one, a miserable stranger—he lifts his hand! With one small gesture destroy'd he my bliss, shatter'd all our sweetest dreams—

MYRTOCLE (*sings on*): O little Astarte of clay—send me my beloved! My couch doth wait for his fairest beauty—every rose's scent is for him—send him, send him, goddess of Love!

ARCESIUS: Ah, ended is the song! And ended our bliss!

GALBA: She loves but thee!

ARCESIUS (*more and more vehemently*): Loves me? Ah, a dream loves she—not me! What can I do? She will see me! And disgust will seize her! All crumbles—undone am I—am destroyed!

SCENE XVI.

(*Myrtocle, adorned in a white peplon, steps out of the house between the columns of the peristyle. The afternoon sun shines on her. Arcesius sees her, and hides, like a wounded animal, behind the well. Galba remains standing in the center. Stares at her, motionless. Myrtocle looks at Galba in silence. A moment's silence.*)

MYRTOCLE: Beloved—longed-for one!

GALBA (*remains silent.*)

MYRTOCLE: Art silent—thou speak'st no word. How art thou right! (*Descends the stair toward him.*) Speak not! How oft drank I thy voice's sound in my dark, dead night! Now, that my lids open are unto the light—now will I have thee only for mine eyes. . . .

GALBA (*involuntarily draws back a step.*)

MYRTOCLE (*smiling*): Art thou then so dismay'd? Know'st thou me not? Am I so changed since I see? (*Approaching him.*) But thou, beloved lord, thou art so as I had always dreamed thee! As Achilles stand'st thou there; bathed about with light, as Apollo! My lord, thou fairest hero, thou, my god!

GALBA (*makes a negative gesture, his lips move.*)

MYRTOCLE (*seizes his hands*): The tiny lamp now burns, Psyche can see! She adorn's herself for Cupid, for her god! (*More and more warmly and earnestly.*) Lord, beloved friend, into thine arms presses my young form, for thy kisses longs hotly my mouth. (*She throws herself into his arms.*)

GALBA (*bites his lips, tries to push her away gently, still in silence.*)

MYRTOCLE: How? Cruel one! Most silent master, thrustest thou me away? Lovedst thou me only when I, a poor blind child, did feebly grope? (*Close by him, with deepest feeling.*) I am a woman now, open are my eyes! (*She takes his head in her hands.*) My image reflects itself in thy dear eyes and in thine eyes read I also all, that thy mouth doth not speak. I read—thy desire—thy wish—and thy passionate love. Dearest come! (*She embraces him passionately, kisses him.*)

GALBA (*can resist no longer. With a sharp cry he strains her to him, and passionately returns her kiss.*)

ARCESIUS (*springs forward with a cry of frantic rage and despair. He rushes at Galba, seizes his throat with both hands, drags him down and strangles him.*)

MYRTOCLE (*shrinks back, horrified, unable to make a movement or utter a sound. Stares at the fearful sight, while Arcesius completes his deed.*)

ARCESIUS (*at last takes his hands off the dead man's throat, half straightens himself, stares at Myrtocle. Silence.*)

MYRTOCLE (*hoarsely, half whispering*): Murderer—Beast—

ARCESIUS (*rises entirely. Draws back a few steps, always with his eyes fixed on Myrtocle. On the top of the stair Arsinoe appears.*)

MYRTOCLE (*as above*): Murderer—beast—

ARCESIUS (*drawing back more and more, always staring at Myrtocle, as if spell-bound. Exit.*)

SCENE XVII.

(*Only after Arcesius has disappeared from sight does Myrtocle awake from her spell; then only does she have the strength to cry out.*)

MYRTOCLE (*cries*): Murder! Help! Murder!

ARSINOE (*runs down the stair*): Mistress! Mistress! (*from the garden and from the house men and women slaves come running, from the other side come a few Jews and Jewesses.*)

MYRTOCLE (*takes hold of Arsinoe*): Murder! A beast strangled him, a vile brute! My husband has been murdered—my beloved is dead! (*She throws herself sobbing on Galba's body.*)

ARSINOE: Mistress, dearest mistress! Hear me! (*She tries to comfort Myrtocle.*)

MYRTOCLE: Arcesius is dead, my love is dead!

ARSINOE: Harken, Myrtocle, hear, dearest mistress! That is not thy husband—it is not him! Galba it is, Captain Galba!

MYRTOCLE (*springs up*): It's not Arcesius, it's not my husband? (*Rising entirely.*) He—whom I kissed, was not Arcesius?

ARSINOE: No! No! Galba it was.

MYRTOCLE: Dream I? Sleep I? Am I awake? What saw then mine eyes? What sang my blood?

ARSINOE (*puts her arm about her*): Come, mistress, come within.

MYRTOCLE (*lets herself be led without resistance for several steps. Stops suddenly, tears herself loose from Arsinoe, turns back*): What happened then? (*She sees the corpse again.*) Bear the dead away! Where is Arcesius? Where tarries my lord? (*To the slaves.*) Go into the town, seek him, seek him everywhere! I must see him! Fetch him! Bring him hither! (*Several slaves take up Galba's body and bear it away. The others, also the women and the Jews and Jewesses, leave to seek Arcesius. The stage empties, Myrtocle and Arsinoe remain alone on the scene.*)

SCENE XVIII.

MYRTOCLE (*stares before her, Arsinoe is beside her. A moment's silence*): What did I then? The gods did punish me that I did take the stranger for my husband! Death brought they—O Terror—Horror! Where tarries Arcesius! Why leaves he me here—alone?

ARSINOE (*timidly, imploringly*): Mistress—

MYRTOCLE: Where tarries my lord? Cometh he not?

ARSINOE: O Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: What wilt thou?

ARSINOE: I would tell thee—

MYRTOCLE: Speak freely!

ARSINOE: I fear—I do not dare—

MYRTOCLE: Speak! Speak!

ARSINOE: Galba—J—

MYRTOCLE: Name not that name unto me! Justice was done him when the beast did strangle him! He betrayed his friend! And then, then felt I his kisses glow—Ah! Still burn my lips hotly with shame and disgust—

ARSINOE: Mistress, Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: What wilt thou, girl?

ARSINOE: Galba came not alone—

MYRTOCLE: I saw but him—

ARSINOE: And him who murdered him—

MYRTOCLE: Yes, a loathsome beast.

ARSINOE: O mistress, mistress, hush! It was Arcesius, was thy lord!

MYRTOCLE (*laughs aloud*): Foolish girl! This monster come hither from Hades itself, this noisome beast, limping, deformed—that were Arcesius? Distaught art thou!

ARSINOE: It was he, mistress, 'twas Arcesius.

(*Pause. Silence.*)

MYRTOCLE: Have mercy on us yet great gods!

ARSINOE: Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: Hush! No more! Cupid and Psyche, O dear lost dream! So did the fable lie; not Cupid was't that Psyche's tiny lamp found—a monster it was! And all around were lies, in an ocean of lies grope I blindly!

ARSINOE: Mistress, Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: Be silent! Why didst thou not tell me that my bliss was but a lie?

ARSINOE: It was thy happiness, was all Arcesius' bliss.

MYRTOCLE: And if 'twas so—why lettest thou me go to the man who gave me light—that my bliss did kill?

ARSINOE: Thou beggedst so!

MYRTOCLE: And this same man did lift his hand—that saw I—and in atoms lay my happiness! Be he accurs'd! Accurs'd!

ARSINOE: Think not on him! Think of Arcesius!

MYRTOCLE: No! No!

ARSINOE (*gently*): Ah, do! Is it his fault that thou now see'st?

MYRTOCLE: Leave me be!

ARSINOE (*to her*): He loved thee so well.

MYRTOCLE (*softly*): Arcesius—

ARSINOE: Shattered is his bliss still more than thine. What he did, did he only for thee!

MYRTOCLE (*remembering*): O how lov'd I him when but my ears drank in his voice's sound!

ARSINOE: Still is it not too late—

MYRTOCLE (*dreamily*): Not too late? (*Resolutely.*) Leave me alone, Arsinoe—I would be alone!

ARSINOE: I leave thee, mistress. (*She kisses Myrtocle's garment, goes into the house.*)

MYRTOCLE (*remains motionless for a while*): O were I still the ignorant blind child, on the Isthmus' shore—under the olive trees. How was it now? "Man must renounce his own happiness in order to save that of others!" Yea—so was it! Patience is the virtue of the suffering—to sacrifice our bliss—to sacrifice ourselves—for our neighbors—that is the man's teaching, of him who gave me light. Is not Arcesius my neighbor? Happy was he, happy was I, when I was blind—and all our sorrow the light did bring. (*She turns away toward the sinking sun. Loudly*): So let the sun burn out once more the light of mine eyes! (*She goes up the stairs, stands before the columns. On her falls the full light of the glowing sun; she stares into the sun.*) Stand wide open, my dear eyes, weep not, my poor eyes! May Phoebus' arrows pierce you, may they bury your pride in eternal night! (*By-play, during which she stares into the sun; she masters her terrible pain, her expression is one of devoted love. Then solemnly*): O, my beloved dead eyes.

SCENE XX.

(*During the last words Arcesius has come in from the rear; he walks bent over, brokenly toward the center of the stage. Sees Myrtocle standing above before the pillars, stares at her.*)

ARCESIUS (*half whispering, moaning*): Myrtocle, Myrtocle—

MYRTOCLE: At last—at last! I hear thy dear voice—where art thou—I see thee not—

ARCESIUS (*startled*): Thou see'st me not—thou see'st me not?

MYRTOCLE (*descends a few steps of the stair with the groping gestures of the blind; Arcesius approaches a few steps toward her*): I see thee not—but I hear thy voice. And so keen is my ear that the rhythm of thy steps softly trembleth in my heart—

ARCESIUS: Thou see'st no longer?

MYRTOCLE: No, I know not how it happened—at the sun look'd I—and my light was quench'd! And thankful am I that I am once more blind!

ARCESIUS: Thou see'st me not?

MYRTOCLE: No—no! Ne'er saw I thee!

ARCESIUS: Ne'er? Ne'er? Who saw'st thou then?

MYRTOCLE: I saw Arsinoe, saw Jesus—

ARCESIUS: Saw'st thou too—Galba?

MYRTOCLE: Yea, I saw him—

ARCESIUS: And saw'st thou him who did him murder?

MYRTOCLE: Yea, I saw him well. I know not who it was.

ARCESIUS: And me, me saw'st thou not?

MYRTOCLE: No! (*With tenderest feeling*): O why dost thou torture me, beloved lord, thou iris of my poor dead

eyes, thou? So much saw I, so much—thou alone saw I not. And ne'er shall I thee see. Still will I live on in the world of my dreams for thee, beloved husband, for thee alone!

ARCESIUS (*with fearful hope*): Myrtocle—Myrtocle—beloved wife—

MYRTOCLE: The sound of thy voice enfolds me as a warm shower in May.

ARCESIUS (*goes to her, grasps her arm*): Myrtocle, Myrtocle, beloved wife—

MYRTOCLE (*trembling*): Thy fingers' touch enfolds me as a soft mantle at the bath.

ARCESIUS: Myrtocle—

(*The two go slowly into the house.*)

SCENE XXI.

(*The sun is very low and sinks entirely during the last scene. Dusk spreads. For a while the stage is empty, then a shepherd crosses the stage, a black cloak around him, holding his shepherd's staff. He bears a white lamb on his shoulder and crosses the stage very slowly. The music sounds the motif of the parable of the "Lost Sheep" in the story told by Mary Magdalen, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost," etc.*)

(*The Curtain falls slowly.*)

THE CREDO OF LOVE

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

TO BE the wife of a poet! That had been the dream of her life. But ruthless fate, instead of the romantic and fevered existence she sighed for, had doomed her to a peaceful, humdrum happiness, and married her to a rich man at Auteuil, gentle and amiable, perhaps indeed a trifle old for her, possessed of but one passion—perfectly inoffensive and unexciting—that of horticulture. This excellent man spent his days pruning, scissors in hand, tending and trimming a magnificent collection of rose trees, heating a greenhouse, watering flower beds; and really it must be admitted that, for a poor little heart hungering after an ideal, this was hardly sufficient food. Nevertheless, for ten years her life remained straightforward and uniform, like the smooth sanded paths in her husband's garden, and she pursued it with measured steps, listening with resigned weariness to the dry and irritating sound of the ever-moving scissors, or to the monotonous and endless showers that fell from the watering pots on to the leafy shrubs. The rabid horticulturist bestowed on his wife the same scrupulous attention he gave to his flowers. He carefully regulated the temperature of the drawing-room, overcrowded with nosegays, fearing for her the April frosts or March sun; and like the plants in pots that are put out and taken in at stated times, he made her live methodically, ever watchful of a change of barometer or phase of the moon.

She remained like this for a long time, closed in by the four walls of the conjugal garden, innocent as a clematis, full, however, of wild aspirations toward other gardens, less staid, less humdrum, where the rose trees would fling out their branches untrained, and the wild growth of weed and briar be taller than trees, and blossom with unknown and fantastic flowers, luxuriantly colored by a warmer sun. Such gardens are rarely found save in the books of poets, and so she read many verses, all unknown to the nurseryman, who knew no other poetry than a few almanac distichs such as:

When it rains on Saint Medard's day,
It rains on for forty more days.

At haphazard, the unfortunate creature ravenously devoured the paltriest rhymes, satisfied if she found in them lines ending in "love" and "passion": then closing the book she would spend hours dreaming and sighing: "That would have been the husband for me!"

It is probable that all this would have remained in a state of vague aspiration if at the terrible age of thirty, which seems to be the decisive critical moment for woman's virtue, as twelve o'clock is for the day's beauty, the irresistible Amaury had not chanced to cross her path. Amaury was a drawing-room poet, one of those fanatics in dress coat and gray kid gloves, who between ten o'clock and midnight, go and recite to the world their ecstasies of love, their raptures, their despair, leaning mournfully against the mantelpiece, in the blaze of the lights, while seated around him women, in full evening dress, listen entranced behind their fans.

THIS one might pose as the very ideal of his kind; with his vulgar but irresistible countenance, sunken eye, pallid complexion, hair cut short and mustaches stiffly plastered with cosmetic. A desperate man such as women love, hopeless of life, but irreproachably dressed, a lyric enthusiast, chilled and disheartened, in whom the madness of inspiration can be divined only in the loose and neglected tie of his cravat. But also what success awaits him when he delivers in a strident voice a tirade from his poem, the Credo of Love, more especially the one ending in this extraordinary line:

I believe in love as I believe in God.

Mark you, I strongly suspect the rascal cares as little for God as for the rest; but women do not look so closely. They are easily caught by a birdlime of words, and every time Amaury recites his Credo of Love you are certain to see all round the drawing-room rows upon rows of little rosy mouths, eagerly opening, ready to swallow the taking bait of mawkish sentimentality. Just fancy! A poet who has such beautiful mustaches and who believes in love as he believes in God.

For the nurseryman's wife this proved indeed irresistible. In three sittings she was conquered. Only, as at the bottom of this elegiac nature there was some honesty and pride, she would not stoop to any paltry fault. Moreover, the poet himself declared in his Credo that he only understood one way of erring: that which was openly declared and ready to defy both law and society. Taking, therefore, the Credo of Love for her guide, the young woman one fine day escaped from the garden at Auteuil and went off to throw herself into her poet's arms. "I can no longer live with that man! Take me away!" In such cases the husband is always that man, even when he is a horticulturist.

For a moment Amaury was staggered. How on earth could he have imagined that an ordinary little housewife of thirty would have taken in earnest a love poem, and followed it out literally? However, he put the best face he could on his over-good fortune, and as the lady had, thanks to her little Auteuil garden, remained fresh and pretty, he carried her off without a murmur. The first days all was delightful. They feared lest the husband track them. They thought it advisable to hide under fictitious names, change hotels, inhabit the most remote quarters of the town, the suburbs of Paris, the outlying districts. In the evening they stealthily sallied forth and took sentimental walks along the fortifications. Oh, the wonderful power of romance! The more she was alarmed, the more precautions, window blinds and lowered veils, were necessary, the greater did her poet seem. At night they opened the little window of their room and gazing at the stars rising on high above the signal lights of the neighboring railway, she made him repeat again and again his wonderful verses:

*Moi, je crois à l'amour
Comme je crois en Dieu.*

And it was delightful!

UNFORTUNATELY it did not last. The husband left them too much undisturbed. The fact is, that man was a philosopher. His wife gone, he had closed the green door of his oasis and quietly set about trimming his roses again, happy in the thought that these at least, attached to the soil by long roots, would not be able to run away from him. Our reassured lovers returned to Paris and then suddenly the young woman felt that some change had come over her poet. Their flight, fear of detection, and constant alarms, all these things which had fed her passion existing no longer, she began to understand and see the situation clearly. Moreover, at every moment, in the settling of their little household, in the thousand paltry details of every-day life, the man she was living with showed himself more thoroughly.

The few and scarce generous, heroic or delicate feelings he possessed were spun out in his verses, and he kept none for his personal use. He was mean, selfish, above all very niggardly, a fault love seldom forgives. Then he had cut off his mustaches, and was disfigured by the loss. How different from that fine gloomy fellow with his carefully curled locks, as he appeared one evening declaiming his Credo, in the blaze of two chandeliers! Now, in the enforced retreat he was undergoing on her account, he gave way to all his crotchets, the greatest of which was fancying himself always ill. Indeed, from constantly playing at consumption, one ends by believing in it. The poet Amaury was fond of decoctions, wrapped himself up in plasters, and covered his chimney piece with phials and powders. For some time the little woman took up quite seriously her part of a nursing sister. Her devotion seemed to excuse her fault and give an object to her life. But she soon tired of it. In spite of herself, in the stuffy room where the poet sat wrapped in flannel, she could not help thinking of her little garden so sweetly scented, and the kind nurseryman seen from afar in the midst of his shrubs and flowerbeds, appeared to her as simple, touching and disinterested, as this other one was exacting and egotistical.

At the end of a month she loved her husband, really loved him, not with the affection induced by habit, but with a real and true love. One day she wrote him a long letter full of passion and repentance. He did not vouchsafe a reply. Perhaps he thought she was not yet sufficiently punished. Then she dispatched letter after letter, humbled herself, begged him to allow her to return, saying she would die rather than continue to live with that man. It was now the lover's turn to be called "that man." Strange to say, she hid herself from him to write; for she believed him still in love, and while imploring her husband's forgiveness, she feared the exaltation of her lover.

"He will never allow me to leave," she said to herself. Accordingly, when by dint of supplications she obtained forgiveness and the nurseryman—I have already mentioned that he was a philosopher—consented to take her back, the return to her own home bore all the mysterious and dramatic aspect of flight. She literally gloped with her husband. It was her last culpable pleasure. One evening as the poet, tired of their dual existence, and proud of his regrown mustaches, had gone to an evening party to recite his Credo of Love, she jumped into a cab that was awaiting her at the end of the street and returned with her old husband to the little garden at Auteuil, forever cured of her ambition to be the wife of a poet. It is true that this fellow was not much of a poet!

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

By CHARLES SHANNON.

NO words can fix the mystery that flows
From mystic realms of undine and of elf
And nymph and sylph, till in one radiant self
Serene and glorious all its radiance glows.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
Posidon's daughter most divinely fair,
Terpsichore-born, with sylph-like motion rare,
Whose art holds human hearts in easy thrall.

We gaze entranced upon a lovely form,
As splendid as earth's eye has ever held,
Lithe melody of motion—days of eld
And Beauty's morrow greet their living norm.

All other senses yield their powers to sight
Until the tingling eye can hear and feel
Of Nature, in the play thy limbs reveal,
The rhythm and the music and the might.

And when pure music of thy presence laughed
In harmony, sweet, dignified, and strong
Like fainting echoes of a distant song
Failed magic moods from other artist-craft.

Then first we knew a unity in art
Unglimpsed before save in the depths of dream,
Where blending in a gracious, glorious gleam
Lives art's chaste product and the artist's heart.

RED SEFCHEN

By HEINRICH HEINE.

BUT, indeed, it was not witchcraft that took me to the house of the Woman of Goch. I continued my acquaintance with her, and I was about sixteen years old when I took to going more frequently than before to her house, attracted by a spell more potent than all her bombastic Latin *philtraria*. She had a niece who was barely sixteen, but having suddenly shot up and grown very tall, seemed to be much older, and because of her sudden growth she was very thin. She had that slimness of figure which is to be found in the quadroons of the West Indies, and as she wore no corsets and very few under-garments, her close-fitting gown was like the wet cloth of a statue. No marble statue could vie with her in beauty, for she revealed life itself, and every movement showed forth the rhythm of her body, and, I fain would say, the music of her soul. Not one of the daughters of Niobe had a face more nobly moulded; its color, like that of all her skin, was of a changing white. Her great, deep, dark eyes looked as though they had asked a riddle and were waiting tranquilly for the answer to it; while her mouth, with its thin, arching lips and chalk-white teeth, rather long, seemed to say: "You are stupid and will guess in vain."

Her hair was red, red as blood, and hung in long tresses below her shoulders, so that she could bind them together under her chin. When she did that she looked as if her throat had been cut and the red blood were bubbling forth in red streams.

Josepha's voice—the pretty niece of the Woman of Goch was called Red Sefchen—was not particularly sweet of sound, and sometimes her organs of speech were so muffled as to make her voice almost toneless; but suddenly, when passion came into it, there would break forth the most ringing sound, which particularly enraptured me, because Josepha's voice so much resembled my own.

When she spoke I was sometimes afraid, and thought that I heard myself speaking, and when she sang I was reminded of dreams in which I had heard myself sing after the same fashion.

She knew many old folk-songs and perhaps she called into being my taste for such songs, as she certainly had the greatest influence on the poet waking in me, so that my first poems of the "Dream Pictures," written soon after this time, have a grim and gloomy tinge like the relationship which at that time cast its bloody shadow on my young mind and life.

AMONG the songs which Josepha sang was a folk-song which she had learned from Zippel, who had often sung it to me in my childhood: so that I recollect two verses which I am all the more ready to set down, as I have not found the poem in any existing collection of folk-songs. This is how they run—first, wicked Trajig speaks:

Ottilia mine, Ottilia dear,
You will not be the last I fear—
Say will you hang from yon high tree?
Or will you swim the ocean blue?
Or will you kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord?

Whereupon Ottilia answers:

I will not hang from yon high tree,
I will not swim the ocean blue,
But I will kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord.

Once, when Red Sefchen was singing the song and came to the end of this verse, and I saw the emotion that was in her, I was so moved that I suddenly burst into tears, and we fell into each other's arms sobbing, while the tears ran from our eyes, and we saw each other through a veil of tears.

I asked her to write the verses down for me, and she did so, but she did not write them in ink, but in her blood. I lost the red autograph, but the verses remained indelibly imprinted on my memory.

THE husband of the Woman of Goch was the brother of Sefchen's father, and was also an executioner, and as he died young the Woman of Goch adopted the child. But when her husband died soon afterward she gave the child to her grandfather, who was also an executioner and lived in Westphalia.

Here in the Free House, as they used to call the executioner's house, Sefchen stayed until she was fourteen, and then her grandfather died, and the Woman of Goch once more gave a home to the orphan. From the dishonor of her birth Sefchen had to lead a lonely life from childhood until she became a girl, and in her grandfather's house she was cut off from all company. Hence came her shyness, her sensitive drawing away from contact with strangers, her mysterious day-dreams, together with the most obstinate truculence, the most insolent stubbornness and wildness.

Strange, that even in her dreams, as she once confessed to me, she lived not with human beings, but always dreamed of animals.

In the loneliness of the executioner's house she could only find occupation in her grandfather's old books. He taught her to read and write, but he was extremely poor of words.

Often he would be away for several days with his assistants, and the child remained alone then in the house, which was in a very solitary situation near the gallows of a forest country. There remained only three old women with gray heads, palsied, who whirled their spinning wheels, coughed, shivered and shook, and drank a great deal of brandy.

It was grim for poor Sefchen in the lonely house, particularly on winter nights, when the wind outside shook the old oaks and howled violently in the wide flaring chimney, for then she feared the coming of thieves, not the living but the dead, those who had been hanged and had wrenched free of the gallows and came knocking at the window panes of the house asking admittance to warm themselves a little. They made such pitiful grimaces. But you can frighten them away by fetching a sword from the iron room and threatening them with it, and then they whisk away like a whirlwind.

Only on the days when her grandfather was preparing for a great execution did his colleagues come to see him, and then they brewed and baked meats and feasted and drank, spoke little and sang not at all. They drank out of silver cups, while on ordinary occasions only a tankard with a wooden lid was fetched for the despised executioner or his assistants from the inns which they frequented, and the other guests were given to drink out of tankards with pewter lids.

WHEN Sefchen was eight years old, she told me, an extraordinary number of visitors came over to her grandfather's house, although there was no execution or customary unpleasant official duty to be set in train. There were more than a dozen of them, almost all of them very old men with iron-gray or bald heads, and they wore their swords

under their long red cloaks, and their clothes cut in old French fashion. They came, as they said, to hold council, and the best of kitchen and cellar was laid before them for their mid-day meal.

They were the oldest executioners from the most distant regions, and they had not seen each other for a long time, and they kept on shaking hands. They spoke very little and often cracked jokes in a secret code of speech, and they *moulaient tristement*, as Froissart said of the English who gave a banquet after the battle of Poitiers. At nightfall the master of the house sent his assistants away, bade the old housekeeper bring from the cellar three dozen of his best Rhine wine and put it on the stone table in front of the great oaks that stood in a semi-circle by the house: he bade her also hang up the lanterns for the pine-oil lamps, and finally he made some excuse to send the old woman together with the two other old crones out of the house. He even stopped up with a horse-cloth an opening in the planks of the watch-dog's kennel: the dog was carefully chained up.

Sefchen's grandfather let her stay in the house, but told her to rinse out the great silver goblet earven with the sea-gods and their dolphins and conches, and to place that also on the stone table—but when that was done he gave her strict orders to go to her little room and to bed.

Sefchen rinsed out the Neptune goblet obediently, and put it on the table with the bottles of wine, but she did not go to bed, and, impelled by curiosity, she hid behind a bush near the oaks, from which she could hear little, but could see everything that happened.

The strange men came solemnly two by two with her grandfather at their head, and sat in a semi-circle round the table on high blocks of wood, and the lights were lit and showed in grisly fashion their grim faces, hard as stone.

They sat for long in silence, or, rather, each muttering to himself, perhaps praying. Then her grandfather filled the goblet with wine, and each drank from it and passed it, refilled at each turn, to his neighbor, and as each man drank they shook hands solemnly.

Finally her grandfather made a speech of which she could hear little, and understood nothing at all, but apparently some very melancholy business was toward, for large tears dropped from the old man's eyes, and the other old men began to weep bitterly, and this was a dreadful sight, for these men looked as hard and withered as the stone figures on the porch of a church, and now tears oozed from their blank stony eyes, and they sobbed like children.

AND the moon peeped so sadly from her veil of clouds in the starless sky that the heart of the eavesdropper was like to break for pity. Especially was she touched by the sorrow of one little man who wept more convulsively than the rest, and cried out so loudly that she could hear every word that he said. He kept on saying, "O God! O God! misery endureth so, that it is more than human heart can bear. O God, thou art unjust, unjust." His companions seemed to be able to soothe him only with great difficulty.

Finally the meeting rose, the old men threw off their red cloaks, and each holding his sword under his arm they marched two and two behind a tree where there stood ready an iron spade, and with this in a few moments one of them dug a deep trench. Sefchen's grandfather stepped forward—he had not like the others thrown off his red cloak—and produced from under it a white parcel, which was very narrow,

but about a Flemish ell in length, and wrapped round with a sheet; he laid it carefully in the open trench, which he quickly filled up again.

Poor Sefchen in her hiding place could endure it no longer; at the sight of the secret burial her hair stood on end, and in her anguish the poor child hurried away to her room, hid herself under the bedclothes, and went to sleep.

Next morning it all seemed a dream to Sefchen, but when she saw the freshly turned-up soil behind the tree she knew that it must all be true. She puzzled long over what might be buried there: a child? a beast? a treasure?—but she never told any one of the doings of that night, and with the passing of the years it slipped further and further back in her memory.

It was not until five years later, when her grandfather died, and the Woman of Goch came to fetch the girl to Düsseldorf, that she dared reveal the secret to her aunt, who, however, was neither shocked nor amazed by the strange story, but was hugely delighted by it. She said that neither child, nor cat, nor treasure was buried in the trench, but it must be her grandfather's executioner's sword with which he had struck off the heads of a hundred poor sinners. She said that it was the usage and custom among executioners not to keep or use any more a sword which has been used a hundred times in the exercise of their penal office; such a sword is not like other swords, for in the course of time it has come by an inner consciousness, and in the end has need of the peace of the grave like a human being.

AND the Woman of Goch declared that the most wondrous feats of magic can be performed with such a sword, with its hundredfold slaughter, and the very same night she made haste to disinter the buried sword, and she kept it ever after among her other charms in her den.

Once when she was not at home I asked Sefchen to show me this curiosity. I had not long to ask, and she went to the room and came back with a monstrous sword, which she swung mightily in spite of the weakness of her arms, whilst she sang, half in menace and half in roguery:

Wilt thou kiss the naked sword
That is given by the Lord?

And in the same tone of voice I replied: "I will not kiss the bright, bright sword; I will kiss the red Sefchen!" and as she could not withstand me from fear of hurting me with the fatal steel, she had to let me kiss her, and very warmly I laid hands on her slender hips and kissed her defiant lips. Yes, in spite of the executioner's sword with which a hundred poor rascals had been beheaded, and in spite of the infamy which comes upon those who come in contact with any of the condemned race, I kissed the lovely daughter of the executioner.

I kissed her not only because of my own tender feeling for her, but in scorn of society and all its dark prejudices, and in that moment there flared up in me one of the first flames of those two passions to which my later life has been devoted: the love of fair women, and the love of the French Revolution, the *furor francese*, with which I also was seized in the struggle with the feudal landlords.

I do not intend to pursue more closely my love for Josepha. But this much I will confess, that it was the prelude to the great tragedies of my riper period. So is Romeo in calfish love for Rosalind before he sees his Juliet.

A PRO-GERMAN

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

THE Excellency scratched his short, greasy nose, passed his disturbing fingers through his beard, and swore one of those Russian oaths that would be an insult elsewhere.

"Read this report from Anton Pavlovich, idiot," he panted, and sank back exhausted in his armchair.

The secretary smiled a secretarial smile which is, or should be, a cross between the smile of a valet and that of a poet. He clicked his heels and saluted, then began in a secretarial voice, something between that of an auctioneer and that of a Bishop of the Latin Church:

"A report to His Excellency the General-Governor of the Province of Kherson from Anton Pavlovich, lieutenant governor and Chief of the Police in the town and district of Durakselo.

"I have the honor to report to your Excellency that Nicholas Orestovich Dumovich, a peasant of the little town of Durakselo, in your province, has murdered his wife and her reported lover and has apparently become insane. He came to me and handed over to me a sum of 188 roubles, 20 kopecks, 'to help kill more "Niemtzi,"' he stated, using the popular appellation for the nations of Teutonic race.

"A report of the case is appended. I propose, with the assent of your Excellency, to refuse the stolen money, to seek its lawful owners and to send the man to Siberia as a government settler without further expense to the empire."

The Governor started and nearly jumped out of his seat.

"What the hell?" he swore, his face purple and swollen of a sudden, "what the . . . does this . . . think I am? Let him chase his own . . . self to an . . . asylum. Discouraging patriotism, eh! The . . .! Read the report."

When he had relapsed into a calmer state, the secretary read the report:

"Nicholas Orestovich Dumovich killed his wife under the following circumstances, partly related by himself and partly reconstructed by your Excellency's humble servant, Anton Pavlovich.

"Last Monday the man came home drunk, as usual. He is a small market gardener; his wife has a spare room and takes boarders when she can get them. Dumovich is reputed quarrelsome, spiteful and greedy.

"He brought along with him another man, no less drunk, who, however, was the excuse for Dumovich getting his wife to give him money for another bottle of vodka. The visitor drank some of it and went away. Then Dumovich began at once. He suggested to his wife that she should help him kill their paying guest for his money. That guest's name is, according to his passport, Stephan Barelsky. I take the liberty to quote here from the dialogue between the pair, as Dumovich never varies in his account thereof."

"His account thereof," sneered the Excellency. "Damn all these literary gents! Style indeed! What do I care what he said or what she answered?"

The secretary smiled and resumed.

"Nicholas Orestovich states that he took the bottle from the table, drank a glass, and said to his wife: 'What a head of wood you have! You are only a fool after all. Since he must die what does it matter when? say I. Everyone must die. It is really more agreeable that he should die now. Come, Anissia, my little dove, tell me that you understand.'"

"Nikita, you are a butcher! What are you talking about? You want to murder him?"

"And who speaks to you of murdering, imbecile? I only said killing."

"Oh, you deserve to be tried like a criminal for the wicked things that enter your head along with the vodka. It is Siberia and hard labor you deserve. Death alone would be too light."

"Wooden head, will you make an end of screaming! I will show you whether death is a light thing. I will kill you with my own hands."

"You would not dare, Nikita."

"Fool and idiot! Now you are howling, eh! My hand shall soon make you howl."

"Oh, beat me if you will, Nikita. But do not forget that you are a man. And the stranger, he also is a man. Why, but this morning I was burning a taper before the image of St. Pantelei, the healer, that he may give our guest back his health."

"Hell take your Pantelei!"

"Nikita, my pigeon, do not swear! Repent of your sins! Repent of your sins! I will die at your feet. You may kill me if you wish, but do not harm Ossip."

"I swear to God, if you continue to cry, I will kill you. May you have devils in your throat! You have sinned with him, may be!"

"Nikita, how can you? Oh, how, how?"

"I submit to your Excellency at this point that the suspicion of adultery followed the hint given by the man. The wording of an idea before its actual conception is a well known psychological phenomenon with half-educated people."

"What do you think of that, if you can think today?" the Governor asked of his secretary, who was glad of the minute's respite.

"It seems to me, your Excellency, that Anton Pavlovich . . ."

"Precisely. Now, go on. *Anton Pavlovich est un crétin*," he added in French.

"The peasant had an idea in his head now, and clever is he who can make a Russian peasant forget an idea once it has entered his head and gotten hold of a cell to which to adhere. From a word let fall unthinkingly Nikita had come to his idea. He was now persuaded that his wife had been faithless to him with Ossip Ivanich. Will your Excellency note . . ."

"Pass his senseless remarks. *Anton Pavlovich est un crétin*," the Excellency repeated through his beard. The secretary licked his thin lips and went on:

"His wife, Anissia, all trembling, with linked hands, dragged herself on her knees before him. He took the terror with which he inspired his wife for an avowal of her fault and grasped the bottle again.

"There, hussy—I quote again from his own version—'and you have done that! Get up and come here. Listen to me! You are going to his room, to that son of a she-mule, and . . .'"

"The rest he whispered in her ear. It consisted of an appeal to help him rob and kill their paying guest. She cried and made negative signs with her head. A slap under the nose brought her upright.

"Never, never," she cried, 'never! Ossip Ivanich may be rich, but he shall die when God wishes him to die—Oh, what a criminal you are, Nikita!'

"Very well; then it shall be when God wishes also for you—that is now—take that, slut!"

"Nicholas Orestovich felled his wife with a blow of the fist and finished her off on the floor with his boot. Then he drank again, *feeling cold in his bones*, he states. Slowly he went towards the door on the right, stepping over the body of his wife. He opened it, crossed the narrow passage and entered the room of the rich man.

"There, Ossip, you are better, eh?" he inquired.

"The rich man in the bed did not answer him.

"So, like that, you found my Anissia pretty, eh. She that looks like a pumpkin to me. Yes, you play the rich man and say nothing. But I have come to settle your account . . . wait a bit. You know, my soul hurts me. It seems to me that it is hung up on a great hooked nail and that some one comes and pulls it from below. Then it bleeds, you understand, and the blood flows, and at the same time I seem always to see my eyes dancing in the air in front of me. My wife also danced before me. I have killed the she-carriou. Exactly, it is your turn now. Give me your money."

"Your Excellency will remark that the insanity of the murderer is proved by the fact that he admits all these words and does not deny that he had no evidence of faithlessness. One look at the corpse of his wife showed me that no man could so far . . ."

"Pass that over, hurry. Your Anton Pavlovich makes me positively sick. He is a disgusting satyr. But I want you to read this rubbish to the end. Then I'll give you my instructions."

"The sick man did not reply. Apparently we can surmise that all he had heard and seen during the weeks of his stay with that couple seemed to him strange, weird and so altogether different from what he had dreamed that his ideas were no longer very clear in his head. The strangest thing that might happen to him could no more surprise him. He was prepared for everything and anything. He only turned his eyes on Nikita and looked at him, much, I suppose, as an intelligent dog might for the first time look at a stranger from Mars. Then he turned away with a pout of disgust.

"Yes, wait," said Nicholas Orestovich, pursuing his fixed idea. "You will not speak, rich good-for-nothing. I am going to send you to the witches and devils. Since my soul hurts me I must accomplish my mission. You may turn your head away, fellow, but I know you have money. In such times when the Little Father needs it all, you hoard gold. Aha, your gold shall help kill some godless Germans, anyhow. Here, pig, take this, and that, and die, die and die!"

"He states that he kept striking the rich man with his fists until the eyes were turned inwards. Then he left the bed and searched the cupboard, then a little drawer, then the man's trunk. As he found nothing he swore and came back to the bed. He pushed the body to the bottom of it and raised the mattress.

"Ah, the pretty pieces of gold I found there, your Nobility," he told me in his statement.

"I began counting them . . . one hundred and eighty roubles in gold, your Nobility, to kill Germans with."

"Nicholas Orestovich came to me and sought audience. I received him and he addressed me as follows:

"There so, Anton Pavlovich, I saw your house and I thought that perhaps you would not mind forwarding my little alms. It is small, but our beloved Little Father will be able to kill some Germans with it."

"Your Excellency, I thanked him. I had no cause to arrest the man, but his attitude made me suspicious and I had him followed.

"He returned home, took the dead body of his wife on his shoulder and carried it to the bed, next to this other victim.

"There," he said, "Anton Pavlovich said I was a very good subject, exactly. And now, you two, sleep, like that, heart to heart. My mission is accomplished and my soul is cured. It does not bleed any more. Everything is clear before me now. I am going to drink again, and then . . ."

"Good night, good day,
My little brother, my pigeon,
Good night, good day,
With all my heart.

"Oh, it's terrible. My dear little bottle, come here, and I will embrace you once more. The Little Father will be happy . . . and I killed the pig, oh, oh!"

"Boje Tzaria Krani," he cried again, and tumbled dead drunk at the foot of the bed.

"He was, of course, arrested, and later on brought before me. He is very proud of his action and seems altogether insane. No word of mine seems to impress him. He does not realize the enormity of his deed. His last words to me were:

"Would your Nobility believe that she spoke very well, the she-carriou? "It will be when God wishes," she says, then God wished at once, exactly."

The General-Governor had fallen asleep. The silence awoke him. He echoed, opening his eyes.

"Exactly. Well, my friend Anton Pavlovich, you are a disgusting creature, a crétin and a poet. There is no God or good in you. Write, young man, if you please, in the margin of this fantastic report:

"The General-Governor commanding the Government of Kherson transmits the report of Anton Pavlovich and proposes:

"1. That the said peasant, Nicholas Orestovich Dumovich, in connection with His Imperial Majesty's land project, be given a suitable post in this government; that his gift of 188 roubles 20 kopecks be extolled among the peasants.

"2. That the Lieutenant-Governor, Anton Pavlovich, be sent to the Eastern front, for I must suspect him of being a pro-German. He seems to be bent upon discouraging patriotism.

"3. That mention be made to the foreign journalists of the fact that our peasants are giving their last kopeck and sacrifice h'm . . . their . . . what shall I say, ah, yes . . . their . . . even . . . even their prospect of comfort in order to help in the fight against our enemies, the Japanese . . . now what am I talking about—the English, I mean Oh, Hell! you know what I mean . . ."

And the Excellency rose to his full height, carressed his beard with a sigh, and left the room.

What a secretary and what the superior authorities thought of the report and of the comments thereon is hardly fit for publication.



MY FIRST NOVEL

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

BY heaven!" I said, "I will write a novel!"

And I sat down to my oaken bureau with the air of a man who has resolved to commit a stupendous crime. Perhaps, indeed, it was a crime, this my first serious challenge to a neglectful and careless world. At any rate it was meant to be the beginning of the end, the end being two-fold—fame and a thousand a year. You must bear well in mind that I was by no means the ordinary person, and my novel was by no means to be the ordinary novel. In these cases the very essence of the situation is always that one is not ordinary. I had just discovered that I could write—and when I use the term "write" here, I use it in a special sense, to be appreciated only by those elect who can themselves "write," and difficult of comprehension by all others. I had had a *conte*—exquisitely Gallic as to spirit and form—in the "Yellow Book," and that *conte* had been lauded in the "South Audley Street Gazette" or some organ of destructive criticism. My friends believed in Art, themselves, and me. I believed in myself, Art and them. Could any factor be lacking to render the scene sublime and historic?

So I sat down to write my first novel, under the sweet influences of the de Goncourts, Turgenev, Flaubert and de Maupassant. It was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author whose name I shall not mention now, for the reason that I have aforetime made my admiration of that author very public. I clearly remember that the purpose uppermost in my mind was to imitate what I may call the physical characteristic of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations in my novel, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly into sections by Roman numerals only; and it was indispensable that a certain proportion of these sections should begin or end abruptly. As thus, for a beginning: "Gerald suddenly changed the conversation, and taking the final match from his match-box at last agreed to light a cigar." And for an ending: "Her tremulous eyes sought his; breathing a sigh she murmured . . . 'O succession of dots, charged with significance but tremendous, there were to be hundreds of you in my novel, because you play so important a part in the literature of the country of Victor Hugo and M. Loubet."

So much for the physical characteristics. To come nearer to the soul of it, my novel was to be a mosaic consisting exclusively of Flaubert's *mots justes*—it was to be *mots justes* composed into the famous *écriture artiste* of the de Goncourts.

THE sentences were to perform the trick of "the rise and fall." The adjectives were to have color, the verbs were to have color, and perhaps it was a *sine qua non* that even the pronouns should be prismatic—I forget. And all these effects were to be obtained without the most trifling sacrifice of truth. There was to be no bowing in the house of the Rimmon of sentimentality. Life being gray, sinister and melancholy, my novel must be gray, sinister and melancholy. As a matter of strict fact, life deserved none of these epithets; I was having a very good time; but at twenty-seven one is captious and liable to err in judgment—a liability which fortunately disappears at thirty-five or so. No startling events were to occur in my novel, nor anything out of the way that might bring the blush of shame to the modesty of

nature; no ingenious combination, no dramatic surprises, and, above all, no coincidences. It was to be the Usual miraculously transformed by Art into the Sublime.

The sole liberty that I might permit myself in handling the Usual was to give it a rhythmic contour—a precious distinction in those Yellerbocky days.

All these cardinal points being settled, I passed to the business of choosing a subject. Need I say that I chose myself? But in obedience to my philosophy I made myself a failure. I regarded my hero with an air of "There, but for the grace of God, goes me!" I decided that he should go through most of my own experiences, but that instead of fame and a thousand a year he should arrive ultimately at disillusion and a desolating suburban domesticity. I said I would call my novel "In the Shadow," a title suggested to me by the motto of Balzac's "Country Doctor"—"For a wounded heart, shadow and silence." It was to be all very dolorous, this Odyssey of a London clerk who—But I must not disclose any detail of the plot.

So I sat down, and wrote on a fair quarto sheet, "In the Shadow," and under that "I." It was a religious rite, an august and imposing ceremonial; and I was the officiating priest. In the few fleeting instants between the tracing of the "I" and the tracing of the first word of the narrative, I felt happy and proud; but immediately the fundamental brain-work began, I lost nearly all my confidence. With every stroke the illusion grew thinner, more remote. I perceived that I could not become Flaubert by taking thought, and this rather obvious truth rushed over me as a surprise. I knew what I wanted to do, and I could not do it. I felt, but I could not express. My sentences would persist in being damnably Mudiesque. The *mots justes* hid themselves exasperatingly behind a cloud. The succession of dots looked merely fatuous. The charm, the poetry, the distinction, the inevitableness, the originality, the force and the invaluable rhythmic contour—these were anywhere save on my page. All writers are familiar with the dreadful despair that ensues when a composition, on perusal, obstinately presents itself as a series of little systems of words joined by conjunctions and so forth, something like this—subject, predicate, object. Pronoun, *however* predicate, negative, infinite verb. *Nevertheless* participle, accusative, subject, predicate, etc., etc., etc., for evermore. I suffered that despair. The proper remedy is to go to the nearest bar and have a drink, or to read a bit of "Comus" or "Urn-Burial," but at that time I had no skill in weathering anti-cyclones, and I drove forward like a sinking steamer in a heavy sea.

AND this was what it was, in serious earnest, to be an author! For I reckon that in writing the first chapter of my naturalistic novel, I formally became an author; I had undergone a certain apprenticeship.

I didn't feel like an author, no more than I had felt like a journalist on a similar occasion. Indeed, far less; I felt like a fool, an incompetent ass. I seemed to have an idea that there was no such thing as literature, that literature was a mirage, or an effect of hypnotism, or a concerted fraud. After all, I thought, what in the name of common sense is the use of telling this silly ordinary story of everyday life? Where is the point? What is art, anyway, and all this chatter about truth to life, and all this rigmarole of canons?

I finished the chapter that night, hurriedly, perfunctorily, and only because I had sworn to finish it. Then, in obedience to an instinct which all Grub Street has felt, I picked out the correct "Yellow Book" from a shelf and read my beautiful story again. That enheartened me a little, restored my faith in the existence of art, and suggested the comfortable belief that things were not perhaps as bad as they seemed.

In six months I had written only about thirty thousand words, and I felt the sort of elation that probably succeeds six months on a treadmill. But one evening, in the midst of a chapter a sudden and mysterious satisfaction began to warm my inmost being. I knew that that chapter was good and going to be good. I experienced happiness in the very act of work. Emotion and technique were reconciled. It was as if I had surprisingly come upon the chart with the blood-red cross showing where the Spanish treasure was buried. I dropped my pen, and went out for a walk, and decided to give the book an entirely fresh start. I carefully read through all that I had written. It was bad, but viewed in the mass it produced on me a sort of culminating effect which I had not anticipated. Conceive the poor Usual at the bottom of a flight of stairs, and the region of the Sublime at the top: it seemed to me that I had dragged the haggard thing halfway up, and that it lay there, inert but safe, awaiting my second effort. The next night I braced myself to this second effort, and I thought that I succeeded.

"WE'RE doing the trick, Charlie," Edmund Kean whispered into the ear of his son during a poignant scene of "Brutus." And in the very crisis of my emotional chapters, while my hero was rushing fatally to the nether grayness of the suburbs and all the world was at its most sinister and most melancholy, I said to myself with glee: "We're doing the trick." My moods have always been a series of violent contrasts, and I was now just as uplifted as I had before been depressed. There were interludes of doubt and

difficulty, but on the whole I was charmed with my novel. It would be a despicable affectation to disguise the fact that I deemed it a truly distinguished piece of literature, idiosyncratic, finely imaginative, and of rhythmic contour. As I approached the end my self-esteem developed in a *crescendo*. I finished the tale, having sentenced my hero to a marriage infallibly disastrous at three o'clock one morning. I had labored for twelve hours without intermission. It was great, this spell; it was histrionic. It was Dumas over again and the roaring French forties.

Nevertheless, to myself I did not dare to call myself an artist. I lacked the courage to believe that I had the sacred fire, the inborn and not-to-be-acquired vision. It seemed impossible that this should be so. I have ridiculed the whole artist tribe, and, in the pursuit of my vocation, I shall doubtless ridicule them again; but never seriously. Nothing is more deeply rooted in me than my reverence for the artistic faculty. And whenever I say, "The man's an artist," I say it with an instinctive solemnity that, so far as I am concerned, ends all discussion.

When my novel had been typewritten and I read it in cold blood, I was absolutely unable to decide whether it was very good, good, medium, bad, or very bad. I could not criticise it. All I knew was that certain sentences, in the vein of the *écriture artiste*, persisted beautifully in my mind, like fine lines from a favorite poet. I loosed the brave poor thing into the world over a postoffice counter. "What chance has it in the fray?" I exclaimed. My novel had become nothing but a parcel. Thus it went in search of its fate. . . .

My profits from this book with the exceptional style and the exceptional knowledge of human nature, exceeded the cost of having it typewritten by the sum of one sovereign. Nor was I, nor am I, disposed to grumble at this. Many a first book has cost its author a hundred pounds. I got a new hat out of mine.

[From "The Truth About an Author," Doran, New York.]

AN APOLOGY FOR APOLOGISTS

By B. RUSSELL HERTS.

PRIDE goeth before a fall, but if the fall is followed by an apology, no harm has been done, and much good accomplished. For in this case, the "fall" can only refer to the humbling of the proud, and this inevitable humility is merely the alternative of pride in the first place. It is as if we should say as a threat to the wicked, "Your badness will surely be turned into goodness—a goodness which you cannot escape, so you might as well take to it in the beginning." The difficulty would be that the wicked one expects to have a lot of fun before he turns good, and your threat is for him simply a promise of salvation. So we announce humility as the lot of man.

Now if this is the case, let me exhort the proud never to avoid the humble exercise of apologizing. It is one of the most useful and delightful of all the arts of conversation.

To the poet it must appeal for its stimulus to the imagination, for although the master apologist need never advance reasons for the act which calls forth the apology, the novice often has to think up some, and it is truly astonishing what a variety he comes to develop after a while.

The development of the apologetic function is also a great

time saver. For example, one can always be late to appointments if one can absolutely rely upon his apology, and surely there is nothing that saves one's own time so admirably as making other people wait for one.

Most important of all, from the ethical standpoint, is the indulgence in sincerity which the use of apologies affords. Those unskillful in the art, or unwilling to exercise it, are forced continually to be tactful, politic and other disagreeable and dishonest things. But the master apologist can always tell the truth, no matter how unpleasant it may sound, and then turn it off with a charming aftermath.

And this leads directly to another quality, inherent in apologies, a social grace of the first rank, and more important perhaps than wealth or beauty; that is, charm. In developing apologetics one inevitably achieves charm, for without it the functioning is imperfect and unsatisfactory. And certainly this is an attribute of unquestioned power.

Therefore, and for a hundred reasons of service and efficiency, let us welcome apologies. We must not slight the education of our children in this noble if neglected art.

SUMMER CAMPS — WHY THEY ARE BECOMING A PERMANENT AMERICAN INSTITUTION

By WALTER A. KEYES, Pd. D.

Editor's Note: Dr. Keyes, the author of this article, is a Principal in Trinity School, New York city, and has been for the past eighteen years one of the most active and successful exponents of the Summer Camp movement in this country. His wide experience in the conducting of camp life makes this article doubly significant. We earnestly advise all parents to read it.



"After a drawing by
Leo Mielziner."

The very large increase in summer camps during the last few years has caused many people to speculate as to the reasons which have led to it. As a member of the Camp Owners' Association of America, and the director of one of the older camps of New England, I feel that I am in a position to answer that question.

The reasons are two-fold: First, there is a great need of homes for children, so situated that they can lead a free, out-of-door life, where they can throw off the city environment and draw near to nature; and, secondly, the camp directors are alive to the great opportunity that is open to them to administer to the moral, mental, and physical needs of city children in an atmosphere best adapted to their growth. As a result they are conducting camps on a very high scale of efficiency, and by mutual co-operation are raising their ideals and usefulness year by year.

GROWTH.

In the camp directors' organization alone there are about sixty camps represented, which had an enrollment of over 3,500 children last year. This constitutes only a small percentage of all the existing camps. And new camps are springing up daily all over the United States. The New England States, with their lofty mountains, wooded hillsides, extensive lakes and rivers, immeasurable bays and harbors, contain more camps than are to be found in any other one locality. A few of them are as old as thirty years, while quite a number have passed the twenty-year mark.

DEVELOPMENT.

The beginnings of a summer camp are likely to be on a rather small scale. If the enterprise is run on a good business basis it will prosper and grow. Many a camp, begun with less than one hundred dollars of capital, has grown into a plant worth more than \$10,000 in less than ten years' time.

The equipment of the progressive camp includes dining halls, general living quarters, tents, cabins, saddle horses, touring cars, golf, tennis and baseball fields, launches, sailboats, canoes, etc., to say nothing of the outfit for gymnasium work.

In addition to these provisions for the children's enjoyment and development, most camps specialize along one or more lines of handicraft, such as cabinet work, basketry, jewelry making, working in leather, drawing, and painting. In charge of these departments the directors place men and women chosen on account of special adaptability to the particular subject upon which their time and energies are to be spent. They must love both their work and the children who come to them for instruction. All shop work is voluntary, but each member must choose one from the group of

subjects offered at camp, and devote a certain number of hours per week at his chosen occupation.

Most camps also offer regular instruction in elementary and college preparatory work for ambitious boys, as well as those who are compelled to make up back work. In this department able teachers are employed, preferably those who have had experience in coaching for special examinations. The time given in camps for regular school work varies from one to three hours a day, with more or less time in the evenings spent in study.

CITY LIFE.

City life, as it is lived by the vast majority of children, *very seriously hinders the growth of their minds and the development of their characters.* They are deprived of most of the activities which are open to country children. They cannot try out their ideas, be they ever so good, for want of space. The constructive impulse is deadened. What city boy ever has a chance to build any of those articles which his childish fancy prompts him to construct, such as a chicken coop, a dog house, a kite, a canoe, or a model flying machine? Lack of room and the complexity of metropolitan life will not permit it. Never having tried to make any of these articles, his constructive powers soon become dwarfed. At an early age city children become dependent upon others for their entertainment. The theatres get most of them. Many city children attend some sort of an entertainment house as often as ten times a week. I am acquainted with several high school lads who boast that they see every play of any consequence that comes to New York. They do it from sheer desperation. There is nothing else to do. Fathers and mothers either go out, or entertain grown friends at bridge. The apartment is limited in space, and the children are hustled off to the movies to get rid of them and give their parents a chance. In the afternoons the children must have some air, but what can they do? Very little, except to get into trouble.

All the effort is spent on *repressing the child's energy instead of in seeking some outlet by means of which his natural gifts may be encouraged, and his imagination quickened and made to serve him.* When parents make companions of their children, taking them for walks and trips in the country, amusing or instructing them at home in some profitable way, much of the harm of city life is *avoided.* Unfortunately, few parents do this, and their children grow to maturity lacking in all of that vast field of knowledge which comes from personal contact with things of daily life. For a boy to know how to use a saw, hammer, paint brush, broom, axe, scythe, thread and needle, how to light a kerosene lamp, to tighten a nut, to sharpen a knife, and do a hundred other things common to the daily life of a country boy, is to give him an insight into practical values that will help him over many a more serious problem in later years.

COUNTRY LIFE.

As our city population becomes larger and larger, there is a constantly increasing number of people who pass their entire childhood in ignorance of the joys of the flowers and fields,

the mysteries of the woods and streams, and the grandeur of the mountains and waterfalls. Tens of thousands of our citizens do not love the country because they do not know it. They cannot become interested in it because they never spent any of their childhood in it. And childhood's days are the days when we learn to love the things which are ever afterwards the dearest to us. A tree does not particularly interest the city-bred man, because he does not know its name, its nature, or its use. It is just a tree to him, and one tree is as good as another. The rocks and stones tell him no stories because to him all rocks are merely obstructions in one's pathway. The stars above him are of scarcely more interest, for what city man ever has a sufficiently wide range of vision to take in a whole constellation at a single glance! As he gazes upward between two lofty rows of skyscrapers his sole purpose in searching for a glimpse of a star is to determine the probable state of the weather for the next couple of hours. From his vantage point he can see nothing of the beauty of the heavenly lamps. The great dome of heaven, so all-pervading, so changeable, and so soul-stirring, is not his to enjoy. He passes it over without regret, because it was not a part of his childhood experience. In his youthful days he never walked home from a neighbor's house, a distance of a couple of miles, along an open country road, alone, on a still summer night, and if he had to do it now, it would be a far from pleasant task. The sound of the katydid would strike a chill to his bones, the croaking of a frog would raise every hair of his head on end, and the barking of a dog in the distance would fill his soul with terror, and he would start for home at a breakneck pace. Darkness and the consciousness of being alone with nature are really terrifying to a large number of city-bred men.

Camps offer to children an opportunity to get next to nature in such a way as to make them love it. In the fields and on the farms they learn the various products of the land and observe how they are raised. They observe the habits of cattle, horses, sheep and poultry, and learn something of their care and the process of reproduction. It is most interesting to watch a boy who has discovered a flower, insect, bird or other animal which was entirely new to him. The discovery is an incentive to other and still more interesting revelations.

Nothing can ever take the place of childhood recollections of country life. They are the most precious of all memories. A city friend is merely an acquaintance—here today and gone tomorrow. But friendships that are made in the country during a summer filled with various strenuous activities, will last forever. The canoe trip down the river, the hike across the mountains without a guide, the cruise that was all but a shipwreck, the thunder storm with its accompanying drenching, the hunting trip with no game to show for it, and the fishing trip without a catch, are all incidents in a boy's life that are stored away in his mind, never to be forgotten. They are a part of his very being. Among these incidents there exist the memories of acts of courage and self-denial, the endurance of pain, hunger, thirst, and anxiety. Then there came the joy of deliverance, the square meal, the dry clothes, the night's sweet rest, and in the morning, the pleasure of the completed picture, framed, hung, and never to be forgotten.

CHARACTER.

The most important training that a child can obtain is that which tends toward character building. I know of no place where this can be done better than in summer camps as they are now being conducted.

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ental indulgencies, and directly under the care of the director. He is one of a group of children. He can claim only what the others have. He must be obedient to his chief and the councilors, and he must live in harmony with his boy companions. His time is all laid out in periods, prescribed beforehand; so much study, physical work, play, and rest.

The director knows how to approach his boys in order to bring out the best that there is in them. He encourages the weak, he restrains the over-zealous, and directs the strong and ambitious. Those who are lazy, or disobedient, or in any one way or another untrustworthy, must be dealt with, individually, in such a manner as to show them the necessity of getting into line with their comrades and playing the game squarely.

It will be seen then that summer camps are supplying the need which is so greatly felt in the American homes of today. Briefly, they are the best means of developing character, because *they place the child at once in an atmosphere where obedience is a necessity, self-direction a privilege, and honor the rule of practice. They furnish an opportunity for a boy to form healthy and lasting friendships. They awaken his ambition and inspire within him respect for labor. They do more than anything else can possibly do to lay the foundation for future health and all-round development. They encourage regular habits.*

When one adds to these reasons all that the boys and girls learn to do, the fun they have, and the energy that they store up for the coming years, one can see at a glance why camps are flourishing, and why it is the duty of every parent to give his children these advantages, if it is within his power to do so.

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Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

VOL. XI. NO. 7.

JULY, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 977L. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bomhard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger; Business Manager, R. S. Toth.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six months. In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches. Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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THE MILITARY USURPATION IN NEW YORK

THE effort of the military to take the government of the city of New York out of the hands of Mayor Mitchel was exciting while it lasted. A story or two, circulated in the newspapers here, indicated that uniformed soldiers acted as if martial law had been proclaimed and its administration handed over to them. Tales of lawless procedure filled the newspapers, these reports being all the more mystifying because no one in authority over the troops would accept responsibility for their acts. Meetings were invaded, citizens were subjected to causeless and meaningless arrest and the right of peaceable assemblage ceased to exist. Perhaps the military wish to make the war unpopular. Certainly, the deeds accredited to some men in uniform would justify a suspicion that they were deliberately trying to make their vocation odious. The truth probably is that these young men were instructed in their duties by incompetent officers. The Mayor of this city is supposed to be responsible for its government. He maintains law and order through the police. Are we to assume that the Mayor has abdicated government here or is it possible that by an exercise of superior physical force, the military authorities have simply superseded the local government?

A POSSIBLE PERIL TO THE NATION

IF we are to assume—in the face of the probabilities of the case—that the conduct of the uniformed troops in New York in upsetting the local government, in practically superseding it in the exercise of the police power, reflects a matured policy in high quarters, then a period of extreme tension must ensue. The subjection of a large civilian population to the whim of the military, the treatment of a community accustomed to self government as

if it were an Asiatic satrapy, must in the end kindle a fire that will prove destructive before it is quenched. It can not surely be the purpose of the War Department at Washington or of the militia in the several States to render the war odious, to foment a spirit of cowed revolt, to destroy every organ of expression possessed by the popular will. The creation of such a situation in our large self-governing American communities would be fatal to the war. It would arouse a flaming resentment that must in the end substitute for the war with Germany a severe domestic crisis. So obvious is all this that we must explain the episodes in New York as manifestations of some inadequacy to the situation on the part of inexperienced officers of the army.

OUR BOB AND THE CHINESE IMBROGLIO

IT is not at all unlikely that the enemies of our diplomacy will seek to make Bob a scapegoat in this Chinese business. Somebody sent a note to China and the Japanese do not like it. One story is to the effect that a bogus note got into circulation. This seems to us highly likely. In our opinion the affair amounts to nothing but an effort to discredit Bob. He is the greatest Secretary of State we ever had, especially in the matter of notes. He writes them with surpassing effect. They are far more exciting than the letters of Junius and they ring with the scorn of that immortal unknown. One can tell a note by Bob owing to its indignation at anything like a slur upon democracy. If, as we suspect may be the case, the enemies of Bob have been putting notes into circulation that Bob never signed, the plagiarism ought to be punished. Otherwise, notes will be put into circulation purporting to be addressed by Bob to the British, the French and the Italians, with results that can be imagined. Fortunately, Bob has so long been

widely known as a champion of freedom of all kinds—freedom of the press in particular—that his real note to China can be told at once by the sentiment it preaches. The Japanese should not be so sensitive.

OUR BOB GETS AFTER THE
WILD BEAST

NO doubt the Wilhelmstrasse will affect contempt for the attack upon the imperial German Government which our Bob indulged in at Princeton last month. Ever since he became the head of the Department of State at Washington, Bob has studied the imperial German Government with care and we are willing to accept all his impressions on the subject as accurate. The imperial government, Bob tells us, is "the wild beast of the world," and moreover, we are engaged in a war for democracy. All this may be perfectly true. There has never been a doubt in our minds of the sincerity of Bob's devotion to democracy. At the same time he had never avowed this sentiment of his heart and many had wondered why he took no opportunity to do so. Now that his influence is so openly on the side of the freedom of all mankind, his democracy will lend peculiar interest to his next effort to muzzle the press. There have been some ill advised bureaucrats at Washington who lent themselves to this campaign. They were unwilling to tolerate even a discussion of peace terms. However, as Bob said at Princeton, "the will of the people is the sovereign will," and in accordance with that will the next censorship measure ought to have the benefit of Bob's revision.

NO ATTEMPT TO ABRIDGE
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

IT is scarcely fair to the Federal authorities to make it appear that they are trying to put an end to freedom of speech by cowing public opinion. It has been alleged that our people are being "tamed" into a suppression of their real sentiments regarding both the conduct of the war and the terms upon which it is to be concluded. Now, there is not the least foundation for a suspicion of the kind. The task would not be practicable. The whole Federal Government would be incapable of so suppressing the sentiments of our people that it could force a policy of its own upon them. If a man thinks any law ought to be amended, he is at liberty to write his Congressman to that effect, to write to the newspaper of his choice, to hire a hall and to make a speech in it. There has always been among our petty local despots a tendency to interfere with the exercise of freedom of speech. The war did not make this tendency any worse. The moment a gen-

eral suspicion prevailed among our people that the government was trying to cow the free expression of public opinion, the influence of the administration would be lost. Moreover, we must remember that President Wilson has not the temperament that would permit him to endure the suppression of any constitutional right. He is what is called nowadays an "intellectual," and he would feel ill at ease in a land suffocated mentally. The fact of war necessitates a decided enlargement of the authority of the executive. That fact has been seized upon to raise cries of autocracy and despotism. These cries would sound better on other lips. Some of the men who in the Senate speak loudest against autocracy have not in the past exhibited such enthusiasm for true democracy that we need take them seriously now. It will be time enough to protest in the name of constitutional rights when the administration tries to put through such a mischievous measure as was killed by Senator Johnson of California some weeks ago.

A COMING DIFFICULTY OF
PRESIDENT WILSON'S

MUCH is said nowadays about the tone and temper of the administration in carrying on the war. There are suggestions of innovation upon our constitutional procedure. To be quite frank, it is affirmed that President Wilson is making himself a kind of autocrat. Now, there can be no doubt that the President has firmness. He does not shrink from the logical consequences of any policy he has thought out and resolved upon. The members of his official family are made to understand that he is no man's man. This is as it should be. A President of the United States should not be "owned" by anyone. He should be able to give the country a lead. There is, however, one aspect of the character of President Wilson which should be carefully considered just now. He is astute in reading public opinion. He is a great political leader, but he does not strain his leadership to any breaking point. In fact, no President has ever shown more sensitiveness to public opinion. If he thought the masses of his countrymen eagerly desired a particular change or reform or innovation he would incline to obey the popular nod. In these circumstances wisdom suggests that no popular pressure be brought to bear upon the President for the mere sake of altering this detail or that in the war plans of the administration.

THE AGITATION AGAINST
THE DRAFT ACT

WITH every wish in the world to speak respectfully of those who think the idea of conscription an outworn one, we must confess our

amazement at the plan to have Congress repeal the draft law. Theoretically, the case against the draft is not without plausibility. But practically, the case against the voluntary system for the moment is fatal. The voluntary system, as practiced in Great Britain and in Australia, amounted to compulsion in a most odious form. If we repeal the draft law, we will not help anyone. There will be a furious "enlistment" campaign on the part of war enthusiasts, scores of thousands of "volunteers" who would be invaluable to our cause at home will be sent to Europe in a partially trained condition and many a brave lad will die a quite useless death for his country. The President's plan, while not so spectacular, is more scientific. There will be a careful selection of the youth of the land. Preparation for the field will be expert in character and results. To attempt a repeal of the conscription law will simply encourage the enemy. If we go scientifically to work to prepare a huge army, the mere exhibition of our strength will tell—perhaps end the war.

DO WE TAKE THE RIGHT
TONE TO RUSSIA

WORDS could hardly do justice to the iniquity of a certain class of newspapers here which persists in lecturing the new Russian government for being Socialistic. The New York Times is positively imbecile in this attitude. It is none of our business if the soldiers' and workers' council wants to set a socialist state going. Let them do that if they think they can succeed. Our business is to win the confidence of the simple Russians, to let them see that we have no sinister capitalistic prejudice against their economics. If the Russians will but take arms against the common foe, the object of our diplomacy is attained. At present, the Russians now in power at Petrograd will take the alarm if we suggest to them that their plans for a proletarian league of the world are a little premature, to say the least. The war has greatly accentuated the importance of the working classes everywhere. The valuable man just now is he who can do some creative work with his hands. To blink this truth, to permit the workingman to see that his lot will not be bettered by the outcome of this conflict, is sheer madness. The war is supposed to bring a blessing in its wake—the uplift of the wage earner. What madness it is at this crucial time to preach the theory that a revolution based upon the idea that manual workers are the salt of the earth is false, if not wicked. It may be that the Russians have carried the proletarian idea very far. Let them. If they are making a mistake, they will find that out without any assistance from us.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE NEW IGNORANCE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

IT is greatly to be regretted that some one whose name carries more weight with the Anglo-Saxon world than our own will not come to the defense of the Department of State. It has become the victim of late of a perfectly unique delusion which is the unheeded warning of diplomatic perils yet to come.

Those who follow the progress of events in the chancelleries of Europe and who are fairly conversant with the working of what in courtesy we must refer to as "European diplomacy," will have noticed a curious propensity to ascribe to our Department of State all kinds of mysterious information. The wise men in Washington are presumed to be in possession of facts which would explain their procedures—if we but knew the facts. Secretary Lansing must know ever and ever so much that is hidden from the man in the street and from the journalist in the antechamber.

Now this is so comforting a theory of the workings of our Department of State that we shrink from shattering the illusion upon which it is built. It is a sheer mirage. Not that the gentlemen in charge of the Department of State are responsible for the delusion in question. We are quite sure they do not encourage it or disseminate it. They would humbly admit that they know very little in comparison with what they seek to know. Nevertheless, the simple truth is that our Department of State at Washington is in the nature of things very ill-informed regarding the movements of what we must still call world politics. It is not in this respect very inferior to, say, the Foreign Office in London, the Quai d'Orsay in Paris, the Ballplatz at Vienna or the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. These great establishments, like our own Department of State are amazingly ignorant of what is going on in the very field they are maintained and trained to cultivate.

This may shock the inexperienced. It may be incredible to the common mind. A moment's consideration will show that this ignorance in Foreign Offices is inevitable. The great Monsieur De Blowitz, for so many years Paris correspondent of the London Times, happily compared a foreign office in a great capital to a deceived husband—never finding out what all the world knows until the very last. When neophytes were sent out to M. de Blowitz to be trained as journalists he warned them solemnly to beware of accepting the official information purveyed by the press bureaus of the

chancelleries as having any relation to reality. The Foreign Office never knows what is going on.

The head of a foreign office gets his dispatches, we will say, from the Ambassador at a particular capital. That Ambassador dines at the capital to which he is sent, but he dines only with the great personages of the court, with a few personal friends. His secretaries, the husbands of rich wives dine with the socially elect. There is much exchanging of cards, a general going to mass if a Catholic ruler dies, a grand opera "gala" and so on. Diplomacy consists largely of waltzing and of signing protocols and of reading protests and of carrying on correspondence correctly. The Foreign Office at home knows what treaties are in contemplation, what negotiation of an official character is progressing and what clique of international lawyers happens to have "the inside track" in the transaction of business. The traditional diplomacy has called into being a small and favored class of international lawyers who practice before this tribunal or that and who are anxious to keep diplomacy as the profession of the few and who will favor the growth of an inter-

national "bar." The modern and the new world into which we are groping our way wishes to break up the clique to which diplomacy and international law are the vocation of the technically trained, of the men who live upon international claims, awards and complications, and who have a code of their own. The most vivid illustration of the dilemma of the old diplomacy is the wish of the Russian revolutionist to drag every treaty and pact out into the open, to hold conferences in the broad light of day. This is so fatal to the clique in power that Bob Lansing had to evoke out of the eighteenth century a statute distorted into an act making it a crime for some Socialist to talk about peace with another in a neutral land.

Mr. Lansing is, in short, an international lawyer of the old school, eager to keep his profession in good standing. He is a survival from the time when State Departments and chancelleries were supposed to be equipped at least with information. It is unfair to accuse Mr. Lansing of being responsible for his own ignorance.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN AMERICA

By ALEXANDER HARVEY.

THE champions of freedom of speech and freedom of the press do not seem to understand that the enemies of their cause are entrenched in the judiciary.

It is a curious fact that the members of the minor or inferior judiciary, State and Federal, are on the whole less friendly to the constitutional right of freedom of speech than are the higher courts. Thus for many years the inferior Federal judiciary used the writ of injunction as a means of abridging the right of the workingmen peaceably to assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances.

President Wilson put an end to this evil, at least in its gravest forms. But the fact that the lower Federal judges had to get a cue from the executive illustrates a different evil altogether. The friends of freedom of speech should heed it. The lower Federal judges show a disposition to consider themselves the agents of the prosecution when certain kinds of cases are on trial.

THIS evil is an aggravated one in the case of the minor State judiciary here. The petty courts here in New York seem to take their cue from the executive. They are in some respects dependent upon that executive.

These considerations are entitled to weight in all our efforts to find out why it is that the constitutional right of freedom of speech is so constantly abridged. The explanation is to be found in the subservience and incapacity of the judges.

Words could not make plainer than do those of the Constitution the right to freedom of speech. But the words of themselves avail not a jot. A fearless and strong judiciary is the instrument of constitutional freedom, and it is to be feared that the men we have on the bench are with a few exceptions neither fearless nor strong. This is the serious truth behind the still more serious fact that the constitutional right of free speech is everywhere in process of abridgment.

The enemy of freedom of speech is more powerful today than are its friends. Never do we hear of the passage of a bill for the vindication of the right of freedom of speech and for the punishment of those who invade it.

Quite recently, the foes of the freedom of speech have been afforded a new weapon. It consists in the loud cry of "treason." The fact that we must not give the enemy aid and comfort does not mean that we must deny aid and comfort to our people at home.

It was inevitable that a subservient and inefficient judiciary would use the cry of treason to restrict still further the constitutional right to freedom of speech. A judge here in New York has sentenced a high-minded, upright man to prison for distributing a pamphlet in which President Wilson is criticised. The President, this judge affirmed, must not be criticised!

A KIND of reign of terror has thus been instituted.

Now, I have a feeling of the greatest respect for President Wilson and I rejoice in remembering that I voted for his re-election. I appreciate perfectly the immense difficulties of his position. But I am very much afraid that the President is in dire need of very severe criticism by his opponents as well as by his supporters.

The President does not seem to grasp the logical consequence of the fact that our business in this war is to destroy the armed forces of the Imperial German Government.

Our object in this war is to secure the destruction of the armed forces of the Imperial German Government, to repeat, and the fact is lost sight of in a hullabaloo over democracy by men who know nothing about it. It was a tactical blunder to confuse the popular mind on the subject of the war in this way. How to destroy the armed forces of the Imperial German Government is a perfectly legitimate subject of discussion. The effort to suppress freedom of speech on this subject is one more blunder.

—From *The Bang*.

SPLENDIDLY WITHDRAWN

By ROLAND HUGINS, Cornell University.

I.

I SAY "That will be all this time, gentlemen." It is my last class for the morning. The students brighten a little and flock out. I gather up my books and walk down the corridor of one of the most expensive "halls for the humanities" in America, until I reach the office I share with five other instructors. There I tarry for a time, or I drift into one of the other offices, for a smoke and a talk.

We are great conversationalists, we professors and instructors. And we talk to good purpose. Seldom do we converse for an hour before we have found a way to pull the nation through whatever crisis is threatening, or have reached a solution to some insolvable problem in philosophy or morals. We argue much, for we regard argument almost as an indoor sport. And often we talk shop. We tell each other how unresponsive our classes are. We assure one another that the students, as a whole, have no intellectual interests but the most feeble, no critical standards that are colorable, and no ideals that will heat the blood. Oh, there are exceptions, it is true. But they are very few, and not enough to leaven the mass. The mass is stupid, or indifferent, or both. We never disagree on that score.

It is a well-worn theme with us, this inelasticity of the undergraduate mind. We have analyzed the causes a hundred times—the worship of athletics, the mad scramble for college honors, the social snobbery of parents, the dilution of undergraduate quality with increase of numbers. We reproach ourselves. We should make our courses more attractive, and link them more intimately with modern life. Or we should make them less attractive, and insist on a return to the classics. Or we should abolish athletics. Or we should conduct a weekly forum of discussion. But, after all, we are a little dubious of our schemes. We know they have all been tried, at one place or another, and have failed to reach the root of the disease. We know that our university is no exception, and that all American universities East, West and Far West, are restless and a little conscience-stricken. What is to be done? Well, next week the president is going to address the undergraduates on "Scholastic Ideals."

We knock out our pipes and go down the hill to lunch.

II.

SOMETIMES in the evening I wander into the university dormitories, or into one of the scores of fraternity houses, for a chat with the boys. Or, led by an unacademic love for gaiety, I go to one of the downtown restaurants or cafes. Here I meet undergraduates at first hand, and I get to know many of them intimately. And I have to confess that I like them better when I see them thus informally than when I quiz them in the class room. Their conversation is intelligent, though seldom intellectual. They have a sense of humor, and sometimes a ready wit. They have the high spirits of youth.

Our students are drawn from all parts of the Union, and all classes, and show a great diversity in quality. But when one considers the best third or the best fourth of them, one has to admit that here is good human material. These choicer chaps are clean, clear-eyed, well-made. They are often athletic or strikingly handsome. They are well-groomed, and they know how to dress. They meet people—if the truth be told—with more dignity and *savoir-faire* than most members of the faculty. They know something of women, enough to escape crassness. They are far from Puritanic, most of them, yet

their philosophy of life is not cynical or cheap. And they are seldom snobbish, although they have an alert sense of the distinctions, real and false, that divide men.

Very likable boys, that is what they are. And yet just boys. Even when I concede them most I have to admit that the faculty indictment of them is largely true. They have no rigid moral code, such as imposes itself on young Englishmen of the better classes. They have no active intellectual interests, such as fire students on the Continent. They are carelessly ignorant of literature, art and history. They are deeply, almost fanatically, absorbed in their undergraduate activities—extra-curricula. The University for them is not a Tower, from which they view the world, the past and present, and the march of mankind and the stars. It is a playground, a collection of social clubs, an arena in which they struggle for college "honors." Such good human material! And largely going to waste.

III.

OUR university buildings sit on the crest of a hill—the halls of study, the library, the laboratories. The campus is one of the most beautiful in the country. A little way down the slope cluster the dormitories, the fraternities, the rooming houses. Taken together, here is a great spectacle, eloquent of learning, and tradition, and wealth, and opportunity. I have never quite lost the sense, so vivid in Freshmen, of the glamor of university life. But unlike the Freshmen, I know that the glamor hides an inner emptiness.

Imagine that we visit a great and handsome house. The landscape gardening and the architecture please us. Entering the house, we find everything in good taste—decorations, furniture, pictures. On the tables are the best political and literary reviews, and the library is amply stocked with the best books. But we find, on more intimate acquaintance, that the master and mistress and their sons and daughters treat the refinements about them with Philistine indifference. They seldom pull a book from its shelf, they slake their literary thirst with a magazine of "snappy" stories, and they play only ragtime on the piano. They refuse to talk seriously.

This comparison fits the American university and college, despite its exaggeration. For the occupants of a home are free, after all, to live their lives as they wish, whereas a university is formally dedicated to cultural pursuits. The collegiate situation is essentially a paradox. The students, the pick of them, at least, who should give tone to the whole, have just as good fiber and just as alert minds as any students in the world. The faculties include men of profound scholarship and unimpeachable ideals. These teachers are, moreover, keenly discontent with the partial success they achieve. They struggle valiantly to remould their little worlds, but some impalpable force thwarts them. They are like an army doomed to unceasing trench warfare. They hold their ground, but they make no headway.

I am not certain that I see the way to remedy matters. But of one thing I am convinced: that we have been, most of us, wrong in our diagnosis. We have looked for the cause of our shortcomings inside of our colleges, when the causes really lie outside of them. We have blamed our students, and reproached ourselves. We have been a little too morbid in our soul-searching. We have not seen clearly enough that our universities are conditioned by the great American life that flows about and through them. That life is greater than we

are. We only yield to a vainglorious conceit if we imagine that we lead and mould America in its larger aspects. We are a part of America, we represent America, and we suffer the same disabilities that America in general suffers.

IV.

I CAN make the point clearer by a quotation from a little book I have been reading, "Appearances," by G. Lowes Dickinson. The passage occurs in the course of his comments on present-day America. Mr. Dickinson is far from complimentary, but he is not on that account less interesting. He says:

"Nowhere on that continent, so far as I have been able to see, is there to be found a class or a clique of men, respected by others and respecting themselves, who also respect not merely art but the artistic calling. Broadly, business is the only respectable pursuit: including under business, Politics and Law, which in this country are only departments of business. Business holds the place in popular esteem that is held by arms in Germany, by letters in France, by Public Life in England. The man, therefore, whose bent is towards the arts, meets no encouragement; he meets everywhere the reverse. His father, his uncles, his brothers, his cousins, all are in business. Business is the virile pursuit for people of education and means, who cannot well become chauffeurs. There is, no doubt, the professional career; but that, it is agreed, is adopted only by men of no ambition. Americans believe in education, but they do not believe in educators. There is no money to be made in that profession, and the making of money is the test of character. The born poet or artist is thus handicapped to a point which may easily discourage him from running at all. At the best, he emigrates to Europe, and his achievement is credited to that continent. Or remaining in America, he succumbs to the environment, puts aside his creative ambition, and enters business. . . . There is one pursuit, commerce; one type, the business man; one ideal, that of increasing wealth. Monotony of talk, monotony of ideas, monotony of aim, monotony of outlook on the world. America is industrialism pure and simple; Europe is industrialism superimposed on feudalism; and, for the arts, the difference is vital."

Mr. Dickinson paints with a broad brush. He says, moreover, only what has often been remarked before. Yet what candid American would deny the truth of his impeachment?

Any civilization, as a matter of fact, is made up chiefly of hopes. What ambitions does it stir in its young men and women? To what goals does it lead them to aspire? What self-discipline and what educational rigors does it lead them to impose on themselves?

V.

THIS, then, is what I believe to be the chief thing hampering the American university: the feeble stimulus that American life offers to aspirations of the higher sort.

The soil of this country is inhospitable to artists. We have no public or private patronage of the arts that gives assurance of a successful career to merit. Politics is almost a closed door to the educated classes. Genuine public service, carefully prepared for, carries no guarantee of recognition or reward. The avenues of political preferment are choked with petty politicians; and the art of bootlicking is distasteful to young men of spirit. Literature, outside of short stories and newspaper writing, supports no robust clientele. Scientific or historical research leads at best—what a consummation!—to a professorship.

I have seen young men of very promising talent turn, under the pressure of hard facts, from idealistic careers to more gainful pursuits. I have seen minds open to an intellectual interest like a flower to sunshine, and then watched that interest fade under the chill of a bleak future. I have never known a single student who was consciously fitting himself for public life, although many students have told me that they entered college with the idea of training themselves for Congress or the diplomatic service, and abandoned the idea when they found how futile their ambitions were likely to prove. A college course is very often a progress in disillusionment. Only our Freshmen aspire to be Presidents.

Possibly we of the faculty do not hold our banner high enough. Possibly we should advise promising undergraduates to cling to their aspirations, to sacrifice the hope of social and financial rewards, to give up the idea of wife and home, and to keep burning, despite laborious poverty, or despite a surrender of pleasure and ease, some candle of truth. But that is the sort of thing one does with misgivings. And even if we do peddle noble, quixotic advice, we find that it runs counter to the counsel of relatives and companions. Most of the sure, subtle influences in the undergraduate's environment incline him toward a career in commerce or finance, toward a participation in his father's business, or, in case he is at once idle and wealthy, toward a life of dissipation and extravagance.

Personally I feel somewhat relieved when I reflect that whatever censure may be due the American university falls properly neither on us nor our material, but on the foundation that underlies us both. A realization of this fact need not discourage us. It may save us, perhaps, from some needless tinkering with courses and rules. It may draw some of the shrillness from our exhortations and protests. And it may enlist us, at the last, in a bigger struggle than was ever waged for academic principles, the struggle, namely, to reconstruct and dignify American life, that long, tedious battle that will have to be fought year after year through our quiet halls as well as in noisier forums and thoroughfares.

ROSE

By WITTER BYNNER.

BEFORE I knew you,
Then I said:
In you was born
The perfect flower:
That love and beauty,
Having wed,
Created you
That hour.

But now I know you—
And shy earth
Has whispered to me
What is true:
Not love and beauty
Gave you birth—
But they were born
Of you.

When shall I know you
All you are.
You who but smile
And will not say?
When I have touched
The farthest star,
And thrown the world
Away.

A DEATH BED REPENTANCE. TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I.

ACCORDING to the local G. P., there was no hope for Timothy Bird. There was nothing the matter with him beyond the fact that he was 86 and that his weakness was alarming. People snuff out at all ages: accident apart, our vital clocks vary immensely in the matter of mainspring.

The mind of Timothy Bird was extraordinarily clear and logical; in fact, so logical that he was unreasonable. He was unwilling to die until he had made one further effort to transform that which had most embittered his life into its crowning joy. At the last moment, said he, God will surely touch the heart of my dear lad.

He therefore telegraphed, with a faith which 30 years of disappointment had done nothing to shatter.

The telegram was worded thus:

John Nelson Darby Bird,
99 New Square,
Lincoln's Inn.

Jesus calls me at last unless He comes first come to your father and your God Luke XV

Father.

The curious wording of this message mirrored infallibly the mind of Timothy Bird.

Why (do you interrupt) assert religious beliefs in a telegram? Because the Holy Ghost may "use" the telegram to "reach" the clerks in the Post Office. Enough of such querulous query: to the facts!

John Nelson Darby was the founder of the "Brethren gathered together to the name of the Lord Jesus" and called "Plymouth Brethren" owing to their early great successes having been won in Plymouth. This excellent man was a very fine Hebrew scholar, to say nothing of Greek. His eminence had entitled him to the offer of a seat on the Committee of the Revision of the Bible, but he had refused to meet other scholars of heterodox theological views, quoting:

Matthew, XVIII, 17,
II Thessalonians, III, 6 and 14,
Romans, XVI, 17,

and particularly

II John, 9, 10, 11.

His undoubtedly great all-round mind led him to see that One Infallible Authority is necessary to any religion. Rome had this in the Pope; he followed the apostasy of Luther, and proposed to replace this by the Bible. Now, since the Bible is the actual word of God, dictated by the Holy Ghost—else where is its authority?—this word must be taken literally in every part as well as in the whole. Now you may formulate a sorites from any one text and another sorities from any other. But a contradiction in your conclusions will not invalidate either of your first premisses!

This involves a somewhat complex metaphysic, in spite of the fact that metaphysic, being the work of heathen philosophers, is of its father the devil.

It is, however, impossible in practice to corner a Plymouth Brother in these or any other ways, because he scents danger from afar and replies with an argumentum ad hominem on these simple lines:

I am saved.

You are not I.

Therefore, you are damned (I John, v., 19.)

In these degenerate days fact is supposed by the ignorant

to be truer than fancy, and one must therefore plead for belief by referring the sceptic to Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son." Reviewers of that book cast doubt on the possibility of such narrowmindedness as is shown by Philip Gosse. But in the boyhood of another writer sprung of the loins of the Brethren, the poet of "The World's Tragedy," the name of Philip Gosse was a byword, a scorn and a reproach; he was an awful warning of the evils of latitudinarianism!

And Timothy Bird was of the anti-Ravenite section of the Exclusive Plymouth Brethren. His had been the dominant voice of that Assembly Judgment which "delivered" Philip Gosse and his kind "to Satan for a season"; and he had been the mainstay of the movement which expelled a majority of the remainder when Mr. F. E. Raven had "blasphemed" in a manner so obscure and complex that not one in twenty of the most learned of the seceders ever gained even a Pisgah glimpse of the nature of the controversy.

For Timothy Bird was indeed a Gulliver in Lilliput. He had known John Nelson Darby intimately; he had been the close friend of Wigram and Crowley, even of Kelly before his heresy; he was a scholar of merit if not of eminence; he was a baronet of the United Kingdom and a man of much property. Baronets not being mentioned in the New Testament, he had refused to use his title; but the other brethren, at least those in the lower middle classes, never forgot it.

He lived simply, using his large income principally for the distribution of tracts; he evangelized greatly while he had the strength, going from town to town to establish or confirm the brethren, and it was generally known that he had left the whole of his great fortune in trust to Arthur Horne and Henry Burton for the use of the brethren to the entire exclusion of the aforesaid John Nelson Darby Bird, who had not only backslidden but gone over wholly to Satan, being in fact a barrister of repute, the most distinguished member of the Rationalist Press Association, and, worse than all, a zealous and irrefutable advocate of easy divorce.

This disinheritance weighed little with the younger Bird, who at 44 was earning some £5,000 a year, and who had such painful memories of eighteen years of the most cruel (because perfectly well-meaning) form of slavery that the word "home" was habitually used by him in moments of excitement instead of the familiar "hell" of the pious Englishman.

Now, as Herbert Spencer (a little late in the day) maintained, "Action and reaction are equal and opposite"; and experience teaches that fanaticism does not escape this law. There are no anti-Christians like the children of Plymouth Brethren. They have the Bible at their fingers' ends; they quite agree that Brethrenism is the only logical form of Bible Christianity; they associate it with every grand tyranny or petty spite of the hated home; and so they are frankly of Satan's party. Terrible opponents they make. The Plymouth Brother can find a text of Scripture to buttress his slightest act, and his son has consequently an equal armory of blasphemy, which, with a little knowledge of Greek and Hebrew and of various infidel writers, makes him unchallengeable in debate.

Timothy Bird had learnt to fear his son. From the age of puberty he had been in fierce revolt; it was the subtleties of that five years' intense struggle that had made him intellectually supreme both in strategy and tactics, the most dangerous advocate at the Bar. He had become a fine psychologist as well; he had penetrated every blind alley of his father's

mind, and to that mind he was merciless. He, too, was a fanatic. He really wished (in a way) to avenge the tortures of his boyhood; and perhaps he felt that his emancipation was not complete until he had converted his torturer. However this may be, year after year with ever-gathering strength, he hurled battalion on battalion at the squat blind citadel—to foreseen repulse. It was probably the parable of the importunate widow, or the endurance which his horrible boyhood had taught him, that made him continue. It is impossible to argue with a Plymouth Brother, for his religion is really axiomatic to him, so that everything he says begs the question, and you cannot get him to see that it does so. This is not so unusual as it appears; it requires a very good mind to acquiesce, even for purposes of argument, in non-Euclidean geometry, so fixed is the mind in its certainty that the whole is greater than its part, and the like.

It is good to hear them discuss anything.

Propose the question of the Origin of Evil; your Plymouth Brother will remark sooner or later, but always irrelevently, "God is a just God." You argue that his God is certainly not just, or he would not have commanded the rape of virgins by the thousand, or sent bears to devour forty and two little children whose sole fault was to call attention to the baldness of a prophet.

This is unanswerable; give up the story, as the better mind does, and you are launched for atheism or mysticism; hold to it—the Christian's only hope—and the sole possible reply is, "Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?" "Yes," you retort. "He shall: that is just my proof that your God is a tribal fetish, and not at all the judge of the whole earth." The conversation, after a sulphurous interlude, again rises to the dignity of argument, and on some infinitely subtle and obscure minor point which he had never thought of before—I speak of a rare incident much prized by connoisseurs—you do really and truly prove to him from Scripture that he is wrong.

Is he downhearted? NO!

The momentary cloud upon his brow passes; the glorious sun shines out amid the wrack:

"The devil can quote Scripture."

In vain you reply that this consuming doubt invalidates the whole of his arguments, which are all drawn from Scripture; and this again admitting of no reply, the worthy man will continue to breathe out lightnings and slaughter until physical weariness bids him desist.

Yet it was the cherished belief of John Nelson Darby Bird that the last straw will break the camel's back; or, more practically, that if you sandpaper bricks at the base of a building long enough the building will suddenly and without warning reel and fall. You remember that Noah spent 120 years building the ark—with hardly a shower. When the flood came, it came suddenly. J. N. D. Bird, K. C., was quite ready to "go to the ant, thou sluggard," or to Noah, as circumstances might indicate.

Before he answered his father's telegram he borrowed the billiard chalk from the waistcoat pocket of his clerk, whose sporting instincts had got the best briefs for his employers in horsey and divorcee circles.

(Lord John Darcy v. the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Riddell v. Riddell, Clay, Arthur, Thompson, Battersby, Jacobs, Bernheim, de la Rue, Griggles, Waite, Shirley, Williamson, Klein, Banks, Kennedy, Gregg, Greg and others. These were the remarkable cases that established the reputation of Mr. Bird. His successful defense of Mrs. Riddell had won him, in addition, a vice-presidency of the Anthropological Society.)

To those who are not Plymouth Brethren it will not be obvious why John Bird pocketed the billiard chalk, and a new

digression becomes Cocker.

Chalk is the commonest form in which carbonate of calcium is found in Nature. Under the microscope it is seen to be composed of the dust of the shells of minute marine animals. Geologists consider it impossible that a layer of chalk 10,000 feet thick should have been deposited in the course of a week, or even in the course of, say, 4,004 years.

The year after John Bird was called to the Bar he had fleshed his maiden steel upon his father by taking a piece of chalk, a microscope, and twenty-seven volumes of geology to Carnswith Towers for the long vacation. Father and son talked chalk day and night for nine weeks. It was a drawn battle. The father had to admit the facts of geology. "Then," said the son, "I cannot believe that God wrote a lie upon the rocks." Timothy replied, "Let God be true, and every man a liar!" He also very ably urged that it was not a lie. If men of science were not blinded by the devil (owing to their seared consciences and their quite gratuitous hatred of God) they would see, as he, Timothy Bird, saw, that it was obvious from the chalk itself that it had been created in a moment. Alternatively, God *had* written a lie upon the rocks in order to blind them. "God shall send them strong delusion, that they may believe a lie."

The immorality of this latter proceeding, of course, led to the old "God is a just God" line of argument with its inevitable conclusion in Sheol for the younger Bird.

Phoenix-like, however, he caused lumps of chalk to be conveyed to his father at irregular intervals; for he saw, with the astuteness that had discomfited Lord John Darcy, that his father's belief had really been shaken by the argument. The outworks held; the citadel crumbled. In the deepest shrine of sub-consciousness Timothy Bird, or, rather, Something that was in very truth *not* Timothy Bird, knew that the world was not made in six days, that the Book of Genesis was a Jewish fable, that the whole structure of "revelation" was a lie, that the Incarnation and the Atonement were but dreams.

Armed, therefore, with the integrity described by Horace, and the billiard chalk, John Nelson Darby Bird went to Carnswith Towers by the 3.45 for a final wrestle with the Angel.

II.

The old man was sitting up when his son arrived. Arthur Horne and Henry Burton, the one pale, the other sallow, the one stumpy and fat, the other dried up, had come to pray with him. The doctor, who was not of the fold, appeared nauseated at the unction of the vultures, and (before he left) communicated a portion of this feeling to the nurse who, although a "Plymouth Sister," had experience in her profession of the realities of life, and consequently to some extent saw things, though dimly, as they really were.

Burton was praying audibly as John Bird entered. Without moving a muscle, he directed the current of his supplications into a new channel.

"And, dear Jesus, we beseech Thee, on behalf of one among us, or perhaps now among us, or soon to be present among us (it would not do to admit that he knew of anything that was occurring in the room), one we truly fear dead in trespasses and sins and so it seems far indeed from the precious blood. May it please Thee that this thine aged servant may at last be gladdened, ere he pass into his exceeding great reward, by Thy wonderful mercy working in this hard heart and unregenerate Adam . . ."

With utter weariness of tautologies and repetitions, the prayer meandered on for another ten minutes. At last came the Amen.

Not until then did Timothy Bird open his eyes and greet

his son. Feeble as he was, he began to "plead with him" to "come to Jesus." The son had a terrible temptation to acquiesce, to spare the oldster "useless" pain. In the stern school of the Brethren, truth, or what passes for truth, must outweigh all human feelings, as if a sword were thrown into a scale wherein two oat-husks were contending. The obstinacy of those five terrible conscious years of revolt assisted his decision to sway to that austerity which here he thought was cruelty.

"Father," said he, "don't poison your last hours by these delusions! If there be a God, it is certain that He never trapped man as you say He did."

Arthur Horne interrupted: "God is a *just* God."

"Then why did he make vermin?" retorted the barrister.

A long and labored explanation followed from the excellent Horne, who never suspected that the repartee was not part of the argument.

It all wound its weary way back to the old subject of the sure and certain damnation of John Bird.

The latter paid no heed. His human feelings swamped all else. He knew instinctively at that moment the supreme human truth that the son is the father, literally identical of one substance. Also, in the great presence of death there is no place for religion of any kind. The sham of it becomes patent—a hideous masque and revelry of mocking thoughts. Even where it is the strongest of all drugs, it lowers, hypnotic cloud or levin of storm, shines never as a sun of life. The Pagans knew: try and write even a letter of condolence to a friend bereaved, and you will know it too. Glib consolations are the work of shallow hypocrites, or of cowards too scared to face their fear; they break into a sweat of piety; their eyes glaze with a film—the easy falsehood of immortality. The iridescent bubble of faith is easily burst—woe to the man who dares touch it by so much as one word of truth on any serious subject!

"My son," began Timothy Bird, to whom the approach of death now lent a majesty indescribable—the feeble baronet might have been a patriarch of the patriarchs—"my life has failed. Its one desire has been that God would bring my only son to His grace. It was not His will. To that I bow; my times are in His hand. His will, not mine, be done. It may be that my death may be the means . . ." and on he rambled the well-worn paths of "pleading with a soul," things so hackneyed that John Bird, facing his own problem as he was, hardly heard them trickle through his ears. He only marked a stumbling, a growing hesitation, and a look of trouble and of awe. It was a machine interrupted; yet, strangely, not so much as if it were breaking down, but as if a new hand were on the levers. Surely the end was near. The old man himself seemed to think so. He detected his own weakness; he flushed with a sort of shame; he seemed to gather himself for an effort.

"John," said he firmly, "shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? You are a lawyer; you understand the value of testimony. Here are we four, three living and one almost gone to be with Christ, all ready to lift up our voices and testify to the saving grace of God. Is it not so?"

Solemnly enough, Horne, Burton and the nurse gave their assent.

"Will you not accept their witness?"

"I, too, have witnesses," replied John Bird; and he drew the billiard chalk from his pocket and laid it on the mantelpiece. "Let God be true," said he, "and every man a liar!"

The light of fanaticism that blazed from the eyes of the moribund man flashed once, and went suddenly out. An uncomprehending stare replaced it. He seemed to search the Infinite. All thought he was at the extreme, and Horne and

Butler, intent as they were on their own plans, were frightened into silence. John Bird returned to his problem: it was himself that was dying. And yet no, for the true self was living in himself. And he understood that marriage is a sacrament, and must not be blasphemed by hedging it about with laws of property, and canon prohibitions, and inspection and superintendence sacerdotal. Every man is a king and priest to God; every man is the shrine of a God, the guardian of an eternal flame, the never-extinguished lamp of the Rosicrucian allegory.

The eyes of the old man were still fixed on the chalk in an unwinking stare. His color heightened and his breath came faster. Yet his muscles grew ever more rigid; he seemed to grip the arms of the chair in which he was propped by pillows.

It was he at last who broke the silence. "Nurse," he said, very slowly but firmly and distinctly, "take my keys and open the buh! cabinet." The woman obeyed. "Bring me the paper in the lower middle drawer." She did so.

With perfect calm and deliberation, but with more vital energy than he had yet shown, and with his eyes shining now with a warm kindly lustre, he tore the paper across and across.

"Burn it!" said he. The nurse took it to the flame of her spirit lamp and consumed the pieces.

The son understood what had been done.

"Father," said he, "I don't want the money. I didn't come down here for that."

Placidly came the amazing retort: "Then give it to the Rationalist Press Association!"

Horne and Burton broke into a shrill twittering and rumbling of protest. His mind is gone, was the burden of their swan-song. The old man smiled, like a God smiling at his puppets. Their plaint turned to denunciation.

John Bird aroused himself. "You must leave the house," said he. With barely a push they complied; they were too astounded to do themselves justice.

The dying man beckoned his son. "Your life must have been a hell," said he, "and I made it so. But it was blindness and not unkindness, Jack." His son had not heard "Jack" for thirty years. He fell on his knees beside his father, and burst into strong sobs. Those thirty years of strife and wrong and misunderstanding came back, single, and in battalions, too!

The old man's head had fallen back; a smile had softened the old stern expression; the eyes closed as if in ecstasy.

Even the nurse was mistaken; she touched the shoulder of the barrister. But John would not move; and suddenly she recognized that the old man was breathing; from swift and shallow it deepened to strong and slow; a great sleep was upon him.

For three hours his son knelt by him, his lips fastened on one hand; and of the experience of those three hours who shall speak?

Then came the doctor—to pronounce the patient "wonderfully better."

And indeed he lived three years, sane, healthy and strong.

I saw him the year after at the annual dinner of the Rationalist Press Association—the weight of his theories rolled off the grand old shoulders. And far down the table I saw Messrs. Horne and Burton; but not being encouraged.

There is a cenotaph in the family vault. Following the usual recital of the virtues of the deceased, written in smiling irony by his own hand, comes this text:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

THE HISTORICAL PRESENT IN POLITICS

By STANTON LEEDS.

A GROUP of men gathered around a green table in Chicago, Illinois, early (the morning of Saturday, June 10, 1916, received a message destined to shape history. It was to the effect that George B. Cortelyou, out in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, in the home of Charles G. Dawes, had been hearing things over a special long-distance telephone wire. It seems that a voice—let me say “a voice”; young and with life before me, I can afford a while to forego being called a liar and made famous—a voice, then, had just said to the former National Chairman the words that follow:

“All right, let them go ahead. Four years from now they’ll crawl to me on their hands and knees to put the party together.”

The men to whom these words were repeated, as morning dawned grayly over the leaden waters of a great lake dimpled by rain, were very important men; still are, but less so. They were also very tired. For hours they had been attempting to agree on a compromise candidate to place before the Republican National Convention. They had told Mr. Roosevelt that, besides Mr. Hughes, three men were possible nominees, and had asked him to express a preference for one of these three. This he had not done. Nevertheless, among themselves, they had managed finally to agree only to find that they could not deliver their delegates. The delegates they were supposed to control were, at heart, for Hughes.

They had reached this point when the message from Evanston set them bowing like automatons before the inevitable, nor did Mr. Roosevelt’s afterthought, suggesting the name of Senator Lodge, serve to force an adjournment and further dickering over Sunday. The relation of all this to my chief purpose in writing this paper will be sufficiently evident presently.

What is immediately relevant is the fact that, just as in art the curtain is rising on a renaissance the extending grandeur of which is as yet only meagerly imagined, so in politics we stand today upon the threshold of an era. To this era, as to all eras, it is possible to find a parallel in the past, a parallel running like a clear river of interpretation through the obscuring mud of the obvious event. To find this particular parallel we must turn back the pages of history over two thousand years.

Rome then was a city which had known neither Cicero nor Cæsar. Wealth was already wrapping it in the swaddling clothes which induce to second childhood. Corruption, after rotting the high patrician leafage, was beginning to seep down through the trunk and fibre of the imperial republican oak. The aristocracy was ceasing to be an aristocracy. It was being changed to, or replaced by, a plutocracy. To make money had become less a bracing necessity than a passion feverish from love of luxury and power; for, with the fall of Carthage, the one power sufficient to oppose her, Rome had set out on conquest. Riches, flooding back, bathed the city in pleasant but weakening comforts, and this enervating circumstance joined influence to undermine Roman character with the axiom that when a free people seeks to impose slavery on alien races decay sets in.

IN a national sense the effects were also dangerous since the Italians generally, seeing opportunities for greater profit beckoning them oversea, were abandoning farm and countryside. The stanchly bred recruits for the legions were

being replaced by slaves who tilled what were no longer small farms, but fields bought up by the wealthy and combined into large estates. Attempts made by Tiberius and Caius Gracchus to remedy these conditions had before this spurred the patricians into a violent defense of their imperiled plunders. The Gracchi both were murdered, and to complicate an internal situation that made for disorder, among the Numidians there arose at this time—that is to say, about 122 B.C.—a prince named Jugurtha, who had usurped the place of his cousin, a sovereign ostensibly under Roman protection.

Luxury had touched with distemper even the majesty of Rome, and from the Senate itself Jugurtha was long able to purchase immunity. “A venal city,” was the Numidian prince’s comment upon the stepfather of civilization, but he reckoned without deep undercurrents of strength upon which the senators were to toss shortly like decorated chips. In his final battle with his cousin, Jugurtha inadvertently brought to their death a number of Roman citizens, and the news made the Roman people themselves thunderous for vengeance. The Senate had to act, but the condition of Rome yielded an army miserably officered and inadequate to its task. It was destroyed, and at last seriously alarmed the Senate sent another army, commanded this time by an honorable aristocrat, whose value to posterity is best emphasized by the fact that as his chief lieutenant he took with him Caius Marius.

LITTLE known outside the military clubs, Marius, destined by marriage to be the uncle of Julius Cæsar, was of the old-fashion, a strong, sincere and simple Roman. Where formerly the army had been merely an affair of each citizen leaving the plough and running to arm when danger threatened, Marius made soldiering a profession, in great measure an engineer’s profession. Where formerly the legionaries provided their own arms, Marius made a change; equipment became a function of the state. Under his direction, for he came rapidly to chief command, a new and rigid discipline was enforced. He used the sword itself to cut from among his officers the Eastern vices devitalizing their manhood. By these methods he made ready his professional army. With it he broke Jugurtha’s power forever, and brought the prince a prisoner to Rome. Such was his course to power. Despite the forbidding law, he was destined to be chosen consul several times in succession, but before that came about other happenings intervened.

In domestic affairs the Romans had attempted to deal with a social problem. They had been faced by a neighborhood problem, but Marius settled it for them. Now they were to shiver before an international menace so appalling in its possibilities as to lay them prostrate at the feet of the one man who appeared able to save them.

In the meantime we find Caius Marius standing aside, his voice urging military preparation, a return to old healthy standards, lost amid the mouthing of demagogues demanding corn laws, land laws, what not if only it furthered social readjustment. It is possible that Marius did not understand the connection between these laws and the health of the body politic. It is possible he did not care. Marius was a soldier, not a politician, and with the threat of the vast migration of Germans which annihilated Roman armies in succes-

sion, turned aside from Italy of his own volition to sweep through Gaul into Spain, and return, his justification came. The hardy, rough-worded soldier who had grown unpopular with his reiterations of the need to prepare was called on to save the republic.

MEN change, but the phenomenon of nations repeats itself through the ages. If we are not too intent on nosing out the petty and individual differences, the important, underlying parallels will appear. As it was with Rome, so it is with America.

I have said that we stand today upon the threshold of an era; in other words, at the point of departure into God knows what future. In a nation's life always this period is reached. Are we to go ahead, stand still, decline? Some nations never reach the acme of their possibilities. Some begin the inevitable decadence before it is inevitable, and history shows us that only those nations which were guided by minds exceptionally far-sighted passed the danger point we in America have reached. In Rome what Marius began Cæsar confirmed, and the empire lived five centuries longer than it would otherwise have lived. Here in America have we a Marius to pave the way for Cæsar?

That is a question. Certainly, here other conditions are similar to those invading Rome in the second century before Jesus. We are fattening with wealth. Corruption is still corruption, if of another sort than the Roman. In our modern world the plutocrat is replacing the aristocrat; business with us has become almost a universal preoccupation, and, since the fall of Spain in this hemisphere, we have shown signs of an intention to impose our rule on alien races. Meanwhile, the cities beckon the healthy sons of the farmer, and recently the alarming fact drew attention that the number of tenant farmers has increased to over forty per cent. of the whole. In industrial conditions the state of affairs has squeezed out such shrieking protest and is too vividly in remembrance to need recapitulation here.

WE have remedied only a little. If the platforms demanding a still further reformation, which in reality is to be individualistic, appear to be communistic, that fact is no more than a paradox which makes easier to remember that in the health of each citizen is a nation's strength declared. That is the true interpretation of the vision mirrored in the moving waters of humanity now threatening to flood round and undermine the heaped sand dunes of our present system. Who, if any man, can bank with granite and direct toward some worth-while accomplishment these gathering tides? Can Theodore Roosevelt do so, as some would have us believe?

The answer in this case, and in general, depends on developing conditions. If the war were to end tomorrow we should still have Mexico with us. As we have the poor, so we seem to have Mexico with us always. Both are solvable problems, but they—the problems of poverty and the problem of what to do about our neighbor below the Rio Grande—would become relatively minor considerations were we to come face to face during the next four years with trouble threatening us from abroad. Despite the unpopularity of the suggestion, it is well to remember that Germany can reach us only by permission of the British fleet; that we cannot possibly build a navy sufficient to deal with England's, and that we arm not only to meet Germany, if necessary, but also to meet a possible Japanese advance through

Mexico, or an English threat aimed at ourselves through Canada.

Whether the war in Europe, however, is to end tomorrow or next day is largely beside the point. What is question-marked in our minds is whether another war is to come to us, a war dangerous and vitally so, to our being. Is this Mr. Roosevelt's vision? Is it his belief that war will restore his authority?

It would seem so. Certainly if he is to be called on to put the Republican party together there must be a demand for him. He has shaped everything as if believing that in the near future a particular and single demand will occur. He has brushed other issues aside. He has let his organization relapse into desuetude. As a former State Chairman of the National Progressive party assured me last summer:

“WE spent our money. We built up an organization, and then what does he do? He goes off to look for a River of Doubt, when he might have stayed home and helped us keep the nails in our fences. I'm through.” So are many, many others, among them the social workers “betrayed” in Chicago for the sake of a war-time idea, but their defection to a new leader to their liking, and standing wide armed to receive them, began before the “betrayal.” With misgiving they had listened to Mr. Roosevelt entirely direct attention in his conversations with the vast body of us to the need to prepare for war, and, barring the unexpected, only a compelling coming true of his prophecies can unite them again behind him. As strange a thing as the recent cleavage between the East and the West was foreseen by the alert, and either Mr. Roosevelt has lost his political acumen or else previsioned the future with an enviable correctness.

In either case it is a mistake to insist too much upon the personal in drawing historical parallels. It has been something of a fashion among us to wrap our imaginative idea of Mr. Roosevelt in the scarlet and purple that distinguished the dress of Cæsar. This is unfair to Theodore Roosevelt, and to Julius Cæsar. Nor does he resemble Marius. It is rather the rise and fall of nations, as such, that suggests comparison. Here the formula is eternally the same. Occasionally, as I have said, leaders appear whose abilities are of a nature to accelerate the rise or to slow down the decline, but, in the last analysis, leaders are really details tossed into prominence by conditions. Prophecy should concern itself mainly with the difference between peoples; in this case with the difference between the Roman and the American people, and the latter, by and large, at present are best divided, summed up and considered in the persons of the President and of Theodore Roosevelt.

WHERE Mr. Roosevelt is an aristocrat, the President of the United States is a democrat. Where Mr. Roosevelt seizes on popular passions only to shape and direct them the President keeps his ear to the ground attuned to hear and to carry out the popular will. Where the one has tended to surround himself with the intellects of the high order sometimes thought possible only in monarchical governments, the other calls to his aid ever the lesser minds. Where the one was born to the purple, the other rose from origins comparatively simple.

It would have been impossible in the early days of the Republic to divide the American people sharply, to part, so to speak the sheep upon the right hand and the goats upon the left, but today examination reveals this country's growth to have been caused by, and to have caused, marked charac-

teristics. Daring survives among us because our ancestors had to be daring, plunging as they did into the unexplored. Independence survives: in the past if a man did not speak for himself who else would ever speak for him? Individualism still persists, for competition has been mostly among ourselves, while love of ease, of fame, energy inborn and the desire for power has driven us into an activity that has won us the name of a strenuous race.

There are still among us, moreover, those who demand success, and on the way to it, action, immediate and evident. Contact with this type of American often reveals a tendency on his part to call the other fellow a liar when any matter comes into dispute; quite as frequently by the other fellow's activities he is moved to make some such threat, some statement such as: "If that guy does that I'll break his neck for him!" There you have the big stick. These two—the "You're a liar!" "You're another!" and the use of "the big stick" on the slightest provocation—these are American characteristics, and the demand for their chief exponent, now war is upon us, will yet resound in the land. Those who liked Mr. Roosevelt's taking the initiative by sending ammunition to Admiral Dewey, despite Mr. Long's orders, before the unpleasantness with Spain, remember and in time will make themselves heard.

THIS, however, is half the story. The hardy pioneer no longer fills the picture. Those whom he obscured because of the very nature of the old and difficult days, those light-headed believers who were always with us, but in other times were hammered into the scheme of things by necessity's sledge strokes, today are being heard. They

have escaped from discipline, and escaped untaught, free at last to pay allegiance to endless political panaceas and theological inventions, to light their brief candles of intellection round the altars of such puerile, untested theories as only the uninformed have ever stayed to worship.

They are free to do more than this, for politically they move like shifting sands under the feet of the best we can produce, a best grown nervous with strange corruptions. Lust for wealth, social pushing, ambition, sentimentality—this last and most of all—have swept through our classes for all the world like a plague. Roman corruption was different. The Romans were strictly material, building their race up from fundamentals. Sentimentality was never their fault, and, in time of war, as with most nations, it was their habit to rely for leadership on the patrician. Less and less has that become the American custom, but—well, we shall see.

As a political authority recently put it to me: "With \$50,000 and a new man, I can chase every one now in the public eye over the fence and out." Already very important men, indeed, have their eye on the type of man. To them political parties, in the last analysis, are really unimportant. Whether the man turn out to be the Republican, Leonard Wood, or the Democrat, John J. Pershing, to them is a minor matter. What to them is of first importance is that the man, whoever he may turn out to be, should go South beyond the Rio Grande and return another Marius. Then we should see what we should see. They look beyond the present war, a war they regard primarily as a training course for armies that shall later back our own imperial program.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

By ERNEST McGAFFEY.

A TAWDRY, gaudy, gilded room,
With violet-scent of faint perfume;
And here, while slow days rise and ebb,
A spider spins her subtle web.

Rich-framed upon the garish wall
A shepherd, near a water-fall,
Makes chaste love to a shepherdess
Responding to her coy caress.

On marble mantel, high in air,
Are seen in flight a clinging pair—
A bronze-wrought tragedy, above,
Of Paolo and Francesca's love.

In this rare vase of old Japan
(A present to the courtesan)
Are blue-bells, blending with the blue
Of azure china shimmering through.

An alcoved dim, unholy room,
That somehow spells the sense of doom;
And here, as time's tides flow and ebb,
A spider spins her tangling web.

This ivory mirror, shaped a shell,
What secrets might its history tell,
Of how the weak o'ercome the strong,
Of wine and woman, lust and song.

Yon tiger rug beside the grate
Seems even now to lie in wait,
Tense-stretched and tawny, crouching down,
Within this jungle of the town.

These glasses by this ormolu
That toast, "to Lais, and to you"—
What idle follies flicker vain,
When drink and passion fire the brain!

A soft, suspicious, furtive room;
Which twilight makes a den of gloom.
And here, as seasons sink or ebb,
A gold-haired spider spins her web.

Upon the closed piano there,
A song which might have seemed a prayer;
But uttered here, would lose its spell,
And sound a ribald chord from Hell.

Strewn round among the littered shards
Gleam remnants of a pack of cards;
While on the table linger yet
The ashes of a cigarette.

The touch of color, music, art,
Each set and staged to act its part,
With her who plays the leading role,
Of fell destroyer of the soul.

A brilliant-lit, decisive room,
With laughter gay, and flowers in bloom;
And here as midnight moments ebb,
A Bacchant spider spins her web.

THE FLOWER PAGEANTS OF JAPAN

By Yone Noguchi.

MY friend looked aghast when I declared: "The beauty that we gladly attach to the Japanese plum-blossom (I say Japanese to distinguish it from the Western plum-blossom) may not exist; it is, I dare say, only the stories or poems of long-dead people which are associated with them that make them look beautiful." I do not mean to speak striking language merely to pose as a clever man; I always believed in what I said to my friend upon the plum-blossom. It would perhaps be better to begin with the definition of beauty; beauty is no beauty, I think, if it has no universal appeal. I almost thought it wrong to speak of the beauty of the plum-blossom, though beautiful it is in some meaning; I was often asked by a foreigner why we make so much of them. It is perfectly right of him not to see the beauty which we think we see well; because a Japanese story or poem in association with the plum-blossom makes no slightest impression on his mind. It is in that story or poem, as I said before, their beauty is, but not in the flowers themselves. We at once see the tremor of the ghosts of old history or tradition, the ghosts of reminiscences, in the thrill of whiteness in their petals, we might say, like something of an angel's smile or like a rim of eternity; if there is an unmistakable beauty in the plum-blossom, it is in your own mind. Well, after all, where is beauty if not in your imagination?

However, there are some reasons why our ancestors loved the plum-blossom and we love them still. I do not know how we became the passionate lovers of flowers: it is the fact that we are; and during the months of winter we are deprived of joy with the flowers. And the plum-blossom happens to appear from under much snow and wind as a harbinger or prophet of spring. Some Japanese essayist says: "You are the prophet Jeremiah; you are John the Baptist. Standing before you I feel as though in the presence of some solemn master. Yet by your presence I know that winter has passed and that the delightful spring is at hand." The fact of their being a first-born among the flowers makes the Oriental mind, in love of symbolism and allegory, associate it with courage and undaunted spirit; their simplicity in appearance, their utter lack of wealth in floral substance, has become profitably an object-lesson for the cherishing of pride even in poverty. A thought of plum-blossom reminds me of an age, perhaps the age under the Hojo feudalism, when life's simplicity was promulgated even as a theory; I think the love and admiration of the plum-blossom belong to a comparatively modern age in Japan, which is almost agelessly old. But I do not mean to say they had no admirer in ancient age: they had, for instance, Michizane of the ninth century.

THERE is, in fact, an almost endless list of people in Japanese tradition or story who have left a sign of close attachment for them; they are not the flowers for children and people uneducated, but for those of culture and imagination, who are in truth their creators and at the same time their admirers. The mere existence of them as flowers is slight; but it is our imagination that makes them great.

Speaking of the evolutionary side, it seems to me that they have almost reached the highest possible when they turn to fragrance; the flowers gained it by sacrifice of the bodily beauty. Oh, what a fragrance! If there is any flower that shows the utmost economy of force it is the plum-blossom. If they exist, they exist in suggestion; they are not the flow-

ers of display like the cherry-blossom or camellia. They are suggestive; therefore they are strong. They are the Oriental flower through and through, and, above all, the gentleman of flowers of the East—simple, brave, economical, true and suggestive.

I always come to a plum orchard at the proper season, not only to admire them, but to gain the spiritual lesson. Our forefathers used the flowers and trees to advantage as an object lesson, as it was not the day of text-books; and I hate to learn from the books, and come to the plum-blossom to improve my thoughts, and always feel happy that I have learned something of them.

The cherry-blossom has its great popularity with us unlike the plum-blossom, largely because we have no need to refer to any particular story or tradition (though stories and traditions of it abound); but only to itself for our appreciation. With us appreciation of it is most natural, while often forced art in another place. And you can make on the spot, if you wish, a story or tradition, of heavenly thing, or human being, to suit the cherry-blossom and also your own whim, and even imagine it to be partly your own creation. It is remarkable that any story or tradition, provided it is beautiful, will be found fit for it. I know some flowers of whom I can fancy an ugly thing; but your imagination will soon be disarmed if you start with hostile intention towards the cherry-blossom. It seems to me that the biggest offense to the cherry-blossom is to write poetry on it. How many million poems have we written on it? It is really appalling to see what bad poems we could turn out; it is a fact that the poems on the cherry-blossom have never even once been good. I do not like to believe it to be from the reason that it is a very difficult subject to write on. Indeed, I incline to think that the flower itself is ever so pleased even with a bad poem. There is a flower like the plum-blossom, for instance, looking so critical and hard to please, whose severe appearance repels poor poetry; and we are almost afraid to write a line on the lotus, because it looks so holy. And the formal behavior of the Iris makes our personal approach impossible. It is like the Japanese tea-master wrapped in cold silence. But the cherry-blossom is in temperament like love, generous enough like love to make a poet believe his work is good; but in truth he always fails, again as in love.

I OFTEN quarrel with my friends, who insist that the cherry-blossom is vain, like a pretentious woman; I always say to him that a proof that it is not will be seen in the fact that it never asks your imagination to value it for more than it is, as does the plum-blossom sometimes, and the morning-glory quite often. If you think it is pretentious, it is only the flower's misfortune. Go into the street and ask any *jinrikisha* runner or even beggar whom you come across what he thinks about the cherry-blossom; you will be told by him exactly what you think about it, not less, not more. I am ready to say that there is only one occasion during a long run of three hundred and sixty-five days that we, low and high, poor and rich, perfectly agree with one another, in the moment when we are looking up to the cherry-blossom. Beneath the cherry-blossom we return at once to our first simplicity. Without that archaic strength we should never be able to hold up our lives and world.

I have heard many people could not understand why the plum-blossom must bloom at such an early season, when it

even trembles on the naked branch, and why the maple leaves must turn red, like the showy *kimono* of a gay daughter in carnival, before they enter into wintry rest; but anybody's heart of hearts, always awakens at once when he sees the cherry-blossom in bloom, indeed, the spring of his soul and the spring of the flower call to each other. We love it, too, because it is the Japanese way to agree in love. We agree often foolishly but innocently, before we ask why, when we hear a voice of a leader. Who was the leader of the movement for the general admiration of the cherry-blossom? It was the children, I believe, who brought it home from the countryside a thousand years ago when it was a nameless flower; and it was the poets of the Heian age who properly introduced it into our Japanese life. The poets were the leaders; and our spirit, which is of the crowd, made us follow after them. Is there any greater work for the poets than the bringing of a flower into lives? It is natural with us that the cherry-blossom should spiritually evolve and gain an influence even to change the physical side of our life, particularly two hundred years ago, when we had a popular saying that the *Bushi* or fighter was the man of men, and the cherry-blossom the flower of flowers. It is, indeed, an interesting psychological study to examine the real relation between the cherry-blossom and the Japanese. We danced, ate, and more freely drank the *sake* wine all gold, under its falling petals. As we did last spring, so we will do again.

I do not care what history the cherry-blossom may have: what concerns me most here is its real beauty which is the more enhanced by a touch of sadness under the gray bosom of the sky with mists. What a lamentation of the flower when it is suddenly called to the ground by the evening temple bell or sudden rain! Why has she to haste when we all wish her to stay longer? I would like to think that we who come like the cherry-blossom shall go again like it. Our human lives are, indeed, beautiful like that flower, and its sigh under the night's wind is ours. It is quite commonplace to say that the life of a flower is short. But it is most wonderful to observe what a gusty energy is put into that short life of the cherry-blossom; it blooms, true to say, without any care, straight from the right heart of the earth. I shall see the low sky with the still lower clouds of cherry-blossoms by a stream (what a picture to please the Tosa school of artists!), and again the cherry-blossom with lanterns and jolly people in dance, which would be a subject for a Hokusai or Hiroshige. When a poet sings Spring to frighten from him the Invisible or Unseen, it is from his desire to make the affair sudden and strange, to make a mysterious world with laughter and tears arm in arm.

My Spring thought, which started more objectively, slowly entered in subjective appreciation, and my psychical quality of mind is strangely evolving in April, when I see not each shape of Spring, but the one big Vision or Imagination of all Spring now appearing, now disappearing, as one big mist, into whose seen or unknown breath my own existence will be lost; by losing myself I know I shall get a greatest joy of life. My desire will soon be exhausted when it is filled. And I will rest in reverie.

THE season, too, will rest in rain before getting another pang of force. Nature, who began as strong and objective as a Chinese art and then turned as voluptuous and quite real as the *Shijo* art, more as our beloved *Ukiyoe* art, is now becoming the art of Korin design in the season of iris and wistaria, great Korin's favorite subjects. The Japanese nature of May is most decorative.

Certainly it was Korin's adventurous turn of artistic mind

to strikingly introduce the morning-glory, the blushing flower lasses by the bamboo fences of the countryside almost too shy to call attention, into the six-folded screen of gold (what an aristocratic world) in pigments of red, white, purple and green; while, far from deeming Korin a true artist of flowers, I always agree with him in the point of his emphasizing, let me say, the greatness of little things. Through the virtue of such an Oriental attitude of philosophy which serves as moral geometry, defining our sense of proportion to the universe, we have made the morning-glory gain its floral distinction of today from the state of nameless wood of long ages ago which a certain Obaku temple priest of Uji brought from China. What a change in the public estimate!

I love the months of summer because I can commune more intimately then with the nature from whose heart of imagination and peace, unlike that of spring too fanciful and defiant, again unlike that of autumn too philosophical and real, I will build a little dream and slowly wear away my soul as if a cicada tired after a heartfelt song; I love them as I find in them quite a celtic infinitude which is commingled twilight and weariness. Hear the nocturnal song of the summer nights in the flashes of fireflies and lanterns swinging as if the spirits from another world, which shall be, long before reaching the climax, interrupted by the early dawn (how short are the summer nights!), when my heart at once opens wide as the morning-glory; I am an early riser then, in spite of my being late riser in other seasons, with that morning-glory whose floral beauty or flame is born out of dews and sunlight, the color of transparency itself out of whose heart, as it seems to me, whether it be blue or purple, red or white, all the color has been taken. How the flower stands in relation to the breath or odor of the summer dawn would be exactly the same problem as how I stand toward it; I am glad to read myself through their presence, my own strength of impulse toward nature and song. What a stretch of vines of the morning-glory, what force of theirs hardly conceivable as belonging to the vegetable kind, what a sensitiveness more than human; there's no wonder when one can read every change of the hour and even minute of the day in their look and attitude. I often ask myself why they do not speak a word of grief or joy, when they fade away with their spirits of flight across the seas of the unknowable; perhaps they do speak it, although my ears seem not to hear it at all.

WHEN Kaga no Chiyo, the lady *Hokkushi* or seventeen-syllable poetess of some two hundred years ago, wrote:

"Asagawa ni
Tsurube torarete
Morai mizu."

I see at once, not the moral teaching, although the commentator wishes to bring it out first, but one beautiful emotion of accident realized by the morning-glory and her heart with the summer dawn as a background. But where Sir Edwin Arnold translated Chiyo's poem into the following English:

"The morning-glory
Her leaves and bells has bound
My bucket-handle round.
I could not break the bands
Of those soft hands.
The bucket and the well to her left,
'Let me some water, for I come bereft.'"

I see that the lyrical gleam of the original has turned, alas!

to prosaic formality: I almost cry that it is hopeless if the poet has to put in two lines (the fourth and fifth) which the original has not (in fact, the translation has ten times more than the original, and spiritually ten times less), and wonder at the poetical possibility of the English mind. And how those rhymes bother my Japanese mind in love with irregularity!

It might be proper to thank, if thank one must, our Japanese moralists for their tireless propagation in popularizing the morning-glory, as they find them to be the things fittest for encouraging the habit of early-rising; it seems they do not quite understand how the word simplicity sounds to our modern minds, whose passion is more psychical, when those good old moralists wish to solve all the questions of the morning-glory with the power of that one word. I agree with them in calling them plebeian or democratic on account of the little cost of raising them; I see frequently they are blooming as beautifully as in any millionaire's garden upon the dangerous roof of tile or badly kept bamboo porch for people who cannot well afford to have even a few yards of ground in crowded cities. It is surprising to find out that the flowers which were raised under such conditions of privation always get the distinguished medals at the general exhibition. I am told that the chrysanthemums are often the true cause of a man's poverty; but the morning-glories will never invite such a reproach when they only entreat you to rise early (but remember, with plenty of love), and, when you have company, I suggest that you offer a cup of tea.

PUTTING aside all sentimentality, the whole credit, I think, should go to our horticulturists, who, as with the chrysanthemum, have raised the morning-glory from a weed into a floral wonder as we see it today, of such a variety of shapes, from a dragon's moustache to the hanging bell; of such a variety of color, from the foam of the sea or frozen moonlight to the purple sky or striped shade of a cascade; of such a variety of size, from half a foot in diameter to starlike smallness. There is no other flower like the morning-glory, so sensitive to our human love, and, let me say, horticultural art. I have only to wonder whether the human beings and the morning-glory are not born from the same old heart of mystery in Japan.

No doubt your heart of real flower-lover will be quick to denounce Dangozaka or "Kokugikwan" of Hokyō, where the annual chrysanthemum show, the most bewildering, fantastic thing of the world, in fact, is held. It is not only Hoichi, but everybody whose mind is in an old-fashioned quiet cast will call the waxwork chrysanthemum showman of Dangozaka an inferior heart of man. However, no one who never saw it can imagine the cleverness and some sort of wonderful art of Japan that are expressed in these show-pieces. Most of the scenes of the chrysanthemum puppet show are from an old play, or a page of history, or, most memorable of all, the newest occurrences of the day commemorated in the flower. The central idea is to build the flower monument of the years before we enter into sleep, silence and oblivion, and the rather cruel act of separation from flower of December and January sets in with snow and storm. Indeed, autumn is the very season for our minds to think and reflect what we did in the last nine months. The flowers which are used for the puppet show are the real potted ones, not cut flowers, the lovely plants in full bloom, the genuine plants, the roots of which are skilfully hidden or disguised. The color of the flowers will be combined to represent the gowns; the harmony of colors and grace of lines are indeed striking. How docile they are! Their docility is like that of the most beau-

tiful and sweet of women. If you hear a voice composed of sky and light, in silk, laces and jewels and curls, certainly you will see in the chrysanthemum gowns the true lyric and song of the sun, the earth, man and life, above all, of autumn.

BESIDES the puppet show, this Dangozaka and also "Kokugikwan," like the gardens of Marquis Okuma and Count Sakai, are famous, too, for the real chrysanthemums. Oh, what a wonder of the flower corridors! Here you see a kind which is to be compared only with fairies with magic on fingertips, the flower that stopped dancing by accident and gazes at you ready to commence again any moment. It is called the "Dethroned Angel"; but I should like to call it the "Angel Born on the Earth." See this flower named "Amanokawa"—Milky Way—really the name itself tells. It is colored in light purple that is woven from the silver of the mist and gentle rain; if you see it from a proper distance, it is no other than a Milky Way almost ready to disappear and still quite distinct in its airiness. Here is a kind with the name of "Dew" or Tsuzu, whose color is, of course, white, the creation or fashioning of frost and freeze; if you touch it, it were no wonder if it should vanish like a dream or poetry. "Haru Kasumi," or Spring Haze, reminds me of the day, or Spring with the air and wind and smoke-like amethysts, and our mind is nimble as that of a lark; the flower is gray-colored, and its shape charmingly gay.

FOR a thousand years the chrysanthemum was admired as a retired beauty by the garden fences, and under a simple method of culture; but it became the flower of rich personages to a great measure under the Tokugawa feudal regime; and lately the culture of *kiku*, or chrysanthemum, is the greatest luxury. It would surprise you to know how much Marquis Okuma and Count Sakai, these two best-known chrysanthemum raisers in Japan, have to spend yearly. It seems to me that such is a degeneration; still you cannot but appreciate and admire our advance in horticulture. When the chrysanthemum used to be called—that is, of course, long ago—"Kukuri Bana," or Binding Flower, from the reason that the flowers tie or gather themselves at the top, and have the appearance of a bouquet, they were supposed to be even a sort of wild grass, perfectly unknown to a flower-lover. The honor of the creation of the modern wonder of chrysanthemum, as with morning-glory, goes to a somewhat bigoted florist, to a somewhat frenzied horticulturist, to whom we owe, not only chrysanthemum and morning-glory beds, but nearly all exquisite flower-beds, our more varied, more delicious vegetables and fruits. What a surprising advance of the chrysanthemum from being a mere weed; and what a wonder of an evolution!

Maeterlinck says: "It is among familiar plants, the most submissive, the most docile, the most tractable and the most attentive plant of all that we meet on life's long way. It bears flowers impregnated through and through with the thoughts and will of man; flowers already human, so to speak, and, if the vegetable world is some day to reveal to us one of the worlds that we are awaiting, perhaps it will be through this flower that we shall learn the first secret of existence, even as, in another kingdom, it is probably through the dog, the almost thinking guardian of our homes, that we shall discover the mystery of animal life."

After all, it may not be altogether ridiculous to fancy the day will come when the chrysanthemums will speak to you and me of the secret and beauty of their flower kingdom. And this ghostly world and life are really mysterious.

PANTOMORPHOPSYCHONOSOPHILOGRAPHY

The New School of Literature: A Note on Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Cowper Powys.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I HAVE a liver. This organ is so constituted that if, at midnight, at the Café des Beaux Arts, I consume a ham sandwich with its own weight in mustard, and a pint of iced coffee, the result is similar to, but more urgent than that alleged of a dose of a quarter of a grain of morphia. A sleepless night of violent and concentrated, yet widely roaming, thoughts, passionate yet pellucid, is obtained at this triing cost: I perceive and glorify the infinite goodness of God.

The ancients did not know these things; great classics (still unappreciated in some quarters, 'tis to be feared), like the authors of "East Lynne" and of "Lady Audley's Secret," show no acquaintance with these phenomena. When good Queen Victoria wept for priceless Albert these things were not so. At least, Emily Bronte, she alone, foresaw the possibilities of today.

The incalculable increase of human knowledge has been such that no mind could follow it. I have sat at meetings of the Chemical Society where only two or three of the eminent men present were competent to discuss the paper read; perhaps not more than a dozen could even follow it. The mind of man has, therefore, developed like a cancer, thrusting out tentacles in every direction, depositing strange poison even in the remotest tissues, and bearing no relation, save the most malignant enmity, to the rest of the structure. We have known too much; we have lost our standards of measurement. In "East Lynne" it is merely a question of the Ten Commandments. All our motives, as our acts, were as simple as they are—in those dear dead days beyond recall!

NOW we have discovered pantomorphism. We have broken down the line between man and monkey, nay, between man and moss and malachite. We can still argue that nothing has a soul, or that everything has a soul; but the half-way houses have lost their licenses.

Zola, in a vague symbolic way, makes his still or his locomotive accomplice in his tragedies; but it is only the modern pantomorphist who makes the seaweed and the spindrift characters in his novel as active as its human protagonists. It is really the old animism, the old demonology, come again, the Rosicrucian doctrine of elementals burst into sudden flower; and it comes triumphant over all its enemies, because it has placed itself beyond the reach of criticism, basing itself as firmly on the Academic Scepticism as on the Academic Theology. No self-consistent theory of the universe can rule it out.

Pari passu has come—almost as part of this—the discovery of the human soul. In the old days a man was a man and a rock was a rock, "and no damned nonsense about it, sir"—which nonsense consisted in persistence at "But what is a man? What is a rock?" and ended, as above stated, in pantomorphism.

So also our souls were not souls; we were going to heaven or hell or purgatory, and there was nothing to worry us. But what are "we," asked the man of science, and ended by the discovery: "Every man and every woman is a star." The soul is now recognized as an individual substance, beyond the categories of time and space, a king in itself; not one of a group, but capable of its own destiny. The old theory of

stars—night-lights in God's bedchamber or holes in the floor of heaven—has gone the way of phlogiston. We no longer confuse Sirius with Aldebaran. Each is itself. Just so every man is Himself, with his own Way to Heaven.

MANY of us are become conscious of this truth; and, reaching out and up on our new wings, are at times liable to dizziness, to spiritual cremnophobia, agorophobia, claustrophobia—and nostalgia is in any case become quite normal to us.

Hence the psychonosologists have begun to construct manuals of spiritual pathology. They have hardly done anything even to describe the varieties of disease. Von Krafft-Ebing was the first to gain popular appreciation. He saw (at least) that the Seventh Commandment was not a simple matter of the divorce court, and even got a glimpse of the fact that to inhale the perfume of a gentian on the mountain-side may imply a sexual "abnormality" more profound and possibly more terrible than a thousand rapes. He erred (he has since seen the error) in classing these manifestations as disease. They are "variations" in the Darwinian sense, evidence of the growth of the race. The ox, the savage, the Victorian, the modern American, the cave-man, do not suffer in this way from the specialization of the functions of the soul. But since these phenomena are undoubtedly accompanied by severe distress, we are at present justified in speaking of psychonosology.

Now, the soul is eternally silent; it expresses itself only through the sexual instinct and its branches, Art and Religion. The Unconscious Will of a man is, therefore, his sex-instinct, in the first place. Therefore, this new passionate growth of his new-found soul must perforce express itself in sexual abnormality. Freud and Jung have done much to trace sex in the unconscious mind, in symbolic thinking, in instinctive selection of literary metaphor, and so on; Jung, in particular, has brilliantly perceived that sex expresses the Unconscious or True Will. But deeper thinkers, deeper because they are artists with the vision of Gods, not groping, purblind men of science, have gone further, and discerned sex beating at the heart of man's simplest, most conscious, and most rational acts.

I REFER to Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Cowper Powys. In the latter his "Eureka" is so vivid that it resembles the cry of an epileptic; the former bears himself more godlike, the cynical yet caressing smile of some hermaphrodite child of Pan and Apollo quivering faintly upon his lips. Powys makes you want to go out and invent something deliciously damnable; Wilkinson makes you feel that everything you have ever done is damnable delicious. The former reveals to you the possibilities of life; the latter reveals you to yourself as a past master of all actualities.

It is needless, I trust, to insist that these masters have left Krafft-Ebing and his school with Dens and Liguori—nay, they have buried him far deeper. For the older writers did really understand the appalling possibilities of "innocent" things, though their simple standard of right and wrong prevented their perception of whither their facts tended. But Wilkinson and Powys see more clearly. They know that one can morally contaminate a soap-bubble, if one go the right

way to blow it, defile the virginity of a valley by looking at it, or corrode the soul of a strawberry by refusing to eat it.

It will be hard for Puritan legislation to check the cerebralist!

BUT why (ask!) should we so uniformly perceive this curious development as evil? Wilkinson, it is true, is beyond the illusion of good and evil; not so is it with Powys, whose characters mostly understand themselves as unfathomable abysses, haunted by nameless horrors. The reason is simple: Powys is temperamentally a Christian. The soul is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked"; therefore its will is evil; therefore its sex-instinct is evil; therefore its universe is evil. Such is the Puritan sorites; and to the inverted Puritan, whose pleasure consists of inventing "sins" in order to commit them, the Pagan simplicity of a Wilkinson is rather tragic. For the Pagan accepts joyfully the Law of Liberty: "Every man and every woman is a star": "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." He delights in his independence, in pursuing the glory of his orbit, free, self-balanced, inscrutable, ineffably alive. The mind

which is bound to the Christian philosophy, the clinging, parasitic, Oedipus-complex, mind, dare not confront Immensity. In a word, a Christian, when he dies, wants to go to heaven; a Pagan shrugs his shoulders and takes things as they are.

But, will he, nill he, these pantomorphopsychonosophilographers have "unloosed the girders of the soul," as Zoroaster says, Wilkinson rather as a chorister in love for the first time, Powys as a child that has lost its mother; but the effect is the same. We must learn to take care of ourselves, to be suns in ourselves, not plants lackeying a central orb. We must conquer "air-sickness," the nostalgia for atavistic superstitions to comfort us. In a few years we shall be as happy in being ourselves as we have hitherto been in our dependence, physical, mental and moral, upon others. Then, not till then, will constructive work, the mapping-out of a free universe, become possible. And in that day let us not forget the noble, the austere, the elegant, the august spade work of these great pantomorphopsychonosophilographers, John Cowper Powys and Louis Umfraville Wilkinson. *Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.*

A LETTER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE

(The following letter addressed to Lord Northcliffe was published in the London "Star" more than a year ago and created a sensation throughout England. A. G. Gardiner is a noted and fearless journalist, and his indictment of Northcliffe makes particularly interesting reading just now, in view of the fact that the Lord of Thanet has come to the United States in order to take personal charge of the organs of the Allies. "We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than many another's bond." Thus exclaimed Northcliffe's "Evening News" October 17, 1913. Let us bear this in mind when the Northcliffe papers scream the loudest and demand the utmost sacrifice of blood and wealth.)

My Lord: This is not a time when I should wish to write to you or about you, for there is something indecent at such a moment in inflicting the old battle-cries on the public. But you have chosen to issue a book of newspaper scraps the object of which is to cover yourself and the *Daily Mail* with honor as the true prophets of the war and *The Daily News* and other representatives of Liberalism with odium as the false prophets of peace. To let such a challenge pass would be a wrong to the cause which this journal holds sacred, and therefore, unwillingly, I address you.

Your claim to be the true prophet of the war does not call for dispute. It has always been your part to prophesy war and cultivate hate. There is nothing more tempting to the journalist than to be an incendiary. It is the short cut to success, for it is always easier to appeal to the lower passions of men than to their better instincts. There is a larger crowd to address, and you have never deserted the larger crowd. The student of your career will find it difficult to point to anything that you have done and to say "Here Lord Northcliffe sacrificed his journalistic interests for the common good, for the cause of peace, for some great human ideal that brought no grist to his mill; here he used his enormous power not to enrich himself but to enrich the world." But he will have no difficulty in pointing to the wars you have fomented, the hatreds you have cultivated, the causes you have deserted, the sensations, from the Pekin falsehood to the Amiens falsehood about the defeat of the British army, that you have spread broadcast. You have done these things not because of any faith that was in you, not because of any principle you cherished. You have done them because they were the short cut to success—that success which is the only thing you reverence amidst all the mysteries and sanctities of life.

"NOTHING."

If one could find in you some ultimate purpose, even some wholesome and honest hate, you would present a less pitiful

spectacle to the world. You would at least be a reality. But you are nothing. In all this great and moving drama of humanity you represent no idea, no passion, no policy, no disinterested enthusiasm. Like Mr. Lowell's candidate you

scent which pays the best an' then

Go into it baldheaded.

When you preached war against the Boers it was not that you hated the Boers or loved England; it was only that you understood how to sell your papers. When you preached war against France, told her that we would roll her in "mud and blood" and give her colonies to Germany, it was not that you had any rooted antagonism to France, but that you knew how to exploit the momentary passions of the British mob. When you called for reprisals against Russia over the North Sea incident it was not that you did not know that there had been a mistake, but that you knew that a cry for war was a good newspaper thrill. When last spring you set all your papers from *The Times* downwards prophesying "civil war" and went to Ulster to organize your brigade of war correspondents and triumphantly announced that hostilities were about to begin, it was not that you cared for Unionism or hated Home Rule. You care for neither and have coquetted with both. It was only that you thought that Parliament was going to be beaten and that you could be the prophet of red ruin and the breaking up of laws. Even your loves are rooted in hates as meaningless as your loves. When you covered the Kaiser with adulation, called him "Our friend in need," and pleaded for an alliance with Germany, it was only to make your gospel of war with France more effective. In a word, you have been the incendiary of journalism for twenty years—a man ever ready to set the world in a blaze to make a newspaper placard.

MR. F. E. SMITH'S TRIBUTE.

And as you have been the preacher of war abroad so you have been the preacher of discord and hate at home. There

is not a movement of our time to which you have contributed one idea, one peaceful influence, one constant loyalty. When you thought the insurance bill was popular you supported it; when you thought it was going to be unpopular you travestied it, misrepresented it, and organized the servant girls and the duchesses to resist it. When the Progressives were assured of victory in 1904 you were their champion; when you saw the tide had turned in 1907 you turned a stream of virulent slander against them and headed the most infamous campaign in all the annals of our public life.

Do you say that this is malice dictated by party feeling? You are mistaken. I am conscious of no feeling for you except scorn, and, I think, a little pity, for indeed a life like yours is a thing for pity. But lest anyone should think that I am prejudiced let me call Mr. F. E. Smith as a witness. This is what he said of you on August 5, 1911:

"I remember, a few years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain introduced his tariff reform proposals the *Daily Mail* said it was opposed to them because they constituted a stomach tax. Well, being at that time very young and simple, I thought they must be right. A few days later I opened the *Daily Mail* and read 'Mr. Chamberlain's great campaign. Triumph of Tariff Reform. Necessity of taxes on corn to cement the Empire.' Well, I, like the *Daily Mail*, have always had a mind open to conviction. So I said 'certainly,' and I spent four or five years in backing up the *Daily Mail* over that. Well, I opened the *Daily Mail* about three months ago and I read the leading article, and it said 'Tariff Reform is dead.' Where are we? . . . No one has followed them more faithfully than I have. When they said to me 'don't buy trust soap,' I didn't. When they told me there had been a massacre in Peking I bought crepe. I think it is rather hard lines that in the middle of my political life I should be left with only two subjects on which I can give them ungrudging support—'Standard' bread and sweet peas. I can understand and even admire their desire to preserve an ancient barony from contamination."

That is what your friends think of you. What is there left for your foes to say? Indeed, the late Lord Salisbury said the final word about you long ago. The *Daily Mail*, he said, was "written by office boys for office boys," and though you have soared to *The Times* since then, you have only succeeded in dyeing it with the colors of the office boy's mind. For just as it was the *Daily Mail* which proclaimed the massacre of Peking, so it was *The Times* that proclaimed the rout of the British army.

And you charge "Mr. Cadbury's *Daily News*" with "horrible commercialism." Mr. George Cadbury has ceased his connection with the *Daily News* for years past, and you know it, but it pleases you to strew the pages of the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* with venomous allusions to his name. In the abysses of your mind you discover that the name appeals to some poor prejudice or some vulgar ignorance. Perhaps you are right. But the record of George Cadbury can be left to the judgment of his countrymen. His work is known. Your work, too, is known. I think I know on which side the scales of judgment will fall.

WHY WE WORKED FOR PEACE.

But you say that we prophesied peace. Yes, we not only prophesied peace, but we worked for peace, just as you prophesied war and worked for war. We lost and you won. And you rejoice in the victory that has made Europe a shambles. Is it really a matter for rejoicing? A million men have died on the battlefields of Europe already and a million more will die. Millions of lives are being broken, millions of poor homes darkened by death and suffering. Is this really a subject for

a newspaper advertisement? Do not suppose that we could not have preached war, too. It is the easiest thing in the world. It makes you popular, it brings you readers—as you know. It is so much simpler to burn down than to build up, and a fool can light a powder barrel. The crowd will run to a fire, but it will never run to see the builder add stone to slow stone. No, we did not work for peace because it paid. It does not pay to go against the popular tide. No one knows that so well as you who talk of the "horrible commercialism of the *Daily News*," and who have spent your life in an infamous servitude to the changing passions of the hour. We worked for peace because we believed that that was the duty of a responsible journal. We worked for peace because we wanted to see a better and a juster world, because we believed that the fulcrum of human society is international co-operation, and not international enmity, that civilization cannot co-exist with barbarism, that war would ruin all the hopes of that social readjustment, that alleviation of the lot of the poor that was the purpose for which the *Daily News* was founded and for which, whatever its failures, it has lived.

WAS IT A LOST CAUSE?

And who shall say that in working for peace we were working for a lost cause? It was not a lost cause. Did Mr. Bonar Law believe it was a lost cause when he made that memorable speech in November, 1911, in which he repudiated the doctrine of the inevitable war, recalled how in past years there had been prophecies of "inevitable" wars with Russia which had not taken place, showed how the perspective of the world was constantly changing, and declared that if war took place it would be due not to any irresistible natural laws, but to the want of human wisdom? Were we wrong in working to strengthen that human wisdom or were you wrong in working to destroy it? You yourself had moments of penitence. Only last year you published in the *Evening News* a eulogium of the Kaiser far more extravagant than anything that ever appeared in these columns—a eulogium in which you spoke of that "gallant gentleman's" efforts for the peaceful development of his country, of his just ambitions, of his word "which was better than many another's bond," and of the respect in which this country held him. If you believed that war was inevitable what was the motive for that extravagant praise? But, most conclusive of all, on this question of whether peace was a lost cause, turn to the French Yellow Book, published this week. There you will find the King of the Belgians and the French Ambassador at Berlin recording only last year a change in the attitude of the Kaiser. Till then, they agreed, he had stood for peace and had resisted the war-like influences about him as he had resisted them for a quarter of a century. Now at last they saw he had yielded. Only a year ago.

Why had he yielded? Why was the cause of peace lost? I do not minimize the evil influence of the militarist party in Germany. Perhaps that evil influence was destined in any case to prevail. Who shall say? But can you doubt that among the factors that finally delivered the Kaiser into the hands of the militarists was the ten years of bitter newspaper war carried on between the incendiary press of this country and the equally incendiary press of Germany? Can you absolve yourself from any share in bringing this calamity upon the world? Nay, do you wish to absolve yourself? Are you not rather claiming this war as a tribute to your prescience and your power?

1815-1915.

But even if, in working for peace, we were working for a lost cause, is that a fact for which we need to apologize? What is the case of this country before the world? Is it not

this, that we have had no designs against Germany, that we desired to live at peace with her, that we strove to live at peace with her, that we were driven to war regretfully and by compulsion? If that is our case, then to have worked for peace is to have worked for the good name of this country, for its honor and for its freedom from complicity in this vast crime. But you deny this case. You proclaim to all the world that the most powerful press in this country worked steadily not for peace but for war. And to that extent you have made us partners with the guilty. That is your claim. That is your boast. And you think to shame us because we do not share your guilt.

You are mistaken. We are without shame and without regret. When this nightmare passes away we shall still work

to bring the nations together and you will still work to keep them asunder. You will discover some new foe with whom to play upon the fears of the public and through whom to stimulate your sales. But you will work in vain. In this war you have reached your zenith. The world that will emerge from this calamity will be a world that will belong to the democracy. And the democracy knows you as the poisoner of the streams of human intercourse, the fomentor of war, the preacher of hate, the unscrupulous enemy of human society. It will make an end of many things, and among them it will make an end of the most sinister influence that has ever corrupted the soul of English journalism.

I am, my lord, yours, etc.,

A. G. G.

TWO LIVES.

A Narrative in Verse.

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

FOREWORD.

IN the present revival of poetry two tendencies seem clear: the rehabilitation of the English literary tradition in theme, diction, and cadence, and a painfully conscious effort to overthrow that tradition at all three points. The following poem is aligned with neither of these tendencies, neither with the iconoclasm of the "New Poetry" nor with the recrudescence of the Victorian. Its literary relationship is continental: that poetic art which, accepting the established verse forms as the authentic grammar of poetic speech, registers and interprets, through the imagination, in the dialect of living men, the realism of nature and of human life, finding no fact, and no word or phrase intrinsically unadapted to its purpose, but seeking by no *tour de force* to compel to its purpose any fact or word, simply because conventionally conceived as unpoetic. Representing no cult or propaganda, it is simply the sincere art of impassioned *talk* about the *realities that count* in man's spiritual life, as ethically evaluated by first-hand experience in this immemorial world. One who is a better critic than I tells me this continental art finds its nearest English equivalent in some pages of Browning, Meredith, and Arthur Symonds. It is itself best represented in Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia. I feel, however, that this, my own smaller work, has been more the outgrowth of an inner process in imaginative thinking and speaking than of theory or of imitation.

I have utilized the world I know best, the world of modern American college life: its backgrounds of woods and waters, its campus and classroom, the shaded streets of the college town itself, the undergraduates of both sexes, the college games, the faculty group and the faculty club. This is not what the Bohemian poets of metropolitan cabarets, nor the Socialist poets of factory and wharf, nor the dinner-party poets of things fashionable and "beautiful," nor even the poets that wander among remote mountain tribes or on our own peopled and flowered hills, would call "life." But it is surely one phase of life, complete and meaningful in its own reality, and one can learn to feel its quality.

The man of the story is a college teacher toward the beginning of his career. The sheltered quiet, the cloistered ease, of academic men has been too readily taken for granted. The truth is, rather, that there is no other group in America where, man for man, there may be found more of the factors that

make of human life a deep, a hard, and an earnest thing: the factors of high ideals, eager and generous ambitions, temperamental sensitiveness accentuated, too, by education—all these in undemonstrative but heroic struggle (how often!) with narrow means and self-denial, and with the universal burdens of sickness, death, obloquy, and the universal passions of love and hate. I have had the man tell his own story. "The technique of the first person" enabled me with fewer narrative trammels to attend to my main interest, human character, and thus to reveal the man through the man's own revelation of the other people of the story.

The woman, the young wife of whom he speaks, whose story is so much his own story, will represent for the thoughtful a phase of this world's tragic mystery more frequent in life than its infrequency in literature would suggest: not merely "sweet bells jangled out of tune," not the mere Ophelia-pathos of a lovable but quiescent nature that is suddenly overthrown, but the life-long and subconscious effort of a restless and talented mind forever thwarted in the loving fulfillment of its own gentle and ideal cravings, not indeed by any ethical flaw, but by the congenital fact, as one line of this poem reads, that

"God has tampered with the instrument"

and rendered reason itself from the beginning unstable and intermittent, and, thereto, permitted the blundering or impatience of well-meaning associates and the cruelty of untoward circumstances to co-operate in hastening the last phase of its solemn and heart-rending bafflement.

I have borrowed a device from the old-fashioned days and supplied a few "author's notes"; with a difference, however, since mine pretend to no erudition—beyond such explanations of my own text as might be interjected in familiar reading aloud to a friend.

W. E. L.

University Heights, New York City.

THE PERSONS OF THE STORY.

THE WOMAN.

THE MAN.

THE WOMAN'S FATHER.

THE WOMAN'S BROTHER (*in a distant city*).

THE WOMAN'S SISTER.

THE HUSBAND OF THE SISTER.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE MOTHER.

THE TIME OF THE STORY.

Early in the first decade of the Twentieth Century.

(The time of the telling of the story is supposed to be about three years after the culmination of the events of the story.)

THE PLACE OF THE STORY.

An inland American city, known as the City of the Four Lakes.

POEM.

PART I.

THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

Adventurers, from voyagings returned,
Whether in Afric forests perilous,
Whether beyond Antarctic Erebus,
Tell what of wild and wondrous things they learned,
What blizzards blinded, or what fevers burned,
And how when almost perishing afar
(Now sound again, except a crutch or scar)
For home and song ineffably they yearned.
We read their books, with maps in blues and reds,
And landscapes pictured under alien suns,
Or under sultry moon or frosty star;
Then, studying their portraits, bearded heads
Thrill into words: "O these the mighty ones,
These the strong heroes"—as indeed they are.

Adventurer, from voyaging which passed
Beyond earth's continents, whilst things befell
Which none who've met before ere lived to tell
Am I, it seems: the first, perhaps the last.
Ye shall not see my portrait, and my name
Ye shall not hear, but, if ye read my book,
Though unadorned, ye'll say (by pause or look):
"Man still is man, even when without his fame."
Ye need not say "a hero." Yet regard
This tale at least in one respect like theirs:
That, urged like them, by what of high and hard
I found in awful tracts of Otherwheres,
I made my notes with an Explorer's pen,
And, coming home did write them out for men.

I. THE CITY OF THE FOUR LAKES.

The shining City of my manhood's grief
Is girt by hills and lakes (the lakes are four),
Left by the ice-sheet which from Labrador
Under old suns once carved this land's relief,
Ere wild men came with building and belief
Across the midland swale. And slope and shore
Still guard the forest pathos of dead lore
With burial mound of many an Indian chief,
And sacred spring. Around me, Things-to-come
Are rising (by the plans of my compeers)
For art and science, like a wiser Rome
Upon a wiser earth for wiser years.—
Large thoughts, before and after, yet they be
Time's pallid backgrounds to my soul and me.

'Tis no mean city: when I shut my eyes,
To thought she seems memorial as they,
The world's white cities famous far away,
With her own beauty, her own sunset skies
Across her waters, her own enterprise
Beside her woodlands, with her thousand homes,
Her squares and flowering parks, and those two domes
Of Law and Learning, and her bold and wise.

She too shall have, and has even now, her fame
(Like Florence or Geneva, once the fair
Sojourn of worthy men), and of the same,
A solemn part, perhaps, shall be that there,
By house and tree, to flesh and blood befell
The things whereof this story is to tell.

II. HIS COMING TO THE CITY.

I came from years already grim forsooth
With gruelling adventures: as a boy
Puzzling on farmstead my slow way to Troy
With Homer, the Ionian; then, as youth,
Fighting 'gainst poverty to close with Truth,
In colleges by Hudson, Charles, and Rhine;
Climbing in tempest Alp and Apennine;
Drinking with peasants in a tavern booth
By Seine and Tiber to forget a face;
As man, an office drudge for shelter, bread—
My own and others'—with never kind release
From aching eyes; still sleepless in my bed—
So when Life called me to this lovely place.
I wrote a friend: "I've found my work, my peace."

'Tis no self-pity, with an "O-how-long,"
'Tis no self-love, with "yet-I-mastered fate,"
That rivets that stanza to the iron gate
Whereby ye enter this demesne of song.
Here as I open the black bolts and strong,
Whilst first ye look upon this new estate
Of the still-living Muse, read once again
That scroll: brief record of my strife with Pain
In years before. Thus, when ye meet his face
Herein, hereafter—more wrinkled, leathern, grim—
Meet Pain more fierce with many-spiked mace,
His body sprouting many a strange new limb—
Ye'll know with what a desperate embrace
'Twas mine a second time to strive with him.*

A second time with what a weary back,
And scarred shoulder; for the first had been
A strife to me so memorably keen,
That now I said, "No more can he attack
With such a might, and now I know his worst."
Yet though still weak from battles unforgot,
With tongue still sanded from old fear and thirst,
I hoped; for hope was in this inland spot,
Twin of its inland beauty. So I wrote
My friend (my friend who knew, from talks together
In sea-board cities, through what world of weather
I'd kept for years my little bark afloat):
"Rejoice with me; at last the tempests cease;
I've come to land; I've found my work, my peace."

I found my work: Life gave to me the lease
Of scholarship, as long I'd struggled for.
With desk and bench and blackboard; by the door
A broad blue map of all the Isles of Greece,
Northward to Colchis and the Golden Fleece
And west to Ithaca; beside the clock,
Eternal Parthenon on that high rock;
A plaster bust, the white-helmeted Pericles,
In further corner. Here from day to day,

* "The scroll" is the preceding stanza, represented as written and rivetted over "the iron gate" that forms the entrance to this new estate of the Muse, namely the following poem. The scroll tells briefly the poet's earlier experiences with pain and will give (it is averred) to his later, more tragic experiences (whereof this poem treats) an added grimness in the telling as being a second encounter, almost before recovery from the first.

While through the window flashed the lake and wood,
 I taught what Hellas still has soul to say
 To generous boys and girdled womanhood.
 O had my work remained my all for me,
 I had found perhaps my peace . . . 'twas not to be.
 I came from other labor, other times,
 And other houses, half a fugitive
 Till then round earth. I sought a place to live,
 After my needs: a table for my rhymes
 And books, a bed for sleep, for human sleep,
 A friendly household, that would let me roam
 Its grass and porches, like a man at home—
 Yet yield (O prose of life!) its roof-tree cheap.
 I wandered, hunting, many a pleasant lane
 And highway under elms in arching rows,
 And many a brick-paved court, with saplings set
 And lilacs, rang at many doors in vain,
 Whose housewives smiled . . . until, toward day's bright
 close,
 I spied a placard: "Attic room to let."

III. THE WHITE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

That house stood white . . . with earth's old evening sun
 Beside her (yet behind her far and still
 Across the shimmering Indian lake and hill),
 Vista-ed through private oaks. The lawn did run
 In shining emerald, curving like a bow,
 (As I explored) O under cherry and peach,
 And hedged from neighbors by the golden glow
 And hollyhock, down to a little beach
 And rustic shelter. In front were beds of flowers . . .
 Whose names I learned . . . thereafter. A strange vine
 Wound up the pillars with the summer hours,
 And two great trunks, festooned with thick woodbine,
 Bordered the wooden path—could such a place
 (And why?) still crave a stranger's step and face?

Between those festooned trunks, at gable and
 Of that white mansion, looking out upon
 The low moon (yellowing after set of sun),
 A triple window, like a waiting friend,
 Seemed calling me to enter and ascend,
 So cosy were the little panes of glass,
 Half-curtained in the dusk above the grass;
 Joyous it seemed and ready to defend,
 As 'twere a living thing, whoever might,
 With genial hopes and sinless memories,
 Labor by day, or slumber there by night
 Within its chamber . . . gloaming fancies these . . .
 Then downstairs some one lit an early light . . .
 An Old Man pulled the shade behind the trees.

IV. THE ATTIC CHAMBER.

That attic room became my destiny:
 In each man's life there's some excelling spot,
 Indoors or out, that may not be forgot—
 Some hall whose music set his spirit free,
 Some stream unbridged which lost him victory,
 Some hut, some hill, determining his lot,
 Dividing still what-is from what-is-not,
 In life of each man—whether you or me . . .
 Of which hereafter . . . But you shall not think,
 You few who read my story shall not say,
 "He would make big the things of everyday
 By out-worn rhetoric." For my hair is gray
 Through manhood's commonplaces, and all ink
 Lags ever in the rear of such as they.

That attic room became my destiny.
 Although for long elsewhere I've slept since then,
 And elsewhere been so busy with the pen
 And elsewhere talked, 'tis no mere memory—
 For there, still there, I seem to breathe, and be
 There, with the spacious light of east and west
 From either gable-end, by chair and chest
 Table and bookshelf, looking out to see
 Now the still street of elms and now the lake,
 As if 'twere windowed only for my sake—
 Windowed in front, and yet behind, for one
 Who loves on earth, beyond all reason why,
 O both the rising and the setting sun,
 The morning and the evening of the sky . . .

There by the chimney and the open fire
 Of splintered shingles, brush, and billets (borne
 In arm from snow-swept woodpile many a morn)—
 There, as the yellow flames in tongue and spire
 From their foundations leap a span and higher,
 And live suspended in the dark recess,
 And then, like summoned ghosts in swift distress,
 Sweep up the flue, and vanish ere they tire
 There, whilst I lean against my knees, and guess
 (Stirring with idle poker now and then)
 What song it was the Siren sang to men,
 What Helen's girdle, what Calypso's dress,
 I hear (for I seem there, forever there)
 A tiptoe footstep on the attic stair.

V. THE STRANGE PEOPLE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

Wild tales of that white house were whispered me
 Across the neighbor's fence. An old dame said:
 "A beautiful mother paced, with bended head
 And fingers muttering monotony,
 That porch in other days, and seemed to see
 Only the squirrels burying nuts and bread,
 Which over the rail she tossed them fitfully—
 At last they took her off; her little three
 Learned all they knew of her at their father's knee . . .
 And when she died she did not die in bed . . .
 She haunts us most when waves are white to view
 Under those bluffs—and pointed down the sky—
 And now the old man is about to die,
 And have you seen the old man's daughter?"—"Who?"

"The lovely lone one, the unhappy child,
 The gentlewoman, she who keeps the house."
 "I have not seen her."—"Like a twilight mouse
 She slips away; but like a bird the wild
 Few notes she sings. Her mother, when she smiled
 Had that same wistful glance—you'll see it there
 In the old portrait over the jardinière
 Just off the vacant hall. The father, mild
 Of temper sometimes, never free of hand,
 Scarce notices her love and her despair
 Now in his cumbered age; but sits in chair
 And figures rents and dividends and land,
 And grudges her the little sums she spends
 On orchard, garden flowers, and odds and ends.

That make the house his home." But that same night,
 Upon my way upstairs, I sat an hour
 In library with him. And I found power,
 And wisdom, and adventure. Recondite
 The verse he quoted by the green lamp-light—
 All apropos of journeys over-sea,

Or battles when our armies fought with Lee,
 "Or foreign politics and civic right.
 He had been general, writer, statesman, he
 Who owned the fair house now that sheltered me,
 And I was proud. And those brave eyes and bright,
 Could any "something" be thereunder hid?
 This crown that grief had rendered nobly white!
 I'll not believe it!—(Yet in time I did.)"

VI. THE DAUGHTER.

He touched not on his daughter . . . But ere long,
 One morning passing down, in act to close
 The outer door, I heard her at her song.
 I listened . . . It grew fainter . . . It arose
 Higher within the haunted house somewhere—
 Until, O clear on that September air,
 From out my attic window forth it flows—
 An old French folksong of the outre-mere . . .
 "So it is she who has been busy there
 In household duties with the broom and pans,
 And tied my curtains with the new green bows,
 And ranged my papers, pillowed me the chair,
 And left the plate of fruit, the Astracans,
 And she who on my bookshelf set the rose."

I caught myself that day at thoughts of France,
 Humming the folksong that she did begin:
 "The Cavalier came riding with a lance
 And drank the red wine at my father's inn"
 For I had heard it, wandering long ago
 Through Savoy in the vale of Chamonix,
 Of peasant girl in Alpine afterglow:
 "And in the wars he thinks no more of me."
 Where did she learn it So I thought of her
 And what they told me. Beautiful and rare
 This unseen presence singing things that were
 And serving the stranger with a quick "beware,
 He must not see me," swift to minister
 And swift to vanish . . . What was her despair?

I met her first, half-turning up the stair,
 Her foot just lifted from the rug in hall.
 She stopped, as timid at her father's call.
 He introduced me. She pushed back her hair
 With one hand, struggling long to play the host,
 Though silent, and, as if afraid to fall,
 She clung and leaned against the newel-post
 With the other . . . girl-and-woman lithe and tall,
 In flowing saffron muslin. With full throat
 And large black lashes over large blue eyes,
 A queen of ladies . . . what had she to fear?
 And when I thanked her, with an anecdote
 And kindly jest, for household courtesies,
 She spoke, and almost laughingly drew near.

She took me round the parlor, welcoming:
 "This vase shows Ariadne on the isle,
 'Twas found on Lemnos. And this peristyle—
 (You know it? Notice how the wild flowers cling
 About the base)—I painted one bright spring
 At Athens. And that boy in purple tile
 We got from Florence. That's my mother's smile,
 That portrait—'Mona Lisa wondering'
 I call it sometimes." And I startled then—
 The fancy seemed bizarre and loveless; yet
 She named the name so wistfully and mild.
 I looked upon the portrait and again

On her I looked: I never can forget—
 In her the likeness of the mother smiled.

"But you'll not find on that piano top"
 (She said, as I turned aside) "what brings
 Our house much credit—only simple things
 Of Schubert. Father long since had me drop
 My foolish lessons . . . O that photograph
 Among the music? Do you know him—yes?—
 He's married to my sister—O how odd.—
 And yet the world is not so big, I guess—
 And all are brothers—you believe in God?" . . .
 I knew him. Students had we been together
 In Bonn am Rhein, and wandered hills and dells
 By Godenburg and round the Drachenfels.
 And smoked our German pipes in stormy weather.
 And she was glad. And called her father in,
 As if I'd proved some new-discovered kin.

Surely not so unhappy. Surely not
 So furtive, silent. Save the moments there
 When she had fled me up the broad oak stair,
 Cordial to admiration . . . Life its plot
 Weaves of all hours, remembered or forgot:
 At first she'd stepped aside then face to face
 We did encounter . . . and with change of place.
 A cryptic comment?—It was now my lot
 To steal from her. I knew my loneliness.
 I knew with sorrow, not with arrogance,
 How quickly love might master her and me:
 With sorrow, for *I* was crippled by distress,
 With sorrow, for *she* had her inheritance,
 And marriage was not meant for such as we.

VII. BETROTHAL.

Her goodness was upon me. She would be,
 As I came in, between maroon portières
 And ask me to the parlor unawares
 Of afternoons: "You'll drink a cup of tea?"
 And I would follow. Or with random glee
 Surprise me on the lawn, as there I fed
 The scampering squirrels scarcely coaxed by bread;
 "Here, give them these cracked almonds, and you'll see."
 Or knock of evenings: "Father thought you'd like
 This plate of cream—for cream, you know, won't keep—
 O, I must run and fetch a cloth and spoon" . . .
 Enough . . . such homely things they strike, they strike,
 They pierce me through . . . they come again in sleep . . .
 Though (nay, *because*) more dead than earth's dead moon.

She saw me in blue glasses: "If your eyes
 Pain so at night, can't I then try to speak
 Your book aloud: I had four years of Greek"—
 (Naively as a child)—"and took the prize
 As Senior." Was it scholar's enterprise
 Made me accept the offer?—For a week
 She read me Homer, I with hand on cheek
 And temple warding off the lamp side-wise . . .
 And watching her. And I'd correct the pitch,
 Acute or grave, or chant her, the long roll—
 Perhaps Odysseus at the bloody ditch,
 Talking to brave dead comrades soul by soul;
 Perhaps Nausicaa beside the sea,
 Or the lone island and Penelope.

I overheard the Old Man scolding her.
 I'm blaming not his anger—peace to him;

Nor probing you the cause, whatever it were
That chafed—whatever oddity or whim—
That you might know her in her sweet desires
And pity her gentle strangeness. Not for this,
Neither on her account nor on her sire's
Do I report.—But for analysis
Of mine own mood and act: I'd have you see
His harsh words through the shut door piercing *me*,
And rousing an instinct that will have its food,
When man approaches woman, as a man—
The soft-fierce instinct of protectorhood—
Spell out my bungled meaning as ye can.

And so Life drew us both, and so Love drew
Both, both—the woman without thought at all,
So starved for chance of service all in all,
The man of thought that knew (or deemed he knew).
So reading turned to talk; and talk then grew
To little silences. Then song grew rife—
The song she most would sing to her was new:
"Freut euch des Lebens—Take ye joy of life" . . .
Turning the leaf of music, at her side,
As she ran over the keys, I kissed her hair
One night at last . . . The Old Man multiplied
And added in his study over there
Across the hall . . . That painted Face so fair
Looked down upon her daughter and—my pride.

"The man of thought that knew." But came the heart
With sweet proposals, subtle arguments:
"Love will itself create its own events,
And marriage shall become its work of art—
We shall be strong and happy." And the word
Of father in the house, of brother, wide
Across the states, confirmed my hope and pride—
Averting what my pride and hope averred,*
And yearned so much to hear. And so we gave,
The Girl and I, with nature's old routine
(Forever new with each new cosmic wave
Of love) our lovers' pledge, unheard, unseen—
And so with lips that played even then the wife:
"Freut euch des Lebens—Take ye joy of life."

"Freut euch des Lebens—take ye joy of life—
Weil noch das Laempchen glueht—whilst the lamp glows—
Pfluecket die Rose—pluck, O pluck the rose—
Eh' sie verblueht—before it fades" . . . [my wife!] . . .
"Man schafft so gern—we plague from morn to morn—
Sich Sorg' und Mueh'—ourselves with care and strife—
Sucht Dornen auf—we seek too oft the thorn
Und findet sie—and find it" . . . [O my wife!] . . .
"Und laesst das Veilchen—leave the violet fair—
Ach, unbemerkt—unnoticed evermore—
Das dort am Wege blueht—that blossoms there
Along the roadside" . . . O'er and o'er and o'er,
Ring in my widowed heart the words, the air,
As if I heard them from the Other Shore.

She played the wife, she was the wife indeed
From Love's awakening. In its bird-like joy
Her love was too pervasive to be coy,
Too much the flowering of the native seed,
So long unwatered and unsunned, to need
The tricky tender teasings that young love

In its first exercise is guilty of,
Too trusting, self-forgetting to take heed
Of any secrets. But to go with me,
With mushroom basket on a woodland walk,
To serve with many a household ministry
Of pin or needle, and to read, and talk
(As mate already) of my work, or come
Each evening to the door with welcome home,

Was as her breathing. Nay, she never took
Thought of her beauty. With unconscious grace
Her auburn ringlets fell across her face,
And her unjeweled fingers held the book.
Her dress was simple as a summer brook
Among the mignonettes, the colors blent
Even as the birds', as if an increment
Of nature from within. Her voice, her look
Unstudied as the wind, the stars. Strange, strange,
If I praised her beauty, how she reckoned not of
My *praise*, because so happy in my *love*
As something more, and never stopped to range
One ribbon or give one wandering whisp a shove . . .
Meantime the old smile changed or seemed to change

How I exulted! and the sister, wed
With my remembered comrade of the Rhine,
Wrote from the Tyrol: "O could you divine
How much this touches me! One born and bred
To live with joy forever, heart and head
Giving to others joy, yet never given—
Her patient gentleness so sorely riven—
But now—but now—she lives—she is not dead—
She lives and *That* can never smite again"—
(Of this, the half I understood not then)—
"To think it should be you! When we get back,
We'll have so much to talk of.—You've forgot—
But fate has been long busy at the plot:
I saw you once in Bonn—your eyes are black."

But often her father's talk of me she'd tell:
"Your beau's a dreamer, better at a verse
Than at a bargain—yet it might be worse:
See that you keep him—I'm not well, not well . . .
You'll soon be left alone . . . be more the belle
And less his servant . . . you will pall, I say,
Upon him, with your household negligee—
And with your chatter you will break the spell,
And he'll be off." And she would laugh, "poor man,
He doesn't know you, and he never can."
(He never did.) But I, between disgust
And wonderment, I did not laugh—in dread
Both of the backgrounds to the things he said,
And of the sweet abandon in her trust.

"This is the red rose, dear, and this the white,
The white rose this, beloved, this the red:"
As I unpinned the paper, thus I said
In hallway (from the florist's come one night,
When on the square the moon in winter's height
Shone out above Orion); and bent my head
With proffering hand, as if a gallant bred
In speech and flowers: "Be these thy twin delight,
Love's passion and Love's purity" . . . She knew . . .
And kissed me twice—for red, for white, a kiss—
And set in slender vase of gold and blue . . .
In after years I murmured: "This . . . and this" . . .
Opening her box of letters—"Roses?—Two?"— . . .
Each brown and shrunk, a withered chrysalis.

* That is, the father by conversation and the brother by letter confirmed the man's "hope and pride" that this love would "create its own events," and render both "strong and happy."

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

(In 1910 I made my famous impressionistic journey to Europe. Since that time I have been abroad at least twice. But never did Europe appear so fresh and wonderful to me as it did in that year, which culminated in the publication of the "Confessions of a Barbarian." As I read that book today I find that it is singularly advanced and even brilliant. In fact, I am a little jealous of its author. But that is another story. The fact remains that the book, although widely and wisely praised, has not been read so widely as it deserves. For that reason I shall publish it in installments in *The International*. If any of my readers feel bored I shall stop it. Or cancel their subscriptions. We shall see.)

PREFACE.

THIS book reveals America to herself by interpreting Europe. I stand in symbolic relation, so to speak, to both hemispheres. My twofold racial consciousness serving as a fulcrum, I am enabled to pry two worlds—Archimedes aspired to lift but one—out of the furrow of their mutual misconception.

I have seen the soul of the subtle siren Europe. I have chronicled facts from her unwritten history, from the secret pages of diplomatic portfolios. From her have I also learned verities greater than facts. I may speak *ex cathedra*: infallibility I claim not. I have emulated not the labored minuteness of old school painters who, numbering each hair of the head, make themselves rivals of God, but the thumbnail sketches of Whistler and the chromatic riots of Boecklin.

My book, though published serially in William Marion Reedy's brave weekly, *The Mirror*, is journalism only in the sense in which that term may also be applied to the *Reisebilder* of Heine. If the dramatic poet may fashion himself to the exigencies of the stage, shall not literature disguise itself unreprieved in the cloak of news? Only those are of all time who, like Rabelais, Cervantes and Voltaire, are in immediate touch with their own time.

Having navigated unknown seas of Germanic psychology, I chart them. I trace the tangled lines of an elder civilization. I record spiritual data that elude Baedeker. The guileless American mind rebels against certain peculiarities in the culture of Europe. I have dived through troubled waters as one dives for the pearl, to discover their hidden meanings, the wisdom encrusted in all things ancient.

I urge Europe's gospel of tolerance. I lead those who follow me out of the Babylonian captivity of Puritan prejudice. I have been accused of posing, because, in a world of antinomies, I am an inveterate truth-teller. This is my flesh and blood. I could not more frankly denude myself in the sanctity of the Confessional. I speak with the truthfulness of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, and of George Moore.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

THE OLD WORLD LURE.

I HAVE no intention of rivaling Baedeker. I met him abroad. He is an excellent man, the distinguished son of a distinguished father—high priests of travel both. Far be it from me to take the bread from his mouth.

It gave me a curious feeling to meet Baedeker. It was almost like meeting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. I had always thought of him as a little red book, not as a man.

I don't remember what we said. Probably it was of no special significance.

One speaks of *sins* of omission. Why not of *virtues*? Besides, I am not a vender of useful information. I don't like scenery. I detest things. And of geography I have a positive horror. The distinguished Harvard professor was not far from right when he said I was more interested in myself than in Europe.

I am an inveterate individualist. Men and ideas are to me the only realities. Even we human beings are but ideas incarnate, particles mysterious and vibrant of the great world-brain. Perhaps, as Heine suggests, life is only the fevered dream of some malevolent demon?

We are not theologians, however. Without inquiring into primary causes, we ponder with changing emotions the prism of the world. Of its multiple aspects some to us are exciting and novel. We respond less readily to stimuli already familiar. To the weary eyes of the gods all things are hued with indifference. I shall depict the exceptional from an exceptional visual angle.

I admit I am very unjust, and surely misleading. The grotesque piques my curiosity. I over-emphasize sex. Nevertheless, I am truthful. I practice all the Christian virtues, without faith in any. If my impressions are colored—they are—there is always Baedeker to fall back upon. There is consolation in statistics, and an antidote in the atlas.

Not long before my trip abroad I had lunch at the Astor with the German novelist Felix Holländer, literary adviser of the *Deutsche Theater* in Berlin. We looked out upon Long Acre Square. My visitor was disappointed. It seemed to him that we were already too sophisticated, too civilized. He had not expected Indians in City Hall, but he deplored the absence of the vigorous primitive note which the imagination of the Old World associates with the New.

I assured him that our seeming culture is all superficial. Can we learn in a century, except parrot-wise, the lesson of five thousand years? With us it is all veneer. Scratch the American and the aboriginal Indian appears.

The savage, to be sure, is more interesting at times than the sophist. But he is utterly absurd when he is ashamed of himself, or pretends to be civilized. The average American in literature and in morals is a Hottentot wearing a stove-pipe. His sophistication is unreal. His wisdom is shrewdness. His vices are ordinary, his religious convictions shallow. He is good-natured, but ignorant and irreverent. He has the heart of a child and the conceit of a monkey.

Abroad they imagine that our minds are as vast as our lands. They credit us intellectually with the expansiveness of the Harriman roads and the subtlety of the Standard Oil. They don't understand that we have subdued the forces of nature materially without having conquered them in spirit. We do not penetrate to the heart of things. The poetry of commerce eludes us. We build highroads between continents, without imagination. Our outlook is provincial. We utterly lack *finesse*.

Our patriotism is the only imaginative ingredient in our national structure. It is crude at that—and hysterical. And it does not prevent us from cheating our country in business. Our savagery is apparent in our mediæval administration of

justice; in our vulgar disregard of æsthetics for morals; above all, in our absurd and insincere worship of females. The American man has rightly been called the pay-monkey of the American woman. He pays for her *lingerie* as well as her folly. She is protected, set aside, placed on a pedestal, both by the law and by custom. He is defenseless. Our government is a matriarchy in disguise.

I WAS born on the Continent, but brought up in America. My racial consciousness is distinctly dual. I am at home in America. I have an insider's view. But an insider's view from the outside—dispassionate, impartial. Yet I am not embarrassed for a thread in the labyrinth of Europe. I need both countries as a legless man needs his crutches.

Europe is essential to my well-being. I must bathe periodically in the fount of its authentic civilization, wallow in its corruption, soar in its dreams. Still, I am too much of an American to lose myself in it altogether. I have seen its depths and its heights. I have conversed with counts and cabbies, art students and ambassadors, scientists, soldiers, privy councilors, and prostitutes. There was much that I admired, and much that depressed me.

I tried to understand it all, and to make the best of it. At every step I became increasingly conscious of being constituted differently from the people I met and saw. But the first impressions were overwhelming. When, alone and a stranger, I entered Berlin, the luminous heart of Europe, my emotions were those of a young Barbarian who had crossed the Alps for the first time, and for the first time saw Rome.

The trip itself held no allurements for me. Like Oscar Wilde, I am bored by the ocean. I prefer sherbets to sunsets. I am, however, not insensible to the loveliness of the visible world. But I cannot take it, as Germans drink beer, in slow sips. I gulp it down, like a cocktail.

It is absurd to go abroad in the summer when everybody is in the country. I went late in the fall. There were only a few people on board. Mostly musical students. There were two flirtative Western girls with their mother. The mother was like a hen—an intelligent hen. The girls were singing birds—pretty and flighty.

One of the girls on board had large eyes like a doe. They tell me her voice was charming. She had scraped together every cent to study abroad. And she was very grateful for every little attention. It hurt me when she laughed. I always felt somehow as though she were going down to some tragic cataclysm.

I hope she will never see this.

Then there was a flute-player, a spirited little girl, with whom I was in love for two hours, while the train rolled from Cuxhaven to Hamburg.

The men were in the minority. There was a coarse ship's physician. And there was Hans. Hans was a sailor-boy, eighteen summers old, and absolutely delightful. The women made positive indecent advances to him which they would hardly have made to a social equal. The boy, clever, well educated, requited their efforts with smiling contempt. They saw only the smile. The contempt escaped them.

In the first cabin were only three men passengers and a tenor. The tenor had no voice. One of the men was a Chicago physician, whom the law permitted to practise and to kill within the confines of the United States, but who went to Vienna to acquire more precise methods of murder. The Standard Oil Octopus was also represented on board. It had one of its tentacles there: a young engineer. I looked upon him with awe, as one looks upon a policeman.

The Standard Oil Company is the most awe-inspiring thing in the United States. It is more stable than the government.

Certainly it is more powerful and of more profit to us. Trust magnates, like politicians, work for their own pockets. But trust magnates can afford to be more magnanimous. The trust, being productive, cannot enrich itself without enriching the country.

I completed the masculine trio.

We spent most of the time in the smoking room, discussing women—the three men and the tenor. I did the talking. The trip was a liberal education—for them. I painted the Eldorado of Europe in glowing colors.

Not that I believed in that Eldorado. I was afraid that I would be horribly disappointed. Yet intellectual curiosity urged me on. I sometimes seem to myself like the Wandering Jew in Otto Julius Bierbaum's *Seltsame Geschichten*, doomed ever to seek for the truth without believing in its existence.

Emotionally I was totally apathetic, until we approached the British Isles and the Old World Lure began to exert upon me its irresistible fascination. Vast and multi-colored vistas came to me on the pinions of memory when I realized with a thrill that the jagged line at my left hand was Shakespeare's England and that "the pleasant land of France" dreamed at my right. I thought of Napoleon crossing the channel, a prisoner. And I thought of another sad exile whom the British have killed and whose grave is in Paris.

OSCAR WILDE rests not far from one whom Germany, to her shame, has rejected. Like him, a poet, brilliant and cynical. And, like him, the son of a race down-trodden and melancholy. I wonder if in desolate nights the ghost of Oscar Wilde holds concourse with Heinrich Heine? And if the worm has not devastated their smile, they may even smile, seeing that both are revenged on their people. Bernard Shaw, the cynical voice of Wilde, with none of Wilde's poetry, has turned England topsy-turvy; and *Jüngstdeutschland* has received from Heine his poison, but not his honey.

And I thought of the Vikings who discovered the New World before the birth of Columbus. And of the Wars of the Roses. I thought of Swinburne, the voice of the sea and of sin; and of Darwin and Goethe; of Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio. I thought of Jeanne d'Arc, who was burnt as a witch and is now a saint. And I thought of the Roman days.

I thought of Cæsar who had conquered Gaul, and of the Briton who conquered Cæsar. I saw Plato with noble, strangely Germanic visage, and Socrates with the face and the cheeks of the Slav. This was the land where Jupiter had loved Europa, and Prometheus had snatched the fateful fire! And in the far distance I almost felt the presence, stupendous and terrifying, of Asia, mother of continents, plagues and messiahs.

We in America make things most unpleasant for newcomers. We inquire into their solvency. We question their morals. And, naively enough, ask their political faith. Europe receives her visitors with the smile of a woman of culture. And beams her broadest smile upon us. The Old World regards us with a curious mixture of amusement and awe. Much as the subtle-witted Greek may have looked upon his Barbarian conqueror. They are afraid of us, but they refuse to take us seriously. Some one has compared Germany to Greece; we have been called the Rome of the Western World. In Germany today the spirit of Athens is vibrant—there are some who say that Plato himself was a German. Our coarse-fibered strenuousness relates us in many ways to the Romans.

Like the Romans we lack ideals and ideas. Subtleties are beyond us. We have no sense of tradition and reverence. There are only three traditions we cherish: the Monroe Doc-

trine, the Puritan Sabbath, and the absurd superstition that the White House should harbor no man for more than eight years. We adhere to these traditions with Antony's devotion to his matchless inamorata. We nurse them with the frantic affection of a grief-stricken Niobe. They are all we have. All else is chaos.

Irreverence for old age is bred in our bones. We hate established things. Like children, we sometimes break our toys merely to break them. To feel that we can do things. The will to live is strong in us, but we express it crudely. Frequently, to use a Vergilian phrase, by "making a noise with our mouths." On Election Day and on the Fourth of July we are the noisiest two-legged animal. The rattlesnake, not the eagle, should be our national emblem. The League of Silence, consecrated to humanity by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, and the "noiseless gun" invented by Hiram Maxim, are the two most auspicious events in the history of American culture.

Quiet distinction is beyond us. We must shriek at the top of our voices. We have no manners. We lack urbanity. The little tug that takes you to shore in Hamburg is called "Welcome!" And across the bow of the one that takes you back is written "*Auf Wiedersehen!*" No American brain could have conceived of this. It is too gracious and simple. We would christen the one, "Undesirable Immigrant;" and bestow upon the other the appellation "Avaunt!"

THERE is a train that takes you to Hamburg from where you land. It is more comfortable than our parlor cars. There are little compartments, each with doors and curtains. Drawing down these curtains, one may safely stretch one's limbs in the languid sleep of the wicked. If sleep has no allurements for us we may yield to the blandishments of his brother Cupid. The German's *coupé* is his castle. No Pullman porter's face emerging from the horizon like a great, black moon, will eclipse, even momentarily, your beautiful *vis-à-vis*.

I received, however, two severe shocks on that trip. One, when the conductor on his circuit of inspection demanded the visible evidence of my right to occupy the compartment. He spoke to me tenderly, as a mother speaks to her nursling. My astonishment yielded to utter felicity—I gasped open-mouthed, when he actually lifted his cap to me. He saluted me! He made feel like a railroad president. Courtesy dwells in the bosom of the German railroad conductor.

The second shock was no less severe. The Western lady with the two daughters (the Hen), was the cause of my consternation. There was a man selling beer at the station. She almost gobbled up his tray with her hungry eyes. But her tongue still refused to articulate the desire that had already subjected her conscience. For he who looks at a glass of Pilsener with an evil longing is no longer a teetotaler in his heart. At last, with a gesture of despair, she beckoned to him, glancing guiltily at my countenance, then lit up with incomprehensible glee. I am sure she felt horribly wicked. But the struggle between thirst and propriety had consumed several minutes. Precious minutes! By the time the man reappeared with his tray the train was already in motion. He slowly vanished from our field of vision, waving to us from afar his frantic regret, like the ghost of a sin we had not dared to commit.

The sense of propriety, like the chameleon, changes with its environment. Americans abroad are humanized for the time being. They dispense with convention; they breathe with a novel freedom. Our conventions don't fit us. They don't fit any man. We are glad to discard them. We leave them in cold storage in Hamburg or Bremen. We redeem

them on our return. Once back in America we are very proper—Tartuffe when he goes to church.

When you arrive in a European city the first thing you do is to take a cab. It is delightful and inexpensive. How different from when you land in New York! Abroad, if you think you are overcharged, you call a policeman. And you are safe. Alas! it is not so here. Recently a friend of mine, a young Hungarian poet, on his arrival hired a cab at a Hoboken ferry. His destination was Harlem. When the cabby finally mentioned his price, the bard insisted upon being driven back to Police Headquarters in Mulberry street. He came near being locked up. In the end he had to unburden his pocket of twenty-five dollars. For that price you can hire a cab for a week in Berlin.

There is much to be said for the cab. Need I conjure up the delightful murders and mysterious elopements the novelist's imagination associates with this vehicle? Wherever the hansom monopolizes traffic, life is wonderful and complex. It is an inducement to self-respect. It makes you feel like a millionaire. The swift revolution of the wheels annihilates distance, and creates class distinction. I can afford to take a cab. My washerwoman cannot. That is, abroad. In this country we would both travel by trolley, and I should have to give her my seat if the car were crowded. I don't want to hang on the same strap with my barber! Not that I am a snob. But the thing is impossible.

Europe recognizes without much ado the barrier between us. America blatantly denies the ultimate lesson of evolution, the doctrine of differentiation. Here he and I are equals, unless my coffers overflow with iniquitous riches, and the smell of gasoline is sweet in my nostrils. Then, indeed, even Justice will incline her scale in my favor, and the magistrates of the police court, sitting in judgment over the quick, not the dead, will tenderly hail me by name when a blundering officer of the law has again arrested my speed and my *châuffeur*.

IN Europe the barber will always remember his station. He will not forget it if we meet on the street. Decades may pass while he wields the razor; his shavings may amount to a pile: he will still be a menial. Of course the case is different if he suddenly develops a tenor voice. Then Europe will carry him upon her shoulders. The bomb of genius breaks through the barrier of caste. But the day we erase from our cerebrum the absurd fallacy of equality we shall rejoin the choir of civilized nations. Inequality, differentiation—as Washington knew—is the essence of culture.

On leaving the cab you tip the coachman; only a few pennies—he will salute you, and smile, and be happy. In America, where he is your equal, he will pocket your generous tip with a savage growl, as if you had tried to insult him. He will hardly say "Thank you!" In that respect he seems to have entered into a silent conspiracy with his cousin the barber, and his brother the waiter. When I give a tip abroad, I feel that the Recording Angel is entering the transaction on the credit side of my ledger. When I tip an American I feel I am being robbed. Wine turns to gall in my glass. I become a misanthrope and a miser.

At the hotel you will probably order a meal. You may not want a hearty meal. You may not feel like eating your way through a big *table d'hôte*. So you order some *Wiener Schnitzel*, and *Preisselbeeren*, and some Moselle wine. The *Preisselbeere*, let me add, is the cranberry raised to the *n*th power. The waiter brings you the viands, not as if he were doing you a favor, but as if you were actually a person of consideration. Everything he brings you is toothsome. There is a delightful individuality about it all.

Our lack of imagination is most obvious in our food. The

art of dining expires upon the bosoms of our cooks. The intolerable monotony of the American menu merits a chapter in Dante's *Inferno*. We are invariably compelled to fall back upon the last resort of the unimaginative—steak. In Europe every restaurant has its specialties. Try the same dainty in two different *ratskellers*; you can tell blindfolded which is which. That is, if you are a *gourmet*. If you chew your food with your imagination, not alone with your teeth.

Ah! and the nice crisp rolls they have! And for their rye bread I would sell my soul to the devil. You are about to regale yourself with the bread. Suddenly you miss something—"Ober!" you cry. That means Waiter Superior. Every German waiter is called *Herr Ober*. That is a sop to German patriotism. It implies the excellence of the German waiter. He is the Overman of waitersdom.

The *Herr Ober* appears anxiously scanning your face. "Where is the butter?" you ask.

"Butter? The gentleman didn't order any."

Yes! You are actually expected to order your butter. And, what is more, the items will appear on your check. In France they make you pay for your napkin. But at the final reckoning you find that you are saving a lot of money. In New York I pay for my modest needs at lunch almost a dollar. In Berlin I have had *Backhaendl* a dream in chicken delicious beyond words; ineffable *Preisselbeeren*, a cantata in whipped cream called strawberry bomb; and a jug of honest wine, all for one mark and twenty *Pfennige*, or about thirty cents. But I have to pay two cents for butter!

We Americans always expect something for nothing. We are a nation of grafters. We have not yet mentally digested that the *least* is always the *most* expensive. We pay most dearly for what costs us nothing. Besides, we are in the habit of continually wasting money by paying for things we don't want, or don't get, merely because others presumably want them and get them. We have an idea lodged somewhere in our cranium that money is easily made, because at the touch of some modern Midas watered stock turns to gold. Albeit few of us are initiates in his secret, we are tempted to emulate the munificence of his household. We live within his means, not ours.

The average American, like the savage, makes no provision for the future. The mind of the twelve-dollar clerk, oblivious to the actual value of money, refuses to grasp that a dollar is the symbol of half a day's wearisome drudgery. And all sense of the significance of the individual greenback is lost in a roseate mist when his salary climbs up to the dazzling height of twenty-five *per*. We have yet to learn the rudimentary fact that the value of a coin fluctuates continually as it wanders from one man's hand to another's. We are, in consequence, the most wasteful of nations. Wasteful of nerve-juice and sweat, equally wasteful of forests and nature's multiple bounties. Far from being a business-like people, we wallow like hogs in our transient abundance.

HERE is waste everywhere. In the Berlin subway—to instance a significant illustration of municipal economy—every man is his own conductor. This I suspect to be a devious method on the part of the State to cultivate in its subjects the military virtue of self-reliance. In American cities, the conductor sneezes, coughs, or makes some other inarticulate sound when the train approaches the station. To interpret these catarrhal noises in intelligible terms well-nigh exhausts the imagination. There are no plainly marked stations as in Berlin; and who would dare address a conductor? His primary function, apparently, is to impress upon us in

uncouth colloquial gabble the urgency of dispatch. Sometimes he jabs us.

On the subway trains of the German metropolis there are no conductors—neither is there danger to life and limb. There is no obscene crowding, there is no strap-hanging—modern substitutes for mediæval institutions of torture. When a car is filled to its capacity no avaricious syndicate attempts to disprove the truth still maintained by the physicists that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

Well may a sense of personal grievance intrude upon the calmness of my philosophic reflection: the New York subway system has snatched from me (at Ninety-sixth street) the best-beloved of sweethearts! How well I remember the tragic occurrence! Fate has engraved each detail on my brain with her indelible pencil! A sea of human agony pressed upon us from all sides. Suddenly she was gone! One last glimpse of her beckoning hands! One last swish of departing silks! A muffled cry—I cannot explain it, being neither H. G. Wells nor Jules Verne—and the hungry jaws of incomprehensible void had closed upon her. She had actually been crushed out of known space, and disappeared into the fourth dimension. Now, in Berlin, the police would not permit such a thing to happen, because "it is strengthly undersaid" to leave the platform without having delivered one's ticket to the Cerberus at the gate.

We are wastrels of time in bar-room and club, but we risk our lives to save a minute in locomotion. The German law, unlike our own, does not regard suicide as a punishable offense, but at least it saves you, even against yourself, from being murdered—by inches—in a crowded car. However annoying it may be to be compelled to wait until the next train rolls leisurely into the station, saintship does thereby hold out its crown to you: you may practice the Christian virtue of patience. Your misery, moreover, is not unaccompanied. But if you are in a hurry a second-class compartment will hospitably receive you on payment of an additional obolus. Mortals less fortunate travel third. The system comprising two classes, even in city traffic, is an excellent thing, excellent from your point of view, commendable also from the point of view of your financial inferior, to whom plush seats are not indispensable.

The democratic delusion of equality and mob rule has not yet addled the brains of Europe. Abroad even the Socialist is not convinced in his heart that "all men are created free and equal." But people respect your personality and your comfort. They do not ask you to twist your body, made in the image of God, into ludicrous shapes as you hang to a strap. But they boldly affirm the rights of man—as distinguished from woman. I devoutly believe in the rights of woman. I even uphold universal suffrage, irrespective of the vulgar distinction of either age or sex, limited merely by a severe educational test. I believe in votes for children as well as for women, provided they have the brains. But I vigorously resent the monstrous attempt of the American female to usurp man's rights without man's duties, without, moreover, relinquishing her prerogatives as a woman. In Berlin every car has a special compartment for smokers. We refuse to grant to the male that last refuge, but, absurdly enough, institute special cars for the ladies—a startling flashlight into the feminine character of our vaunted American "civilization."

WE fondly imagine that we are a practical people. We invent time and labor-saving machines. Our ingenuity, however, deserts us when it comes to making life more pleasant. We should all like to live in houses with elevators, but insolvency stands at the gate like an irate angel. The ordinary elevator is a monstrous thing, devouring space and

service. But the wizards of Berlin have installed in dwellings hardly larger than a Nuremberg toy house, lilliputian lifts commensurate with their size. Electricity ingeniously applied supplants the attendant. A good fairy disguised as the landlady presents every tenant with a magic key. When it is slipped into the keyhole the elevator promptly answers your summons. The doors swing open to welcome you, and the moment you step on the mat within, a cunning device turns on the electric light. The brain-endowed elevator halts at your floor; you close a partition, and—presto!—down it goes of its own accord.

Profiting by the mishap of the hero of the Arabian Nights, the municipality subjects you to an examination of your ability to pronounce the magical Sesame before the key is entrusted into your keeping. But the whole affair is so simple and so safe that a child can learn it all without special instruction. Rents are high in Berlin, comparatively speaking, but many people can afford to live in elevator houses over there, who wouldn't dream of it here. And yet I feel sure that in our city houses, honeycombed with apartments, thousands of women are annually crippled or killed by climbing too many stairs.

There are few things beyond our reach if we are determined to get them. But where shall we look for guidance? Our instincts are wavering and vulgar. We are the *parvenu* among nations. Our children's children may, perhaps, acquire reverence, refinement and polish. But there are things one can only inherit. The atmosphere of a place cannot be bartered for so many pieces of silver. We can purchase with our gold pigeons of the color of grapes, and of the color of slate-quarries. We can pauperize them as we pauperize the squir-

rel. We can make them docile, until they nestle upon the palm of our hand. But we cannot duplicate the Place of St. Mark in Venice.

Aesthetic values are connotative. There is a picturesqueness in Europe that one looks for in vain in a newly-made country. Take the lovely swans on the Alster in Hamburg. How lordly they circle upon the river, fed by delicate Ledas from the casements of restaurants by the water. And in winter the seagulls are there. Myriads and myriads of them. And there is an old man who makes his living by selling fish to feed them. You cannot help thinking of Heine watching the birds and perchance writing a melancholy sonnet about them. This is the city where he felt most at home. It is strange that he should never have sung of its loveliest aspect.

BUT the weirdest thing in Hamburg is its wonderful mists. They rise from the ground like a thin veil until they swallow the city—*Rathaus*, Alster and all. I had a curious thrill watching a group of children playing on the lawn while slowly, with mist-embroidered wings, the afternoon faded into the dusk. At first the milk-white veil barely touched their feet. They were like angel-boys in some Raphael painting, dancing on clouds at the knees of God. When I looked again, the chilling breath of the fog had enveloped them, as the Erl-King in Goethe's ballad envelops the dying lad. Higher and higher rose the white doom. At last I could only faintly distinguish their figures; they seemed like children frolicking in blissful unconsciousness at the bottom of the sea. Then they disappeared altogether.

They must have caught cold. I am sure the fog is unhealthy. But beauty is apt to be.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA

By MAXIM GORKY.

IT is as if thousands of metallic wires were strung in the thick foliage of the olive trees. The wind moves the stiff, hard leaves, they touch the strings, and these light, continuous contacts fill the air with a hot, intoxicating sound. It is not yet music, but a sound as if unseen hands were tuning hundreds of invisible harps, and one awaits impatiently the moment of silence before a powerful hymn bursts forth, a hymn to the sun, the sky and the sea, played on numberless stringed instruments.

The wind sways the tops of the trees, which seem to be moving down the mountain slope toward the sea. The waves beat in a measured, muffled way against the stones on the shore. The sea is covered with moving white spots, as if numberless flocks of birds had settled on its blue expanse; they all swim in the same direction, disappear, diving into the depths, and reappear, giving forth a faint sound. On the horizon, looking like gray birds, move two ships under full sail, dragging the other birds in their train. All this reminds one of a half-forgotten dream seen long ago; it is so unlike reality.

"The wind will freshen toward evening," says an old fisherman, sitting on a little mound of jingling pebbles in the shade of the rocks.

The breakers have washed up on to the stones a tangle of smelling seaweed—brown and golden and green; the wreck withers in the sun and on the hot stones, the salt air is

saturated with the penetrating odor of iodine. One after another the curling breakers beat upon the heap of shingles.

THE old fisherman resembles a bird: he has a small pinched face and an aquiline nose; his eyes, which are almost hidden in the folds of the skin, are small and round, though probably keen enough. His fingers are like crooks, and stiff.

"Half a century ago, signor," said the old man, in a tone that was in harmony with the beating of the waves and the chirping of the crickets—it was just such another day as this, gladsoime and noisy, with everything laughing and singing. My father was forty, I was sixteen, and in love, of course—it is inevitable when one is sixteen and the sun is bright.

"Let us go, Guido, and catch some pezzoni," said my father to me. Pezzoni, signor, are very thin and tasty fish with fine fins; they are also called coral fish, because they live at a great depth where coral is found. To catch them one has to cast anchor, and angle with a hook attached to a heavy weight. It is a pretty fish.

"And we set off, looking forward to naught but a good catch. My father was a strong man, an experienced fisherman, but just then he had been ailing, his chest hurt him, and his fingers were contracted with rheumatism—he had worked on a cold winter's day and caught the fisherman's complaint.

"The wind here is very tricky and mischievous, the kind

of wind that sometimes breathes on you from the shore as if gently pushing you into the sea; and at another time will creep up to you unawares and then rush at you as if you had offended it. The boat breaks loose and flies before it, sometimes with keel uppermost, with you yourself in the water. All this happens in a moment; you have no chance either to curse or to mention God's name, as you are whirled and driven far out to sea. A highwayman is more honorable than this kind of wind. But, then, signor, human beings are always more honorable than elemental forces.

"Yes, this wind pounced upon us when we were three miles from the shore—quite close, you see, but it struck us as unexpectedly as a coward or a scoundrel. 'Guido,' said my father, clutching at the oars with his crippled hands. 'Hold on, Guido! Be quick—weigh anchor!'

"WHILE I was weighing the anchor my father was struck in the chest by one of the oars, and fell stunned into the bottom of the boat. I had no time to help him, signor; every second we might capsize. Events moved quickly; when I got hold of the oars we were rushing along rapidly, surrounded by the dust-like spray of the water; the wind picked off the tops of the waves and sprinkled us like a priest, only with more zest, signor, and without any desire to wash away our sins.

"This is a bad look-out!" said my father when he came to, and had taken a look in the direction of the shore. 'It will soon be all over, my son.'

"When one is young one does not readily believe in danger; I tried to row, did all that one can do on the water in such a moment of danger, when the wind, like the breath of wicked devils, amiably digs thousands of graves for you and sings the requiems for nothing.

"Sit still, Guido," said my father, grinning and shaking the water off his head. 'What is the use of poking the sea with matchsticks? Save your strength, my son; otherwise they will wait in vain for you at home.'

"The green waves toss our little boat as children toss a ball, peer at us over the boat's sides, rise above our heads, roar, shake, drop us into deep pits. We rise again on the white crests, but the coast runs farther and farther away from us and seems to dance like our boat. Then my father said to me:

"Maybe you will return to land, but I—never. Listen, and I will tell you something about a fisherman's work.'

"And he began to tell me all he knew of the habits of different kinds of fishes; where, when and how best to catch them.

"Should we not rather pray, father?" I asked him when I realized that our plight was desperate; we were like a couple of rabbits amidst a pack of white hounds which grinned at us on all sides.

"God sees everything," he said. 'If he sees everything He knows that men who were created for the land are now perishing in the sea, and that one of them, hoping to be saved, wishes to tell Him what He, the Father, already knows. It is not prayer but work that the earth and the people need. God understands that.'

"And having told me everything he knew about work my father began to talk about how one should live with others.

"Is this the proper time to teach me?" said I. 'You did not do it when we were on shore.'

"ON shore I did not feel the proximity of death so." "The wind howled like a wild beast and furiously lashed the waves; my father had to shout to make me hear.

"Always act as if there lived no one better and no one worse than yourself—that will always be right! A land owner and a fisherman, a priest and a soldier, belong to one body; you are needed just as much as any other of its members. Never approach a man with the idea that there is more bad in him than good; get to think that the good outweighs the bad and it will be so. People give what is asked of them.'

"These things were not said all at once, of course, but intermittently, like words of command. We were tossed from wave to wave, and the words came to me sometimes from below, sometimes from above through the spray. Much of what he said was carried off before it reached my ear, much I could not understand: is it a time to learn, signor, when every minute you are threatened with death! I was in great fear; it was the first time that I had seen the sea in such a rage, and I felt utterly helpless. The sensation is still vivid in my memory, but I cannot tell whether I experienced it then or afterward when I recalled those hours.

"As if it were now I see my father: he sits at the bottom of the boat, his feeble arms outstretched, his hands gripping the sides of the boat; his hat has been washed away; from right and left, from fore and aft, the waves are breaking over his head and shoulders. He shook his head, sniffed and shouted to me from time to time. He was wet through and looked very small, and fear, or perhaps it was pain, had made his eyes large. I think it was pain.

"Listen!" he shouted to me. 'Do you hear?'

"At times," I replied to him, 'I hear.'

"Remember that everything that is good comes from man.'

"I will remember!" I replied.

"He had never spoken to me in this way on land. He had been jovial and kindly, but it seemed to me that he regarded me with a lack of confidence and a sort of contempt—I was still a child for him; sometimes it offended me, for in youth one's pride is strong.

"His shouts must have lessened my fear, for I remember it all very clearly."

The old fisherman remained silent for a while, looking at the white sea and smiling; then with a wink he said:

"As I have observed men, I know that to remember means to understand, and the more you understand the more good you see; that is quite true, believe me.

"YES, I remember his wet face that was so dear to me, and his big eyes that looked at me so earnestly, so lovingly, and in such a way that somehow I knew at the time that I was not going to perish on that day. I was frightened, but I knew that I should not perish.

"Our boat capsized, of course, and we were in the swirling water, in the blinding foam, hedged in by sharp-crested waves, which tossed our bodies about and battered them against the keel of the boat. We had fastened ourselves to the boat with everything that could be tied, and were holding on by ropes. As long as our strength lasted we should not be torn away from our boat, but it was difficult to keep afloat. Several times he and I were tossed on to the keel and then washed off again. The worst of it is, signor, that you become dizzy and deaf and blind—the water gets into your eyes and ears and you swallow a lot of it.

"This lasted long—for full seven hours—and then the wind suddenly changed, blew toward the coast and swept us along with it. I was overjoyed, and shouted:

"Hold on!"

"My father also cried out, but I understood only:

"They will smash us.'

"He meant the stones, but they were still far off; I did not

believe him. But he understood matters better than I: we rushed along amid mountains of water, clinging like snails to our 'mother who fed us.' The waves had battered our bodies, dashed us against the boat, and we already felt exhausted and benumbed. So we went on for a long time; but when once the dark mountains came in sight everything moved with lightning speed. The mountains seemed to reel as they came toward us, to bend over the water as if about to tumble on our heads. One, two! The white waves toss up our bodies, our boat crackles like a nut under the heel of a boot; I am torn away from it, I see the broken ribs of the rocks, like sharp knives, like the devil's claws, and I see my father's head high above me. He was found on the rocks two days later, with his back broken and his skull smashed. The wound in the head was large, part of the brain had been washed out. I remember the gray particles intermingled with red sinews in the wound, like marble or foam streaked with blood. He was terribly mutilated, all broken, but his face was uninjured and calm, and his eyes were tightly closed.

"And I? Yes, I also was badly mangled. They dragged me on to the shore unconscious. We were carried to the mainland beyond Amalfi—a place unknown to us, but the people there were also fishermen, our own kith and kin. Cases like ours do not surprise them, but render them kind; people who lead a dangerous life are always kind!

"I FEAR I have not spoken to you as I feel about my father, and of what I have kept in my heart for fifty-

one years. Special words may be required to do that, even a song; but we are simple folk, like fishes, and are unable to speak as prettily and expressively as one would wish! One always feels and knows more than one is able to tell.

"What is most striking about the whole matter is that, although my father knew that the hour of his death had come, he did not get frightened or forget me, his son. He found time and strength to tell me all he considered important. I have lived sixty-seven years and I can say that everything he imparted to me is true!"

The old man took off his knitted cap, which had once been red but had faded, and pulled a pipe out of it. Then inclining his bald bronzed skull to one side he said with emphasis:

"It is all true, dear signor! People are just as you like to see them; look at them with kind eyes and all will be well with you, and with them, too; it will make them still better, and you, too! It is very simple!"

The wind freshens considerably, the waves become higher, sharper and whiter, birds appear on the sea and fly swiftly away, disappearing in the distance. The two ships with their outspread sails have passed beyond the blue streak of the horizon.

The steep banks of the island are edged with lace-like foam, the blue water splashes angrily and the crickets chirp on with never a pause.

KATE BUSS DISCOVERS JEVONS BLOCK.

AND now here comes Kate Buss, of Boston, and in a tiny book of fifty-three pages interprets the characters of twenty inhabitants of Jevons Block. Where is Jevons Block, you inquire? Search me. For all I know Jevons Block is a fancy of Miss Buss' brain. But almost every city and town possesses such a section of humanity. What Miss Buss has done is this: She has made the Shoe Salesman, the Dress-maker, the Masseuse, the Cosmetic Seller, and the "candle-stick maker" reveal themselves. Each character, from the lady who sells cosmetics to the Entertainment Bureau Agent, is given one page in free verse.

Now my well known hostility to this form of literature prevents me from being entirely just to Miss Buss' slender book. "Jevons Block" interests me as a good novel would. I have read the book over and over again. Each reading improves this curious collection. That is to say, "Jevons Block" is a book one must read. There are some books—hundreds of books—which I have not read, but which are completely familiar to me. Kate Buss' work cannot be divined in that fashion. To understand her creations one must actually come in contact with them. The task is a most pleasant and profitable one. Happily "Jevons Block" in no wise resembles the Spoon River Anthology. This fact alone makes it noteworthy.

For instance, Simon Weaver, bric-a-brac repairer and

neighbor of Dr. Devine, the physician beloved of women, introduces himself in the following effective manner:

My neighbor is closeted
All day
With lovely ladies,
They hold his hands and weep.
If one should smile at me
I would wipe away her tears
With my apron,
And join together
The broken wings of her grief.
I will ask my neighbor
To bring me a lovely lady
To mend. . . .
He is walking down the street
Swinging a stick

This may not be poetry. But it is poetic as Miss Buss once explained in an admirable article anent one of the greatest of contemporary poets. It is not only poetic. It is effective. The trick is done. Simon Weaver has been created. "Herz, was willst du noch mehr."

J. B. R.



THE INTERNATIONAL

THE EDITOR REMOVES HIS CIGAR.

Now, then, we can talk freely.

But the cigar was really a great comfort; for he that increaseth circulation increaseth sorrow.

Wisdom crieth in the streets, by the voice of the man in the street; and the wise editor regardeth her, or him.

Now the voice of the man in the street hath become exceeding loud of late; and this is the burden of his cry.

That is, if the hundreds of letters of him be truth.

Firstly, he is very tired of the machine-made opinions of the Tenderloin Press. They may be right, or they may be wrong; it doesn't matter so much; he would rather listen to an honest fool than to a kept Solomon.

Secondly, he is utterly weary of materialism. The war has brought death to his front door; and he wants to KNOW. He has no further use for the reach-me-down explanations which were good enough for primitive tribes of Arabs; they may be true, indeed, but he wants to KNOW.

Thirdly, he wants original fiction. He is fed up with the tailors' dummies that do duty for hero and heroine in modern "popular fiction." He wants life as it is, as the great artist sees it.

Fourthly, he wants the real opinions of the men who know, about Art, Literature and the Drama. In most sheets, every book as it appears is the greatest novel since Tom Jones; every new play has got Macbeth in the bread-line. The result is that the puffs are quite worthless, even to the advertisers; for the public has got wise to the dope.

Now, the discerning have long looked to the INTERNATIONAL for light on all these points except the second. On that point we are now going to make a beacon. There will

be no legend; there will be no fad; there will be scientific truth, and no more. And no less. Much is really known; but it has been concealed by the torrent of slush that issues poisonous from the swamp of the fakir. Some of this is to be drained by ridicule; some by the police; we shall be worth watching for a few months, while we eliminate certain plague-spots from the mind of the country. There is no fraud so easy or so cruel as the "occultism" fraud; for it appeals to the most holy and most tender elements of mankind.

We have obtained the co-operation of an adept world-famous in this new part of our activities; and our readers may rest assured that no statement will be allowed to pass that is not authentic. The subject will be presented with more than the ordinary fascination of literary style. We do not commit ourselves to any one view on such matters; the Master Therion must speak for himself. The rest of the paper will be on the lines already familiar to our readers. We shall hit crank legislation with, we trust, constantly increasing vigor; we shall stand for a point of view in world-politics which shall, like that attributed to the President, transcend petty envies and spites by its broad humanity and enlightened good-will. Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

We have secured an almost inexhaustible supply of fiction of the highest class. We understand that "highbrow" stuff is not good stuff, but bad stuff; the best stories are the jolly stories, the real stories.

The immortal work of the world is not hard to read; the greatest masters are the most amusing. The schoolmistress whose priggery has taught otherwise have frightened the public off Dumas and Fielding. That is to be done away with; our stories are

going to be the kind that will read as well or better in fifty or five hundred years' time. However, the point is that they will read well now. Which the clean-cut, straight-living, red-blooded young man plus the angel cheyild stories don't. Life is not laid out in patterns like an old maid's sampler; nor is Art.

Will you just glance at the list of our contributors for the present month?

ANATOLE FRANCE.
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Here are three names, each admittedly supreme in its own department, admittedly supreme for many years.

William Ellery Leonard.
George Sylvester Viereck.
Louis Umfraville Wilkinson.
Aleister Crowley.

Here are four names of men still young, still in the heat of the battle, yet already obviously victorious, their banners pressing gloriously above the rout, as men who are doing not only the most brilliant work, but the most permanent work, of the present time. Already their names are of international reputation; is it so with the hacks, who, by appealing to the lowest passions and prejudices of men of the lower sort, have conquered an ephemeral "popularity" on false pretences?

We look for the heartiest support and co-operation from our readers. We shall be particularly glad to hear what you think of the next few numbers, which features please you most, and why. In particular, we shall be glad to hear about the new departure, the science of the soul. Those who would like to KNOW in regard to their personal problems are especially invited to write.

Mr. Storer Clouston's "Baron" once observed to his wife, when she thought his actions a trifle mysterious, "In diplomacy it is necessary for a diplomatist to be diplomatic." We would add, "In criticism it is necessary for a critic to be critical." America's great lack is a standard of criticism in art, literature and drama. Loudly-puffed hogwash has drowned genius. How can the public find the good books and plays unless the critics make an effort to sort them out from the bad? The public cannot read

everything and see everything; and they may thank their stars that they have not got to do so!

We are out to make a selection fearlessly and honestly. There is not enough money in America to make us praise rubbish. Besides, we shall get much more money by proving to the advertiser that our reviews are worth something to them, that the book we honor will be bought by our readers, the theatre we praise thronged by them.

The Confessions of a Barbarian needs no commendation from us. When it first appeared it was hailed everywhere as the first book of the sort worth reading. It woke up those people who had gone to sleep with the conviction that America could never produce literature, that the mind of the United States was a provincial mind.

Now Time comes to confirm this first alarm. The book today reads fresh as ever; in fact, from its topicality, fresher. It is an astonishing thing that any work should make a positive gain in news value as the years pass. Few authors are so fortunate.

Our readers are fortunate, too, in possessing the "Two Lives" of the man whom many consider America's greatest poet, save One. The form is peculiar. To use the sonnet-sequence with success is not given to all of us; to use it in true narrative form, as opposed to a suggestion of vignettes, is, we say confidently, an idea which could only have occurred to an American. The story which the poet has to tell is one of the most absorbing interest; it is at once tragic and romantic, comic and pathetic. It is a story of American life in one of its most intense phases; yet it is not an unique, or even an unusual experience; it is the sort of catastrophe which is only too likely to happen to any one of us, if we forget the first rule of Wisdom. What is that? Now you are asking too much; you must read the poem.

It would be mere impudence to call any special attention to a story by the one greatest writer in France. One does not advertise the Sun in heaven.

But one has to advertise stars now and again. They are suns as big as ours, perhaps; but they are not recognized as such by those who are not astronomers. The people must be put next to the great things that are happening in literature at the present moment. We are particularly proud of a little

story by Ford Tarpley, "Drondon." It is one of the most perfect idylls in the language; both form and idea are luminous and exquisite as starlight on the sea.

"Felo de se" is a very original conception. Aleister Crowley has the strange gift—one, by the way, which has contributed not a little to prevent him coming into general recognition—of conveying serious argument with subtle humor. One is never quite sure **what he really wishes his readers to think.** We asked him about it; but he only replied, with a mysterious smile: "I wish your readers to think." His aim is rather to excite, to stimulate, than to preach any definite dogma.

"Flowers" is one of Arthur Schnitzler's best stories; it is beautiful as an army with banners, yet beneath the gaiety one can, as it were, hear the murmur of battle.

The most urgent moral reforms are urged in the most incisive style by the vitriolic pen of Louis Wilkinson, the famous novelist and lecturer. Here again he cuts deep to the soul of things; whether we agree with him or not, we are bound to realize that he has said a thing most terribly in need of saying, in a time when minds like those of John S. Sumner and Harry Thaw are almost hypnotically powerful among those elements of our population which, not having been educated to high and clean thinking, are susceptible to every base suggestion. The other day we heard a Judge of the Supreme Court say at lunch: "Cocchi did not kill Ruth Cruger; that was done long ago by the morality of the Sunday newspapers." We may possibly print an article next month to explain what he meant in more detail.

Ah, next month. There are a number of pleasant little surprises waiting for you. We are not going to give the game away; no, sir. There is no need; for you have to get the **INTERNATIONAL**, next month, in any case, to read the continued stories.

Would you like a serial, by the way? Please write and tell us. And tell us why; there are so many reasons for and against it. And if you would like one, what kind of a story do you like best?

Till, September, then, think of us sometimes as you wander among the mountains and rivers of our beautiful land, or bathe in the sea that used to keep us out of war, long before Mr. Wilson did.

J. B. R.

AUGUST

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut
9771. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President,
Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bomhard; Secretary,
Curt H. Reinsinger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United
States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six months.
In Canada: \$1.75 per year; \$0.85 for six months. Subscrip-
tion to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85
per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied
by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class
matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by
return postage and found unavailable, will be returned.
The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for un-
solicited contributions.

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I am a magazine of international politics, literature, art and events of current interest.

I contain the best fiction and the best essays of the day.

I am finding more friends each month, although I am not quite twelve years old.

I am read by people who write something like this:

"I meant to begin my economies with curtailing magazines; but with one's best favorites—Monahan, Yeats, Schrader and Andrew Lang in the June Number of your splendid magazine, what can I do? Herewith my check for the coming year."

IF you buy me on the newsstands and want to have me visit you regularly,

IF your subscription is about to expire and you want to save my business manager the expense of sending you a bill,

IF you have a friend to whom you would like to introduce me,

PLEASE send me the subscription blank which I am carrying with me for your convenience.



VOL. XI. NO. 8.

AUGUST 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

OUR LADY'S JUGGLER

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

IN the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiègne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town performing feats of skill and strength.

On fair days he would unfold an old worn-out carpet in the public square, and when by means of a jovial address, which he had learned of a very ancient juggler, and which he never varied in the least, he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes, and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first the crowd would feign indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands face downwards, he threw into the air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again with his feet; or when throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of the neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators, and pieces of money would rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiègne had a great struggle to make a living.

Earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

Again, he was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him to display his brilliant parts as to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In winter time he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves, and as it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler, and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to suffer both cold and hunger. But as he was simple-natured he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail to redress the balance, and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly, and although he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbor's, since woman is ever the

enemy of the strong man, as it appears by the history of Samson recorded in the Scriptures.

In truth, his was not a nature much disposed to carnal delights, and it was a greater deprivation to him to forsake the tankard than the Hebe who bore it. For while not wanting in sobriety, he was fond of a drink when the weather waxed hot. He was a worthy man who feared God, and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Never did he fail on entering a church to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God, and offer up this prayer to her:

"Blessed Lady, keep watch over my life until it shall please God that I die, and when I am dead, ensure to me the possession of the joys of paradise."

NOW on a certain evening after a dreary wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived on the road, going in the same direction as himself, a monk, whom he saluted courteously. And as they walked at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

"Fellow traveller," said the monk, "how comes it about that you are clothed all in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?"

"Not at all, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby, and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread."

"Friend Barnaby," returned the monk, "be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are occupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and, indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord."

Barnaby replied:

"Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine, and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balanced on a stick on the tip of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a

singular devotion. In order to embrace the monastic life I would willingly abandon the art by which from Soissons to Beauvais I am well known in upwards of six hundred towns and villages."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity; and as he was not lacking in discernment, he at once recognized in Barnaby one of those men of whom it is said in the Scriptures: Peace on earth to men of good will. And for this reason he replied:

"Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will have you admitted into the monastery of which I am Prior. He who guided St. Mary of Egypt in the desert set me upon your path to lead you into the way of salvation.

It was in this manner, then, that Barnaby became a monk. In the monastery into which he was received the religious vied with one another in the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and in her honor each employed all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The prior on his part wrote books dealing according to the rules of scholarship with the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice, with a deft hand, copied out these treatises upon sheets of vellum.

Brother Alexander adorned the leaves with delicate miniature paintings. Here were displayed the Queen of Heaven seated upon Solomon's throne, and while four lions were on guard at her feet, around the nimbus which encircled her head hovered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, the gifts, namely, of Fear, Piety, Knowledge, Strength, Counsel, Understanding, and Wisdom. For her companions she had six virgins with hair of gold, namely, Humility, Prudence, Seclusion, Submission, Virginity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little naked figures, perfectly white, in an attitude of supplication. These were souls imploring her all-powerful intercession for their soul's health, and, we may be sure, not imploring in vain.

Upon another page facing this, Brother Alexander represented Eve, so that the Fall and the Redemption could be perceived at one and the same time—Eve the Wife abased, and Mary the Virgin exalted.

Furthermore, to the marvel of the beholder, this book contained presentments of the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the Garden Enclosed of which the Song of Songs tells us, the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these things were symbols of the Blessed Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary.

He spent all his days carving images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes continually swollen and weeping; but his strength and cheerfulness were not diminished, although he was now well gone in years, and it was clear that the Queen of Paradise still cherished her servant in his old age. Marbode represented her seated upon a throne, her brow encircled with an orb-shaped nimbus set with pearls. And he took care that the folds of her dress should cover the feet of her, concerning whom the prophet declared: My beloved is as a garden enclosed.

Sometimes, too, he depicted her in the semblance of a child full of grace, and appearing to say, "Thou art my God, even from my mother's womb."

In the priory, moreover, were poets who composed hymns in Latin, both in prose and verse, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and among the company was even a brother from Picardy who sang the miracles of Our Lady in rimed verse and in the vulgar tongue.

BEING a witness of this emulation in praise and the glorious harvest of their labors, Barnaby mourned his own ignorance and simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed, as he took his solitary walk in the little shelterless garden of the monastery, "wretched wight that I am, to be unable, like my brother, worthily to praise the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed my whole heart's affection. Alas! Alas! I am but a rough man and unskilled in the arts, and I can render you in service, blessed Lady, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises set out in order according to rule, nor ingenious paintings, nor statues truthfully sculptured, nor verses whose march is measured to the beat of feet. No gift have I, alas!"

After this fashion he groaned and gave himself up to sorrow. But one evening, when the monks were spending their hour of liberty in conversation, he heard one of them tell the tale of a religious man who could repeat nothing other than the Ave Maria. This poor man was despised for his ignorance; but after his death there issued forth from his mouth five roses in honor of the five letters of the name Mary (Marie), and thus his sanctity was made manifest.

While he listened to this narrative Barnaby marveled yet once again at the loving kindness of the Virgin; but the lesson of that blessed death did not avail to console him, for his heart overflowed with zeal, and he longed to advance the glory of his Lady, who is in heaven.

How to compass this he sought, but could find no way, and day by day he became the more cast down, when one morning he awakened filled full with joy, hastened to the chapel, and remained there alone for more than an hour. After dinner he returned to the chapel once more.

And, starting from that moment, he repaired daily to the chapel at such hours as it was deserted, and spent within it a good part of the time which the other monks devoted to the liberal and mechanical arts. His sadness vanished, nor did he any longer groan.

A demeanor so strange awakened the curiosity of the monks.

These began to ask one another for what purpose Brother Barnaby could be indulging so persistently in retreat.

The prior, whose duty it is to let nothing escape him in the behavior of his children in religion, resolved to keep a watch over Barnaby during his withdrawals to the chapel. One day, when he was shut up there after his custom, the prior, accompanied by two of the elder monks, went to discover through the chinks in the door what was going on within the chapel.

They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air, and he was juggling with six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honor of the Holy Mother of God he was performing those feats, which aforetime had won him most renown. Not recognizing that the simple fellow was thus placing at the service of the Blessed Virgin his knowledge and skill, the two old monks exclaimed against the sacrilege.

The prior was aware how stainless was Barnaby's soul, but he concluded that he had been seized with madness. They were all three preparing to lead him swiftly from the chapel, when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from her juggler's forehead.

Then the prior, falling upon his face upon the pavement, uttered these words:

"Blessed are the simple-hearted, for they shall see God."

"Amen!" responded the old brethren, and kissed the ground.

(Translated by Frederic Chapman.)

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

(Although "The Confessions of a Barbarian" were written more than seven years ago I find that my appraisals in those days (as they are today) were singularly correct and penetrating. For instance, I saw quite through Mr. Roosevelt in 1910. He was a man of the flesh and not of the spirit, I said, and in spite of the fact that the Colonel has since that time "discovered" the River of Doubt I still doubt whether he will ever perceive the invisible things of the universe—the only things that are really worth while. Not having received any protests from my readers anent the reprinting of my work I shall continue to publish installments of it until the whole book is completed.—Ed.)

THE STATE IDEA.

WE HAVE compared ourselves to the Romans. I, myself, have indorsed that comparison. But I am afraid we flatter ourselves. We are undeniably resourceful and mighty. Our dominion is wider than Rome's. We can match the Appian Way. We even have a sort of Cæsar. That is what the French call him, and not without justice. Cæsar was Rome. America, through Europe's glasses, is Roosevelt. *We*, recognizing the real master in his dual disguise, bow to Rockefeller and Morgan. On the Continent Rockefeller's memoirs met with scant success. Roosevelt's books *went*.

Like Cæsar, Roosevelt is a historian. The future will speak of both as popular leaders. Greek students will perhaps employ the Greek equivalent of the term. Perhaps every statesman must be a demagogue. And every prophet a charlatan. Theodore, like the great Julius, is intensely theatrical, and intensely—convulsively—dynamic. Both men believed in their star. Both men, after startling domestic exploits, submerged themselves temporarily in the African jungle. Roosevelt like Cæsar has hunted big game. But not as big as Cæsar's. He has founded no kingdom by the Nile; nor followed the river to its mystical sources. And there was no Cleopatra. That would take more imagination than Mr. Roosevelt possesses. He has slain lions, instead, and penned laborious articles, at a dollar a word, for the *Outlook* and *Scribner's*.

Intangible values are beyond us all. That is why we adore individuals, not ideas. We worship Roosevelt. But detest "My policies." The invisible world is not for us. We have no use for abstract ideals. That is where the Barbarian pops up. We might well learn a lesson from the scroll of the Jews. They have been loyal for four thousand years to an imaginary kingdom. Perhaps their children will bequeath to America, in token of gratitude, the fine idealism that still, at least in prayer, turns their eyes to Jerusalem. Until that spirit shall have impregnated our system, we shall be inferior to Rome.

The Romans, too, were a practical people. But the Roman brain conceived of at least one great abstraction: the State Idea—Rome's greatest bequest to the world. The Roman law is only its offspring. The State was even greater than Cæsar. He was great, and his successors were great by identifying themselves with his idea. The majesty of the Emperor is the majesty of the State. An insult to him is an insult to all. Hence *lèse majesté*. Every Roman owed allegiance to this abstraction. The moment we believe in an abstraction, we project it into reality. "*Civis Romanus sum*" was the most *tangible* thing in Roman civilization.

We remember our citizenship only in trouble—when we've made fools of ourselves abroad. We, too, no doubt have public-spirited men. We are more generous than Europe. We give billions to libraries. To universities. Churches. Hospitals. But not, willingly, one cent to the State. Who

ever dreams of paying the public debt? On the contrary. We don't mind "doing" the State. We swear off taxes. We perjure ourselves at the Custom House. In our heart of hearts, we approve of illicit rebates. We attach no blame to municipal thievery. We wouldn't abstract a penny from another man's pocketbook. But we'd all like to take millions out of the State's. The State Idea eludes our brains. We are shamed by the beehive. Vainly have we watched with unintelligent eyes, from the day that we swung in the trees by our tails, the government of the ant-hill.

WHERE the State Idea crystallizes in the executive function, we actually fear it. A great national party opposes every extension of Federal power. Our Constitution decentralizes the government. We resent its tangible presence. Even benevolent State compulsion revolts us. That is one reason why we oppose direct taxation. We prefer to pay twice the amount indirectly. For the same reason we shall never be Socialists. The scarlet flower of Socialism thrives only upon the soil of the State Idea. We are, most of us, unconscious anarchists. We believe in the greatest individual freedom, in universal *laissez faire*—except where it is absolutely defensible: in the sphere of sex and individual morals.

Abroad there is a greater laxity in these matters. But rigorous laws regulate everything else. The very rigor of the law makes for greater freedom. A distinct line exists between the permissible and the unlawful. Here we are all at sea. There are so many contradictory laws that no man knows where he stands. The execution of the law is left to individual caprice. Much depends on the temper of the District Attorney and the state of judicial livers.

If all the laws on our statute books were carried out for a single day, the land would be depopulated. We would all be in jail. Abroad I know that the State will make me do certain things. But I may sleep peacefully at night. I need not fear to wake up a convict. There are no legal pitfalls. Here all is uncertain. We all walk on quicksands.

The moment you enter your hotel abroad, the paw of the State is raised. The hotel clerk, transformed for the nonce into the instrument of a sovereign power, with gesture grand presents you with an ominous slip. Lots of questions are printed on it. It's a sort of examination sheet. Where do you come from? What do you want? What's your business? How old are you? And what's your religion? My traveling companions were furious at this in Hamburg, and almost speechless in Berlin. The City of Berlin followed them argus-eyed to their private lodgings. Failure to report their presence, we learned, would have subjected the landlady to a fine. Before twice twenty-four hours had elapsed inspectors would have been hot upon their trail.

One young man wanted to leave for home at once, or, as Schiller would say, "to behold Germany with his back." He had been requested to present himself personally to the police. So far as I know, there was nothing against him. He is nice, clean, upright; quite a likeable chap. I know—I ought to; for, to tell the truth, that young man was *me*.

I am fully aware that this is bad grammar; but in moments of extreme suspense the elegancies of diction desert us.

RESISTANCE being futile, I obeyed the summons. But my feet became frigid. My heart "fell into my trousers"—that is how the Germans phrase it. Not that I was conscious of any crime. But you can never tell! There are so many laws. And alone! In a foreign land! The police inspector looked me over, not unkindly. He asked a few questions. He nodded. And all was over. My landlady was surprised to see me come back. It was so obvious that I felt hurt. I am sure she had taken me for at least a murderer, or the fugitive second vice-president of some financial concern.

I had brought the trouble upon my own head by designating myself as a "Fire-worshiper." I had in mind, no doubt, the Divine Fire; but in Germany fire worship is not recognized by the State. With reluctant hand, I substituted the legally accepted term—"Lutheran"—for my fiery Credo.

One of my fellow-passengers had a harder time of it than I—the lady with the pathetic eyes. I *knew* misfortune was flapping its somber wings over her head. She had registered as a Quaker. The policeman thought she was jesting unduly: in German the word is the onomatopœia for the musical sounds that rise with reiterative insistence on moonlit nights from the frog pond. Unfortunately neither understood the language of the other. The poor girl was terribly frightened when the bluecoat threatened to arrest her for insulting an officer, an instrument of the State.

I regarded the situation with philosophic composure. The troubles of others leave us extraordinarily calm. Finally my good nature prevailed. The girl's friends were angry with the German Empire, until the joke dawned upon them. It never dawned upon *her*. The deeper significance of the incident had, however, impressed itself upon me. I no longer resented the solicitude of the government. Far from it: I felt pleased, touched, elated, moved to tears, yes—and flattered, that the German Empire and the City of Berlin should be so anxious about *me*.

There was something personal in this interest. It was cordial. I felt Germania had taken us to her ample bosom. She protected us. We had become members of her imperial household. Her concern in us was benign. Her questions were the natural curiosity of a friend. Our names are now filed at police headquarters. If we get into trouble, they'll make a cross against our names. They keep tab on our movements.

I admit that powerful arguments may be advanced against the system from the point of view of the thug. However, every net has its meshes. Criminals have escaped even from Moabit. The escapades of the Hauptmann of Köpenik have split the sides of the world with laughter. But the Black Hand will never make its headquarters in Berlin. No Mafia will there raise its head; no band of ruffians establish a reign of terror.

THE German registry system prevails in most continental cities. It is annoying until you grasp it. Ultimately you walk about with a new sense of security. The European merchant princes need never pillow their calculating heads above a loaded revolver. The forces of the State are arrayed to protect them. It's all the difference between civilization and barbarism. I thought of it when I saw *An Englishman's Home*—in the scene where the invading army first enters the house, and Mr. Brown, the landlord, angrily calls: "Police!" Ridiculous? Yes. But also sublime.

Everywhere is the eye of that big abstraction, the State. It is obeyed even when its vigilance relaxes. I have said that

the subway trains had second- and third-class compartments. The tickets are differently colored. But there is hardly any control once you are on the platform. At first I felt tempted to enter a second-class compartment with a third-class ticket. We are accustomed to countenance breaches of the eighth commandment, except in personal business transactions. Let not the Gibson and the Christy Girls elevate their haughty brows. They are hardened offenders. A corporation isn't a person. So we don't feel bound to be honest with it. Now, in Germany you'd be regarded as a common thief if you omitted to pay your fare. Honesty there is not virtue, but habit. Obedience to law is second nature. Factory owners, strange to say, are habitually careful of human life. We have not outgrown the heathen idea that so many pieces of silver atone for a human life. We find murder cheaper than caution.

Abroad regulations are stringent. But the State threatens no one with a year's imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars for trivial offenses. In the State of New York, by a curious freak of statute, the penalty for adultery is half that for spitting in a street car. Obviously, spitting is more tempting to the average American than the allurements of Venus. In Europe adultery is a pleasant diversion. No gentleman, however, expectorates in the street. The severity of the law is reserved for important transgressions.

The Tentacle of the Octopus, the youthful hireling of the Standard Oil, recalled my attention to certain significant facts. The columns of smoke writhing like graceful serpents out of factory chimneys are indeed poison-fanged adders. Death lurks in the breath of their nostrils "At home," the youth confided to me, "I don't care what becomes of the chemicals that escape with the smoke. In Austria, where I am going to found a plant, we are compelled to convert them into innocuous vapors."

The Tentacle wriggled with wrath.

"May not the vapors be turned into useful by-products?" I asked. "Man extracts gold from water. Can he wrest no treasure from smoke?"

"Certainly," he replied, with a contemptuous shrug. "But we don't bother about it. We don't think there's enough in it."

The benefit to the community would be incalculable. Children's lungs would no longer be filled with corruption. But the benefit to him as an individual and to the corporation as such was too small. So he swallowed his share of the poison with Socratic composure. We are all free and equal to swallow it.

We'd move heaven and earth to help a cripple. We'd all chip in for a hungry child. But we don't mind poisoning hundreds and thousands of children daily and hourly. Children in the abstract fail to move us to pity. We are a nation of Herods. But Herod had reason for slaying the little ones. And he slew them mercifully and quickly. We have diverse methods of murder.

Our favorite mode of infanticide is asphyxiation. We take air and light from our babies till they languish like starved little plants. Economy is commendable. The Germans are thrifty enough. But they will not let sky-scrapers blot out the sun. The height of a house must be proportionate to the width of the street. They go even further than that. In certain residential sections you are not permitted to put up a house at all unless you follow a prescribed architectural style. Art for once wields a bludgeon, exacting subservience to an æsthetic abstraction. She harmonizes individual eccentricities. In Europe each town is an entity: our munici-

palties are jumbles of iron and stone gazing squint-eyed at heaven.

IF THE State fathers its subjects, the community mothers them. One city, Schoeneberg-by-Berlin, has entered into a secret compact with Herr Stork. Every stork in Schoeneberg drops a bank-book on the window sill when it does its duty. The city presents every baby with a bank account—not a fat one, to be sure. Only one mark, bearing interest at 4 per cent. But it is supposed to grow nice and fat with the baby. If you happen to be a million-dollar baby anyway, you are twenty-five cents more to the good. If you are not, your wee little foot is placed at least on the first rung of the ladder of high finance.

Where happiness reigns, health is the twin of wealth. The circulation of the blood is more important than the circulation of money. The State paternally enforces its sanitary demands. If disease eats your marrow, the forbidding countenance of the State assumes the benignant smile of a Good Samaritan. When old age has weakened your limbs, the inexorable gatherer of taxes will replenish your pockets. The United States, in a similar predicament, conjures up the specter of national bankruptcy. We are too poor to be humane. We must spend half of our national income on battle-ships. What would we say to a boy who invested half his lunch money in boxing gloves? We would actually rather deal death to others than make living more pleasant for ourselves. England's bill for Dreadnoughts is even greater than ours. Nevertheless, she has her old-age pensions. Germany has a wonderful system of compulsory insurance. If the German owes service to the State, he, in turn, is not unrewarded. The State owes him some compensation—some kind of decent old age.

MAY not have gotten my figures right, and my dates may be inexact, but the idea is this. If you make less than two thousand marks a year, you are compelled to provide through insurance against the three-headed monster—accident, age, and disease. Your employer pays one-half of the expense. You pay the other half. When you are old and cannot work any more, you get your pension. The State sees to that. The State presents you with an additional annual bonus of fifty marks. This payment, insufficient in itself, establishes the principle of reciprocal obligation between the nation and you.

If you work in an industrial concern where there is some danger, and your annual income is less than three thousand marks, your employer must pay the premium on your accident policy. Suppose you work in a factory where you have been earning twelve hundred marks, and you are hurt. At once the State comes to your rescue. A respectable hospital opens its doors to you. Your family receives financial assistance. If you are totally disabled, an annual pension of eight or nine hundred marks assures your daily subsistence. And if you should die, your widow will receive a pension of over six hundred marks for the remainder of her natural life. If she decides to marry again, the State cheerfully presents her with a substantial bonus, and still contributes to the expense of educating your children. You don't have to sue anybody to get your money. You don't have to accept a meager settlement and divide with a rascally lawyer. And whether you want it or not, you are insured. You have nothing to say in the matter. Neither has your boss. Probably your wages will suffer a little, but at least you are safe from the poorhouse. With all her military enthusiasm, Germany is not unmindful of her soldiers of peace, the veterans of her industrial army.

We do not even pension our officials. Recently the sec-

retary of one of our embassies retired from public life. He had served his country I do not know how many years. The snows of seven decades had fallen on his hair. His back was bent, his strength exhausted. Yet he would have been exposed to actual want if a group of prosperous financiers had not discharged from their private fortunes the indebtedness of the Commonwealth. We love to brag of our generosity. But we are niggardly as a nation. We underpay our public servants in office, and out of office we starve them. We subject our ambassadors to humiliation in foreign capitals. We pay starvation wages to our Secretary of State; and force our ex-Presidents to seek refuge in Africa or the almshouse.

"S. M."

S. M." is written across the map of Europe. It flares from the century's forehead. It is a magic key to the German heart. S. M.—*Seine Majestät*—is the vernacular for the Kaiser.

S. M. is a wonderful person. He pervades all Germany. He is everywhere. He is a great man—perhaps the greatest contemporaneous figure. Surely the greatest riddle.

Men, I have said, are ideas incarnate. And besides our natural parents, we have spiritual progenitors to whom we are born in mystical marriage. Strange bedfellows breed strange offspring. The fruit of the marriage between Faust and Helen was Euphorion, a spirit of unstable and rarefied composition. When the Twentieth Century wedded the Middle Ages, William II flashed into life. Euphorion was not of the earth; in him antagonistic elements were but imperfectly blended. William II is cast in enduring mold; a felicitous force has clinched the diverse meaning of two inimical epochs in the brilliant paradox of his being.

Logic, unaided, cannot fathom the mystery of William II. I have always worshiped the Sphinx. I even had a *liaison* with it once. Then I thought I understood it. I didn't. But it is easier to understand than the Kaiser. Woman is an open book as compared with him. And it really isn't difficult for the Sphinx to be mysterious. Its greatest mystery is its silence. But the Kaiser isn't silent. He makes speeches—many of them. We may interview, snapshot, and paint him: he still leaves us puzzled.

William II reconciles in his person the most incongruous traits. He is the most impulsive of reigning monarchs. There can be no doubt about that. Yet he is almost Machiavellian in premeditation. That telegram to Kruger was impulsive—and yet how carefully calculated! And prepared at the Foreign Office! Shrewd observers say that the historical interview in the *Daily Telegraph* had been no less carefully launched. And that the hubbub attendant upon its publication furthered some far-seeing plan.

At the time, it will be remembered, a cyclone broke loose in German editorial ink-pots. And, behold! William, the imperious, humbly bowed his head. Perhaps he smiled to himself somewhat sadly. But he said nothing. *Simplicissimus*, in one of its cartoons, replaced the imperial eagle over the entrance to the Foreign Office by another bird, not famed for discretion. And then, one morning, through a miracle of sudden enlightenment, the German people perceived with a gasp that the greatest defeats of the Kaiser were victories in disguise.

And yet the Kaiser is not a hypocrite. He is temperamentally incapable of deceit. But there is no explanation. We must simply accept him as two distinct personalities. He is monarchical to the bone. Yet it was he who opposed Bismarck's anti-Socialist legislation. He is the official head of the Protestant church in Prussia, yet Roman ritual and Rome

possesses for him a strange fascination. He loves pomp, but his children are reared with bourgeois simplicity. His pre-occupation is war; he, nevertheless, is the staunchest champion of peace. He hates the English, and he loves the English. He is a mystic and a rationalist. His inclinations are mediæval, but he is more intimately familiar with the technical intricacies of a modern gunboat than are his own engineers. He would be capable of restoring an ancient castle, famed of minnesingers, and of establishing wireless telephony on its ramparts. He is the only man who could do this without being absurd, because he is, as I have asserted, the sole legitimate offspring of Romanticism and Modernity.

OF HIS two natures, one belongs to the Twentieth Century, one to the Middle Ages. One is despotic, one democratic. One hates the English, one loves them. One talks freely—perhaps too freely; one is silent as the sepulcher. The Inquisition itself was not more secretive. Peace lights on his right, hounds of war are leashed to his left. There are two Kaisers, both of whom labor for the benefit of the realm, each in his separate way.

By this duality William II is the authentic exponent of modern Europe. In Europe today the war between Science and Faith wages more fiercely than ever. The wolf of Modernism has invaded even the fold of St. Peter. The lives of most Europeans are absurd because they have not yet found the equation between the Old and the New. Faith and Science live unreconciled, in one bosom, like two inimical brothers. Even we who are a century behind European thought begin to vibrate with the conflict. Perhaps Professor James is the prophet who shall lead us out of the wilderness.

A parallel problem is presented in Europe by the incessant conflict between the monarchical idea and republicanism. Mediæval institutions coexist with democratic institutions. It seems preposterous that people who can think for themselves should not also govern themselves. Yet no small part of the strength of Europe roots in the mediæval. Something of this struggle, modified by our environment, is going on in America. The government in Washington steadily tightens its grip, while the steer of democracy raises its ominous horns.

We live in a curiously transitional period. Probably authentic democracy lies at the end of the road. I should prefer some transfigured aristocracy. The greatest individual development is perhaps possible under a cultured tyrant. He is the man of destiny. His brain is the scroll of the *Zeitgeist*.

Most modern monarchs compromise either too much or too little. Great Britain having disposed of the only logical basis of royalty, the divine right of kings, her ruler exercises primarily an ornamental, æsthetic function. The Tsar, on the other hand, entrenched behind prejudice and tradition, lives in constant dread of nitro-glycerine protests. The problem facing the world today is the readjustment between the passing order and the new order. The mental unrest has invaded even Asia Minor. When Abdul Hamid vainly tortured his

wits for a solution to the question vexing the world, the monster, Sphinx-like, hurled him into the abyss.

THE giant Modernity everywhere shakes his fist against the lavendered glory of mediæval tradition, impotent to obliterate its immemorial traces. William II is the living incarnation of this great contradiction. He is logical, because he is illogical. He is the only logical monarch in Europe. He is an ideal Kaiser. He is in tune with the *Zeitgeist*. If Germany were to be declared a republic today, and a president had to be chosen, the unanimous choice of the people would be William II.

America could never have produced William II. We lack the glamor of the Middle Ages. We have inherited only their shadows—their intolerance of the flesh and their hatred of beauty. Not ours the halo of tradition. We have sometimes compared the Kaiser to Roosevelt. I, myself, am an admirer of Roosevelt. But to liken him to the Kaiser is like comparing a phonograph to a nightingale. It may imitate the nightingale bravely, but there is something missing. No mechanical ingenuity can conceal its absence. There must be some secret property defying investigation, like the *timbre* of an old instrument—perhaps some quality of the blood.

I wonder if the blood of kings is really like other men's? What a pity no one took the trouble to examine the blood of Louis Capet when he parted company with his head! Perhaps it was not blue, after all. We would need a psychic microscope to discover the truth. We know that a king's head may be wrung like a carl's. Even imperial legs grow heavy with gout. And the abdomen is dreadfully democratic. As Nietzsche says, it always reminds us that we are human. But the brain, ah! that is different. Not anatomically. A woman's brain is almost as large as a man's. And wasn't it Lombroso who couldn't tell, on one occasion, the brain of a genius from that of an idiot? But there is something else. There must be. It lurks in the brain-cells. Some memory—the real self. A brain where the notion of the divine right of monarchs has been rooting for generations must be different from the brains of other men.

No mean man, it is said, has ever been President. The majesty of the office is such that, like Christ, it heals the leper. Even a confirmed kleptomaniac will renounce his nefarious habits when fate has made him lord of the White House. Yet the President's reign is brief. He is often elected by doubtful methods. The King receives his crown out of the hand of God. It has descended to him from his sires. It will pass from him to his sons. He is porphyrogyne. He rules not for a period of years, but for ever. The King cannot die. In the animal kingdom, the insignia of royalty are corporeal. The queen-bee differs from her hive in appearance. Human distinctions are subtler, but no less real. Any young bee may, if sufficiently fed, develop into a queen. Generations of careful selection are needed to evolve a ruler of men. The king, of necessity, differs from his people. The process of evolution has endowed him with peculiar functions for the business of kingship. This heritage alone would have stamped William II as a remarkable ruler. But he is also a genius.

(To be Continued)



TWO LIVES

A Narrative in Verse

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

PART I. (*Concluded.*)

VIII.—THE STORY SHE TOLD HIM.

ONE night when early winter had begun
 With gusty snows and frosty stars to keep
 Our lives still closer, and our love more deep
 Than even in autumn wanderings with the sun,
 One night when we together, one-and-one,
 Were sitting in the cushioned window-space
 Planning some purple flower-beds for the place
 After our marriage, with new vines to run
 About the basement wall; one night when time
 Seemed all to come, and at its coming ours,
 And we (as by an irony, sublime
 In its gaunt mockery of human powers!)
 Drifted at last backward to clime and clime
 And years and years of uncompanioned hours,

From her own lips I learned the awful truth—
 Which, like a child of hope with perfect smile,
 She babbled, O so innocent of guile,
 As some adventure of an alien youth,
 Rescued by white sails from a midsea isle
 Of shrieking beaks and fins and claws uncouth,
 Or eerie dream demanding never ruth
 Because but dream and vanished the long while—
 As something far and strange that I should hear. . . .
 And why? Because she would conceal me naught,
 As bound in honor? No. Because of fear
 I'd learn of others someday? No. She thought
 Her lover would rejoice—rejoice to share
 Her exaltation after *such* despair.

From her own lips—yes, even as they smiled—
 I learned full truth: In France, five years before
 (Her father, a voyager and ambassador),
 "*Housed with a band of ladies wan and wild,*
Herself a shuddering maniac, "exiled
With strange physicians," and "behind locked door
Mumbling in bed, or tracing on the floor,
'The Lord is my Shepherd, I' "
 "Good night, my child"—
 (That none had told me, seems, you fancy, odd?)—
 And so I kissed and left her. Did I cry?—
 I've never cried. Or did I moan 'My God'?—
 Nor that. Or walk out under starry sky?—
 I went upstairs, undressed, put out the light;
 And shook with pity and terror all the night.

IX.—WHAT IT MEANT TO THE MAN.

All the long night with pity and terror I shook:
 With pity for her. She was so happy; she,
 With those blue eyes, found all her life in me;
 A thirsting wild thing at a forest brook,
 For love was life to her. If Love forsook,
 Again forsook, *as thrice in other years,*
 When thrice her woman's hands reached out in tears,
 She'd be, beyond return of laughter, strook—
 Forevermore . . . With terror for self—that too.

Suppose I broke away: to cast ahead
 And see that loveliness insane or dead,
 And be myself the one who loved and knew.
 Suppose, with desperate manhood, I should wed,
 What would life give me in the end to do?

Next day I met my classes—but our theme
 Was not the garden of Alcinous,
 Nor Hector tossing up the timorous
 Boy near the mother, startled at the gleam
 Of bristling helmet, nor the flamy dream
 Of pregnant Hecuba, nor Helen's fate
 To watch the warriors from the Scaean gate,
 Nor Agamemnon nor Scamander stream;
 Was not of Stoa nor of Academe,
 Nor the Ten Thousand's "O the sea, the sea—
 Thalassa, Thalassa!" Not of Greek trireme
 At Salamis nor of Thermopylæ—
 But of the hereditary Œdipus
 And daughter of the House of Tantalus.

I met my classes; at the Club I dined
 With colleagues, and our talk was far indeed
 From Hellas: of the cell, the wondrous seed
 Becoming plant and animal and mind
 Unerringly forever after its kind,
 In its omnipotence, in flower and weed
 And beast and bird and fish and many a breed
 Of man and woman, from all years behind
 Building its future. As I walked away,
 I overheard a man of science say:
 "Our Grecian here he needs of me or you
 Some caution, if the rumors round be true."
 So much they see whose hearts are not in play,
 So much they see—and yet so little too.

There was no choice: convulsed with pain and hope,
 I gasped, and then stepped forth in grim repose
 Upon the unpathed mountains, with their snows
 And green crevasses, without guide or rope
 To bear my fortunes up the fearful slope,—
 Perhaps to perish in the girdling mists,
 Mocked by their glimmering golds and amethysts,
 Perhaps to reach the sun, and win the scope
 Of clear horizons—sometime? So I stepped,
 Not without knowledge, but yet drawn or driven
 By powers, stronger than ever to knowledge given,
 By powers than all life's wisdom more adept—
 And men who'll chide in name of "reason" show
 How little they've reasoned and how less they know.

We act in crises not as one who dons
 A judge's robe and sits to praise or blame
 With walnut gavel, before high window-frame,
 Beside a Justice-and-her-scales in bronze;
 We act in crises not by pros and cons
 Of volumes in brown calfskin still the same;
 But, like the birds and beasts from which we came,
 By the long trend of character—the fons,
 Fons et origo—fountainhead and source—

Of deeper conduct, whether in unleashed hound
That tears the fleeing stag unto the ground,
Or thrush in battle for its fledgling's corse,
Or boy who sees the crack'd dam, hears a sound,
And down the peopled valley spurs his horse.

X.—REASON'S AFTERTHOUGHTS.

And yet my reason still did prop my feet:
"Love that restored her from the undertow,
If still it watches, still shall keep her so"
(If still it watches!). Or: "Her sister's sweet
Friendship will join with me" (will join with me!).
Or: "From all stress she shall be guarded, she
My gentle wife" (be guarded from all stress!)
"And live the peace of a Tuscan nunnery"
(And live the peace!). Or: "Love has been no less
New vigor for myself" (new vigor! yes!).
Or still: "This risk is manhood's challenge—you
From selfish years now rise with work to do,
Of noble service" (noble service!).—Time
Yields me but mocking echoes* and a rhyme.

(A rhyme: this rhyme* of echoes low and late,—
But yet another of a louder tone,
Of larger imagery, of earlier date,
"Amor Triumphans—Love is on the Throne"—
The title line . . . A magazine of fame
Purchased the manuscript. Each month she'd look,
Cutting the pages, in its every nook,
To find the poem and the poet's name . . .
As eager as the author . . . The delay
Of print is irksome—makes a common jest;
But ye who read me, jest not now I pray—
For that she died not ere she won her quest,
Takes one small item from my grief away—
As ye will grant me, when ye've read the rest.)

But chief of Reason's afterthoughts was this:
"What is it, this mating of the woman-man,
What is it in nature since the twain began
To need the common hearth, the common kiss?—
When are they mated, for the universe?—
When each in other once has found its own,
When each is lost, or all but lost, alone,
Then are they one—for better or for worse.
The ritual, the ring, the surpliced priest,
Concern the civil order and not them;
The flowers, the music, and the wedding feast,
Postponed for friends and neighbors, not for them."
(True, true; but married life, today at least,
Can not be compassed in an apothegm.)

XI.—WARNINGS IN THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

Now each new Warning died with its first voice,
A phantom, a shrill echo, slain at birth
Upon the threshold of the House of Mirth:
For Warnings came, but yet there was no choice;
No choice forevermore! New Warnings came;
But came too late: Her dear sweet random ways
Would more and more reveal their tragic phase
(As of a candle with unsteady flame,

Through fierce combustion of uncouth element)—
Proving that love itself, though it can put
Light in the eyeball, swiftness in the foot,
Can not restring, within its choral tent,
The mind 'twould play on (as a lyre or lute),
When God has tampered with the instrument.

New Warnings came: secure in her new *wife*,
She told me of her olden search for *death*
Thrice thwarted by her father, when with breath
Thrice choked in foamy agony of strife
Under the summer waters off our pier,
Thrice had she felt his hand on matted hair,
Been thrice recalled, as he put forth a hand
Over the gunwale, to love and linger here
Among the living, with love not anywhere—
Thrice in the years ere I had come inland
Yes, from her story a new Warning came
Of impulse ineradicable and sure:
And Death to her was still a shining lure
(Though hid awhile), as for the moth the flame.

New Warnings came: building the fire, I spied
A crumpled letter with my name, and caught
Some phrases zigzag in the folds, their thought
Leaping into my face: . . . "*marriage*" . . . "*have*
died" . . .
"*Avoid those matters and*" . . . "*we're justified*" . . .
So I unfolded (and why not?). From then
My faith was shaken in two righteous men—
Plotting 'gainst me, yet plotting for my bride,
The sister, daughter. I was welcome there
As "the solution of her future"—means
Not manhood, was I unto father, son:
But did they reckon how that deed unfair
Would work across the drama's later scenes
In my own dealings with my lovely one?—

"Yet plotting for my bride": I think I see
How ran their thought: 'Love and a fixed goal
Will give her meaning, give her health of soul'
'Twas written; and, too *near* of blood was she
For them to reckon her infirmity
As of the blood, beyond redemption ever;
And I too *far*, a stranger in endeavor,
For them to take much tender thought of me
And my salvation. Or was it more than this?
Had they devised, 'gainst what the years might bring,
To shift the burden of her fostering,
And found me, as new guardian, not amiss?—
That Query hung between us like a knife,
Unknown to her, when we were man and wife.

New Warnings came: good friends began to tell
"What some good friends were saying." As for me,
I hushed them by my silence. But to be
(I, deemed a watchman on the citadel
Of Reason once, with cry of "all-is-well")
By friends now deemed a recreant to the cause
Of living, and of living by life's Laws,
As one now bound and blinded by a spell,
Was hard—and hard . . . and not without a scope
Beyond my pride, touching my work with men,
Imperilling my usefulness, should fate

*The "mocking echoes" are the poet's parenthetical and ironic repetitions, uttered in retrospect.

*That is, the poet's present narrative, with particular reference to the preceding stanza.

Some day come calling on the fields of hope
For one best proven by self-regimen,
To speak, as poet-scholar, in the state.

New Warnings came: the children in the street
Or neighbors' yard at tag or prisoner's base,
The babes in go-carts with their mittened feet,
And little necks all bonneted in lace,
Smiling upon me as I snapped my thumb,
The brides of yester spring-time with slow pace,
And long loose gowns, and God-illuminated face,
Bearing within their bodies Life-to-come,
Were still reminders: Love was here on earth
Not only for the lovers . . . And I seemed
To hear her called to by an infant's voice . . .
Such were the Warnings in the House of Mirth—
Was I as one who doted as he dreamed?—
I heard, I understood.—There was no choice.

She lacked all analytic to infer,
Knew not my sufferings; though afterward,
When things with us began to go so hard,
She felt, she knew what I'd become for her
Or tried to: "O my knight, my rescuer,
From cave and forest, O my savior-prince,
For whom I waited, O long since, long since,
Without your coming, where and whither were
My steps today."—Her poignant gratitude
Would shame me into silence, into fear—
For on her lashes there would be the tear,
And something not of earth in her wild mood.
And from my neck I would unwind her arms,
And quiet hers and hide my own alarms.

XII.—OWNING HALF-WINTER AND ALL-SPRING

Of which . . . not yet. We were to wed in June,
With winter half before and all of spring;
And Love so buoyant in his piloting,
Whistling at helm so cheerily his tune,
Made us forgetful of all far-or-soon,
Made us awhile forgetful of the past
And the irrevocable shadow it cast
In sprawling black of quivering rigadon,
Across the prow.—The dancing shadow black
We marked it not, we three—she, Love, and I—
But there, or with the wind or on the tack,
There with full canvas bulging to the sky,
There, on the waters ever by our prow,
It lay, it lay . . . and I remember now.

Too near to life for poesies, I speak
Not long in metaphors. Our wintering
Was glorious white and red: white, on the wing
In whirling drifts; white resting week by week
On undulating hills and bluff and peak

Beyond, beyond; white round the house of white—
And white the lake, save where in cirque and streak
The bared ice shone a polished malachite.
The red, the red, the crimson of delight,
Moving across the landscape, set in snow,
And thus more pure, more eloquently bright,
The season's red (O not by nature's freak,
But by her law established long ago)
Was the resplendent crimson of her cheek,

When on the driven dunes we'd pelt each other
(The blue-jays in the bare oaks shrieked their worst),
Romp as merry children, girl and brother
(For Love restores us childhood at the first,
Even whilst it wakes the elemental thirst
That means in time the father and the mother);
When over the bay, more swift than many another,
We skated round the Point to Lindenhurst;
Or, when, returning in her worsted coat
From our "Ice-arrow" (of the winter fleet
Upon the Four Lakes once the swiftest boat),
Outside the vestibule she stamped her feet,
And talked of something warm to drink or eat,
And loosed the fox-furs from around her throat.

Too close to life for poesies, I flout
Most bardic metaphors. Our only spring
Was red and green—green where the ice went out,
Green in all tints in every greening thing,
And deepening with the northing of the sun
In willow, larch and poplar, elder, birch,
And oaks and maples, from all greens to one—
Save for the oriole on his skiey perch,
And yellow crocus, with the earliest thaw,
Peeping from out the sodden leaves and straw,
Save for the starry dots of flashing blue
Among the grass, or buds upon the haw,
Save for the cherry blossoms (such as grew
Behind our house), save for the dust and dew.

The red was still the crimson, still as fresh:
The crimson, with her footsteps on the run
Up Willow-Walk; crimson behind the mesh
Of spotted veil, when rowing in wind and sun
Home with wild blood-root and wild maidenhair
(She knew all woodland gullies, every fern),
I watching for our landing, at the stern;
Crimson when lifting her lithe arms in air
To pull a spray of cherry; crimson, again,
As on the rug, spread at the shading oak,
Beside her work-bag, scissors, pins in tray,
And cuttings blown around us now and then
(Across her lap the basted purple yoke),
She hummed and sewed against her wedding day.

(To be Continued)



LISTEN TO THE BIRD-MAN!

HERBERT SPENCER pointed out that the fittest, who survived, were those who could get used to anything. How wonderfully fit we all are these days! Three years ago we could be surprised and upset by the mildest political crisis anywhere; to-day the greatest revolutions do not make us even yawn. The war will have been a good thing for the world if it teaches us all that great truth of Heraclitus that Everything Flows. The Buddhists have the same philosophy. Nothing truly IS; it is only a flux, a set of combinations constantly flowering in some new way, never crystallizing. To harden is to die; ask your arteries.

So it is delightful to find people seriously discussing "the inevitable Anglo-German rapprochement," in spite of the campaign of hate on both sides; North-cliffe coming out for Home Rule, and Socialists sickening of Socialism. The fact is that all the "isms" are doomed; common sense is beginning to assert itself under the stress of the terrible and beautiful facts of war. Sir Edward Grey perhaps never realized that his devotion to certain political principles would materialize in the bombardment of London. Time has shown us what high explosives ideas are, when there is a detonator handy. But it is more important to concentrate our attention on the fact that nothing matters that we used to think did matter.

FOR here is Lady Aberdeen, of all people, talking like a Sinn Feiner. There was applause, says the New York Times, when she said that she looked forward to the time when Ireland would take her place as "one of the sisterhood of free nations that make up the British Empire." This is just two years since Mr. Aleister Crowley said almost the same words facing the Statue of Liberty, to be hailed as a madman or a traitor, and but five quarters of a year since the Irish Martyrs wrote similar remarks in blood in the streets of Dublin, and on the flagstones of the Tower of London.

It is time that we all took a new look at the world. Things are not what they were. In fact, they never were at all; our beliefs have been prejudice and illusion. Only canned brains should be incapable of the effort now required. We are, by definition, the fittest, since we survive; and if we are to continue this process, we must do so by accommodating ourselves to the changed conditions.

WE have seen where national prejudice and the gospel of hate have led us. Any one who continues to preach hate is simply a snake. We are talking to the Irish who hate England as much as to the French who hate Germany. It simply will not do. We are in an impoverished world, and for the future we have got to pull together. It is absurd to repair "historical injustices"; no nation but her past is black with such. We must get off the plane of hate and envy together. We must recognize the plain truth that quarreling does not pay. Germany and England are both very silly to starve their best customers—each other. But we should like to put it on a little higher ground than this; it is inhuman to be inhumane. There is only one attitude possible to an

enlightened man to-day. It is not original. It was worded rather epigrammatically quite a few years ago, as follows: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Heaven knows the idiots who brought about this thing didn't know. But most nations trust their destinies to imbeciles.) In the Dhammapada, a classic of Buddhism, six hundred years before Christ, we find the same idea, though without any religious theory to clog the wheels: "The state of hate doth not abate by hate in any time or clime;

But hate will cease if love increase; so soothly runs the antient rime."

The idea had whiskers, even then; but the idea is not proved false by the fact that Mr. Wilson is clean-shaved.

Here, then, is yet another reason for the vigorous prosecution of the war. To fight a man honorably is to win him to respect and love you; a course of mutual cheating, as in time of peace, has the precisely opposite effect.

THE obstacle to mutual understanding has been, of course, ignorance. "Greek" means a thief; Johnny Crapaud, as a term for a Frenchman, commemorates the legend that Frenchmen live entirely upon frogs; even the Bulgar has contributed in a similar way to the wealth of the English language. An idea has to be well fixed before it gets into the language in this way. Mohammedan hill-men always refer to Bengalis as fish-eating bastards. The French think all Englishmen "perfidious." And so it goes, or rather went, for travel, and this war, in particular, is slowly driving the truth home, that we are all men. We must learn to tolerate each others' customs, and we must understand that LAW is only the concrete and organized expression of those customs.

AMERICA has a good point in this matter, and a bad one. The good is that we are accustomed to the most radical changes, not indeed, in ideas, but in the essential conditions of life. The average man of 50 may have been bell-boy, horse-thief, bank messenger, minister of the gospel, cowboy, ragpicker and college professor before settling down to serious life as a yeggman. We live in a country where the economic conditions change overnight in the most amazing fashion. We are a live people, accustomed to catastrophe as others to a change of weather. Nothing can abate our elasticity. But we are cursed with the most dreadful of all plagues that can afflict a nation: variegated law.

IN America no man knows whether he is a criminal or no, unless he is sure that he is one. And this conviction is very widespread. Laws being passed in Albany alone at the rate of 600 per annum, even the judges make no attempt to "keep up with the Joneses," as Judge Welles complains in his recent book. The general disrespect for law has become universal. It is impossible to go into a bar in New York without seeing men in uniform being surreptitiously supplied with alcohol. The

decent man objects to being made into a criminal by a few faddists who slyly pass laws directed against his normal actions. He consequently ignores the law completely, and relies solely on his conscience. This is all very well for the good man, but it encourages the bad man. "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," says he, and finds murder more profitable than spitting on the sidewalk.

THIS business of having two sets of laws on top of police regulations is Gilbert and Sullivan. When a burden is greater than a man may bear, he simply dumps it. It is already a curse in Great Britain that Scotland should have a separate law. If you rent a shooting lodge, your lawyers get a letter couched in a corruption of mediaeval French of which they cannot understand one word. You have to compear as a panel and grant warrandice, and you are never quite sure how this is to be done. But you do understand how necessary it was to let a Scots jury return a verdict of "Not Proven"!

Much of the trouble in Ireland comes from this same business of multiplying sets of laws. That is one reason why Home Rule will never work. The Federal power will always be interfering; a separation as completely as Australia's is the only practical solution, since an assimilation as complete as that of Wales is out of the question.

NOW America has this curse in forty-nine-fold measure. In one State you are an honest man; ten miles off you are liable to be boiled in oil. It is bad enough to mess up the civil law; that confuses business and makes it possible for all sorts of shysters to graft by setting booby-traps for perfectly good citizens. But to play this joke in criminal law is to trifle inexcusably with the lives and liberties of the people. In prohibition States the first thought of every man is to offer his friends a drink. The minds of the inhabitants are completely obsessed by the Demon Rum. This applies to the men who themselves vote the Prohibition ticket. They drink themselves, but they think they are such fine fellows, and their neighbors such weak fools that they must have the law; oh, dear, yes!

ANY European visiting the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave is practically compelled to form the most extraordinary conclusions. For example, let him read the new law in West Virginia, constraining every able-bodied man to work thirty-six hours in every week. "Why," he exclaims, "this is stark, crude slavery, naked and unashamed." Of course it is nothing of the sort; but we shall be glad of some line of explanation that will convince the average Englishman.

Take again the little matter of the censorship. Congress refused to pass several laws on this matter. "Tut," said Secretary Baker, "Tut." And gave orders to establish exactly what Congress denied. Nobody seems to have cared very much, except the aforesaid average Englishman, whose mind flew instantly to the scene in the House of Commons two hundred odd years ago, when Cromwell marched in with his mus-

keteers, threw the Mace on the floor, and cleared the House with the simple remark: "Give place to honest men." To the English mind it seemed that the Administration had abolished the farce of representative government with a stroke. To that mind the incident was highly encouraging; the Englishman is always glad to see the strong silent men take hold, and get rid of the gaping mob of busybodies. But what does the American think? He doesn't think. The political game has long ceased to interest him, except so far as he can use it in his business.

It is because of this attitude that law after law is passed against the will of the majority, against common sense, against the most obvious principles of the Constitution. Nobody cares. Nobody is going to take any notice of the law, anyhow. And the result is that we have a practical anarchy.

IN East Saint Louis we hear that the sole regret of the white population is that their little ebullition of natural feeling should have attracted notice elsewhere. They meant the party to be quite private; no flowers. One hears the most appalling stories from private sources: One man stops flying negroes, promises them safety, takes them into a dark alley, and shoots them. A gang tosses them, men, women, and children, back into their burning houses. Young girls beat an old negress to death with her own shoes. The most conservative local estimate is 175 dead; many think 300 a nearer figure. Coming on top of the abominable torture and lynching in Memphis of a few weeks ago, this is a Sign. People are not acting according to law, but according to conscience. And the political term for this mode of government is Anarchy. The whole trouble lies with double legislation, complicated by crank legislation.

WHERE respect for law is inbred in a community, where the conscience of the solid elements of the community is expressed by the law, there is no trouble in the enforcement of the law. But where law grows rank and wild, where nobody cares about it, habitually, there may be grave trouble at just the moment when the most danger is. As things are in this country, an absolutely unpopular law may go through without notice; and if the authorities happen to be serious, for once, and attempt to enforce it, the spectre of Civil War may leap from the churchyard before any man is aware. Where the people are despised because of their longsuffering, ruthless repression of even mild and lawful protest is the first thing that occurs to the police. We noticed the other day some beautiful and timely pictures of the new automobile machine guns supplied to the New York Police. We suppose these are wanted in case of an invasion by the Republic of Andorra.

IT is a splendid sign of our national efficiency that Talk is never permitted to interfere with business, except, of course, the legitimized talk of Congressmen. The world must be kept safe for democracy, and the only way to do this is obviously by the exercise of autocracy. Otherwise, democracy degenerates into anarchy. One cannot find much sympathy for the people who, whatever their merits, had not the intelligence to come in when

it rained. Lots of us thought that the war was a pity; we even thought that Eve made a mistake about eating that apple. But the mischief has been done. The only sensible word is Shakespeare's: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." If chased by a bull, it is unwise to occupy the mind with considerations as to whether the bull may not, after all, be in the right of it, or with reflections upon the bull tribe in general as useful to mankind. If a part of one's brain persists in such thoughts, it is, at that particular moment, a traitor to the whole organism, though very likely on any other occasion it may be the most valuable part of it.

IT is hard to please some people. A dear friend writes to the N. Y. Times to complain of the editorial attitude of the International, and to demand its suppression. The ground chosen is a delightful one; it is that that attitude is so scrupulously correct that it must conceal some nameless horror. If I say that So-and-so is a crook, that is a libel; if I say that he is an honest man, that is "obviously sarcastic." As a matter of fact, there is a case in which this argument is perfectly sound; it is when everybody is well aware of the fact that the man in question is crooked. Then whatever you may say about him simply reminds people of that fact. A corollary of this proposition is that when a man knows himself to be a crook he becomes ultra-sensitive to any reference to himself whatever. He spies the cloven hoof even on the devil's good leg. He may even become suspicious of silence itself. This is the psychological penalty of the tyrant. Free Speech is, therefore, the very best proof of good government; it is like the coldness of a dog's nose. Men whose conscience is void of offence before God and man, and who are busy with their work, do not give a damn what fools and knaves are saying about them.

ONCE a nation starts to distrust its own people it enters upon a very slippery slope. Secret service men multiply. The "agent provocateur" appears. Presently you get a man like Azeff, who is trusted by police and revolutionaries alike; and no one knows, even after his death, on which side he really was. Every citizen looks upon his neighbor with suspicion; he may be either an anarchist or a spy; the production of bombs would prove nothing; the production of police authorities would prove nothing. The Reign of Terror begins where all evil begins; in the mind of man itself. And it does not take very long to translate that into action.

SPY-FEVER is one of the most dreadful mental diseases. Just as a nervous man with some trifling ailment may seek its diagnosis in a medical book, and conclude that he has Bright's disease, diabetes, tubercle, leprosy and Herpes Zoster complicated with typhus fever and cancer, so the spy, amateur or professional, watching his neighbor, will soon find something sinister in the way he parts his hair. There is no rational way to refute such a proposition, unfortunately; a conspirator will nat-

urally adopt the most innocent-looking symbol of his dread intent. Ergo, the more innocent a man appears, the more dark and deadly a villain is he likely to be. The only cure for this frame of mind is resolute conquest of it by the Will. Reason only makes bad worse. Of course, the original cause of the malady is just plain FUNK. If the sick man does not want to live, he should worry whether he has cancer or not. It is his fear of death that causes his anxiety. In the body politic we should not be afraid to die well if we have lived well; our business is to go ahead with courage and good-temper. If we take to seeing a robber behind every bush, and a ghost in every scarecrow, we are soon morally lost. A man who goes through life in the perfectly rational fear of "germs" cannot be said to live at all; at least, it is not a Man's life. It's much better to be shot from ambush now and then than to spend existence crawling on one's belly in the furrows. It is the difference between a man and a worm.

THE "House of Windsor" is a very interesting joke. George V is a German of the Germans. His mother was Russian, but the Romanoffs are German too. "Albert the Good," the Prince Consort, was of course the purest possible German. He was selected for being such a perfect specimen of German Germanness. He endeared himself to the English bourgeois by his priggishness and the correctness of his frock-coat and watch-chain. In fact, in these articles of adornment his name still lives. Now it occurs to us as something of a slur upon this Best of Men that his name should thus be contemptuously disowned. It is a blow to bad poetry, too, for Tennyson lackeyed himself into the peerage by adulation of this Prince. Obviously, we must now stop reading those pro-German propagandist tracts, *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King*. We must also pull down the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial. And if this is done, it will be a deathblow to the cowardly pacifists; for no one will ever be able to say again that war does not bring the greatest conceivable blessings to Humanity.

A. C.

GOURMET

By IRIS TREE.

HOW often when the thought of suicide
 With ghostly weapon beckons us to die,
 The ghosts of many foods alluring glide
 On golden dishes, wine in purple tide
 To drown our whim. Things danced before the eye
 Like tasselled grapes to Tantalus: The sly
 Blue of a curling trout, the battened pride
 Of ham in frills, complacent quails that lie
 Resigned to death like heroes—July peas,
 A muffin or a crumpet, tea to drink
 And honey gathered from the clover bees—
 A peach with velvet coat, some prawns in pink,
 A slice of beef carved deftly, Stilton cheese,
 And cup where berries float and bubbles wink.

FELO DE SE.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

It lacked a little of midnight. In the east the moon, rising high above the trees that fringed the river, made a lane of light. Her beams fell full upon the face, delicately pensive, with the lips thinly tightened from their drooping corners, of a young exquisite, in whose slender and nervous fingers trembled a gold-headed cane. He was standing at the very edge of the calm water, upon the narrow grass that lay between it and the towing-path. On his right, across the river, rose a hill, cloaked in giant woods, a menace and a mystery. On his left, a clump of beeches sheltered a knoll of velvet grass, one would have said a lover's bower. Behind him lay many miles of pleasant fields and villas. There was no sound in the night but the rare hooting of an owl in the great wood, and the secret undercurrent of sound caused by the commotion of a distant weir.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. A fine night!" said a strange voice in the young man's ear. He failed to catch the first part of the greeting, so absorbed was he in his thoughts; to the second he answered mechanically "a fine night, sir!" As he did so he turned to look at the stranger. He saw a man between thirty and forty years of age, both full and broad, yet slender, and giving the impression of great strength and activity. It was, however, the face, barbered in Vandyke fashion, which startled him. No one could ever forget it. Deep melancholy lay upon it, yet only as a veil to roguishness. The mouth was small, scarlet and voluptuous, although firm. But in the eyes lay something beyond any of this. The pupils were extremely small, even in that dim light, and the expression was of such intensity that the young man, startled, no doubt, by the suddenness of the apparition, thrilled with fear. By instinct he moved backwards to the towing-path, for in that place the river runs exceeding deep—and who could decipher the portent of such eyes?

"I am afraid that I have broken in upon your meditations," continued the new-comer. "Pray excuse me, I will resume my walk." But the young man gave a little laugh, harsh and bitter. "Not at all," he said with a little sneer, "I am only going to kill myself."

"Good," returned the other, whom we may identify as a Master of the Law of Thelema—and this story will explain what that is—"I applaud your decision."

The youth, although not a disciple, failed entirely to understand that the Master meant what he said. He sought instantly to excuse himself. "If you only knew all my reasons," he began gloomily.

"I do not ask them," replied the elder man. "You have announced your intention. I do you the common courtesy to assume that your intention is in accordance with your Will. That is reason enough and to spare. There is no Law beyond: Do what thou wilt. Besides, you'll make a bonny corpse."

The young man stared rather wildly. "No, I'm not a lunatic," smiled the Master; "would it perhaps bore you if I explained my reasons for not excluding *felo de se* from that infinite list of acts which are now lawful? It may relieve you of some

silly scruple, and enable you to take the plunge with that calm ecstasy which should accompany our every act."

"You interest me greatly," acquiesced the youth. The other nodded.

"Let us then sit here, where we can enjoy the beauty of the moonlight. Perhaps you will join me in a cigar?"

"I only smoke cigarettes."

"Every man to his taste. Well," and he lit up, "in order to set ourselves right with the Academies we had better begin with Plato. What say you?"

The youth removed his cigarette and bowed with deference.

"The *Phaedo*," continued the adept, "is certainly the feeblest of all the Dialogues. It is a mass of very silly sophistry, and the classic of *petitio principii*. But the argument against suicide is put with all the cogency of a nursemaid. 'The Gods will punish it, probably,' is the Alpha and Omega of that monolith of stupidity. Socrates himself saw it, no doubt, for he changed the subject abruptly. His only attempt to save his face is to shelter himself behind Pythagoras. Now he saw, just as you do, that death was desirable to the philosopher . . . and young though you are, my friend, if I may dare call you so, that brow bespeaks the love of wisdom . . . yet he would not 'take death the nearest way. Gathering it up beneath the feet of love, or off the knees of murder reaching it,' because of the gods. He has given the most excellent reasons for wishing to die, but he will not admit their validity. Yet he had himself, as he admits later, committed suicide by not escaping 'to Megara or Boeotia.' True, he gives an excellent reason for so acting, but to admit one reason is to admit the edge of the wedge. If an act is permissible for love of law and order, even unjust law—and this is, as you know, the reason advanced by Socrates—then why not for—let us say—the safety of the republic? What of the messenger, fallen into the hands of the enemy, who kills himself lest torture wring the army's secret from him; the man who throws himself from the raft, that his comrade may be saved—or his enemy—

"I alit

On a great ship lightning-split,

And speeded hither on the sigh

Of one who gave an enemy

His plank, then plunged aside to die."

One can think of a thousand cases from Curtius to Jesus Christ, this last surely the most deliberate suicide possible, since he had planned it from all eternity, even taking the trouble to create a universe of infinite agony in order to redeem it by this suicide. You are, I hope, a Christian?"

The young man declared that he was an humble, and erring, but sincere, follower of the Man of Sorrows.

"Then observe how suicide is the hallmark of your religion. 'If thine hand offend thee, cut it off.' Scourge thy body, starve it, lick the sores of lepers, risk everything, but save the soul. This is all suicide, some partial, some complete. It does not even

demand a reason; sheer hatred of the body is sufficient. Again 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'; suppress it; faith and obedience are enough; reason will surely destroy them and the soul as well.

"Now, even those unfortunate persons, who, like myself, not being Christians, cannot assent to so much, can at least admit that some one man, in some one strange circumstance, may rightly lay violent hands upon himself. Then who is to judge of such a circumstance? Is the man to consult his lawyer, or to ask for a referendum? Absurd, you will agree. Then what is left but a private judgment? And if it seem good and sufficient cause for self-murder that 'I am idle; also, it is true, I have no more money,' as in the case of Prince Florizel at the Suicide Club, who shall judge me? You may disagree; you may call me mad and wicked and all manner of names; I can do the same to you with equal right, if I wish to be discourteous. But I can imagine many a situation, incomprehensible to any but its central figure, which would justify such an act in all men's eyes if they understood the case. Every man is commander-in-chief of his own life; and his decisions must always be taken in the sanctuary of his own soul. The man who goes to others for advice abdicates his godhead, except so far as he does it merely because he wishes to hear the case argued by another. The final decision is his own responsibility; he cannot really evade it, even if he would, except by a subservience and slavishness which is more horrible than any suicide of the body could be to those who most object to it. . . ."

"Of course, the law forbids suicide," urged the young man, puffing violently at his seventh cigarette, "on the ground that a man owes service to the King."

"It is a convenient weapon, like religion itself, and all its other precepts, of the tyrant against the slave. To admit this argument is to confess yourself a slave. It is a wise weapon to have forged, moreover. If one hundred workmen were to commit suicide simultaneously, instead of starting silly strikes, the social revolution would arrive that day. I did not ask the King for permission to be born; I came here without my own volition; at least allow me the privilege to depart when I please! In the Middle Ages the necessity of preventing suicide was so well understood that they devised horrible and ridiculous maltreatments of the body—as if any sensible suicide would care. Nowadays populations are larger, and it does not matter so much. The tyrants rely on silly superstitious terrors. I am supposed, by the way, to have a great deal of what is called occult knowledge, and when I make a magical disappearance, as I do now and then, without warning, my most devoted disciples always console my anxious paramours with the remark that I can't have killed myself because I 'know only too well what the penalties are.' It would be more sensible to retort, 'Anyhow I bet he hasn't killed himself for your sake, you cuckoo!' But my disciples have no sense; they prefer to utter pompous and blasphemous nonsense, and to defame my character. James Thomson makes Bradlaugh say, in that stupefying sermon:

'This little life is all we must endure;
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure;

We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.'—
that sermon which concludes on the grand diapason:

'If you would not this poor life fulfill,
Then you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.'

I know of nothing to reply to that. I tell you on my magical honor that it is so. I will admit that I know of states of Being other than that familiar to you as a man. But does the ego persist after death? My friend, you know very well that it does not persist after one breath of the nostrils! The most elementary fact in Buddhist psychology is that! Then (to pursue Gotama into his jungle) "What can be gained, and what lost? Who can commit suicide, and how?" But all this metaphysics is more unsatisfying than chopped hay to an alderman. I counsel you, my young friend, to avoid it in your next incarnation, if you have one. (It doesn't matter to you whether you have or not, since you won't know it. What has posterity done for you, anyway?) At least let us avoid it for the few brief moments that remain to us. To revert to the question of the right to make away with yourself—if it be denied that you have the right to end your own life, then, *à fortiori*, I think you must admit, you have no right to end another's. Then you should be in revolt against a government whose authority rests in the last resort on the right of capital punishment. You are particeps criminis every time a murderer is hanged; you deny the right of peoples to make war, and possibly that of doctors to practice medicine. You have excellent reasons for hanging and shooting others, and do so, by your own hand or another's, without a qualm. Surely then you are on unassailable ground when you sacrifice a victim to Thanatos not against his will but at his express desire. The only objection I know to allowing doctors to offer a fuller euthanasia to hopeless sufferers than is now permitted is that it might facilitate murder. Well, do any further objections to your very sensible decision occur to you?"

"People say it's cowardly," ventured the young man, who was now enjoying a cigar, slipped to him by the adept, and lit with the acquiescence of one half-hypnotized.

"Shame, foul shame!" returned the Master with indignation, as he started to his feet and began to pace the path to and fro in his honest wrath. "Shame on the slanderers who try to mask their own cowardice by branding with that stigma of indelible infamy the bravest act that any man can do. Is not Death the Arch-Fear of Man? Do we not load with titles and honors and crosses and pensions the man who dares death even by taking the small chance of it offered in battle? Are we not all dragged piteously howling to the charnel? Is not the fear of death the foundation of religion, and medicine, and much of law, and many another form of fraud and knavery? But you, in perfectly cold blood, face this fiend calmly and manfully—you with no chance of temporary escape like the soldier or the man in the consulting-room—you who face a certainty when the rest of the world tremble at a chance—they call you coward! Why, death is such a fear that the very word is taboo in

polite society. Is it not because religion has failed to fortify the soul against this apprehension that religion is no longer the vogue? Instead we indulge in dances and music and wine and everything that may help to banish the thought. We permit no skeleton at modern feasts. Philosophy dwells much upon death: perish philosophy! Mankind today dreads every discussion of realities, because to modern men death is the supreme reality, and they wish to forget it. It is the fear of death that has fooled men into belief in such absurdities and abominations as Spiritualism and Christian Science. I would be honored, sir," he stopped in front of the youth, "if you would allow me to grasp the hand of the bravest man that I have ever met, in the very moment of his culmination!"

The youth arose, automatically almost, and gave his hand to the adept.

"I thank you, sir," continued the latter, "you have given me an example, as you have taught me a lesson, of sublime courage. You are a thousand times right. When the evils of life become intolerable, they should be ended. I have half a mind to join you," he added, musing. "I have many disciples."

He sighed deeply, and threw away the butt of his cigar, first lighting another from the glow. "It seems to me that far too much fuss is being made about death now-a-days, as it is about death's deadlier twin-sister, Love. The ancients were our masters in these matters, and so are the Japanese and Chinese of today. The fear of these two things—who are but the man and wife at the lodge gates of Life Park—was probably imported from the effeminate, cowardly, and degenerate races of the Indian peninsula. Early Christians, with their agapae and their martyrdoms, feared neither. The Crusaders feared neither. But those nations that have become effetes, that preach peace and morality, and women's rights, these have the cur's spirit, the eunuch's soul, and in these nations death is dreadful and love dangerous. The virile temper of the Romans grasped love and death like nettles that excite even as they sting. That temper has decayed—the war should revive it—and men flee from death and love. Love stands apart and weeps; but Death cries Tally-Ho, and hunts them down to hell. 'But dried is the blood of thy lover, Ipsithilla, contracted the vein,' 'Novem continuas futationes!'" ended the adept, raising his voice even more than possibly the best taste would have sanctioned, though after all a river's marge at night is not an alcove. However, he recollected himself, and continued more gently. "Pardon me, young sir, I beg," he said, "my feelings overcame me for the moment. Balk at love, you balk at death; balk at death, you balk at life. It's hard to score," he added laughingly, "with both balls in baulk." (The allusion is to the English game of billiards.) The young man laughed, not wholly from courtesy, but because he was really amused, despite his tragic situation.

"If we all took things more easily," the Master added, "they would go more easily. Confidence is two battalions in every regiment that we have. Fear, and you fumble. Go ahead, a song on your lips and a sword in your hand; and meet what comes with gaiety. Damn consequences! If you

see a girl you like, prove it to her by Barbara and Celarent all the way to Fresison or whatever the logician's Omega is—I forget."

The boy was unable to remind him. He had taken Paley for the Little-Go.

"If you see a danger, embrace it," went on the elder man. Nothing seemed to exhaust the energy of his harangue. "If you escape, you have lived more beautifully and more intensely. If you die, you die, and one more bother is done with. Best of all, then, when one is tired of life, to face the Great Adventure gay and gallant—as you do to-night!"

"Then do you see no objection, of any kind," answered the youth, a trifle more earnestly than his habitual manner (Harrow and Trinity Hall) would have permitted in more usual circumstances, "to the fatal act which, as soon as you deprive me of the great charm of your company, I shall have yet one more excellent reason for putting into execution?"

"None," smiled the Master, bowing rather pontifically at a politeness to which years of the servility of disciples had inured him. "Unless, perhaps, we look at the matter in this way. Assume one moment that you are what we empirically call an immortal soul incarnating from time to time in various bodies as occasion offers. Very good; then you willed to live in this body. You knew the conditions—assume that! Good; then you formulate the accursed dyad, you deny your own will, by cutting short this life. Or, say this; assume that your body is an instrument by which you perceive material things, for a whim, or from some inexplicable desire, I know not what. Then, why destroy your instrument? True, it is hopelessly damaged, let us suppose, so that it perceives badly. If it were possible to mend it, you would cheerfully endure the necessary pangs; but all being decayed, scrap it, and get a new instrument. The only argument is that you may have willed to observe the great cruelty of Nature, not only by seeing, but by feeling it, so that you may thereby become fortified in your resolve to 'redeem it from all pain.' But this is all a mass of assumptions, little better than the twaddle of the Buddhists and the Christians and the Theosophists and all the other guessers. Ignore it. 'Thou hast no right but to do Thy Will. Do that and no other shall say thee nay.' Then since it is your Will to kill yourself, do not be turned from your purpose. That indeed would be a crime. The best argument I ever heard against suicide, if you will pardon my introducing a new witness, was an English journalist whose face resembled a cancer of the stomach in a rather advanced stage of the disease. 'Excuse a personal remark,' said I, 'but consider our feelings. Why not blow it all away with a pistol?' He replied with ready wit: 'I use it to pour drink into.' Clever Cecil!"

The adept rose once more. "But I detain you," he murmured apologetically. "Religion, philosophy, ethics, and common sense concur in approval of your purpose. I am infinitely obliged to you for the pleasure you have given me by your elegant and informed conversation; I dare not even voice a regret that I shall have no opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance. Farewell! Love is the law, love under will."

The Master bowed and moved slowly towards the towering beeches. But the boy—he was barely

eighteen years of age—sprang to his feet and followed him. "You say," he babbled eagerly, in his enthusiasm a little forgetful of propriety, "you say you are a Master, that you have disciples. Won't you take me?"

The adept showed no embarrassment. He would not even seem to rebuke the outburst, unconventional as it was.

"Certainly," he returned. "Since I have persuaded you with all my power to do a thing and you now desire to do the opposite, you are pre-eminently fitted for a disciple. You will get on splendidly with the others, I am sure."

Such ready acquiescence, couched as it was in the

delicately-phrased English of which the adept was an acknowledged master, and made tart by that silky subacidity which had made him famous and infamous, delighted the boy beyond all bounds. He sank to his knees, and caught the Master's hand and kissed it, his face wet with tears, and his throat choking. The Master's own eyes dimmed for a moment; something rose in him that he did not even try to suppress. He stooped and put a friendly arm about the lad and raised him. "Come," he said, "it is no such great matter. Let us talk of other things. Or, if you will, enjoy the silence of this moonlit loveliness."

Presently the sun rose, and woke the world to a new day's life worth living.

DRONDON

By FORD TARPLEY.

IN the garden of blue flowers Lucien found me. I was gathering delphinium for the green bowl on the piano because he liked them there. A moment before I had been looking wonderingly at myself in the fountain and he was part of my thoughts. And I knew he would come; so his voice was no surprise.

But when I looked around my smile suddenly became a gasp of fright. Running at his side was a lean black hound, and I thought I had never seen such a strange animal. My first glance was into his weird eyes, and it was like running onto a snake in long grass.

"Sara, he is to stay with you," Lucien said. "I can't bear to think of you living in this lonely isolated house any longer. But with Drondon near you I shall feel at ease. He is an extraordinary creature. He is supposed to see into the hearts and souls of those around him. And when he accepts you as his master or mistress his devotion is like that of a mother for her child. . . ."

Drondon was gorgeous on the black rug in the music room, and there he loved to lie watching me at the organ or piano. And on all my walks he would accompany me. What a decorative spirit he was, darting through the long alleys of cypress or over the open lawn! And when I rested, what a delight it was to see him spread out the glorious design of his sleek black body beside me on the marble benches.

At the full of every moon a flutist comes to play in the grove behind my house.

Lucien and I walked there for the first time with Drondon.

Star-jeweled trees against silver sky! The moon a great lantern tossing amid the branches! Sweet swooning scents! Melody! . . . Flute notes drifting from the darkness on the quiet mid-summer breezes (Pan sobbing his heart away for a dream). . . . The dripping water in fountains. . . . A bird breaking the far-off silence. . . .

Blue moonlit meadows rising to distant hills. . . . Dark depths of surrounding woods. . . . The gleam of marble against smooth soft lawns and amongst climbing vines. . . . The black velvet of red geraniums. . . . Ghost-like white lilies . . .

Oh, memorable night! . . .

Lucien walked very closely at my side. Often he would take my hand for a moment in his and then I would feel a tremor pass through him and he would draw away as if frightened. . . . Aimlessly we wandered for hours. . . .

Seldom did we speak. But on the long flight of steps leading back to the house he suddenly seized me in his arms and muttered my name over and over again as if I were trying to escape him. . . .

And he asked me to be his wife.

"Do not answer now," he said. "Think—Consider—I shall return at dawn, and if I find a rose beneath your balcony then I shall know."

Night of wonder! . . . Of fear! . . . Of hope! . . . Of dreams! . . . Of dread! . . .

The madness of lips near and warm breath! And hands! Eyes!

At the foot of the long flight of steps he left me.

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Morning.

A humming bird is sipping sweets from the blossoming vines clustered around my windows. A gentle breeze lifts lightly the blue curtains and leaves them drifting into the room waving me the sweet treasures from my gardens of flowers.

Often I have thought of the delicious excitement with which an artist must regard the clean space of blank canvas upon which he intends to produce his masterpiece. As filled with possibilities is this day for me.

Suddenly a cry!—A piercing shriek! My maid! I sent her out to bring Drondon in.

Stifled hysterical sobs—and then the excited voice of the gardener!

Silence.

I wait—I wait—

Finally a hand fumbles at my door and it opens.

Lucien is dead.

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Lucien is dead. I have seen him. Between the long rows of narrow cypress trees he lay, his face lifted upwards and slightly smiling and white as last night it was with the moonlight upon it.

But on his throat were the red wounds of teeth.

In his hands the withered petals of a shattered rose!

I swooned. I seemed to be falling into dark infinite depths—like depths of eyes—depths where were innumerable hidden snakes.

Drondon!—Drondon!—

They have killed Drondon.

They found him in the woods crying like a human being; and they shot him.

FLOWERS

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.

I WANDERED about the streets the whole afternoon, while the snow fell slowly, in large flakes—and now I am at home, my lamp is burning, my cigar is lighted, and my books lie close by; in fact, I have everything that affords true comfort. Yet all is in vain; I can think of but one thing.

But had she not been dead for a long time as far as I was concerned?—yes, dead; or, as I thought with the childish pathos of the deceived, “worse than dead”? And now that I know that she is not “worse than dead,” but simply dead, like the many others who lie out there, under the ground, forever—in spring, in the hot summer, and when the snow falls, as today—without any hope of ever returning—since that time I know that she did not die a moment sooner for me than she did for the rest of the world. Sorrow? No. It is only the general horror that we all feel when something that once belonged to us, and whose entire being is still clear in our minds, sinks into the grave.

It was very sad when I discovered that she was deceiving me; but there was so much else of it!—the fury and sudden hatred, and the horror of existence, and—ah, yes—the wounded vanity—the sorrow only came later! But then there was the consolation that she also must be suffering. I have them all yet, I can reread them at any time, those dozens of letters which sob, pray, and beseech forgiveness! And I can still see her before me, in her dark dress and small straw hat, standing at the street corner in the twilight as I stepped out of the gate—looking after me. And I still think of the last meeting when she stood in front of me, with her large, beautiful eyes, set in that round, child-like face that now had become pale and wan. I did not give her my hand when she left me—when she left me for the last time. And I watched her go down the street from my window and then she disappeared—forever. Now she can never return. . . .

My knowing it at all is due to an accident. I might have been unaware of it for weeks and months. I happened to meet her uncle one morning.

I ASKED for his niece, more out of politeness than interest.

I knew nothing more about her; her letters had stopped coming a long time ago; only flowers she sent me, regularly. Recollections of our happiest days! Once a month they came; no card, just silent, humble flowers. And when I asked the old gentleman he was all astonishment. “You don’t know that the poor girl died a week ago?” It was a terrible shock! Then he told me more. She was ill for a long while, but was in bed hardly a week. And her illness? “Melancholia—anæmia. The doctors themselves were not quite sure.”

I remained a long while on the spot where the old gentleman had left me; I was enervated, as if I had just gone through some great trouble. And now it seems to me as if today marks the termination of a part of my life. Why—why? It was simply something external. I had no more feeling for her; in fact, I seldom thought of her any more. But now that I have written this all down I feel better, I am more composed. I am beginning to appreciate the coziness of my home. It is foolish and tormenting to think of it any more. There are certainly others today who have a great deal more to mourn about than I.

I have taken a walk. It is a serene winter’s day. The sky looks so gray, so cold, so far away. And I am very calm. The old gentleman whom I met yesterday—it seems as if it had been weeks ago. And when I think of her I can see her

in a peculiarly sharp and finished outline; only one thing is lacking: the anger which always associated itself with my thoughts of her. The real appreciation that she is no more on earth, that she is lying in a coffin, that she has been buried, I have not—I feel no sorrow. The world seemed calmer to me today. I once knew for just one moment that there is neither happiness nor sorrow; no, there are only the grimaces of joy and sadness; we laugh and we weep and we invite our soul to be present. I could sit down now and read deep, serious books, and should soon be able to penetrate into all of their learning. Or, I could stand in front of old pictures, which heretofore have meant nothing to me, and now appreciate their true beauty. And when I think of certain dear friends who have died, my heart does not feel as sad as it used to—death has become something friendly; it stalks among us but does not want to harm us.

SNOW, high, white snow on all the streets. Little Gretel came to me and suggested that we ought to take a sleigh ride. And we drove out into the country, over the smooth road, the sleigh bells ringing and the blue-gray sky above us. Gretel rested against my shoulder and looked out upon the long road with happy eyes. We came to an inn that we knew well from the summer. The oven was all aglow, and it was so hot that we have to move the table away, as Gretel’s left ear and cheek became fire red. I had to kiss the paler cheek. Afterwards, the return home in the twilight! Gretel sat very close to me and held both of my hands in hers. Then she said: “At last I have you again!” She had thus, without racking her brain, struck the right note to make me happy. But perhaps it was the biting, clear air that unchained my thoughts, for I feel freer and more contented than I have in the last few days.

A short while ago again, as I lay dozing on my couch, a strange thought came to my mind. I appeared hard and cold to myself. As one who, without tears, in fact, without any emotion, stands at the grave in which he has buried a dear one. As one who has grown so hard that he cannot reconcile the horror of death. Yes, irreconcilable, that is it.

Gone, quite gone! Life, happiness, and a little love drives all that foolishness away. I go again among people. I like them; they are harmless, they chatter about all sorts of jolly things. And Gretel is a dear, kind creature, and she is prettiest when she stands at my window and the sunbeams shine on her golden hair.

Something strange happened today. It is the day on which she always sent me flowers. And the flowers came again as—as if nothing had changed. They came with the first mail, in a long, narrow white box. It was quite early, and I was still sleepy. And only when I was actually opening the box did I gain full consciousness. Then I almost had a shock. And there lay, daintily tied with a golden string, violets and pinks; they lay as in a coffin. And as I took the flowers in my hand a shudder went through my heart. But I understand how it is that they came again today. When she felt her illness, perchance even when she felt death approaching, she gave her usual order to the florist so that I would not miss her attention. Certainly, that is the explanation; as something quite natural, as something touching perhaps. And still as I held them, in my hands, these flowers, and they seemed to nod and tremble, then, in spite of reason and will power, I looked upon them as something ghostly, as if they had come from her, as if they were her greeting—as if she

wanted always, even now that she was dead, to tell me of her love—of her tardy faithfulness. Ah, we do not understand death, we never shall understand it; and a person is dead only after all that have known him have also passed away. Today I grasped the flowers differently than usual, as if I might injure them were I to hold them too tight—as if their souls might begin to sob softly. And as they now stand in front of me on my desk, in a narrow, light-green vase, they seem to nod their heads in mournful gratitude. The full pain of a useless yearning spreads over me from them, and I believe that they could tell me something if we could only understand the language of *all* living things—not only of the things that talk.

THE flowers are in the tall, green vase; their stems are in the water and their scent fills the room. They still retain their odor—in spite of the fact that I have had them a week and that they are already fading. And I believe all sorts of nonsense that I used to laugh at: I believe in the possibility of conversing with things in nature—I believe that one can communicate with clouds and springs; and I am waiting for these flowers to begin to talk. But no, I feel sure that they are always speaking—even now—they are for ever crying out, and I can almost understand them.

How glad I am that the winter is over! Already the breath of spring throbs in the air. I am not living any differently than before, still I sometimes feel as if the boundaries of my existence are expanding. Yesterday seems far off, and the happenings of a few days past are like vague dreams. It is still the same when Gretel leaves me, especially when I have not seen her for several days; then our friendship appears like an affair of the past ages. She always comes from afar, from so far away! But when she begins to chatter it is like olden times again, and I then have a clear consciousness of the present. And then her words are almost too loud and the colors seem too harsh. Yet as soon as she leaves me all is gone; there are no after-pictures or gradual, fading recollections. And then I am alone with my flowers. They are now quite faded, quite faded. They have no more perfume. Gretel had not noticed them at all, but today she saw them, and it seemed as if she wanted to question me, but then she suddenly appeared to have a secret horror for them—she stopped speaking altogether and soon left me.

The petals are slowly falling off. I never touch them; anyway, if I did they would crumble. It makes me very sad to see them faded. I do not know why I have not the courage to make an end of all this nonsense. The faded flowers make me ill. I cannot stand them and I rush out. Once in the street I feel that I have to hurry back to them, to care for them. And then I find them in the same green vase where I left them, tired and sad. Last evening I wept before them, as one weeps at a grave. Yet I never gave a thought to the sender of them. Perhaps I am wrong, yet it seems as if Gretel feels that there is something strange in my room. She does not laugh any more. She does not speak so loud, with that clear, lively voice to which I am accustomed. And I do not receive her as I used to. Then there is the fear that she will question me, and I realize what torture those questions would be.

SPRING! My window is wide open. Late last evening Gretel and I looked out on to the street. The air was warm and balmy. And when I looked at the corner, where the street lamp spreads a weak light, I suddenly saw a

shadow. I saw it and I did not—I know that I did not see it—I closed my eyes and I could suddenly see through my eyelids. There stood the miserable creature, in the pale lamp light, and I saw her face very clearly, as if the yellow sunshine were on it, and I saw in the pale, emaciated face those wounded eyes. Then I walked slowly away from the window and sat down at my desk; the candle sputtered in the breeze. And I remained motionless, for I knew that the poor creature was standing at the corner, waiting; and if I had dared to touch the faded flowers I would have taken them out of the vase and brought them to her. Thus I thought, and sincerely thought; yet I knew all the while that it was foolish. Now Gretel also left the window and came over the back of my chair, where she remained a moment to touch my hair with her lips. Then she went and left me alone.

I stared at the flowers. There are hardly any more. Mostly bare stems, dry and pitiful. They make me ill and drive me mad. And it must be evident, otherwise Gretel would have asked me, but she feels it, too. Now she has fled as if there were ghosts in my room.

Ghosts! They are, they are! Dead things playing with life! And if faded flowers smell mouldy, it is only the remembrance of the time when they were in bloom. And the dead return as long as we do not forget them. What difference does it make if they cannot speak now—I can hear them! She does not appear any more, yet I can see her! And the spring outside, and the sunshine on my rug, and the perfume of the lilacs in the park, and the people who pass below and do not interest me, are they life? If I pull down the curtains the sun is dead. I do not care to know about all these people, and they are dead. I close my window, and the perfume of the lilacs is gone, and spring is dead. I am more powerful than the sun, the people, and the spring. But more powerful than I am is remembrance, for that comes when it wills and from it there is no escape. And these dry stems are more powerful than the perfume of the lilacs and the spring.

I WAS pondering over these pages when Gretel entered. In her hand she carried a bouquet of fresh flowers. Then, without speaking, she laid them on my desk. Next moment she seized the withered stems in the green vase. It seemed as if someone had grasped my heart—but I could not utter a sound. And when I wanted to rise and take her by the arm, she Gretel stood at the sill, facing me. And on her head was the sunshine, the bright sunshine. And the aroma of lilacs came in through the window. And I looked at the empty green vase on my desk—I am not sure, yet I think I felt freer—yes, freer. Then Gretel approached me, picked up her bouquet, and held in front of my face cool, white lilacs. Such a healthy, fresh perfume—so soft, so cool; I wanted to bury my face in them. Laughing, white, beautiful flowers—and I felt that the spectre was gone. Gretel stood behind me and ran her hands through my hair. “You silly boy,” she said. Did she know what she had done? I grasped her hands and kissed her.

In the evening we went out into the open, into the spring. We have just returned! I have lighted my candle. We took a long walk, and Gretel is so tired that she has fallen asleep in the chair. She is very beautiful when she smiles thus in her sleep.

Before me, in the narrow, green vase, are the lilacs. Down on the street—no, no, they are not there any longer. Already the wind has blown them away with the rest of the dust.

THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK.

By THE MASTER THERION.

The obvious course for one who wishes to write on Magick is to invoke the God Thoth, for He is Lord both of magick and of writing.

In truth, that is the very apt slip for our leash of silence. The word used by Sir Walter Scott for Magick is "gramarye," and a ritual of magick is a "grimoire," "grimorium," or grammar; all from gramma, a letter. Thoth, scribe of the Gods, was probably just a man called Tahuti—the Egyptian form of the Coptic word Thoth—who invented writing. Fust, one remembers, who invented printing, became Faust, the "black magician." The first great miracle of progress, after the conquest of fire, was this art of writing.

Magick then may be defined for our present purpose as the art of communication without obvious means. Curiously, the new harnessing of that form of fire—I use the word in its old magical sense—called electricity to the shafts of the car of progress was followed by a new art or rather series of arts of communicating without obvious means; the telegraph, the telephone, and now Hertz's discovery (exploited by one Signor Marconi) of wireless telegraphy.

Now no man doubts the existence of a supreme and illimitable power, whether he conceive of it as soulless, unconscious and mechanical, or as spirit, self-conscious, and self-willed. You may think the Sun to be God; some very ignorant and some very illuminated people have done so; but the fact is disputed by none, that the Sun, within the limits of its own system, is, physically speaking, the source of all light, heat, Energy in all its forms, as well as of the earth itself, Being or Matter in all its forms as we know it.

Now if we wish to obtain heat from the Sun, we can go and sit on Palm Beach; or we can dig up solar energy in the form of coal—and so on; in a hundred ways we can make communication with that material source of heat. Very good; magick pretends to be able to do the same thing with the Secret Source of all Being and all Form, all Matter and all Motion.

It claims to be able to draw water from the Fountain of All Things, according to its needs, by certain methods. And though ordinary prayer is a part of Magick, this point is to be considered, that in the purely religious theory, God may or may not think it fit to answer prayer. This then is the great heresy of Magick—or of religion, if you happen to be a Magician! The Magician claims to be able to force a favorable answer. If he tries to make the Elixir of Life, and fails, he has simply failed. He is a bad Magician, just as a chemist is a bad chemist who tries to make Oxygen and fails. The chemist does not excuse himself by saying that it was the Will of God that he should not make Oxygen that day!

The explanation is simple. What the Magician

calls God is merely the divine Emanation in himself. And the reconciliation with orthodox theology follows at once. The Magician is using the formula of Hermes Trismegistus, "That which is below is like that which is above, and that which is above is like that which is below, for the performance of the miracles of the One Substance." That is to say, in order to perform his miracle he must call forth his own God in the Microcosm. That is united with the God of the Macrocosm by its likeness to it; and the Macrocosmic force then operates in the Universe without as the Magician has made it operate within himself; the miracle happens. Now then it follows that unless the will of the magician be really at one with the Will of the Cosmos, this likeness does not exist, this identification does not take place. Therefore the magician cannot really perform any miracle unless that be already the Design of the Universe. So that he who sets out by saying "I will impose my will on all things" ends "Thy will be done."

It is possible, indeed, to perform magic in other ways by other formulae, but all such efforts are mere temporary aberrations from the path; at the best they are mistakes; persisted in knowingly they become black magic; and in the worst event the sorcerer is cut off by his own act from the Cosmos, and becomes a "Brother of the Left Hand Path." This truth is taught by Wagner in Parsifal. Klingsor was unable to comply with the requirements of the Graal Knights; he could not harmonize Love and Holiness; so he mutilated himself, and was for ever debarred from even a possibility of redemption.

It was because the Church misunderstood this doctrine, and saw in magic but a rival power, that she strove with all the agony of fear to suppress it. Soon only charlatans dared to practice it, because they were known to be harmless. The whole thing fell into contempt.

When I was twenty-two years of age I devoted myself to the attainment of adeptship, or whatever you like to call it. That was indeed the question: what should I call it? (For I am first of all a poet, and expert in the use of words.) I decided to call my life-work *magick*. For this very reason, that it was fallen so utterly into disuse. I cut myself deliberately off from the modern jargon "theosophy," "occultism," and so on, all words with an up-to-date connotation. I would make my own connotation, and impose it on the world. The only chance of confusion was with prestidigitation, and that not being of the same universe of discourse, hurt no more than the homonymity of "box," "game" and a hundred other words. There was something of boyish defiance, too, no doubt, in my choice of the word. However, I labelled myself with it, and I used good gum!

It has been necessary to insist that Magick is done by an identification of the magus with the Supreme in order to show how in practice one goes to work.

There are two branches of this one tree; we may conveniently call them the Catholic and Protestant.

The Protestant method is that of direct prayer.

As a child asks its father for a toy, so the magician asks God to cause rain, or whatever he may need at the moment. The prayer book is full of such spells, even to the extreme use of "Oh, Lord, who alone workest great marvels, send down upon our Bishops and Curates the healthful spirit of Thy grace." But there is no record of any favorable answer to this particular prayer!

In the supreme prayer of Christ in Gethsemane we find the advanced magician speaking. "*If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done.*" This ends in "My will, which is Thine, be done" for bye-and-bye Christ tells Pilate that if He wished He could have twelve legions of angels to defend Him. But he no longer wishes the cup to pass from Him; His will is one with the Father's.

Now, in order to persuade the God addressed that it is right to grant the prayer, or in order to convince oneself that one is asking for a proper miracle, one resorts to commemoration of other miracles wrought by that God in the past.

Thus the talisman made by Dr. Dee, which raised the tempest in which the Spanish Armada was destroyed, has figured upon it a symbolic image of a face blowing forth a great wind, and around it is the versicle "He sent forth His lightnings and scattered them"—or some similar words. God is reminded that in the past He brought victory to His chosen people by raising a storm at the proper moment. There is, in legal phrase, a precedent for the miracle.

The conjurations of the Grimoires abound in this sort of recitation before the God of His previous exploits.

Here then is the link with the second form of magick—the "Catholic." For in Catholic magick the formula is this; the story of the God is enacted before Him; He is moved by the sight of His own sufferings or adventures (Here we must remember that most Gods are deified men) and at the same time the sympathy of the actors with the God is stirred to its highest point.

The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this kind of ritual. In fact, almost all Greek drama of the classic period is of this kind. The "deus ex machina" speech at the end marks the identification complete.

Similarly, the Eleusinian Mysteries celebrated the adventures of Demeter; those of Adonis and Osiris and Mithras tell the story of the Sun, and thus invoke his power. J. M. Robertson goes further, and says that the story of the Last Supper, Trial and Crucifixion of Christ is not a history but a scenario. Nor is this view confined to rationalists and anthropologists of the type of Spencer, Frazer, and Grant Allen; many Christian mystics uphold it, and say that their reverence for the Logos is not lessened but increased by the identification of the legend of His life and death with that of the Cosmos.

I must again call attention to the necessity of this formula of identification in order to show the impossibility of evil in magick. Evil is synonymous with failure.

With the low class sorcerer who sells himself as a slave to some "devil" we have nothing here to do. That is the antithesis of magick. The aim is to com-

mand the spirits. Very well; suppose we begin in a gross, selfish, avaricious way, and try to get the spirits to bring us gold. We call Hismael, the Spirit of Jupiter. Nothing happens. We learn that Hismael will not be commanded but by his proper Intelligence, Iophiel. So we call Iophiel. Equal recalcitrance on the part of Iophiel, who is only amenable to the orders of Sachiël, his Angel. Same story with Sachiël. We go to Tzadquiel the Archangel. Still no good; for Tzadquiel obeys none but El. Good; we invoke El, the God. We must then become El; and having done so, having entered into that vast divine essence, we cannot bother any more as to whether we have any money. We have left all that behind. So then we see that to perform any miracle we must show a divine reason for it. I have often asked for money and obtained it; but only when the money was really needed for some manifestly cosmic benefit.

In fact, with whatever work one begins, one is led up to the Great Work. This is a logical process, and even if one were tempted to be illogical, and turn to Black Magic, those great forces whose names one has (perhaps ignorantly) invoked are invisibly about one, and bring one into line with a jerk—and none too gentle a jerk at that!

Eliphaz Levi defines Black Magic as the result of the persistence of the will in the absurd. One does not go mad on seeing the devil, because before invoking him one must be already mad.

It is extraordinary how the formula of Hermes Trismegistus holds throughout; Magick is but the extension of the microcosm in the macrocosm. And as the macrocosm is the greater, it follows that what one does by magick is to attune oneself with the Infinite. "In myself I am nothing: in Thee I am All-self. Dwell Thou in me! and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!" concludes the great prayer of the Rosicrucians.

This, however, explains why those who meddle with magick out of curiosity, or who try treacheries on magicians, find themselves in trouble.

The Magician is an expression of the Will of the Universe: the meddlers rebel, and suffer. To oppose a true Magician is as silly as to put your hand on a circular saw in motion. But the handless blames the saw.

I know of one modern Master who has been often attacked. In every case the attacker has come to absolute ruin. One woman came to him, a woman old and sly, and wormed herself into his confidence. He knew her for an enemy, and trusted her absolutely. He left her his check-book duly signed, and she embezzled his money. He left his wife in her care, and she tried to corrupt her. By-and-bye it became obvious to the woman that the Master knew everything. He only smiled, and continued to trust her. So she went down with meningitis, and there was an end of her.

In such a case the only mistake the magician can make is to defend himself in the normal manner. He leaves his castle; he will be slain. You must not go on to the enemy's ground. Perfect love, perfect faith, perfect trust, and you are unassailable. But use the weapons of the flesh, and you are lost.

(To be continued.)

THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

"The Menace of Peace," George D. Herron. (Mitchel Kennerley, 1917.)

It is said that many soldiers have lost their minds owing to the war. So have some civilians. But we do not think that George D. Herron is in either group. He raves in a most blasphemous manner about Christ, and he looks every night under his bed for a Jesuit.

The world is indeed hysterical when such delirious cat-calls find a publisher.

Not content with destroying the German body, he must destroy the "German mind," another phantom like his "wicked Pope Benedict" bribed by German gold, like (I suppose) the Earthquake of San Francisco. Probably the Flood was started by the Germans to try out their U-boats. Such alleged partisans of the Allies are their gravest enemies.

A book of roaring blasphemy like this is just the argument that the enemy most needs.

Lord, save us from our friends!

A. QUILLER, JR.

The Unveiling: a poetic drama in five acts, by Jack-son Boyd; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

Only last month an old and valued friend of mine reviewed the works of Mr. Robert Frost for Pearson's Magazine. I chanced to call upon him in his sumptuous yet chaste atelier. I found him prone, the prey of a proud melancholy. "Speak, speak!" I cried impetuously. "I am surpassing glad and sad," quoth he, "for lo! I have attained my apex, my apogee, my

meridian, my asymptote, my climax. I have made the great discovery of my life; now I must pass into the sere and gamboge, a wailing derelict. Yes, my poor brother, Othello's occupation gone. Never can I pierce further than I have done into the hells of bad verse; never shall I find an intellect more imbecile, a style more wooden, than that of Robert Frost!"

At that precise moment a clarion peal upon the bell broke in upon my gloomy meditations. Two powdered lackeys ushered in the visitor. It was a special messenger from G. P. Putnam's Sons, his hair flying loose, his garments dusty and disordered with his haste. Yet apparently he had been two years on the way, for he brought a volume published all that time ago.

The volume fell from my friend's nerveless hand. "Open it!" he sobbed pitifully. I performed the rash act amid loud applause from all present. It was indeed "The Unveiling." "Be of good cheer," I shouted, as I scanned the pages, "whaur's your Robbie Frost noo?" My friend has completely recovered his health and good spirits; but I am perfectly certain that Pearson's, in holy awe and godly fear of the Society for the Suppression of the English Language, will never allow him to print what he thinks of this book. "Worse than Frost!" he keeps on repeating to himself, in a kind of ecstatic coma.

(No further bulletins will be issued.)

A. QUILLER, JR.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GENERAL WHITE.

Sir: In reply to your invitation I presented myself at 280 Broadway on the morning appointed by you.

After a brief pause for embarrassment, a young and very charming officer addressed me and my fellow-loyalists as follows:

"Haw. Haw. Awfly sorry, you chaps, dontyerknow, but the fact is we aren't ready. We put it in the newspapers, of course, but some rotten blighter's let us down. No rooms to undress in, haw, haw; no forms, no stationery, what."

My name and address was then taken, to save trouble; I was to be summoned when they did get ready.

I did not get this summons; so I went down again in a week or so. This time I was examined by a "doctor," one of the funniest men I ever saw. Without making the necessary tests—I happen to be a doctor myself—he pronounced a diagnosis which had the merit of being totally at variance with that of the best opinion of Harley Street. He then promised to mail a certificate of exemption, which I have not yet received.

Yesterday I told my troubles to an American. He said: "You are lucky to get off so easily. How many of your friends are lying dead at Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, on the Somme, and so on, just because of the mutton-headed incompetence of these gold-braided dummies? It's all of a piece."

I stopped him there with a short hook to the jaw.

Was I right? And what should I do now?

I have the honor to be, Sir, in undying loyalty to the Empire, your most humble and obedient servant.

BRITON.

P. S.—I cannot but think it an error to employ the insulting neologism "Britisher" in addressing Britons.

It is bad logopoiesis to try to construct a noun from an adjective by adding "er." You can make a word like "mucker" from "muck," to mean "one who mucks things"; "stinker" from "stink," to mean one who makes a stink; for "er" added to a noun or a verb gives the idea of agency. But "er" tacked on to an adjective gives the idea of increase; it is the sign of the comparative; as "stupider" from "stupid."

Briton is a noble word, a word consecrated to us by the use of generations, as by the genius of Dibdin. Britisher is no word at all; it is simply a term of abuse and contempt invented by the American sea-captains when they felt that way. To use it to us as a term of endearment is just one more instance of the muddle that is risking the loss of the war.

I almost think that it has been a mistake to distrust the few men of brains that we possess. Sir Richard Burton got into trouble for furnishing his superiors with full and accurate information of the Indian Mutiny two years before the outbreak at Meerut; Consul Litton was banished to Teng-Yueh because he offered to give the Ambassador complete details of the Boxer organizations while they were still incoherent; Sir William Butler lost his reputation because he predicted the Boer War; Sir Bampfylde Fuller was dismissed because he told the truth about India. Why do you so hate and fear intelligence when we who happen to possess it are willing to offer it single-heartedly to our country?

BALZAC—A NOTE.

It is said of the artist as of the philosopher that he is inevitably limited by the spirit of his age, the *Zeitgeist*; that it is his highest attainment to represent that spirit in fullness. Yet the *Zeitgeist* is only a phase of "The Holy Spirit of Man" after all, a sort of mood conditioned by economic and climatic conditions as well as by the only noble engine of human progress, the influence of the truly great men of the race. So the Artist at his best is both the creator and preserver of mankind; he is also, in a sense, the destroyer. For he burns out the inessential and the accidental elements, and leaves only the Truth.

Honoré de Balzac was not so dynamic a force as Mohammed. One cannot be equally creator and preserver. Those men who push humanity directly, the poets and prophets, are not so perfect as the great historians in the matter of representation. The poet is always yearning to create a new heaven and a new earth; his desire blinds his vision. Shelley leaves an entirely wrong impression of his contemporaries; his passion colors his sensorium. Shakespeare, a careless easy voluptuary, minion of lordlings, and squire of fast dames, was a reactionary, so far as he was anything. The poet in him was emasculated by the court favorite. But his outlook on humanity was whole. He saw all, and, bar a trifle of snobbishness, the appanage of all Anglo-Saxons, he saw steadily and straight.

Balzac was an artist of this type. He was not biassed, as Shakespeare was, by "evil communications." His mind was in reality much more comprehensive than Shakespeare's. He knew the whole of society from the top; he was not handicapped like Shakespeare by being a climber. The Swan of Avon made a lot of his portraits "out of his head"; they are fantastic and romantic figures, boyish dreams rather than things seen. Balzac paints only from nature. Practically every character in the *Comédie humaine* is to be found in our own environment today. Shakespeare admittedly took his material from existing story or legend. Balzac's model was life, direct. It is evident to the student that Shakespeare was observing at second hand most of the time.

The mind of the great Frenchman was moreover of infinite grasp. His whole plan was coherent. His characters appear and reappear in novel after novel, always consistent, always real. Shakespeare's characters rarely reappear; where they do, there is no development, no increase of our knowledge concerning them. Consider only the case of Falstaff, the best of such. Here the only scene that tells us more than the Gadshill scene is the death scene. Beside Balzac, Shakespeare's characters are mechanical and unreal. They are too poetic to be solid. Further, the portraits of the nobles, to take one case, are the merest smudged sketches. Who can distinguish Rivers from Hastings, or a dozen others, for example? It is only in rare instances that he takes the least trouble over them. Balzac, on the contrary, often risks boring the reader by being at too great pains to introduce his characters properly.

For these causes we must admit that Balzac is one of the first minds that the race has produced. Zola tried

the same thing; but oh! with what laborious effort, what sweat of office-work! Balzac worked as hard, but in a more concentrated and natural manner. There is no forcing evident in his method. He is natural, too, where Zola is symbolistic or artificial; he is the supreme master of reality. Again, Balzac is a universalist; nothing is too small or too great to escape him. He has a sense of proportion which no other master even approaches. In a day like ours, when the Russian masters are beginning to come into their own, it is absurd that their archetype should fail to be recognized by all as such, as the first man to read, and the last. There is nothing in Tolstoi, Turgenieff, or Dostoieffsky which has not been done, and done better, by Balzac. It may be admitted that the study of Balzac is a life's work in itself; but how sublime and interesting a study! There is not a dull page in all that array of volumes.

To the American reader there is one peculiar charm. Balzac never, no matter in what height of tragedy, forgets the ever-present problem of money. He interweaves economic necessity with every tale. This is one of the great reasons of his power. Other writers occasionally introduce the topic; some base their whole theme upon it; but no one else keeps the matter in mind in the consistent way that Balzac does, treats it as a true strand of the cord of life, as it is. What Zola does in "*La Curée*," consciously, Balzac does all the time, without seeming to perceive it. In this, and a thousand other subtle ways, he conveys the reader to a world which must instinctively be recognized by every one as reality shorn of all accidental and indifferent elements, as the Truth of Life itself.

Balzac is not an author to pick up and to throw down again. He is a man to live with. He is perhaps the only writer who is genuinely educative, who is of actual use to the reader in his effort to comprehend the world he lives in. He is worth much more to the ambitious youth than any correspondence course whatever. He is the next best master to Life itself; and his lessons are not so long, so painful, and so badly arranged. One can learn more in a month from Balzac than in a year from Life. In this world to be forewarned is to be forearmed; and Balzac shows every situation, and the way it develops, in so vivid a form that one is compelled to live it in the person of every one of the actors of the drama. It is impossible to escape from the spell of the magician; you are obliged to understand his villains as well as his heroes. For he never creates false values. His figures are never puppets, carefully labelled. One realizes throughout that even the worst of us is human, that faults spring from destiny just as inexorably as more gracious qualities.

One does not understand life without the aid of literature, for one is limited by one's own small experience. Balzac puts one wise in the quickest, the most universal, and the most thorough way. It is absurd to try to wander about the planet without this supreme guide to its inhabitants. Also, one must assimilate one's own heart and mind to that guide; and to do that, one must have him on one's bookshelf, always with a gap showing the absence of the particular volume in immediate use.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM—A PLEA FOR BETTER MORALS

LOUIS U. WILKINSON ANSWERS HIS CRITICS.

(The appearance of Mr. Wilkinson's remarkable novel, "The Buffoon," has created consternation in the camp of the Comstocks and the Grundys. This daring work powerfully exploits those vital sexual and spiritual phases in the life of man which the United Spinsters (both sexes) of the World have tabooed and interdicted. We herewith publish the English novelist's answer to his critics. We are anxious to know what our readers think of the controversy and welcome all comment on the subject. In our next issue we shall publish letters for and against the contentions of Mr. Wilkinson.)

WHAT would happen to a novelist who tried to exhibit, truthfully, the sexual emotions of the average "moral" person? A single moment's contemplation is enough to sweep us off our feet with a frisson of horror: what a welter of obscenity! And how would public and critics, hit so un-expectedly below the belt, rave and squeal! But how illuminating, how educative! Let some one, as a sacred duty, write a novel called, say: "A Mr. Wilkinson, a Clergyman": a clergyman, perhaps, of the Grace M. E. Church. Let the truth be told about this Mr. Wilkinson, no matter if the novelist goes mad or expires in telling it. For his cell or his tomb will hold a martyr in the shining cause of moral education, and is not that enough?

I myself, a Mr. Wilkinson, but not a clergyman, have no stomach for moral stinks, and am therefore unequal to the task of pitchforking the horrific manure of my namesake's soul. But we may well be perturbed by the knowledge that such souls exist, and by the conviction that, judging from the way things are in now, they will go on existing for a long while yet. The malignant sex-taboo that grips us so uncleanly is not relaxing the grip, but tightening it; with a strait bitter clutch maniacal enough, indeed, to start some hope that the climax is reached, and that a reaction to relative sanity may not be further off than our own dotage. In this country the discovery of a lust-murder in a cellar, or the organizing of military encampments, sets bubbling over at once the pus of sex-suppression: all our Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wilkinsons disgorge their frenetic sexual yelps, rush rampant for their malicious revenges. Victims themselves of the taboo since earliest consciousness, they must needs serve the taboo by making victims of others: and all the dammed energy that should have flowed for their natural satisfaction is released in sterile side-volume to compel the unnatural dissatisfactions of other people. The men and women whose lives are paralyzed by our barbaric sex-conventions find relief in censoring "immoral" books and plays and pictures, in tracking down naked bathers—even though, like the ladies of Keswick, they can only see them with a telescope; in screaming "White Slavery!"; in the agitation of schemes for the personal supervision by a Board of Matrons and Spinsters of all girls under twenty-five in the large cities, or for the raising of the age of consent to twenty or thirty—why not eighty, and be quite safe? As safe, at least, as in this wicked world one can be. It is now a further outlet for the morbid sex-morality paranoiac to bandy philosophic profundities about "Moral Zones" round training camps, concluding, with the high wisdom of a hen and the illumined benevolence of a serpent, that we can only win this war

with strong, healthy young soldiers, who are kept perforce as abstinent from women as Simeon Stylites and as abstinent from liquors as the Grand Lama.

In England recent manifestations of the sex-taboo seem to have been equally degraded and lewd. The reaction towards a less stringent sex restraint which war, coming near enough, invariably brings, has been met by Puritan legislation more than usually vindictive and mischievous, even for an Anglo-Saxon country. As a result it is certain that blackmailers at least will have no difficulty in meeting the increased cost of living; they have taken their place, in fact, in the most prosperous class of war-profiteers.

BUT a far more seriously malefic stroke of the taboo appears in the increase of venereal disease, an increase generally recognized as formidable. Mr. Max Pemberton in an article on "The Grave Sex Plague That Faces Britain," quotes authority that 70 per cent. of London prostitutes are diseased, and there seems no reason in the light of admitted facts to question his statement that the plague is "spreading every day" and that "it will kill in the long run vastly more than ever died by the pestilence of which Defoe wrote." Nothing, of course, stands in the way of stamping out venereal disease but the sex-taboo. In any country where modern medical science has scope both syphilis and gonorrhea can be more easily suppressed, as any doctor knows, than rabies; the reason why they are not suppressed is that moralistic degenerates do not want them to be. In the old days these enemies of the people met proposals of Contagious Disease Acts naively, by full disclosure of their inverted Sadism: "Those who sin must suffer"—Ignoring the unanswerable argument that those who suffer from these particular diseases are in thousands of cases not those who "sin." Nowadays the methods of obstructors of protective legislation are different, but the neurotic venom of the impulse towards obstruction is the same. It is quite certain that we English, "with that commonsense and sanity for which we are famous," as Mr. Pemberton puts it, will do nothing valid against syphilis or gonorrhea unless we are plainly threatened with being beaten if we don't: we shall continue to fool about with our grotesque "Royal Commissions" and the panic futilities of our cant-mongers of pulpit and press.

The stupid ferocity of moralism has such devastating effects on life that even a novelist may be sometimes inclined to pass over its no less vicious and baleful influence upon literature and art. But it is scarcely unimportant that in America and England it should be impossible to write truthfully of sex-emotion and sex-relations without being certainly attacked as a pornographer and possibly being suppressed, as happened lately to notable novels by Theodore Dreiser and D. H. Lawrence. It is scarcely unimportant that the most tremendous and the most real love-poem since Shakespeare's Sonnets—"Clouds Without Water"—should have to be restricted to a private printing: scarcely unimportant that unless an author is content to give an utterly superficial and false idea of the sex-passion, he can gain no general recog-

dition, but that if he is clever and unscrupulous enough to fall into close line with Sir James Barrie and the Sunday newspaper fiction he will be popular at once. The supreme convention of the taboo is that everything connected with the sex-impulse shall be either sentimentalized or vulgarized, with the result that we are choked by a welter of crude phantasy and vile coarseness alike intolerable to the healthy spirit.

UNHAPPILY there seems little hope of extrication. Our intellectualists are, for most part, in thrall themselves to the taboo, however sanely they may think on other subjects: sex, with them, too, is the blind or the diseased spot. Like nearly everyone else, they are victims of their early training, victims of suppression; they are terrified of being thought "dirty-minded": at the merest approach of sex suggestion reason fails them. Mr. Bernard Shaw—most noteworthy example!—shrieks "Hog!" and "Circe!" at the idea of an amour between Caesar and Cleopatra, and opines that the badinage of Benedick and Beatrice was grossly unbecoming to the gentleman and lady they were supposed to be. As a very young man, eager to satisfy the promptings of an inquiring mind, I asked Mr. Shaw what he considered the most serious obstacle to the advancement of women: he replied in one surcharged word: "Lust." Fortunately I had a friend wiser in this than Mr. Shaw, a friend whose name is not for nothing that of Henry Fielding's famous hero: he rejoined that as lust was eternal women would never advance. Not being a feminist, he was pleased by the reflection.

How did we come to this present sorry pass? Whence derive these Mr. Wilkinsons, who insist upon syphilis as though it were the natural birthright of the human race, who foam over gnashed teeth when they brood behind their mental bars upon sex-inversion, yet invent and manipulate every restriction, every persecution, against the normal force that makes our life? What is the lineage of our present order, our system so shameful and corrupt? Our system planned, it would seem, with the skill of an arch-foe of mankind—planned to drive the physical creative impulse inwards for festering, for "holding enmity with the blood of man." Why have we "locked love the dove in a close cage and loosed the tiger marriage"?

An answer might prudently begin by an admission that the origins of present sexual discontents are natural enough. It is natural that when a man falls in love he should swear eternal and exclusive fidelity to his girl, and that she should swear likewise. (Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his whimsical immoral way, finds in this fact a remarkable argument for indissoluble unions: one should be bound for ever, he thinks, because one has wanted to be bound for ever in a moment of abnormal excitement.) It is also natural to be like Othello, who

"Had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses."

IT is natural to be emotional and greedy, selfish, cowardly and vain: from such natural instincts most of our ills have flowed. Poverty, as Mr. Shaw has so often told us, comes from stupidity and egotism. So does chastity, when it is enforced from without by punishment and persecution. In the caveman smashing his neighbor's skull to rob him of the beast he has just killed, you have an early precedent for capitalistic enterprise: in the same caveman smashing the

other neighbor who wants to run off with his woman and with whom his woman wants to run off, you have a precedent for the Blue Laws of New England, for the state of mind of Othello and the average jurymen. No doubt the taboo has a long family-tree, and equally no doubt that this is no reason whatever for thinking it respectable.

The momentary idealism of lovers, then, and the primitive lust for exclusive possession, stand clear in the ancestry of our modern sex-restrictions and sex-neuroses. To trace roughly, men are—we all know this!—prone to demand chastity of women, for the ignoble reason that they want to be sure of having their special women all to themselves. (Meredith long ago optimistically foresaw that future wiser generations would "detect an infinite grossness in this demand for purity infinite, spotless bloom.") However, obviously enough, female chastity is incompatible with male unchastity, and the dilemma of the male arises, how to secure a system by which he may be reasonably certain that his mate is caught chaste and kept chaste, without at the same time too inconveniently curtailing the scope of his own sexual varietism? At this point comes the inevitable "modern" moralistic cry: "Down with the double standard!"—but no one has ever yet attempted to meet the patent difficulty of applying a single standard of morality to a creature capable of producing two or three hundred children a year and another creature capable of producing only one. This simple fact is quite enough in itself to explain why women are naturally more chaste than men, especially when we remember that most women's desires are more or less suspended during pregnancy, and for awhile after the birth of the child. No: the dilemma of the voracious male, bent on eating his cake and having it too, was met by the expedient of prostitution, the natural complement of marriage. Again to quote Meredith: "Monogamic societies present a decent visage and a hideous rear." And the "hideous rear" is not only Piccadilly or the "Tenderloin," it is also the monogamic chamber—after a certain lapse of time. No prostitution is more gross than that of a wife to her husband, when the sex-attraction is burned out or worn down; and one may pertinently question the moral effect upon children of daily contact with the parties to a hoggishness so crude and so dull. With the "advance" of "civilization" the whole matter grows more and more vilely tangled: economic pressure forces the age of marriage further and further beyond the age of puberty, which is nature's mating season; and the period of sex-suppression is therefore extended, with the formidably evil results known to Freud and all the other psychoanalysts who have come so late in the day to the discovery of their heart-rending science.

WHAT then is to be done with the lamentable offspring of our "Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," with the young son who has sucked in the virus of the taboo with his mother's milk?—and heaven knows *she* has cause enough to think sex a shameful thing! When he has finished his moral education at the hands of blighted and indriven spinsters, at the hands of moving picture romances, what remains? He may be continent, either because he is undersexed or because he's afraid of Hell or of disease or of not making money—or he may be a furtive fornicator, a "sport": but what he certainly will not be, sexually, is a freely thinking and freely acting creature, neither unnaturally lewd nor unnaturally inoperative. Sex will have turned, in greater or less degree, to poison in him, and he will infect. He will lie about sex, be dishonest to himself and everyone else about it, his training and inherited prejudices will successfully inhibit him from bringing to this matter his reason and

commonsense, or his instincts of generosity and justice, supposing he has them. Whether he is "virtuous" or "vicious" he will be so blindly, he will be so destructively, like his parents before him, like the friends and companions of his present hours, like his minister, his lawyer, his doctor, his favorite poet, his favorite novelist, his favorite newspaper writer.

When, we tragically ask, is this mess going to be cleared up? Not till the plain fact is understood that chastity enforced from without is valueless; and worse than valueless, malign. Not till this fact is understood and accepted, with all its implications. Only the most stupid cynic would deny that chastity enforced from within has value, and beauty of a peculiarly rare and admirable kind. The girl or boy, chaste for the sake of a true love imagined but unrealized yet: two lovers, passionate for one another only, rejecting therefore any rapport of sense that is not mixed with spirit after that high, fine way they know: these will always be poetically present, refreshing us with the living waters of true virginity and true marriage. The false virginity, the virginity of the girl who's afraid of having a baby or of getting talked about or of spoiling her chance of marrying, the virginity without spiritual motive, has no beauty, no refreshment; nor has the false marriage, the marriage bereft of inward impulse, the marriage that drags on because husband and wife can't afford to live apart, or because if they were divorced he would lose his job, or because of mere vicious habit, or *because of the children*—what savage irony!

WHEN this blessed hour of discrimination between true and false arrives, when the enforcement from without of chastity and of marriage union is damned forever by reason and humanity, the maladies of the taboo will be no more. An individual demanding exclusive sexual possession of another individual who does not desire it will be placed in precisely the same category as an individual who desires to steal another's food, and it will avail him quite as little to sermonize about "natural feeling." A person who desires

to give free play to venereal diseases for the compulsion of chastity will be regarded as no less maliciously and insanely antisocial than one who desires to retain polluted wells for the prevention of water-drinking: and agitators against birth control will have no more attention paid to their arguments than agitators against aeroplanes, denouncers of the unnaturalness of defeating the Divine Will that men, not having been created with wings, should not fly. With the removal of these goads to pseudo-chastity the way will be clear. The taboo that was spawned by brute and blind sex-egotism and has spawned in its turn innumerable diseases, hideous, of the soul, along with disease of the body hardly less revolting in cruelty and horror; the taboo that has raised prostitutes, promiscuous or married, as thick as mushrooms for centuries; the taboo that has thrust undesired childbearing on weakened women as though they were broodmares—the great taboo at last will totter—"totter and crash, a crumbled crone." Let us "drink bulls' blood" to that day! Then will sex be clean and free, not smeared nor docked. The conditions of sex-alliance will be determined by the mutual consent of the parties to it, and by nothing else. "Light" men and natural-born hetairae will no doubt still exist, and invert; but, let alone, they will not be the vulgar and furtive creatures that most of them are forced to be now: and we shall be spared any blasphemous money-commerce, any lying masquerade of chastity. The chastity of that golden future will be a very chastity that depends on itself, is a thing in itself, not an abortion forced out under evil pressure; it will be the only chastity worth homage and song.

The new morality of this far future will, of course, make some demands. We shall have to sacrifice something: smutty jokes at vaudeville shows: Billy Sundays: white slavery: moving picture stories on the screen and off: delicate humor about husbands being kept late at the office and wives sitting up for them with rolling pins: pleasantries about old maids and mothers-in-law: societies for the suppression of vice: indecency: and the reeking corruptness of "a Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman."

DRINK AND FORGET

By WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

LET us be drunk, and for a while forget,
 Forget, and, ceasing even from regret,
 Live without reason and despite of rime,
 As in a dream preposterous and sublime,
 Where place and hour and means for once are met.

Where is the use of effort? Love and debt
 And disappointment have us in a net.
 Let us break out, and taste the morning prime....
 Let us be drunk.

In vain our little hour we strut and fret,
 And mouth our wretched parts as for a bet:
 We cannot please the tragicaster Time
 To gain the crystal sphere, the silver clime,
 Where Sympathy sits dimpling on us yet:—
 Let us be drunk!

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO GET AN AUTOMOBILE

9—MOTOR CARS FREE—9

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL AND VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

take pleasure in announcing a stupendous Automobile and Grand Prize Distribution Campaign. Nine Motor Cars together with a magnificent array of other prizes will be showered upon Men, Women, Boys and Girls of the United States without a cent of cost to them. This remarkable opportunity is open to all. A fortune of prizes is to be given away in return for only a little effort on your part. The opportunity may never come again, and winning one of these Touring Cars is a matter of ambition. You have always wanted an Automobile of your own. Let us give you one FREE.

Two (2) 1917 Six Cylinder Detroit 6-45, Five Passenger Touring Cars, \$1,250 F. O. B. Detroit.

Seven (7), Ford Five Passenger Touring Cars, \$360 F. O. B. Detroit, or we will give you their cash value.

Seven (7) \$125 Aeolian Vocalion Phonographs, Style G 1, including Columbia records.

Seven (7) \$50 Gold Watches of standard make.

Seven (7) \$35 Wardrobe Trunks.

Seven (7) \$25 Traveling Bags, including Toilet Sets.

Seven (7) \$15 Cameras.

Any resident of the United States can share in this wonderful prize distribution on entering as a Contestant in VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION! Once a contestant has entered, a merry pastime of gathering votes begins and votes alone decide the winners. These votes are obtained by securing subscriptions to the above mentioned publications. It isn't necessary to be a subscriber in order to enter this campaign. Neither does it cost a cent to compete for the prizes either now or later. The prizes

are FREE. Just gathering subscription votes, that's all. Men, women, boys and girls are eligible. This campaign will continue from Wednesday, July 18, until Wednesday, October 10, 1917, inclusive.

Get an early start! One of these 1917 Model Touring Cars is for YOU!

Read every word of this announcement carefully. Scan the big prize list, see how the prizes will be awarded—then nominate yourself—or a friend—TODAY.

HOW PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED

GRAND PRIZES

The Two Contestants securing the largest number of votes, regardless of District, will be awarded the two Grand Prizes, consisting of two DETROITERS MODEL 6-45 Five Passenger Touring Cars, \$1,250 each F. O. B. Detroit.

DISTRICT PRIZES

After the grand prizes have been awarded, Six (6) District Prizes will be awarded in each of the Seven Districts as follows:

FIRST DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the largest number of votes in each District, a \$360 Ford Touring Car or its value in cash (F. O. B. Detroit).

SECOND DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the second largest number of votes in each District, a \$125 Aeolian Vocalion Style G 1 with Columbia Records.

THIRD DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the third largest number of votes in each District, a \$50 Gold Watch.

FOURTH DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the

This Means That Any Contestant Can Win Two Prizes—A Special Prize as Well as a Grand or District Prize

fourth largest number of votes in each District, a \$35 Wardrobe Trunk.

FIFTH DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the fifth largest number of votes in each District, a \$25 Traveling Bag with Toilet Set.

SIXTH DISTRICT PRIZE—To Contestant securing the sixth largest number of votes in each District, a \$15 Camera.

SPECIAL PRIZES

For the largest number of subscriptions secured before August 29, 1917, to any Contestant irrespective of District, a \$100 set of The German Classics (translated into English, 20 Vols.).

For the second largest number of subscriptions secured before August 29, 1917, to any Contestant irrespective of District, a Cash Prize of Fifty Dollars (\$50).

For the third largest number of subscriptions secured before August 29, 1917, to any Contestant irrespective of District, a \$32 set of The History of the German People (in English, 15 Vols.), including an ornamental oak book rack.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

There are no obligations in entering this contest, except that each Contestant must conform to the rules. It costs nothing to try.

To enter, cut out the nomination blank, fill it in as directed, and mail it at once to Otto Bismarck De Haas, the Manager of VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Contestants may nominate themselves or be nominated by their friends.

As soon as your subscription is received you will be credited with 1,500 votes.

Every Contestant who turns in five (5) or more yearly subscriptions and does not win one of the Grand, District or Special Prizes will receive some reward to be announced later.

CONDITIONS AND RULES OF CONTEST

1. Any one who is of good character is eligible to compete in this campaign. This includes men, women, boys and girls.

2. No employee of THE INTERNATIONAL or VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY or member of his immediate family is eligible.

3. The Manager of the Grand Prize Distribution reserves the right to reject any nominations.

4. Any Contestant wishing to withdraw after being nominated must send his withdrawal in writing to the Manager.

5. In case of a tie for any of the prizes, the Contestants tying will receive prizes identical with the one tied for.

6. This campaign begins Wednesday, July 18, 1917, and closes Wednesday, October 10, 1917, at midnight. This means that all votes and subscriptions

with full remittances must be in your Post Office before midnight, Wednesday, October 10, 1917, and must reach the Manager of the Grand Prize Distribution by Tuesday, 6 P. M., October 16, 1917, and show the postmark as having been mailed October 10.

7. Contestants will not be permitted to transfer their votes to other Contestants. Votes cannot be bought or sold, and will only be given for paid subscriptions as per schedule.

8. Contestants may secure subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

9. In the event of a typographical error, THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, Inc., and the Fatherland Corporation shall not be held responsible except to make the necessary correction on discovery of same.

10. Any question or controversy that may arise is to be settled by the Man-

ager, and his decision will be final and conclusive. The Manager also reserves the right to make whatever additions to the prize list he deems necessary in the interest of the competition.

11. Votes will be counted and checked by a committee of prominent men, who will act as judges, decide the winners, and award the prizes. Votes issued to contestants are good only in VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, ending October 10, 1917.

12. No statement or promise made by any one varying from the rules as here-in set forth will be recognized.

13. Persons making payment direct to this office and desiring to have votes credited to their favorite Contestant must name such Contestant.

14. In accepting nominations, all Contestants must agree to abide by all the above conditions.

VOTES WILL DECIDE

The Winners of the Prizes Will Be the Contestants Who Secure the Most Votes in the Competition. The Manner of Voting Is Explained Below.

IT COSTS NOTHING—ENTER TODAY!

DECLINING VOTE SCHEDULE

FIRST PERIOD

From July 18 to Aug. 29 the following votes will be given for Subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY		
	Price.	Votes.
6 months.....	\$1.00	1,250
12 "	2.00	3,000
24 "	4.00	8,000
THE INTERNATIONAL		
12 months.....	\$1.50	1,000
24 "	3.00	3,000

SECOND PERIOD

From Aug. 30 to Sept. 22 the following votes will be given for Subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY		
	Price.	Votes.
6 months.....	\$1.00	1,100
12 "	2.00	2,750
24 "	4.00	7,000
THE INTERNATIONAL		
12 months.....	\$1.50	900
24 "	3.00	2,500

THIRD PERIOD

From Sept. 24 to Oct. 10 the following votes will be given for Subscriptions anywhere in the United States.

VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY		
	Price.	Votes.
6 months.....	\$1.00	1,000
12 "	2.00	2,500
24 "	4.00	6,000
THE INTERNATIONAL		
12 months.....	\$1.50	800
24 "	3.00	2,000

Take Advantage of Present Rate of \$2.00 for VIERECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. After October 10, 1917, the Rate Will Be \$2.50 Per Year

DISTRICTS

DISTRICT No. 1—Consists of the States of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and the Territory of Alaska.

DISTRICT No. 2—Consists of the States of Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

DISTRICT No. 3—Consists of the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

DISTRICT No. 4—Consists of the States of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

DISTRICT No. 5—Consists of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and the District of Columbia.

DISTRICT No. 6—Consists of the States of Pennsylvania, New York (except Greater New York City and Long Island), New Jersey (except the counties of Hudson, Bergen and Essex), Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

DISTRICT No. 7—Consists of Greater New York City and Long Island in the State of New York and the counties of Hudson, Bergen and Essex in the State of New Jersey.

ALL SUBSCRIBERS when sending remittances as per above schedule are entitled to votes.

When the nomination is made the Contestant is given credit for 1,500 votes.

Votes cannot be purchased. They can be secured only for subscriptions paid for in cash.

THERE WILL BE NO LOSERS PROVIDED YOU TURN IN FIVE OR MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS. THE NATURE OF THE REWARD TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER. "FAIRNESS TO ALL" IS OUR MOTTO.

GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION MADE PLAIN

A Question and Answer Review of the Generous Prize Offer.

Q. What is the Grand Prize Distribution?

A. It is a voting campaign provided for the giving away of thousands of dollars in prizes.

Q. How will the prizes be distributed?

A. There are two Grand Prizes for the highest Contestants, irrespective of district, and forty-two district prizes, six to each district. Also three special prizes for first vote period.

Q. What must be done to make a person a Contestant?

A. Fill out a nomination blank and mail it to MANAGER VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Q. Who may enter this profit-sharing campaign?

A. Anybody (Men, Women, Boys or Girls) of good character in the United States.

Q. How may votes be secured?

A. They may be obtained by turning into this office cash advance subscriptions to THE INTERNATIONAL and VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY as per schedule. Cash, postal or express money order, or draft must accompany a subscription order and be sent to MANAGER VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Q. Will a Contestant be compelled to get votes only in the district in which he is entered?

A. No. A Contestant can secure votes anywhere in the United States. The districts have been named only to divide prizes more equably.

Q. Is a Contestant furnished with any records with which to handle subscription cash?

A. Yes! Receipt books and report sheets for securing subscriptions and sample copies can be had upon request to the Manager. They are free!

Q. From whom can subscriptions be secured?

A. From anybody, whether they are present subscribers or not.

Q. How is information secured regarding any details of the contest?

A. By writing to or making personal calls upon Otto Bismarck De Haas, MANAGER VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

Do not send personal checks unless exchange is added.

Use this blank for making nomination. Fill out as directed and send to MANAGER VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1123 Broadway, N. Y. City.

NOMINATION BLANK Good for 1,500 Votes

Date.....1917

MANAGER VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION:

I nominate.....

Post Office.....

Street & No.....

State..... Dist. No.....

as a Candidate in VIREECK'S THE AMERICAN WEEKLY GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

Signed..... Address.....

This nomination Counts 1,500 Votes. Only one nomination blank will be credited to each contestant. The nominator's name will not be divulged if so requested.

THE INTERNATIONAL

HELLO, SEPTEMBER!

Utterly regardless of expense, we have secured a series of detective stories which will make the greatest sensation since Sherlock Holmes. Simon Iff is an entirely original character, and his method of detection is the most fascinating in all literature.

In the midst of a great deal of morbid fear of physical pain—that which has gone so far to make humanity degenerate, it is a fine sign that a woman should be found to write with such ecstasy in war as the author of the Lyric Shambles. It is one of the best things yet written on the struggle in Europe.

The Black Windmill is an extraordinarily interesting piece of psychology. It is in a way a classic contribution to the study of that morbidity which arises from the suppression of the Will of Love.

"1066" is probably the best exposition yet written of the English aristocratic system—so little understood in this country.

Sinn Fein again deals with English politics. It shows the way by which England can turn Ireland from open enmity to loyal and enduring friendship.

We have received so many hundred letters from enthusiastic readers that it is impossible to answer them all individually. Will they please accept this general word of thanks for their appreciation and encouragement?

The three continued stories are particularly interesting this month. It is a pity that we cannot print longer installments of them. Every one will agree that nobody could improve the quality of this magazine, and only we could increase the quantity; but if we are to do this every reader must get busy and find half a dozen more. If every one does that, we can have sixty-four pages instead of thirty-two without increasing the price of the magazine.

The October number will contain the second of the Simon Iff stories, "The Artistic Temperament," which is the most astonishing study of murder in the series. We are also featuring a series of stories dealing with the religions of old times, the mysterious rites of strange Gods. There is a most remarkable study of cocaine by one who really

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City, Telephone, Farragut 9777. Cable
address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bombard; Secretary, Curt H. Relsinger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six month. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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understands the subject. "The Revival of Magick" is continued as well as the "Confessions of a Barbarian" and Professor Leonard's wonderful "Two Lives," and there are other articles of vital interest on occult subjects, in particular one in regard to the use of the Ouija Board, by the Master Therion himself.
J. B. R.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS

SOMEONE said the other day that there is something about THE INTERNATIONAL which he can't find in any other periodical.

THERE is. It is indefinable; something which even we ourselves cannot describe. It isn't quite enough to say that ours is a magazine of international politics, literature, art and events of current interest; that THE INTERNATIONAL contains the best fiction and the best essays of the day. There is more to be said for the quality and for the style of this magazine.

TO call THE INTERNATIONAL "highbrow" is all wrong. It isn't anything of the kind. After you have read this number you will say: "Ah! Here is the magazine I have been waiting for." That being the case, won't you fill out the subscription blank at the bottom of this page?

FOR the benefit of our present subscribers who want their friends to become acquainted with us, we append another little blank.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, Inc.,
1123 Broadway, New York City.

I enclose \$1.50. Please send me THE INTERNATIONAL for one year beginning with the next issue.

Name

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City and State.....

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THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, Inc.,
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Enclosed \$1.00 for which please send me THE INTERNATIONAL for ten months.

Name

Address

City and State.....

Open to new subscribers only.



VOL. XI. NO. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS.

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

NO. 1. BIG GAME.

I.

Dick Ffoulkes was in good practice at the Criminal Bar, and his envied dinner parties, given to few and well-known friends, were nearly always held in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They looked out on one of the pleasantest green spots in London.

There was a brooding of fog on the first December night of 1911, when Ffoulkes gave a supper to celebrate his victory over the Crown in the matter of the Marsden murder.

Marsden was a wealthy man, and had no enemies. The police suspected a mere protégé of his unmarried sister, who was his only heir; he might thus benefit indirectly; no other motive could be found. The boy—for he was barely twenty—had dined with Marsden on the night of the murder, and of course the police had finger-prints by the dozen. Ffoulkes had torn their flimsy web to rags, and tossed them in the air with a laugh.

All his guests had gone but one, his oldest friend, Jack Flynn. They dated from Rugby, and had continued their inseparability at Balliol. They had read together for the bar, but Flynn, after being called, had branched off into the higher journalism.

The Marsden case had stirred England profoundly. Slight as was the motive attributed to Ezra Robinson, the suspected boy, there was no other person with any motive at all; faint as were the clues which pointed to him, there were none at all to point elsewhere.

Besides these considerations, there was apparently no physical possibility of any other murderer. Marsden had unquestionably died of a thrust in the heart from a common carving-knife, which was identified as the one which had been sent up with the dinner. Unobserved access to the suite was impossible, a floor clerk being continuously seated in full view of the only door to the whole apartment. The only person known to have been in the room, after the table had been cleared by the hotel servants, was the accused. And even Ffoulkes had not

dared to suggest that the wound—a straight drive from above and behind—might have been self-inflicted. Nor was there any motive of robbery, or any trace of search for papers. But there was an undoubted thumb-print of Robinson's in blood on the handle of the carving knife, and there was a cut on his left hand. He had explained this, and the presence of the knife itself, by saying that it had slipped as he was carving, and that he had run into the bathroom to wash and bind the cut, leaving the knife on the washstand.

The only point clean for the defense was the medical evidence, which put the time of death some two hours later than the departure of Robinson. This coincided with a temporary failure of the electric current all through the hotel. Ffoulkes suggested that the old man, who had drunk a good deal of wine, had gone to take a bath before retiring, seen the knife, remembered his old skill as an amateur juggler, ample testimony of which was forthcoming, and started to play at catching the knife. The light had gone out while he was throwing; he had dodged maladroitly, and the blade had chanced to catch him between the shoulders.

The opposite theory was that Robinson had returned to fetch his cigarette-case, which was in fact found in the room by the police, passed the floor clerk and slipped into the suite in the short spell of darkness, seen his opportunity and seized it, making off before the light was restored. He had not been able to give a satisfactory account of his movements. His story was that he had left Marsden early on account of a severe headache, and had wandered about the streets trying to obtain relief; on the other hand, no one in the hotel would swear to having seen him after his ostensible departure. The floor clerk had testified to a considerable commotion just at the time of the failure of the electric supply; she had heard noises apparently in several rooms; but this might well have been the normal confusion caused by the sudden darkness.

Flynn had been of the utmost service to Ffoulkes in the case. He had performed a weekly miracle in avoiding a spell of prison for contempt of court; for every week he had returned to the charge. There were long articles on miscarriages of justice; others on the weakness of circumstantial evidence where no strong motive was evident; others again on strange accidental deaths. He quoted the case of Professor Milnes Marshall, who slipped and fell while setting up his camera in Deep Ghyll on Scawfell. He was on a gentle slope of snow, yet he made no effort to recover himself, and rolled over and over to the edge of a precipice, at whose foot he was found dead, smashed to a pulp. This happened in full view of several other climbers. This accident was contrasted with that of Arthur Wellman on the Triflthorn. He fell eight hundred feet, and yet only hurt himself by cutting his leg slightly with his ice axe.

A hundred such parallels were at the service of Flynn, and he hammered them into the head of the public week by week, while scrupulously avoiding any reference to Marsden. As the courts had no idea, officially, of the line of the defense, they could say nothing. But Flynn moulded the opinion of the public soundly and shrewdly, and in the end the jury had acquitted Robinson after a bare quarter of an hour's deliberation.

Ffoulkes' guests had complimented him on the ingenuity of his theory of an accident, but the lawyer had not been pleased. "That was a frill," he had replied: "the real defense was Absence of Motive. Grant the police their theory of Robinson's movements; put the knife in his hand, and a certain get-away—which he had not got, mind you; the light might have come on any second—but allow everything, and then ask yourselves: "Why should he stab the man?" There was no quarrel; his marriage with Miss Marsden was not opposed; on the contrary he risked that marriage by a mix-up of this sort; yet we are to suppose that he did it on the mere chance that there would be no fuss, and that his fiancée would have twelve thousand a year instead of four. Why, a sane man would hardly kill a rabbit on such motive!"

But now the guests were gone; Ffoulkes and Flynn lit fresh cigars, and settled down for an honest talk. At the elbow of each stood a bottle of the Green Seal '63, one of the soundest wines that ever came out of Oporto. For some time they smoked in silence.

"This is capital wine, Dick," said Flynn presently.

"Ah, cher ami, it is only ten years older than we are. We are getting to the port and portly stage of life."

"Well, there are thrills left. This has been a great case."

"Yes. I'm glad you stayed. I thought you might care to hear about it."

"Hear about it!"

"Yes, there were interesting features."

"But we need hardly recapitulate."

"Oh, I don't mean what came out at the trial."

"No? . . . I suppose nothing ever does come out at a trial!"

"Just as nothing ever gets into the newspapers."

"All right. Spit it out. I suppose Robinson did it, for a start."

"Of course. There was an accident in it, but one of a different kind. When the elevator put him out on Marsden's floor, he was amazed to recognize an

old flame in that very prepossessing floor clerk Maud Duval. They had been members of some kind of devil-worship club, and one of their games was cocaine. Robinson's a perfect fiend, by the way; we had to smuggle the stuff in to him all the time he was in prison, or he'd have gone crazy. Well, the old passion lit like tinder. They had lost each other somehow—you know how such things happen—both had made desperate efforts to renew the link, but in vain. So he told her his plans in ten words. Her answer was equally sweet and to the point. 'Kill the old man—I'll cover your tracks; marry the old girl; and meet me at our old trysting-place at midnight a year from to-day. We'll find a way to be rid of her. Don't risk another word till then.' Great and successful criminals have always this faculty of firmness of character and promptitude of decision. The rest of the story is short. The knife incident was intentional; for Robinson had brought no weapon. He left the hotel openly at nine-thirty; came in again by the bar entrance, went unnoticed to the mezzanine floor, and thence to Marsden's floor, thus avoiding the notice of the main office. The failure of the electricity had nothing to do with it—happened twenty minutes later. He walked in, killed the old man, and left as he had come. Pretty bold? Only cocaine. So now he's off to marry old Miss Marsden's money."

"I begin to see some sort of motive! Maud is what they call 'some peach' across the Straits of America."

"Yes; a perfect devil, with the face of a baby, and the manners of the jeune fille bien élevée. Just such a woman as you are a man, Jack, you old scoundrel."

"Many thanks. I think your own morals—in this case—have been a trifle open to criticism. I suppose it's your fifteen years of law."

"No; it's being under the influence of dear old Jack, with his fifteen years of journalism!"

"Stop rotting! I'm a bit staggered, you know, straight. Let's have another bottle of port."

Ffoulkes went to the buttery, and returned with a couple. For ten minutes neither spoke.

"I've a damned funny feeling," said Flynn at last. "Do you remember the night we put the iodide of nitrogen in the Doctor's nighties?"

"By the soft leather of this chair, I do!"

"Yes; we caught it! But it's the spirit, not the flesh, which goads me now. I've loved skating around the judges, these last weeks. The best thing in life is the feeling of escape. It's the one real thrill. Perhaps that's why I've always been so keen on solitary climbing and big game shooting."

"I always preferred fishing. My thrill comes from proving my intellectual stamina or subtlety." There was a pause.

"What do you think of murder, anyhow?" suddenly blurted out the journalist.

"The most serious crime, except high treason, known to the English law."

"True, O wise judge! But what is it morally?"

"An art, according to that ass Wilde."

"When I write an essay on it, I shall treat it as a sport. And between you and me, that is why I have never written one."

"Why?"

"Why, old intellectual stamina and subtlety, because if I ever do take it up, I don't want some fool to fix me up with a motive. But after your story of to-night, I don't mind telling you; if I'm caught, I'll

brief you! Observe, O man of motives, the analysis. Man is no longer killed for food, except in distant countries, or in rare emergencies such as shipwreck."

"He is only killed nowadays for one of two motives, gain or revenge."

"Add love."

"That's psychopathic."

"Well, we're all psychopaths; it's only a term of endearment in common use among doctors."

"Get on!"

"But there's the greatest motive of all—adventure. We've standardized life too much; and those of us who love life are more and more driven to seek adventure in crime."

"Or journalism."

"Which is only one of the meaner crimes. But you needn't talk; the practice of law is the nearest thing we have to man-hunting."

"I suppose that's true."

"Of course it's true. But it's a mere pheasant-shoot, with all your police for beaters. The game hasn't a chance. No. The motiveless murderer has the true spirit of sport; to kill a man is more dangerous than to follow a wounded gaur into the jungle. The anarchist goes after the biggest game of all; but he's not a sportsman; he has a genuine grievance."

"Your essay on murder will make some very pleasant reading."

"But doesn't it attract you too, with your passion to prove your mental superiority to others? Think of the joy of baffling the stupid police, fooling the detectives with false clues, triumphantly proving yourself innocent when you know you are guilty!"

"Are you tempting me? You always did, you know."

"Anyhow, you always fell!"

"Cher ami, for that alone I could forgive you everything!"

"Sarcastic to the last!"

"You have me to thank that we usually escaped the consequences!"

"Pride, my poor friend!"

"Truth, comrade in misfortune!"

"No. Seriously. I'm crazy to-night, and I really am going to tempt you. Don't prove it's my fault, blame your own good port, and also certain qualities in your own story of the Marsden case. One or two little remarks of yours on the subject of Miss Maud Duval—"

"I knew something would come of that."

"Yes, that's my weak point. I'm absurdly feminine in vanity and love of power over—a friend."

"Now I'm warned; so fire ahead. What's the proposal?"

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet!"

"You big baby!"

"Yes, it's my bedtime; I'll roll home, I think."

"No, don't go. Let's sober up on coffee, and the '48 brandy."

"It's a damned extraordinary thing that a little brandy makes you drunk, and a lot of it straightens you out again."

"It's Providence!"

"Then call upon it in the time of trouble!"

Ffoulkes went in search of the apparatus. Jack rose lazily and went to the window; he threw it open, and the cold damp air came in with a rush. It was

infinitely pleasurable, the touch on his heated, wine-flushed face.

He stood there for perhaps ten minutes. A voice recalled him to himself.

"Café noir, Gamiani!"

He started as if he had been shot. Ffoulkes, in an embroidered dressing gown of black silk, was seated on cushions on the floor, gravely pouring Turkish coffee from a shining pot of hammered brass.

At one side of him was a great silver hookah, its bowl already covered by a coal from the fire.

Jack took a second dressing-gown that had been thrown across his chair, and rapidly made himself at ease. Then he seated himself opposite to his friend; bowed deeply, with joined hands upon his forehead, and said with mock solemnity: "Be pleased to say thy pleasure, O most puissant king!"

"Let Scherezade recount the mirific tale of the Two Thousand and Second Night, wherein it is narrated how the wicked journalist tempted the good lawyer in the matter of murder regarded as a pastime and as a debating society!"

"Hearing and obedience! But I must have oh! such a lot of this coffee before I get wound up!"

As it happened, it was two hours before Jack deigned to speak. "To use the phrase of Abdullah El Haji i-Shiraz," he began, "I remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed huqqa from my mouth. When King Brahmadata reigned in Benares, there were two brothers named Chuckerbutty Lal and Hari Ramkrishna. For short we shall call them Pork and Beans. Now Pork, who was a poet and a devil of a fine fellow, was tempted by the reprobate Beans, a lawyer, whose only quality was low cunning, to join him in a wager. And these were the terms thereof. During the season of the monsoon each was to go away from Benares to a far country, and there he was, feloniously and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder a liege of the Sultan of that land. And when they returned, they were to compare their stories. It was agreed that such murder should be a real murder in the legal sense—an act for which they would be assuredly hanged if they were caught; and also that it would be contrary to the spirit of sport to lay false trails deliberately, and so put in peril the life of some innocent person, not being the game desired to fill the bag. But it must be an undoubted murder, with no possibility of suicide or accident. The murder, moreover, must be of a purely adventurous nature, not a crime inspired by greed or animosity. The idea was to prove that it would be perfectly safe, since there would be no motive to draw suspicion upon them. Yet if either were suspected of the mamelukes, the Sbirri, the janissaries, or the progins, he should take refuge with the other; but—mark this, O king!—for being so clumsy he should pay to him a camel-load of gold, which in our money is one thousand pounds. Is it a bet?"

Ffoulkes extended his hand. "It's a bet."

"You're really game?"

"Dying oath."

"Dying oath. And now, O king, for I perceive that thou art weary, hie thee to thy chaste couch, and thy faithful slave shall doss it on the sofa."

In the morning Ffoulkes said, over the breakfast-table, "About that bet." "It's on?" cried Flynn in alarm. "Oh, yes! Only—er—I suppose I need about another seven or eight years of law; I stipulate that—what is thrown away—shall be as worthless as

possible." "Certainly," said Flynn, "I'm going to Ostend." "Good for you. Newspaper accounts shall be evidence; but send me the whole paper, and mark another passage, not the one referring to the bet."

"O intellectual subtlety and stamina!"

"Have some more coffee?"

"Thanks."

An hour later each, in his appointed lighthouse, was indicating the sure path of virtue and justice to the admiring English.

II

The Trinity sittings were over. Sir Richard Ffoulkes—for the king's birthday had not left him without honor—was contemplating his wig and gown with disgust. On the table before him was a large leather book, containing many colored flies; and he had just assured himself that his seventeen-foot split cane was in good order. In fact, he had been boyish enough to test the check on his Hardy reel by practicing casts out of the window, to the alarm of the sparrows. It was the common routine for him on the brink of a holiday, but it never lost its freshness.

Then there came back to him the realization that this was to be no ordinary holiday. He was pledged to do murder.

He went over to the mirror, and studied his face steadily. He was perfectly calm; no trace of excitement showed in his keen features. "I have always thought," he mused, "that the crises of life are usually determined by accident. It is not possible to foresee events with mathematical accuracy, and in big things it is the small things that count. Hence the cleverest criminal may always make some slip, and the clumsiest escape by a piece of luck. Let me never forget the story of the officer at Gibraltar who, focussing a new field-glass, chanced to pick up a shepherd in the very act of crime. On the other hand, how many men have got clear away through stupid people disturbing or destroying the clues: from Jack the Ripper downwards! But it is the motive that counts. Where that does not exist, the strongest clues lead nowhere. For our surest faith is that men's actions are founded upon reason or upon desire. Hence the utter impossibility of guarding against lunatics or anarchists. I should hardly believe the evidence of my senses in such a case as this: Suppose the Master of the Rolls dropped in to see me, and in the course of a perfectly sound conversation, broke up my fishing-rod without explanation or apology, and, when questioned, calmly denied that he had done so. Who would believe my story? Hence I think that I could walk into the Strand, shoot a perfect stranger in the crowd, and throw away the gun, with no danger of being caught, provided only that the gun could not be traced to me. The evidence of those who saw me fire would be torn to pieces in cross-examination; they could even be made to disbelieve their own eyes.

"From this I draw these conclusions as to the proper conditions for my murder: First, there must be no conceivable reason for the act; second, there must be no way of tracing the weapon to my possession. I need not trouble to hide my traces, except in obvious matters like blood; for it is exceedingly stupid to attempt to prove a false alibi. In fact, there is no bigger booby-trap for a criminal, *pace* the indignant ghost of Mr. Weller, Senior.

"My plan is therefore a simple one; I have only

to get hold of a weapon without detection, and use it upon an inoffensive stranger at any time when there happens to be nobody looking—though this is not so important."

He returned to his fishing tackle. "It's rather a big bet, though," he added; "there's more than a thousand pounds to it. I think I will be pretty careful over details. Practice may not be quite so simple as theory!"

However, the first part of his programme turned out to be delightfully easy. It was his custom to train during the holiday by taking long walks, on his way to the lake or river where he fished. He detested motor-cars. As luck would have it, during the first week, as he tramped a lonely road, his eye was caught by an object lying on the ground. It was a heavy motor spanner, evidently left behind by some chauffeur who had had a breakdown. His mind instantly grasped the situation. There was no one in sight. The spanner was already rusted, had lain there some days. Any of a hundred people might have picked it up. It could never be traced to him. He had never possessed such a tool in his life; besides, the pattern was common. He thrust it quickly into his pocket. When he got home, he packed it away carefully in his traveling cashbox, a solid steel affair of which there was but one key, which never left his chain. "Now," said he, "the problem is to find the inoffensive stranger. I had better leave Scotland. Every one in Scotland is offensive. Also, in the matter of motive, our common humanity urges us all to kill Scotchmen. So goodbye, land o' cakes!"

Further meditations were in this key following: since he was to kill with the spanner, certain precautions must be taken. It must be a very clean kill, with no outcry or struggle. At the end of his cogitations, he decided that the victim had better be asleep. His legally trained mind had snapped its last link with the idea of adventure or sport; his motto was "safety first." His attitude to his projected crime was simply that of preparing a brief; he wished to meet every contingency; the atrocity of his proceedings was invisible to his intellectuality. Reason is perfectly amoral.

It was on his way from Edinburgh to London that the brilliant idea occurred to him. He would kill old Miss Marsden! She was now Mrs. Robinson, by the way, for she had testified to the faith that was in her by marrying her protégé directly after his acquittal. Ffoulkes knew the house well; he had stayed there several days while working up the case. It was a lonely place, and the old lady was a fresh-air fiend, and slept on the veranda, winter and summer. She was perfectly friendly, had paid most liberally for the defense. Everything was in his favor. Even if Ezra happened to see the murder committed, his tongue was tied; indeed, he stood the strongest chance of being arrested for it himself. The servants slept far away from the veranda, at the other end of the old rambling house; there were no neighbors, and no dogs. His presence in the vicinity would excite no remark, for there was good dry-fly fishing in the streams. He would rent a cottage in the district for the second half of his holiday, walk over the downs, five miles or so, nothing to him, one moonless night, do the job, and walk back. A thousand to one that no one would know that he had ever left his cottage.

On this plan he acted. The only additional precau-

utions suggested themselves to him on the spot; he cultivated the vicar assiduously, playing chess with him every evening; and he feigned a considerable devotion to that worthy gentleman's only daughter. It will be well, he thought, to seem to have my mind well occupied with the pleasures of a simpler chase. Further, the villagers would see nothing in a lover taking long walks by nights, in case he were seen leaving the cottage or returning to it.

A last refinement shot across his mental horizon when he began to calculate the time of the new moon. She would be just a week old on the anniversary of the Marsden murder. That would be the night for the job; the clever-clever novelist-detectives would fabricate a mystery of revenge in connection with the date. Ezra, too, would be away to meet Maud. There was, of course, a possibility that poignancy of memory would keep the old lady awake on that particular night; but he must chance that.

Things turned out for him even better than he had hoped. Three nights before the proposed crime the vicar mentioned casually that he had met young Robinson—"the charming lad whom you defended so brilliantly"—motoring to London—called away suddenly on business. He expected to be back in a week or ten days. No, Mrs. Robinson was not with him; "she is slightly ailing, poor lady, it appears."

When the great night came Ffoulkes made his master-stroke by proposing to the vicar's daughter. He was obviously accepted, and the young people, after dinner, went gaily arm-in-arm through the village, and received the congratulations of the few belated travelers in that early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise corner of the planet. But Ffoulkes had the spanner in his pocket, and after bestowing his fiancée at the vicarage, went, deviously at first, then swiftly and directly, over the downs. Luck followed him to the last; he found his victim fast asleep. A single blow of the spanner, which he had wrapped in a paper bag to deaden the sound, smashed in the skull; he made his way home without being seen or heard by anybody.

Two days later he wrote to Flynn, with a cutting from the local paper.

"My dear Jack, here's a terrible sequel to the Marsden murder. It is now clear that there is some family feud connected with the fatal date. Probably an affair going back a generation. Shocking, indeed, even to a hardened lawyer like myself; but you see how right I was to insist that there must have been a strong motive for Marsden's murder. Shall we ever know the truth? It sounds like an Arabian Nights' tale."

A month later he returned to London; he had had no answer from Flynn, and supposed him to be still away on his holiday.

There were no arrests, and no clues, in the matter of Mrs. Robinson. The spanner, which Ffoulkes had dropped by the veranda, served merely to suggest a tramp, who might conceivably have been a chauffeur gone to the bad. But the mystery was deepened by an amazing development; her husband had disappeared completely. There was no question of his complicity in the crime; for on the previous evening he had dined with the British Vice-Consul in Marseilles; and it was physically impossible for him to have returned in time to commit the murder.

The obvious deduction was that whoever hated the Marsdens had included him in the schedule.

"Well," soliloquized Ffoulkes in his chamber, "at

least I shall not lose that thousand pounds. But now I've got to edge away from Miss Bread-and-Butter-and-Kisses. Ugh!"

III.

When you have dined at Basso's, which is the summit of human felicity, you should avoid too sharp a declension to this vale of tears by taking a stroll along the quays to the old quarter on the west of the Bassin. There you will find streets almost worthy to rank with the Fishmarket at Cairo, and decidedly superior to even the best that Hong Kong or Honolulu or New Orleans can produce. In particular, there is an archway called by initiates the Gate of Hell, for it forms an entrance to this highly fascinating and exceedingly disreputable district.

Under this archway, on the night of the exploit of Sir Richard Ffoulkes, stood a young man, quietly dressed in the English style, though with a trifling tendency to over-indulgence in jewelry.

He glanced at a watch upon his wrist; ten minutes before midnight. He then took a little bottle from his pocket, after a quick inspection of the vicinity. From the bottle he shook a few grains of powder on the back of his hand, and drew them into his nostrils. Next came a moment's indecision; then, swinging his cane, he walked briskly out of the archway, and paced up and down a strange little square of green, set there as if somehow hallowed by great memories. After a little while he returned to the archway. This time it was tenanted. A girl stood there. She was dressed in plain black with the extreme of modesty and refinement; but the piquancy and vitality of her face, and the lustre and passion of her eyes, redeemed the picture from banality.

There was a long look of recognition; the girl reached out both arms. The man took them in his own. For a minute they stood, feeding on each other, prolonging the delicious torture of restraint. Then slowly they drew together, and their mouths met in an abandoned kiss.

It would have puzzled them to say how long the embrace lasted; but at its truce they saw that they were not alone. Close to them stood another man, tall, elegant, slim, almost feminine in figure, as he certainly was in the extremity of the fashion which tailored him. Nor was there wanting a touch of rouge and powder on his cheeks. His thin, white hand was lifted to his nostrils, and the lovers perceived that he was taking advantage of the darkness to indulge in cocaine.

The newcomer spoke in silken tones. "Forgive me," he said in softest French, "but it gave me pleasure to be near you. I saw monsieur here a few moments ago, and knew that he was one of the elect. And mademoiselle, too? May I have the honor?"

The girl smiled. "Among friends," she murmured charmingly, and raised the back of her hand towards him. He saluted it with his lips, and then shook out a generous supply of crystal poison from a snuff-box in amber and emeralds that dated from the great days of Louis XIV.

The girl turned her eyes full upon him, almost ardently. "I haven't touched it," she said, "for ever so long. By the way, excuse me, won't you, but aren't we all English?"

"I am," said the exquisite. "I'm an actor on a

holiday. Won't you come to my rooms? It's only a garret, or little better, but I have plenty of the Snow of Heaven, and we could have a wonderful night." "Let's go!" said the girl, pressing her lover's arm. He hesitated a moment. "Three's company," urged the other, "when they all understand."

"It would be perfect," chimed the girl, "and it would suit us—in other ways," she added, darkly. "Yes, the scheme has points," admitted the younger man; "thanks very much. We'll come. What's your name? Mine's Herbert Aynes. This lady—we'll call her Mab, if you don't mind. There's an injured husband in the offing, you know; that's one reason why we have to be careful." "Certainly, prudence before all things; but I've no troubles; call me Francis Ridley." They linked arms, and strolled gaily along the main street of the quarter, enchanted by the color and the chiaroscuro, by the hoarse cries in all strange tongues that greeted them on every side, even by the weird odors—for when people are lit by love and adventure and cocaine, there is no place of this whole universe which is not sheer delight. Presently, however, they branched off, under Ridley's direction, and began to climb the steep streets on their right. A minute later they entered an ancient doorway, and after three flights of stairs found Ridley's dovecote.

It was a charming room, furnished, as if for a woman, with all bright colors and daintiness. On one side of the room was a divan, smothered in cushions; on the other a hammock of scarlet cords hung from the rafters. Ridley went to the window and closed the shutters. "Madame est chez elle!" he announced gallantly. "What a wonderful place!" laughed the girl. "However did you find it?"

"Oh, it used to be a house of assignation."

"Used to be!"

And this time all three laughed in unison.

IV.

The reopening of the courts found Ffoulkes enormously preoccupied. For the past two years several influential newspapers had been accusing Ministers of the Crown of the grossest kind of robbery. They had bought and sold stock, it was alleged, manipulating the prices by using their positions to announce that the government had or had not decided to make contracts with the companies involved, and subsequently denying the rumors when they had taken their profits. The attack had been so persistent that the accused ministers had been forced to desperate measures. They had started a prearranged libel action against a newspaper in Paris for reprinting one of these articles; but people still asked why they did not prosecute one of the sheets that were attacking them in London. Unhappily, not one of these was to be bought; each, carefully sounded, announced its intention to fight; and redoubled its venom.

It was at last decided to attempt a criminal prosecution of the weakest of its enemies, a paper edited by a man personally unpopular, and to bring every kind of indirect pressure upon the court to secure a conviction.

Of course the law officers of the Crown were unavailable for the prosecution; and the choice of a leader had fallen, at the last moment, when their own counsel suddenly declined to go on with the case and returned the briefs, upon Ffoulkes.

He had thus only a month to assimilate what really required six; but if he won, he could be sure of office next time a Liberal Government was in power.

So he worked day and night, seeing nobody but the solicitors and witnesses employed on the case.

He had no news of Flynn but a telegram from Berlin, saying that he would be back in a month, and that there was "nothing to report as yet." This amused Ffoulkes hugely; it would be great if Flynn failed to bring off his murder. However, he had no time for trifles like murder these days; he had to get a conviction for criminal libel; nothing else mattered.

But when the case came actually into court he saw it to be hopeless. His opening was masterly; it occupied two days; but on the second day he sent word to his clients during the lunch hour that it was no good to go on, and that he felt forced to take the measures previously agreed upon. These were simple; near the conclusion of the speech he managed to blunder into disclosing a flaw in the procedure so obvious that the judge could not possibly overlook it. His lordship interrupted: "I am afraid, Sir Richard, that you have no case. If you will refer to Jones vs. The Looking Glass, you will see that it has been expressly laid down that—" An elaborate legal argument followed, but the judge was inexorable. "You must redraw your plea, Sir Richard. The case is dismissed."

The docile organs of the government consoled with the great counsel for losing an "already won case" on a technicality; but Ffoulkes was sorry he had ever touched it. He would go to the club and play a game of chess. Flynn would be there later; he had returned to London that morning, and telegraphed his friend to make it a dinner and the Empire.

In the lounge of the club was only one little old man, who was known as a mathematician of great eminence, with a touch of the crank. He had recently finished a pamphlet to prove that the ancients had some knowledge of fourth-dimensional mathematics, that their statement of such problems as the duplication of the cube implied an apprehension of some medium in which incommensurables became tractable. He was especially strong on Euclid's parallel postulate, which has not only been unproved, but proved unprovable. He was also a deep student of Freemasonry, whose arcana furnished him with further arguments on the same thesis.

This old man, whose name was Simon Iff, challenged Ffoulkes to a game of chess. To the surprise of the lawyer, who was a very strong amateur, he was beaten thrice in very short games. Iff then took off a knight, and won a fourth game as easily as before. "It's no good, sir," said Ffoulkes; "I see you are in the master class." "Not a bit of it," replied the old man, "Lasker can beat me as easily as I beat you. He really knows chess; I only know you. I can gauge your intellect; it is limited in certain directions. I had a lost game against you most of the time; but you did not make the winning continuations, and I knew that you wouldn't and couldn't."

"Let me tell you something, if you'll forgive a senior for prosing. There are two ways to play chess. One is a man against a man; the other is a man against a chess-board. It's the difference between match and medal play at golf. Observe; if

I know that you are going to play the Philidor defense to the King's Knight's Opening, I do not risk being forced into the Petroff, which I dislike. But in playing an unknown quantity, I must analyze every position like a problem, and guard against all possibilities. It takes a great genius and a lifetime's devotion to play the latter game. But so long as I can read your motive in a move, so long I can content myself with guarding that one line. Should you make a move whose object I cannot see, I am compelled to take a fresh view of the board, and analyze the position as if I were called upon to adjudicate an unfinished game."

"That's exceedingly interesting. It bears rather on my game, law."

"I was about to venture a remark upon that point. I was fortunate enough to be present at the trial of Ezra Robinson, and I cannot compliment you too highly on the excellence of your defense. But, as you will be the first to admit, his acquittal was no solution of the question, 'Who killed Marsden?' Still less does it tell us who killed Mrs. Robinson exactly one year later."

"Do you know the solution?"

"No; but I can show you on what lines to attack the mystery."

"I wish you would."

"I may be tedious."

"Impossible. You have beaten me so abominably at chess that I am all on fire to learn more from watching the working of your intellect."

"Intellect is our weakest weapon. This world is run upon 'inflexible intellectual guiders,' as Zoroaster put it, but it was 'the will of the Father,' as he also explained, which laid down those laws which we call laws of nature, but, as Kant has shown, are really no more than the laws of our own minds. The universe is a phenomenon of love under will, a mystic and poetic creation, and the intellect only stands to it as mere scansion does to poetry."

"It is at least a charming theory."

"It works, Sir Richard. Let us apply our frail powers to this Marsden mystery. Let us take the second murder first, because it is apparently the more abstruse. We have no clues and no motives to mislead us. True, Robinson had a strong interest in his wife's death—yet not only does he prove an alibi, but he vanishes for ever! If, as we might imagine, he had hired a knave to do the job, he would have kept in sight, pretended decent grief, and so on. Of course, as has been suggested, he may himself have come to some sudden end; but if that be so, it is a marvelous coincidence indeed. No! We are forced to believe him guiltless, of this second murder at least. Consequently, having eliminated the only person with a motive, we are thrown back upon the master's way of playing chess, pure analysis. (Notice how Tchigorin handicapped himself by his fancy for that second move, queen to king's second, and Steinitz by his pawn to queen's third in the Ruy Lopez. Their opponents got a line on them at once, and saved themselves infinite trouble.) Pardon the digression. Now then, let us look at this second murder again. What is the most striking fact about it? This, that it was committed by a person with a complete contradiction in his mind. He is so astute that he leaves no clue of any sort; there has not even been any arrest. If he did the first murder also, it shows that he is capable of turning the same

trick twice. In short, we see a man of first-class mind, or rather intellect, for we must assume a lack of moral sense. A man, in fact, with a mind like your own; for since this afternoon's exploit, I imagine you will not claim to be scrupulous."

"You saw through the trick?"

"Naturally; you knew you had no case, so you preferred to lose on a foul, and claim a moral victory."

"Good for you!"

"Well, this same first-rate intellect is in another respect so feeble that the man takes pleasure, or finds satisfaction, in arranging his crime on a significant date. He must be the sort of man that takes precautions against witches on Walpurgis Night!"

"Jove, that's a good point. Never struck me!"

"Well, frankly, it doesn't strike me now. There are men with such blind spots, no doubt; but it is easier for me to think that the murderer, with plenty of nights to choose from, chose that one in particular with the idea of leading people astray—of playing on their sense of romance and mystery—of exploiting their love of imaginative detective stories!"

"If so, the point is once more in favor of his intellect."

"Exactly. But now we are going to narrow the circle. Who is there in whose mind the date of the first murder was so vivid that such a stratagem would occur to him?"

"Well, there are many. Myself, for example!"

Iff began to set up the pieces for another game.

"We must eliminate you," he said, after a few moments of silence, "you lawyers forget your cases as soon as they are over."

"Besides, I had no possible motive."

"Oh, that is nothing in the case. You are a rich man, and would never do a murder for greed; you are a cold-blooded man, and would never kill for revenge or jealousy; and these things place you apart from the common run of men. Still, I believe such as you perfectly capable of murder; there are seven deadly sins, not two; why should you not kill, for example, from some motive like pride?"

"I take pride in aiding the administration of justice. My ambition is a Parliamentary career."

"Come," said Iff, "all this is a digression; we had better play chess. Let me try at Blackburne's odds!" Iff won the game. "You know," he said, as Ffoulkes overturned his king in sign of surrender, "whoever killed Mrs. Robinson, if I read his type of mind aright, has left his queen *en prise*, after all. There is a very nasty gap in the defenses. He killed the woman from no common motive; he has therefore always to be on his guard against equally uncommon men. Suppose Capablanca dropped into the club, and challenged me to a game, how should I feel if I had any pride in beating you? There may be some one hunting him who is as superior intellectually to him as he is to the police. And there's a worse threat: he probably took the precaution of killing the old woman in her sleep. He could have no conscience, no remorse. But he would have experience in his own person that such monsters as himself were at large; therefore, I ask you, how does he know, every night, that some one will not kill him in his sleep?"

Ffoulkes called the waiter, and asked Iff to join him in a drink. "No, thank you," returned the old man, "playing chess is the only type of pleasure I dare permit myself."

At this moment Flynn came into the club, and greet-

ed both men warmly. Iff had written many a glowing essay for the Irishman's review. He wanted both to dine with him, but once again Iff declined, pleading another engagement. After a few moments' chat he walked off, leaving the two old friends together.

They dined at the club, and pointedly confined the conversation to the libel case, and politics in general. With their second cigars, Flynn rose. "Come round to Mount Street," he said, "I've a lot to tell you." So they strolled off in the bright autumn weather to the maisonette where Flynn lived.

V

They made themselves at ease on the big Chesterfield. It was a strange room, a symphony of green. The walls were covered with panels of green silk; the floor was covered with a great green carpet from Algeria; the upholstery was of green morocco; the ceiling was washed in delicate eau-de-Nil with designs by Gauguin, and the lamps were shaded by soft tissues of emerald. Even the drinks were of the same color: Chartreuse, the original shipping, and crème de menthe and absinthe. Flynn's man brought cigarettes and cigars in a box of malachite, and set them down with the spirits. Flynn dismissed him for the night.

"Well," said Jack, when the man had gone, "I see you got away with it all right."

"I had a scare this afternoon. Old Iff made rings round me at chess, and then proceeded to develop a theory of the—exploit—that was so near the truth that I thought for half a moment that he had guessed something. Luckily, he's just an old crank in everybody's eyes; but, by Jove, he can play chess!"

"Iff's one of the biggest minds in England; but the second-raters always win in London."

"Well, what about your end of the bet?"

"Oh, there's no news yet. But they'll find the bodies next week when my tenancy of the place expires."

"Bodies!"

"Two. You see, I went after your friend Ezra Robinson and the fair Duval. I knew from you of the appointment on the anniversary of the murder, but not the place; so I had him shadowed from the day of the bet. I took a room in the old quarter of Marseilles, when I found that he had stopped there. I got myself up as Francis Ridley, whom you may remember in certain amateur theatricals.

"I got them along to make a night of it, and filled them up with cocaine, while I took—mostly borax. Then when we got to the stage of exhaustion and collapse, I unslung a convenient hammock that hung in the room and told them what I meant to do. And then I hanged them by the neck until they were dead, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! Next day I crossed to Algiers, went down to El Kantara and shot moufflon—I'm having a fine head mounted especially for you—then I came back through Italy and Germany. That's all!"

"I say," cried Ffoulkes, shocked, "that's hardly in the spirit of the bet, old man. I don't see any moral turpitude involved!"

"You wretched hypocrite," retorted Flynn, "it was deliberate murder by both French and English law. I don't see what you can want more than that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, with your legal mind!"

But the lawyer was not satisfied. He began to argue, and ultimately turned the discussion into what

was as near a quarrel as such old friends could ever contemplate. In fact, Ffoulkes saw the danger, and went home at an unusually early hour.

Flynn dismissed the matter from his mind, and passed the night in composing sonnets, in French, to the honor of the green goddess—absinthe.

VI.

A month later. Flynn had been unusually busy, and saw little of his friends. Twice he dined with Ffoulkes, but the latter was more moody and irritable than ever. He had lost three important cases, and seemed altogether out of luck. His looks reflected his worry as much as his manners. Flynn asked him to come to Paris for a week's rest; he refused; Flynn went alone.

Returning to London, he called at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They were shut up. He went on to the club, hoping for news.

Almost the first man he saw was an old college friend, a judge, the very man to have the latest tidings. Probably Ffoulkes had been in court that day.

"Hush! it's terrible," said the judge, and drew Flynn into a corner of the lounge. "They had to take him away yesterday. He had persecution mania, a hopeless form, I'm afraid. Hadn't slept for a month. Said he was afraid of being murdered in his sleep! These things are too bad to talk about; I'm going home. Brace up!" The judge rose and went; but when Flynn came out of the stupor into which the intelligence had thrown him, he found Iff seated at his side.

"You've heard? Isn't it awful?"

"No," replied Iff, "not more so than the fact that two and two make four. Which in a sense is awful indeed, and according as you are for or against the tendency of the universe, is encouraging or terrifying. But it is fatal and inexorable. Perhaps to say that is to say enough!"

"Explain what you mean."

"A little while ago," replied the old mystic, "he came here to play chess with me—you remember; you were there, the day of your return. Well, I mastered his mind; I saw its limitations; I mapped its roads; I measured its heights and depths; I calculated its reactions. I beat him easily, at odds. We then began to talk of the Marsden mystery, and I analyzed the mind of the man who killed Mrs. Robinson—a mind like his own. I showed that the co-incidence of dates was probably a deliberate false trail. I then asked who would be likely to think of such a point, who would have vivid reason to think of that date. I was speaking in perfectly general terms; no suspicion of him had crossed my mind. He instantly suggested himself. I knew how he played chess; so I knew that he must have had himself in view subconsciously; that he must be trying to put me off the scent by boldness. It was just the same type of tactics as choosing the anniversary of the first murder. From that instant I knew that he was guilty."

"A moment later he confirmed me. I suggested that a man like himself might kill for such a motive as pride; and he replied that he took pride in the administration of justice. Now after that libel action, and coming from such a man, the English hypocrisy, which might have been natural in a lesser man, was a complete confession. Therefore I determined to punish him. I knew there was only one

way; to work upon his mind along its own lines. So I said to him: Suppose the murderer realizes that there are intellects superior to his own? And—how will he sleep, knowing that there are people who will murder others in their sleep without reasonable cause? You know the answer. I suppose that I am in a sense the murderer of his reason."

Flynn said nothing; but his eyes were streaming; he had loved Dick Ffoulkes dearly, and a thousand memories were urgent in his heart and mind. It seemed not to notice it.

"But the murderer of Marsden is still a mystery. Ffoulkes can hardly have done that."

Flynn sat up and laughed wildly. "I'll tell you all about that," he cried. "Ezra Robinson did it,

with the help of the floor clerk. They were to meet on the anniversary of the murder. I tracked them down, and I hanged them with these hands." He stretched them out in a gesture of agony. The old man took them in his.

"Boy!" he said, "—for you will never grow up—you have perhaps erred in some ways—ways which I find excusable—but you need never lose a night's sleep over this business."

"Ah!" cried Jack, "but it was I who tempted my friend—it was a moment of absolute madness, and now I have lost him!"

"We are all punished," said the old man solemnly, "exactly where we have offended, and in the measure thereof."

THE LYRIC SHAMBLES

By FRANCES GREGG

The age-old instinct for rebellion against the limitations of mortality, working blindly through an unresisting people, is accountable for war. To be, not a single human entity, but a People, and that a great People: to fulfil the need for dependence: to create, and to destroy: these are the things that beget wars.

An exile, I have seen crowds surging through the streets of Rome, crying out for war; I have seen the conscript trains drawing out from Paris, and I have seen the recruiting agent at work in England, and on the faces of all these peoples there was the glamor of romance. What did it matter to them that thin rationalists were crying through the cities: "There is no romance, there is no glamor, there is no personal glory in this war of the machine!"; that the cry was going out: "What does it matter to you, Man-in-the-street? Will you be any the better off for their war?"

They were the "better off," if only for that one ecstatic vision of adventure. The emotional occasion justified all shattering and mangling of bodies. Where there had been poverty, there was richness of experience. Where there had been a man smitten into stupidity, or brutality, or genius, by the reverberating echo of hopeless human desire: where there had been a soul crying up through the darkness of the commonplace: where there had been an ego ceaselessly demanding its legitimate annihilation: there was now a unit of force, of force made noble by the subjection of all life to an inexorable obedience.

Does it not matter to any god that, in the shameful humor of our Creator, our thoughts, our minds, our identity, were made to spin round and round in those rocking bowls, our skulls—were made to clap and jangle in those bone boxes, subject to all the petty limitations, the extraordinary chance thickening of the senses, of separate human bodies? And to the impotent gesticulation of our shamed fury only the god of war responds with the one word, "Immolation."

I do not mean to intimate that the sober English Tommies burst upon the recruiting sergeant with impassioned speeches in the fantastic lyricism of Russian style. They go to "do their bit" in response to some crude and sentimental poster, and they don't talk about it; because they have adenoids, or are anaemic, or have only a board school education, or have been subjected

to public school corsetting of the emotions, all of which things are inimical to the art of self-expression.

It is the glamor of adventure that whirls the English volunteers and all the conscripted hordes into the agonized vortex of war—adventure, that deep-rooted longing for romance. The very word stirs in us that instinct for the grand manner, the wish to live in the grand style, the desire for more enthralling situations, for a heightening of existence, for more than human emotion.

That alone, that "more than human emotion," accounts for the inhuman atrocities of all these civilized nations. That lurking savagery in us, that drop of black African blood, that blown dust of an Egyptian king, that atom of an Assyrian slave-driver that was in the manure that fertilized our vegetables—that archaic cruelty assimilated by one means and another into each human being, to lie in uneasy restraint before expediency, fear of consequences, pride of virtue, and those other ape-like moral mannerisms imposed by civilization—burst forth at last under pressure of "crowd psychology" (that strange subsidizing of emotion), into an orgy, an ecstasy, a more than human frenzy of Sadistic indulgence.

What accounts for the astounding spectacle of thousands of men advancing, *cheering*, to almost certain impact with tons of explosive material that is being voided upon them by invisible machines? Any one of these men, under normal conditions, put into range of a .22-calibre repeater, would turn and run like a rabbit; but surround him with a thousand of his kind, all acting in unison, with the danger heightened beyond a thousandfold—nor is he, poor wistful fool, any less solitary than he has always been—yet he will drive on, at a high tension of poetic fervor, to a revolting and filthy dissipation of all his parts. Again it is an orgy, an ecstasy, a frenzy, this time for an ideal emotion, the purely aesthetic quality of courage.

There enters into this last, of course, that obedience to which he has committed himself in going to war. An obedience entered into with what Saurian content! Here he has the institution lowered to the last level of immoral efficiency. He ceases to be responsible for any deed; he is no longer required to plan any course of action. The desire for dependence that has been

rostered in him from the beginning of civilization is gratified in the most perfect form. Born, as all poor mortals are, ignominiously fettered, weighed down with shackles, the one thing he might reasonably hope for is an all-powerful above him; instead of which he is confronted by the horrible problem of free will. Brought up, as he has been, to rely upon everything, from the omnipresent policeman to an omnipresent God, and yet required, with all these carefully loosened fibers, to shape events, he clings to all institutions, Church or State, and finds in them his only retreat from life. In the noble institution of war his subjection reaches the lowest depths of its infamy; he is put into a uniform.

Englishmen, those young lords of illusion, those last inheritors of the world's romance, look charmingly in "the khaki," but see it upon some people of the South, where beyond romance and passion there is something hard and unsentimental! I have seen a company of Italians after an all-night route march. They came up over the brow of a hill in the early morning as though they were being born out of the rising sun. File after straggling file, squat and spare, some in step, some not, their faces and heads white with the white dry dust of the road—to—Rome, their empty faces like masks made by a cruel young sculptor too much bent upon betraying life. It was a thing to remember, those peaked crowns and flat back-heads, and all the expressions there are of vacuity being borne along above the same garments. Well, they had satisfied their need for dependence while the rest of mankind were crying out upon God or upon science.

If there were nothing else to drive men to war there

would be the madness of change. In the many years that I have lived, and in all my wanderings to and fro through many lands, I have only met one man who wanted to live for ever with all things and people exactly as they are; and that static contentment of mind, it seemed to me, spoke very excellently well for that man's life. But for the rest of us there is always the mirage of change. In our childhood there was the fairy who "took a wand—," and for our youth the myths of metamorphoses; but for our age there is only war: war, a destruction of the existing and a recreation of the unchangeable, a magic that does not work, a metamorphosis that is the same thing too bloodied over, too torn, too mangled, too unchangeably the same.

And, as one strains back the petals to gaze into the heart of this thing, there is "immolation" written upon the very core. And before this last mystery one draws back; here is a veil that a bolder than I must lift. Men have seen stars hurl themselves into the nothingness of the abyss, and souls shrivel before dreams of their own making; they have seen the frost lay waste the earth's surface, and the hot sun parch already fevered places, and the moth's wings curl in the flame of the candle: these things are immolation.

And what of the women, while men palpitate with the tremor of the earth's bosom, and destroy themselves with the earth's will to destruction, and are blown upon the rhythms of creation—what are the women doing? Do they not still give birth to children?

So the basic note of creation sounds, through ecstasy, in destruction. There is no will but the earth's will. As long as the stars swing in sublime stupidity, so long is war.

THE PURPLE MANDARIN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

There is a purple mandarin
With mystic madness in his eyes;
He hath deflowered the virgin Sin,
And she hath made him overwise.
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he sports:
He never speaks his thoughts.

Well knoweth he the Way of Phang,
Matching the Yang against the Yin;
He marketh Tao in God and dung,
Seeth the secret—"soul is skin."
With power and sight behind his will
He chooseth to keep still.

For he hath dreamed: A blossom buds
Once in a million million years,
One poppy on Time's foamless floods,
A cup of cruelty and tears.
Its heart secretes a sacred gum
—Man's only opium.

O mystic flower! O midnight flower
Chaste and corrupt as patchouli!
A silver saint—a porcelain tower—
A flame of ice—a silken sea—
A taint—a vice—a swoon—a shame—
Pure Beauty is thy name!

I sought thee in Sahara's sand,
Hunted through Himalayan snows;
Gods led me friendly by the hand—
Me blind! where every soul-wind blows.
I was more foolish than my kin,
The purple mandarin.

He dreamed—I followed. Then the Gods
Who mock at Wisdom spun the wheel,
Reversed the incalculable odds
And flung out laughing—flint to steel—
The one impossible event:
Pure Beauty came—and went.

Come back to me, my opium-flower,
Chaste and corrupt, my saint of sin,
My flame of ice, my porcelain tower
—I hate the purple mandarin
Who gurgles at me in his fall:
"Dream's wiser, after all."

THE BLACK WINDMILL

By LOUIS WILKINSON

Doctor Peachey, carrying his small black bag, walked down the drive of Mr. Mallam's Preparatory School for Boys. He had been paying his weekly professional visit.

"Well," he was murmuring to himself, "well—so that's it. That's it. That's it."

He became conscious of the clicking of his feet on the gravel path. "Right—left—that's it—right—left—that's it—tap—tap—that's it—that's it."

He stopped in the middle of the drive; he had to break up those damned reiterated tap-taps: that business of the next one being pendant when the other fell, he couldn't stand it any longer. He put his bag down, took out his handkerchief and pretended to blow his nose. "Though I haven't a cold," he said to himself. "I haven't a cold," he repeated. He stared at the sea that lay irrelevantly stretched out to his left—the same sea, the same ships. He hated it all. What a detestable place! And those little boys at the school—if only they would all die. They couldn't have understood—those school-masters couldn't have understood—nobody could—and what stuff and nonsense people talked about Nature!

The doctor took up his bag, and went on again. Tap, tap—click, click—I—hate—I—hate—right, left—I hate—

Instead of going straight on through the big gate at the end of the drive up the main street of the town to his house, he turned sharply to the right into a lane that led along out into treeless, drained marsh-land, beyond which there stood a disused and battered windmill—a black windmill, with ominous arms stretched out stiff. The lane was shut in by a wooden wall on the one side and a high hedge on the other: he could get away, be alone, there, and few people would be about on that marsh-land in the morning.

After some steps along the lane, Doctor Peachey again put down his bag, looked down the lane and up it, then took out his pocketbook and drew from it a little Kodak photograph of a girl. The photograph was creased and rather faded, but the girl's face was clear enough. She stood against a boat, smiling, with her head thrown back, and her hair hanging, quite loose, to just below her shoulders. Her hair was limp and straight, and you could have guessed from it that she had just been bathing, even if she had not been holding a towel in her hand. The mouth was rather large, the lips a little parted; she was very slender, she looked fragile. There was frailness in the curve of her slanted neck. You guessed that her eyes would be blue and her hair very fair. She wore a jersey, a skirt that came just below her knees,—no cap. A girl of about thirteen; not at all an unusual type of delicate child.

The doctor turned the photograph over, and read what was written there in unequal rounded letters:

"To dear Doctor Peachey from his loving little friend Effie." Then a date of about five years since.

He had taken the photograph, then he had asked her to write something. Perhaps her mother had dictated it. They had always been friendly to him, the Molliotts, ever since he pulled their little boy

through diphtheria. Effie had been his patient, too, several times—nine. He remembered each one of those times, he remembered very often, and he remembered many details,—very many details—but she had never been seriously ill. Never a robust child, though,—no, not robust.

He remembered how she had once had her teeth banded with one of those gold wire arrangements. She had never minded his seeing her with that disfigurement, and he remembered that he had liked it, he had liked her being less pretty. He had not asked himself why; he did not really know why, even now—he wondered.

He put the photograph back, and walked on. Tap, tap, again,—but it wasn't so bad now. The ground of the lane was softer than the gravel; and soon he would be in the fields.

Mrs. Mallam, of the School, had just told him the news. Effie Molliott was engaged to be married. Yesterday evening, she had become engaged. A Captain Frankford, a London friend of the family. Captain Rupert Frankford; but his intimates always called him "Frankie." Frankie! Frankie and Effie! Frankie and Effie! The names began to beat time with the doctor's steps. He had met the man: several times, lately, he had met him there in this "seaside resort" where he practiced. He had wondered a little at the length of his stay in the place, in April, out of the season,—but he had never suspected. He had seen them together, too; but Effie had just the same face as when she was thirteen, the same eyes that were so moist in their whites, the same delicate faint color that looked like a fugitive flush, the same mouth with those sweet unstable lips, the same way of laughing rather nervously and shyly. She was just as slender as when she was a child,—only taller—of course she was taller. How could he have told? He had known her since she was seven or eight, when he had started his practice in the town: he was twenty-four then. Thirty-four now, but he knew he looked older,—older, perhaps, than this Captain Frankford, who must be rather more than forty.

Doctor Peachey went over again and again all that Mrs. Mallam had said: "Oh, yes, such a *desirable* match. Of course *we* think Effie so young, but she's eighteen. Quite a marriageable age for a girl, doctor, isn't it? And the Captain is in his prime, such a charming man,—so handsome and such a manly fellow! He came and played football with our boys the other day—quite won all their hearts—and I think they're very good judges, don't you, doctor? Such a good family, too," she had lowered her voice, "and *quite* enough money. It is all most satisfactory. Mrs. Molliott—delighted—and dear Effie, of course, in the seventh heaven! I went down to congratulate them all early this morning. It's not to be one of those long engagements—they are so unsatisfactory. Mrs. Molliott tells me the wedding is to be *quite* soon—in a couple of months or so. There's *really* no reason why they should wait—"

"Why they should wait." "*Wait.*" The doctor's mind had a good deal of commerce with those particular words, on his way to the Black Windmill.

When he came near the Mill, he was suddenly frightened by its sinister black dead arms; he felt as though it might be some sort of a ghost. He wanted

not to walk to it, but he had to; he even had to touch it with his hand, and he felt it behind him on his way back.

Returning, he passed by the School playing-field. Some of the boys were kicking a football about; they were out of school, so it must be after twelve o'clock. The doctor remembered his neglect of his office hours; he automatically walked faster. He was a very regular and conscientious man. Eleven thirty to one, he should have been in from eleven thirty to one. A boy caught sight of him, and made some remark to another. No doubt they thought it unusual that old "Plummy" should be out for a walk at that time of day. The boys didn't like him. Why should they like an insignificant little man with mouse-colored hair? He hadn't any sort of a way with boys—or with girls, either. But little Effie had sometimes liked him—been glad to see him—he thought. Well, that didn't count for much now.

Doctor Peachey walked rapidly home.

The maid was in the hall as he came in; she gave him a glance of some surprise.

"Anyone called?" he asked her.

"Mrs. Rodman and Miss Purvis, sir," she replied. "But they couldn't stay. Then Captain Frankford came about ten minutes ago. I told him you would soon be back, sir. He's waiting now."

"Thank you."

Doctor Peachey, with his eyes fixed on the ground, slowly took off his overcoat. "Thank you," he said again; then opened the door of the waiting-room.

"Oh—ah—glad to see you, doctor." The Captain rose, and stood very erect. He was rather above middle height, with a trim pseudo-juvenile figure. His face, too, was youngish. "Been out to your patients, I s'pose? Thought I might as well wait. You see—er—the fact is I shan't take up much of your time."

The doctor glanced at him as he spoke, then lowered his eyes rapidly. Captain Frankford was a little puzzled by this apparent embarrassment; he tried to make the other feel at ease.

"Just come back from a round of golf," he went on chattily. "Fine links you have down here—Ah."

"Good morning," said the doctor suddenly, remembering that he had not said it.

"Oh—er—yes." The Captain reflected that the man was a bit of an ass. He hadn't paid any attention to him at their other meetings. "Well, doctor, just wanted a little talk with you about myself—"

"Shall we go into the consulting-room?" Doctor Peachey recovered himself, and opened the communicating door. The Captain followed in silence. They sat down.

"Just a little talk. You—ah—I don't know if you've heard that I'm going to be married."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mallam told me. I congratulate you, Captain." The doctor did not seem at all embarrassed now. Seated in his familiar chair, he regained professional assurance.

"Er—thanks very much. Thought you might have got wind of it. Well—er—fact is, rather delicate matter, you know,—but of course I'm speaking to you purely as a medical man—"

He hesitated. His words had wildly excited the doctor, but there was no betraying sign.

"Of course," the little man assured him. "I quite understand that."

"Seal of the Confessional and that kind of thing."

The Captain laughed uncomfortably, with an unpleasant twist of his thin lips. Then he cleared his throat. Doctor Peachey noticed that his skin had the crass mottled look of a middle-aged man who has led an open air life, while eating and drinking too well. But he noticed, too, that he was still good looking, that his light blue eyes were what girls would call "nice," that the grey in his dark-brown hair was scarcely noticeable, that he had a certain sparseness and hardness. There were a good many little lines by his eyes, and by the mouth with its short well-kept moustache. He was dressed in a brown Norfolk jacket, with loose knickerbockers.

"Well, doctor." The Captain broke the pause. "No use beating about the bush. You medical men understand these things. I'm not so young as I was—not *passé*, I don't mean that—not any older than my years, I don't mean that—but—you understand—when a man's getting on for forty—and going to be married in a month or two—well, it isn't quite as though he were a young buck of five and twenty. He has to think of things. You're a man of the world, now, doctor, you—"

Doctor Peachey did not tide over the Captain's hesitation.

"Now of course I—er—want to give a good account of myself—want to—er—do myself justice, you understand—"

Captain Frankford looked at the doctor; he did not like his expression. So damned serious! Perhaps the fellow was one of that goody-goody Puritanical lot; still—it's a question of *marriage*; what earthly right has he—? Maybe, because the fellow knows the family—still—as a *doctor*—a question of looking facts in the face—in decent privacy, of course—a question of common sense. Anyhow, why the deuce doesn't he help me out?

"Well, doctor?" he looked very straight at him. "Surely you know what I'm driving at?" Doctor Peachey met the gaze, but there was no anticipated smile or nod of male freemasonry. "Hang it all!" the Captain went on impatiently, "you must know. Marital duties—ahem! Hang it all, I can't make it *much* plainer, can I?"

"That's all right, Captain Frankford," replied the other in a low voice of extreme courtesy. "I understand perfectly."

"Ah! Well, now we can begin to talk. What I want, doctor, is for you to put me on some kind of régime, with—er—that particular end in view. I'm fit enough, of course, sound as a bell—always have been—but as you know *Tempus Fugit*, eh? and I've been stationed in some rotten places abroad—India and all that. Yes, I want building up a bit. I want a régime. Time's short, you know, and the sooner we begin the better. That's why I came to you right away. Now if you could just give me a few hints about diet—and tonics—no quack stuff, of course you wouldn't—that would be exactly my ticket. I believe there's something to be said for raw egg—?"

Doctor Peachey took a sheet of paper. "Certainly," he said, "I'll write you out a régime."

"Capital. And, before I forget it, how about smoking? Suppose I ought to cut down cigars and cigarettes?"

"Three or four cigars a day—half a dozen cigar-

TWO LIVES

A Narrative in Verse

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

PART I. (*Concluded.*)

XIII. THE HONEYMOON

Mid-morning of mid-June: Her sudden whim
Among the guests (who chatted ill at ease):
"O let's be married out beneath the trees—
This mantel with its garlands is so prim."
As if she said, "Let's row an hour or swim";
As if she said, "Let's pick the white sweet peas,
And leave the pink and purple for the bees";
As if she said, "Let's get the shears and trim
The lilac stems" . . . Blue lake and bluer sky
Merged with the green of earth, of odorous earth,
A scarlet tanager went flashing by,
The unseen thrasher sang with all his mirth . . .
An ancient lady said with happy tears:
"The sweetest wedding of my eighty years."

.
My boat lies waiting where the willow stirs
By cat-tails yonder, moored not *now* to dock,
Each spruce oar ready in its forked lock,
Well laden for escape (the plan was hers) . . .
We skirt the woodsy hillsides under boughs
That dip in shallows—we grate on sunken stones,
With chuckling speed—we crouch—in whispering tones
We fancy the poor guests scouring bush and house—
We portage over the Neck. And safe behind
The promontory, with its bluffs and brakes,
Row down the open waters, down the Four Lakes,
From outlet on to outlet, till we find
The hunting lodge, deserted in the June—
Which was our camp one quarter of the moon.

.
The long train passed the Great Lakes, on across
The Wheat Belt, over Appalachian hills,
The train with its five hundred hearts and wills
Beside hers, mine, with all their gain and loss
To us as nothing. . . . Back to the old farm,
And father, mother, and New Hampshire pines
I took her, back among the columbines
And granite mountains, ever on my arm,
Questioning ever of my boyhood: "Here
The lane you drove the cows on? . . . This the knoll
Where you read Homer; with no teacher near? . . .
This hollow by the waterfall 'The Bowl'
You wrote of in that love-poem?—What a whirl
Of foam and spray.—What happened to the girl?

"So that's the mountain, that to left of where
The little distant steeple seems to sprout,
From a green world of treetops sticking out,—
So that's the mountain, over the valley there,
You climbed to hear the thunder at your feet—
And all alone,—how could you ever dare?—
And only twelve?—And did your mother care? . . .
O see the mail-coach lumbering up the street—
You used to drive it sometimes? Let's go down—
I love to see the people of the town
So glad to see you." (And these simple folk,
Though she had neighbored long with Wealth and Pride,
She understood in all they did or spoke,—
She understood, because she never tried.)

She knew the ocean but from city docks
Or liner's taffrail—which is not to know;
And thus I took her to the coasts to show
The kelps, maroon and green, the fisher's box
Of brine-sprent tackle, the lighthouse with the flocks
Of silvery gulls around it in the glow,
And the great waters in their ebb and flow
Pounding forever on the mighty rocks . . .
One sunrise, I remember, as I woke
I missed her; and I followed down a path
Below the cliffs; there off a little beach
I spied her, as the mists about her broke
(Her love and laughter just beyond my reach),
There in the salt-sea billows at her bath.

Once she became the guide, as we turned west,
West to the Four Lakes, the white house: "As June's
The *time*, so there's the *place* for honeymoons,
And we must do in *all* things as the rest"—
(Not often such self-knowledge she confessed,
Ironic critic of the world, but she
Caught now and then some trick of mind from me).
So at the Falls we stopped. And 'twas her jest
(Type of her own untutored girlish fun),
Wandering the low Three Sister Islands round,
Or watching at Prospect Point in the great sun
The Sun's great waters flash, and fall, and bound
(I thinking what ten thousand years had done
And, mid my love, yet hearing still their sound);

It was her jest (so like her), 'mongst the gay
Tourists by park or bridge, or at the rail,
With leathern fieldglass in the summer gale,
Bespent with far-flung eddies of wild spray
From round the rainbow rocks of the abyss,
Her jest, beside the eternal cataract,
To cloak her bridehood under word and act
(Secure, when back in chamber, of a kiss):
"Too bad we couldn't bring the children, dear"
(For two old ogling schoolma'ams she said this);
"How worn this bank is since our bridal year
By wave and water" (for mama and miss);
Or tilt herself the scarlet parasol,
And make me let her spread herself the shawl—

Pretending we'd been married long and long. . . .
Was it some subtle feeling that she'd striven
To conjure Time beyond what Time had given,
Or was to give, that suddenly choked my song?—
Or was't that whosoever with keen nerve
Too closely stares upon that charmed brink,
The gliding shimmer of that green downward curve,
Is wooed from all tomorrows, as to sink
One with the waters? . . . But I broke the spell
Before I plunged . . . said nothing . . . yet 'twas
then
Came horror, as to the House of Mirth, again,—
As when she told me of her prayer in Hell . . .
That night we rode into the West-of-men,
To this our City of the Fair-and-well.

(*To be continued.*)

A Study of the Ruling Classes of England.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

The first date I ever learnt, and almost the only one that I have never forgotten, is "William the Conqueror, 1066." But most people seem to have omitted this item from their curriculum.

It is customary to think of England as Anglo-Saxon. It is this mistake which leads to all misunderstanding about the kinship of the English with the American. The British government has always been Celtic and not Teutonic. The five Celtic nations, at one time or another, in one way or another, have always come to the front. The Scandinavian and Saxon elements have been made hewers of wood and drawers of water. The paradox is sufficiently curious, since it is the Celts themselves who have been oppressed. But until the time of William III. when the kingly power passed to the aristocracy, once and for all, no monarch of other than Norman or Celtic blood sat upon the throne. The Celtic chiefs allied themselves, too, with the Norman nobility.

Now the principal characteristic of the Celt is that he is a mystic; and whenever mysticism condescends to take hold of the common things of life and becomes aggressive, it is the most dangerous of qualities. In the first place, it confers the most extraordinary subtlety; in the second, it puts its possessor right with his conscience. It makes him the prince of diplomatists; for he is never so sincere as when he is telling his most elaborate lie. It is quite impossible for the Anglo-American to understand this temperament. All the strength and virtue of the American people lie in that section of the population which is of German origin. The Anglo-Saxon elements were mostly the scouring of the Puritan latrine. The only other good element in America, and it is not nearly so numerous, consists of the Irish. Most of them seem to have come over actuated by a positive spirit, seeking for freedom. The others had little choice in the matter. It is for this reason that the Irish and Germans have gone ahead so rapidly, and now control most of the government and most of the big business. The purely Anglo-Saxon name is nowhere prominent. Wilson is Lowland Scots, Roosevelt Dutch, Morgan Welsh. The deeper one looks into the ancestries of prominent men either here or in England, the more one is struck by the complete absence of the English. Run through the British cabinet to-day: I think it will puzzle anyone to find a genuinely English name in the whole crowd.

Now, the conception of the most elementary principles of things is radically different in the case of the Celt to what it is in the case of the Saxon. The Saxon idea of law is based on justice. In the Celtic conception it is a device for getting what you want with an appearance of justice. In England in the last twenty years the judges have again and again deliberately misinterpreted the plain intentions of the law, and stultified the House of Commons completely. This does not imply a conflict between the legislature and the judiciary. It is a kind of practical joke, carefully pre-arranged, in order to fool the people. Take

a single, concrete example: Home Rule. The House of Commons passes this bill again and again. And it is always thrown out by the Lords, as Gladstone and all who fathered the bill intended that it should be. The device becomes a little threadbare; so a great agitation is started to destroy the power of the Lords. With infinite pains an act is passed, making the veto of the Peers only temporary. In ninety cases out of a hundred it would never happen that this law came into action at all. The framers of the bill hoped that the majority in the House of Commons would always break up long before the act became operative. By a series of accidents, however, the Irish remained masters of the situation for the necessary period, and the Home Rule Bill became law over the head of the House of Lords. Nobody minded. A civil war was quietly arranged with the connivance of the military authorities and therefore of the King, and the situation would have been calmed down by the usual massacres, if the British working man had not seen whither these things tended. His political education had been carried too far. He had become capable of reasoning that the same methods to defy the will of the people would be just as applicable when it came to some of his own pet measures. And one of the Labor men got up in the House of Commons and made a speech which thoroughly frightened the government.

The reader will doubtless remember that in the first part of 1914 Ulster was, save for an "if" inserted by the legal mind of Sir Edward Carson, actually in rebellion. It had established a provisional government; it was drilling and arming an army; munitions were being run into the country under the very nose of the British navy. To these facts the Labor member in question called attention. He accused his own government of acquiescing in armed revolt against its own authority, and he intimated that the people would not stand it. The situation now appeared very serious to the ruling classes. They did not mind civil war in Ireland—on the contrary, every little helps—but civil war in England was a very different thing. All sorts of abortive conferences were held, with the idea of persuading the people that something was being done to settle the difficulty. As a fact, it *was* being discussed; though not at ridiculous conferences, but at the proper places, dinner parties, smoking rooms, and golf clubs. Everybody who was anybody argued that much the best way out of the trouble was a European War. There was nothing in the political situation to make this undesirable. The weak spot in the intellectual grasp of the situation was that nobody recognized the rottenness of Russia. This was because Russia had been the bogey for so long. So the war was hastily decided upon, and the results lie before us.

The whole of this incident is extraordinarily characteristic of the dominant, aggressive, unscrupulous, super-subtle, mystic minds of the Norman and the Celt. They will find a needle in a haystack, if they have to burn down the haystack to do it.

It is because of this strange temperament that the methods of the English have always been so inscrutable. They have a caste secret, as incommunicable as the divine Tetragram, and as powerful. It has been carefully explained to the world by Rudyard Kipling;

but only those who already knew it have been able to understand what he meant. A very illuminating incident is given in one of the early chapters of "Stalky & Co.," where the headmaster thrashes three boys who have proved their innocence to the hilt. It is one of the essential features of the mind of the Celt that he refuses to take the least notice of facts. He refuses to be bullied by his own reason. It is for this reason that Britain has been so extraordinarily successful in dealing with Orientals. A Hindoo will come along with a wonderful and beautiful story carefully prepared in many months with the utmost subtlety; and then his case will be judged by a boy of twenty-five on some totally different ground. It will be judged justly, too, and the Hindoo will appreciate and respect the moral superiority implied.

When George V. was in India he only made one hit, and that was by accident. A particularly important Rajah had come a particularly long distance with a particularly large retinue, to bow before the heir of the great King-Emperor . . . and the latter was too lazy or too hot to notice him. So the Rajah crawled out of the presence, and remarked afterwards, confidentially, that that was something like an emperor! He felt that all his pains had been well repaid by the contempt with which he had been treated; it flattered him that he should have been in the presence of a person who could practically fail to notice him.

It is this habitual insolence which galls all those who are not prepared to cringe before it. Unless a man has absolute assurance of some equal kind, it is bound to annoy him. And it is so strongly rooted, that death itself seems to bear its impress. It is part of the general scheme, the incomparable code of manners in vogue in England, the idea that a gentleman must never show his feelings. This is of the utmost importance; and of course the corollary is, that one who does show his feelings is no gentleman, except in the case where the feelings in question are assumed. Had the English been really indignant about Belgium, there would never have been a word about it in the newspapers. The indignation with regard to the Lusitania and Edith Cavell was just as factitious. Both incidents pleased enormously, because their effect upon the ingenuous American could not but be admirable.

But this mask is so much part of the face, that the man himself cannot see it even in the looking-glass. At the time when he is showing the feelings, he is apologizing to himself for showing them; he is explaining to himself that unless the circumstances were so hideous and so unprecedented, he would not bat an eyelid. This is not actual hypocrisy. He has taught himself to simulate a mood so well, that he really feels it at the time. It is only when the opportunity arises to do something, that he walks away from the mood, just as a man who has been sitting over the fire all morning suddenly notices that the rain has stopped and the sun is shining, and he instantly goes out for a walk. So one sees in private life the most apparently hypocritical actions, which are really only temperament. A man loses his wife, and calls heaven and earth to witness to the greatness of his grief, refuses to do his work, is completely upset, visibly, before the eyes of all men. . . . when without so much as twenty-four hours' warning he marries somebody else. Incidentally he has had from two to six mistresses in full blast all the time.

Conduct of this kind staggers all other nations. Moreover, it makes them rather afraid. They never know where they are. Hence the term "Perfidie Albion." To this day in France it is the Normans and, to a much less extent, the Gascons who have this reputation, or something rather like it. A Norman horsedealer will unblushingly rob an Armenian of his last maravedi.

I do not think that there is anything in the world so subtle and so strong as this peculiar caste feeling which obtains in the ruling classes of England. You can recognize a public school boy (in the event of this article being read by savages, it will be perhaps best to explain, that in England "public school" does not mean a place of free, elementary education, but a highly privileged and exclusive institution, very expensive, where nothing whatever is allowed to be taught except the Secret of Government) forty years afterwards, when drink has brought him to sell matches in the gutter. He never altogether loses a peculiar power which is apparently only conferred by the application of various instruments of flagellation by that caste within a caste, head-masters. It is absolutely impossible to convey to the American mind what one means by a head-master. He is utterly different in kind, not only in degree, from all other masters. It is almost unheard-of for a house-master to become Head in the same school. He is often quite a young man. But he is certainly not of the same flesh and blood as other men.

The same idea is carried out in the universities. The vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge are the most absolute monarchs in Europe, and the strongest testimonial that one can bring to the quality of the spirit which makes the English what they are is that the authority of the vice-chancellor is never brought in question. Professors are often unpopular: the master of a college is sometimes the subject of attacks; but the vice-chancellor could expel the whole university and hardly arouse comment. If the vice-chancellor were abolished, the masters of colleges would begin to acquire some of his immunities.

Now, in this extraordinary respect and obedience, there is no idea of subservience. It is part of the game to suffer at the hands of the proper person, if it is only one's house prefect. The individual realizes himself as part of the governing machine, really very much more strongly than has now been done with Germany, where the humblest official has been taught to regard himself as an essential cog in the clock of state. But the Englishman's is not an honest pride that he is helping on the good work. There is a very devilish quality, a sardonic joy, in his position. He feels himself an honored member of the great conspiracy against the world. This attitude accounts for the superior smile of recognition with which members of this truly secret society greet each other. Observe a couple of Englishmen, strangers to each other, perhaps even disliking each other at first sight, at a party in New York. There is an immediate understanding, an unspeakable contempt for all the Americans present, which they do not even try to hide, and which, being the grossest possible form of rudeness, naturally annoys. They may have every kind of antagonism for each other, these two men; but they could and would act in perfect harmony, without word spoken, against the rest of the world, if the emergency arose.

The trouble in which England now finds herself is

partially due to the gradual decadence of this system. The idiotic "intellectuals" have been a terrible nuisance. And the death of Edward VII. was of course an absolutely stunning blow. George V. has none of the qualities required in an English king. He is therefore being left to the management of Mary, and we hear nothing of him, except when he falls off his horse and hurts himself, which is one of the things that no king can do. Various stories have been circulated about this humiliating accident; but the world may rest assured that, had it been anything honorable, there would have been more fuss made than when Achilles conquered Hector. "Why then," the reader will ask, "did not the press bureau, so fertile in invention, hasten to invent something very beautiful about him?" Because it is no part of the policy of the rulers of England to praise this shadow of a king. He is despised and detested by everyone for his weakness, his imbecility, his grotesque physical appearance, and all the rest of it. We do not want this man to reign over us. And for this reason he is subtly discredited in every convenient way. On the whole I think that the old spirit is strong enough to win its particular battle, which is not in the least against Germany. On the contrary, the Hohenzollern spirit, as opposed to the German spirit, has many points of great similarity. The Hohenzollerns are of course no more Teutons than the Fijians are. As a further illustration, we shall see how the existence of this secret explains some otherwise quite inexplicable problems like Lloyd George, the natural successor of Joe Chamberlain.

Lloyd George is nobody. He might be made king-emperor, and he would still be nobody. He is a solicitor from Wales; nobody quite knows who his father was; and he doesn't count. He is very useful for the moment. He got an act through Parliament which reduced the working classes to the level of galley-slaves. They were branded like so many cattle by the government itself. Just now, munitions are wanted, and he is very useful to boom the supply. But all the while, though every one is praising him and saying: "Ah, yes, there is the man for prime minister! There is the great genius! There is the savior of the country!" we are saying quietly to ourselves that he is just a splash of mud, to be wiped off our trousers by our valets, when we return from our stroll on this damp morning.

The possession of the secret is the one passport to success in England. If you have this, you can go anywhere and do anything; you may make a perfect cad of yourself and commit all the crimes in the calendar. But as long as you do not do anything "un-masonic"—to borrow from the craft the only word which hints at one's meaning, since this greater craft has been so clever in the matter of secrecy that they have even taken care not to invent a word to mean it—so long are you "possible." An obvious example is the immunity of Alfred Douglas. Here, in spite of innumerable violations of the law of the most outrageous kind, both by him and his enemies, no prosecutions ever take place. A ring is kept for the antagonists, and very good sport they have given us in the last ten years or so. The whole thing is a family quarrel, just like the European war. As soon as education and progress have been knocked on the head, we shall all be good friends again.

Onlookers never understood why Wilde was disgraced. It was because he was popularizing one of the secrets of the aristocracy, a disgusting thing to do, when you are just trying to gain admission to it. Wilde was letting the uninitiated know what the initiated did. The church, the army, the bar, the Houses of Parliament, are packed with people who practice strange vices. The head-master of Eton, in quashing some vulgarian's complaint the other day, said that "it mattered no more than the measles." But this is one of the things which it doesn't pay to advertise, at least not in the way Wilde did. In spite of this he was given every chance. He was furnished with a thousand pounds in gold and told that the "two-twenty" (from London to Paris) would not be watched. But he misunderstood the nature of his power. He thought he was an important person, whereas his only claim to consideration was that he had an inkling of the secret.

No person is important in the English system. Every one who violates the code is thrown to the wolves without a moment's hesitation, and nobody ever knows why. The protection afforded to anyone who does behave properly, on the other hand, is absolute. The most damning indictments may be prepared; the public prosecutor will never act upon them. If he were absolutely forced to do so, the man would be given a chance to get away; or some wonderful technical flaw would be discovered, which would prevent the business from ever becoming public. Parnell and Dilke were destroyed because they were irreconcilable.

It is of course impossible to explain in so many words exactly what you can't do. There is no Penal Code in England. There is nothing which is "verboten." You cannot make sure of keeping within the law in England—you cannot even make sure of breaking it. The one essential is the instinctive knowledge of right and wrong (in the English sense) conferred by a public school and university training, or Sandhurst, or something equivalent. Even in these degenerate days money is not very important. A penniless subaltern with the secret is stronger than a millionaire without it.

Observe what happened to the harmless, good natured Hooley. He gave ten thousand pounds' worth of gold plate to St. Paul's, and it did him no good at all. You cannot buy the favor of the English. They are utterly unbribeable. What you want to be able to do is to tell the story of the scholar of Trinity who, running down to chapel in the morning from his first all-night wine party, appealed to the Dean: "I can't read the lesson, sir, this bloody duck won't keep still!" (Readers resident in Sze-chuen, Tonga, and the Cameroons are hereby informed that the reference was to the eagle of the lectern.) If it seems not antecedently improbable that you were present on that historic occasion, you may steal the crown-jewels, and become prime minister.

I remember one quite small but characteristic incident, illustrative of the way things are done. The son of a church furnisher who had somehow got into Trinity, had been horsewhipped by me for telling lies about me, and he complained to my tutor, Dr. A. W. Verrall, who was of course bound by his office to rebuke me. So he "halled" me, which, being interpreted, is, wrote to me to call on him; and when I got there informed me baldly of the complaint, changed the subject immediately—without

awaiting an answer—to the merits of Ibsen, introduced a remark about the desuetude of duelling, went on at once to something else, and asked me to dinner. He had complied with his duty, without doing it; and that is the sort of way in which all such things are treated. All legality, all formality are absolutely taboo. They are only brought forward in order to conceal some crime. Witness the Jameson raid. The officers had to be punished in some sort of way. But it was made as mild as possible, and it was also atoned for by all sorts of advantages of other kind and any amount of kudos. If the raid had been a success, there would have been no difficulty for them at all.

On the other hand, the smallest indication on your part of ill-will towards the system, and you are ground down without respect of place or person. One of the most distinguished publicists in England took it into his head to run a South African mining magnate to earth. Libel actions and other forms of argument were started against him, but as he was evidently able and ready to fight, postponement after postponement took place. He saw they were afraid of him, and became a little self-confident. He went off for a holiday; and in his absence another man was attacked in his paper, this time a person of real importance. Prosecution was started, not by the person libeled, but by the authorities themselves, the charge being that he had commented upon a case before the courts in such a way as to prejudice justice. The printer and publisher apologized nicely, and were dismissed with a few kind words. The publicist himself does not seem to have realized that it was a frame-up against him, something in the nature of a kindly warning that he was sailing too near the wind. He refused to "play the game"—to apologize for something which he had not done.

He was immediately committed for contempt of court, thrown into prison, and brutally ill-treated. He was supposed to be a first-class misdemeanor, but the rules of the prison itself were violated in order to annoy him. This was simply because he wanted to insist upon his rights. There are no rights in England. There are only privileges. Luckily for him, a friendly warder told him that there was no limit to what they could do to him, unless he changed his tone. It is perfectly possible to administer death by torture in an English prison without causing comment. A warder has only to annoy a prisoner until he retorts. The warder then says that he was threatened and is afraid of his life. The prisoner can then be put in irons, and the irons can be fixed in such a position that he goes off his head in a few hours from the tortures of cramp. This is only one of twenty different methods of insuring peace and harmony within the dungeon walls. The publicist was wise enough to modify his tone to some extent, but he still refused to apologize for an act for which he was not responsible, and it was only when they were at last convinced that his life was in immediate danger that they grudgingly let him out. The conduct of this man may appear praiseworthy to some; but to others it will appear wrong-headed.

To the present writer (for example) there is no sense in refusing to apologize for what you have not done. If it is something that you have done, stand for it by all means; but how can something that you have not done concern you? If you are playing a game, play it according to the rules. If the judge

wants you to swear that black is white, go into the box and swear it. If he then says: "No, black is black! Swear that!" do so. If he then proposes to commit you for perjury, explain that, overawed by the majesty of the court, you became bewildered and did not quite know what you were saying. It is all very well to be a martyr if you have devoted your life to destroying some particular form of tyranny. But even so, do not waste that life on side-issues. These two examples are characteristic of the ethics expected from those who would flourish in the shade of the oak trees of old England.

Quite in keeping is the political game which people outside England regard with such wonder. Sir Archibald Montfort gets up in the House of Commons and tells Lord Algernon Fitzsimmons that he is a cad, a blackguard, a liar, a thief, a traitor, and wants to impeach him. Lord Algernon replies in terms of even greater violence. The debate closes; they go out together, have dinner at the club, and spend the evening amicably playing billiards. It is not exactly that they did not mean what they said; it is rather that they meant it in a limited way, in a way pertaining to the "universe of discourse" of politics, one having no bearing whatever on the real things of life.

At the basis of this is the most profound and complete system of immorality which the world has ever seen. A man may do anything except be caught cheating at cards, and one or two things of the same order; and it will not interfere with, say, his marrying. Marriage is a serious business, having to do with settlements, estates and property generally. Morals have no importance whatever. Oscar Wilde understood this secret very well, and constantly indicates it in his plays. In fact, nearly all the humor of his plays depends upon the treatment of this peculiar convention. Of course, a woman must not be divorced, because here questions of legitimacy arise, and therefore questions of property; there is therefore a real sin against the code. Nor is it well for any one, man or woman, to be an open and notorious evil liver; because that is giving away the secret. Morality is the principal fetter of the lower classes, and they must not find out that their masters always do exactly what takes their fancy, without a moment's regard for any other consideration.

In the older days religion had equal importance; in fact, greater importance. And in those times atheism was a sin against the caste. Hence the persecution of Bradlaugh. But the advance of science, and the efforts of the Rationalist Press Association, have made the British pretense of religion impossible for anyone of intelligence. The clearer sighted have seen that that cock won't fight. It is only in the country districts, where education is still at naep, that the squire and the parson still work together. It is well known that the British Cabinet just before the war contained three avowed atheists. The educated man in the working classes—and there are plenty of him, nowadays—is likely to despise his masters if he thinks them Christians. He is consequently told: "Observe, here are Morley and the rest, who admit they think as you do." The others of course really think the same, but make a pretense of religion for the sake of their women, and so on. The Church of England is even stronger as a political machine than the Greek Church. Its basis is so frankly illogical, that it is hardly possible

to defend it; and for this reason anything that seemed like a real religion, which had any basis of real enthusiasm, was extremely taboo. Atheism itself is, of course, a kind of religion. And while nobody in the least minded practical atheism, even on the part of the working classes, it was quite impossible to tolerate an atheist propaganda of radical reform.

But with continuing years a subtler method has become necessary. All parties have had to play at reform, and the game (explained above) by which all such measures are stultified was adopted. Old Age Pensions, the Shops Act, and the Insurance Act, are really amazing masterpieces of chicanery. All the propertied classes united to pretend the bitterest opposition to these measures, and the proletariat imagined a great triumph when they were passed. The actual effect of these measures was to remove every shred of independence from the workman. If he went one step beyond the bounds of the most slavish subservience to his employer, if he were not steady and patient as an ass, he risked losing his pension. The Shops Act prevented him from rising in life, principally by limiting the number of hours in which he could work, under the pretense of care for his poor, dear health. And the Insurance Act furnished a kind of automatic blacklist, at the service of every employer in the country. A man was no longer able to change his job. In other words, his servitude has been accomplished . . . strictly in his own interest.

There is no doubt in my mind, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who understands history, that these measures will be successful. The

privileged classes will be strengthened, not weakened, by the war. The army will not lend itself to revolution. All the economic forces of Europe will unite to prevent things going too far. No one knows better than the Kaiser that the break-up of the English system would spell ruin for the fortunes of his house. He would feel just as George III. did with regard to the French Revolution. The navy would obviously fight for the privileged classes, and revolutionaries in England could be starved into surrender in a fortnight without need of striking blood, much less of importing foreign mercenaries, as has been done on previous occasions when need was.

England's handicap so far has been her over-subtlety and over-confidence. The power of the lawyer did certainly become too great, and it has taken all these months for the silent pressure of the real rulers to become properly manifest. This is the explanation of the stiffening of the blockade. It is still, however, a little difficult to tell how things will go in the immediate future. A sudden peace with Germany, an arrangement for the two victorious powers to come together and share the spoils without fighting each other any further about them, seems as probable as anything. It is at least certain that the only people who possess any interest in England are fully alive to it, and is not to be supposed that the spirit which has ruled since 1066, becoming ever stronger and subtler with the centuries, is going to be overwhelmed by the storm it created in order to sweep away that opposition to it, which had risen owing to the readjustments of society necessitated by the discoveries of science.

Floreat Etona!

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

(Continued.)

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK (Written over seven years ago)

WILLIAM II," one of his intimate friends impressed upon me with conviction, "would have been conspicuous in any profession. If a cobbler, he would have been a master cobbler." He is versatile, myriad-minded—strategist, poet, musician, diplomatist, huntsman, painter and engineer. Nero tried his hand at some of these things. But it cost him his head. Frederick the Great dabbled in verse. But it was wretched verse. The Kaiser's endeavors in manifold fields would have made several reputations for men of lesser caliber. But he still remains, above all, the Kaiser.

The Prussia of Frederick the Great was less isolated than the German Empire in certain critical periods under the present régime. Today she plays the leading fiddle in the Concert of Powers. The luminous figure of William II dominates the earth. The shadow of his sword paralyzes the British lion. But, unlike Frederick the Great, William the Great has accomplished his victories without bloodshed. For one and twenty years he has been Lord of Peace. The Seven Years' War was surely a wonderful thing. But what shall we say to a three times Seven Years' Peace?

Germany is divided into two camps: those who follow the Kaiser blindly, and those who oppose him blindly. There is no neutral ground. I have a sneaking suspicion that even the Socialists secretly adore William II. If Bebel were the Chief Executive of a German Democracy, he would make the Kaiser his Chancellor. Even the Opposition draws its life from the negation of him.

The Kaiser's personal charm is more potent than that of

Circe. Unlike Circe, he turns his admirers not into swine, but into patriots. Like Julius Cæsar, William II can be all things to all men. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and as he listens to you he seems to enter into your mind. Yet all the while, *his* mind is a garrisoned fortress. The portals are closely guarded. Never a word passes his lips unchallenged. Caution is posted on the tip of his tongue. That, I believe, is the secret of rulers of men.

It is almost incredible what sacrifices Germans, hard men of business, will make for one smile from his imperial lips. There is August Scherl, the German newspaper king. Mr. Scherl controls the syndicate publishing the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*. Formerly this sheet might have been designated as ultra-yellow. Suddenly Mr. Scherl reverses his policy, and deliberately makes his paper, politically, the dullest in Berlin. The whisper had reached his ear that the Emperor read it: let no offensive opinion provoke a wrinkle on His Majesty's forehead! The circulation, however, continued to soar. Suppressing its yawns, Berlin still religiously peruses the *Lokalanzeiger's* castrated pages. "You see," the German explains, half apologetically, half with the pardonable pride of sharing, in a sense, the mental pabulum of his ruler, "S. M. reads it; I. M. (*Ihre Majestät*, Her Majesty), also."

AND yet it is all a myth. Far be it from me to affirm that the Kaiser never reads the *Lokalanzeiger*. He is indeed an omnivorous reader. All the new magazines find their way to his table. His desk is strewn with a bewildering variety

of publications. Sometimes, no doubt, he even sees August Bebel's radical mouthpiece, the *Vorwärts*. It is all nonsense, of course, that his news-dispatches are "doctored." William II would brook no such interference. He picks up information wherever he likes. But being a busy man, he has his news "romeiked," to employ a new verb, coined, I believe, by Richard Le Gallienne. The *Wilhelmstrasse* supplies him regularly with clippings on every imaginable topic of interest. And finally the *Füstenkorrespondenz*, a sort of *Literary Digest* for Princes, supplies him with the epitome of the daily news and excerpts from editorials. I do not think, however, that he lets that brilliant but venomous reptile, the *Zukunft*, coil up on his desk.

The mention of Maximilian Harden's unmentionable magazine recalls to my mind one of the blackest chapters in the history of the German people. Harden's one object in life has been to play the *advocatus diaboli* to William II. At the time of the Eulenburg scandal and subsequently, when the Kanser's Anglophile interview exploded with bomb-like concussion, it seemed almost as if the editor of the *Zukunft* had planted his sting. The cyclonic excitement over the interview was largely the after-effect of Harden's revelations concerning the alleged "camarilla."

The so-called "camarilla" owes its existence solely to the gossip of demagogues and of lackeys. The "Round Table" is a malicious invention. Men of Prince zu Eulenburg's temperament are found frequently in all walks of life. Like many obviously minor poets, he is incurably romantic. It is only natural that he should have been attracted, as the moth to the flame, by the splendid and virile personality of the monarch whom he served with mediæval devotion. Count Kuno von Moltke is a man of culture in the sense of the author of *Marius the Epicurean*. He has Nietzsche and Goethe at his finger-tips. Harden needlessly and unjustly dragged his name through the mire, wrecking his happiness to no purpose.

Eulenburg's case is still undecided. He seems to have stumbled over a breath—a word—call it perjury if you will. Harden's clever journalistic machinations have spread the erroneous impression that he has proved his case: he hasn't. Eulenburg, hounded almost to death by Harden's sensational persecution, may never again be able to speak in his own defense. Harden, however, stands morally convicted of treason to his country, and, incidentally, to his own scientific convictions. He has passed judgment upon himself. His weekly mental acrobatics, scorned by the truly elect, serve to amuse only the intellectual gallery. To the majority of the German public he is no longer a martyr. The shield of the Hohenzollern gleams brighter than ever. His absolute independence of irresponsible advisers and his political sagacity are no longer questioned.

Like Frederick the Great in his time, William II is the cynosure of the world. His seal is graven upon the Book of Life perhaps more deeply than Bismarck's. Still, there must be bitterness in his heart when he remembers the immediate past. I thought of it in Potsdam when I retraced the steps of his great progenitor.

Potsdam, the Kaiser's favorite residence, is intimately associated with memories of Frederick the Great. It means much more to the German than Washington's headquarters means to us. Washington had many headquarters. His appetite, apparently, was terrific. He seems to have stopped at every roadhouse between New York and Philadelphia, and to have slept in innumerable places.

The picturesque is conspicuously absent in our history. We haven't much of a history, anyway. There is the story of the Cherry Tree and the Declaration of Independence, a

couple of wars, and Lincoln's assassination. For me, American history begins with Poe, not with Plymouth; not with the Constitution, but with *Annabel Lee*. Everything seems too near. We are dreadfully unromantic. Perhaps that is the reason why native historical art fails to impress us. Who would be moved by the statue of the Father of his Country, standing in what seems to be a bathing suit, on top of a pole in the Capital?

Frederick the Great and Washington were contemporaries.

In Potsdam I felt the weight of the centuries, and that a wonderful spirit had dwelt there. The little house where lived Voltaire, his dearest literary friend, somehow gave me a curious thrill. And with a chuckle I thought of the cruel things he said about Frederick's verse.

I mounted the terrace that leads to the unpretentious hall where Frederick himself had presided over his minions, smoking tobacco and saying acute things in French. And I saw in the twilight the pool on which Frederick had set his heart, and which had never been completed in his lifetime, owing to the miscalculations of a stupid contractor. And there, in the shadow beyond, was the Historic Mill, whose owner had flaunted defiance in the face of the King. How they all hampered him in little things—the philosopher, and the miller, and the rascal who made a mess of the pool! How like their descendants!

NIGHT had fallen over the trees. Wistfully the moon smiled from above. Through the green foliage peered the pallid faces of statues, archers and Ganymedes, and delicate breasts bathed in moonlight. Seven little tombstones beckoned and gleamed from afar. "These," remarked my companion, like myself an admirer of Frederick the Great, "these are the graves of his greyhounds. Despairing of men, he turned for solace to them."

Frederick had ordained in his will that the faithful hounds should be buried at his side. Even that last wish was denied him. To me, these graves are the most pathetic things in the world. In the history of sorrow there is no page more sorrowful and more sweet. I wonder if the Kaiser sometimes thinks of Frederick and his greyhounds?

All great men are sad at heart. I can imagine the Kaiser, wrapped in a military cloak, standing there of a night and evoking in spirit the seven little ghosts of the hounds. Germany has forgotten how in a moment of hysterical agitation she trod his love underfoot. William II is great enough to forget. But surely, sometimes, like the smart of an old wound, the memory comes to him by the seven little graves in the gardens of Potsdam.

EDWIN MARKHAM

Broad-browed, full-bearded like a bard of old,
With eye of brown, fed from an inner flame;
Selfless, aye, humble in the sun of Fame;
Humble, yet with an holy anger bold.
Across that vision dreams of pearl and gold,
The pageant of life's glory and the shame,
Lit by the poet's fancy, bravely came
And brought him joys and sorrows manifold.

Yet Beauty could not bribe that valiant soul,—
Beauty, the lure eternal in the heart,—

For, Love, he knew, was first in Heaven's plan
Wherefore, he rose a Prophet, free and whole,
And, with the wondrous music of his art,
Sang for the Godlike love of man for man!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

BRAIN-WAVES DURING THE HEAT-WAVE

THE Pagan conception of the Universe has one great philosophical advantage over its competitors; this, that it recognizes a certain sardonic humor in the Lords of Destiny. It is a little more than practical joking, and a little less—but not much less—than Sadism. This humor is hidden from academic and commercial minds; even among artists it is only a few that understand and enjoy it.

Observe what happens to our ideals! One has only to formulate a desire in order to find Fate force one into a passionate denial of it. We seek to escape from the "dull monotony" of marriage, only to find ourselves the prey of a procession of the most tedious chorus girls.

We find no hate so embittered as that engendered by Love. The more one tries to help the poor, the more poor one makes them. One has only to overthrow a tyranny to find oneself compelled to impose the death penalty for sneezing, as Dictator Kerensky would bear witness. To make the world safe for democracy we must abandon all popular control of the Executive. To destroy militarism we must create a military caste.

ALL this is in the nature of things; it is the standing joke of the Gods; and those who only joke with difficulty add to our pleasure by their freely expressed annoyance.

The whole spirit of ancient comedy is resumed in the universal plot, which has been the basis of every religious legend. You take a man, dress him up as a Priest or a King or a hunter, and set out with him to the chase or the war or the sacrifice. Then, before you kill him, you break it to him gently that he is himself the destined victim of whom you spoke so eloquently! The whole of one's attitude to life depends on whether this strikes one as a joke or not. If not, you are the "goat."

IT has been suggested that, when Mr. Balfour came over to this country, saluted Mr. Wilson as the Savior of Democracy, urged him to make sure of the war loans, and cast flowers and tears upon the tomb of Washington, the wily Scot was playing just this joke. Mr. Wilson's high seriousness fits him to be a victim, and Mr. Balfour's humor is of just this order.

But that any one in the world should believe Balfour a democrat is almost inconceivable. I have a very great respect for Mr. Balfour. His uncle, Lord Salisbury, was called "a lath painted to look like iron"; but Miss Arabella is iron painted to look like a lath.

THERE are only two theories of government; Socialism and Anarchism. Most existing states compromise. But "in the last analysis" (good phrase, that! I wonder why no one ever used it before), the one runs quite amusingly into the other. The excessive individualism of this country has created trusts so large that a single step further would turn them into state-owned concerns. Similarly, socialism always topples into anarchy the moment it becomes universal. A man is not very much hampered by being called an official of the state; what he loses in one way he more than makes up in another. The form of government makes little odds to a nation, so long as wolves have teeth, and lambs have fleeces.

BUT there are three inestimable treasures in monarchy; yea, four things joyful which other systems do not give.

Firstly, one knows pretty well who the king is; if it be not himself, it is his mistress or his barber, which may be even better.

Secondly, the king is a human being like oneself, not an unassailable abstraction. Theoretically, one can approach him and obtain a request. Even a refusal is better than a beating of the air; at least one knows where one is. But one cannot ask favors of a Cosmic Urge or get the ear of an Economic Trend.

Thirdly, one can estimate the situation of the moment; one can judge of human actions, even when they are monstrously inhuman. Committees have no soul to damn, and no body to kick; so they are capable of actions which are not human at all, in any proper sense of the word. Even their most admirable laws lack the human touch. Who would not rather be a beggar dependent on the careless generosity of drunkards and prostitutes than a well-fed pauper in a workhouse? The first may (by a miracle) get a five or ten dollar bill now and again; the second is shorn clear of hope; his fate has become visibly ineluctable; he can see clear down a well-swept avenue of slavery all the way to the Mausoleum.

Fourthly, when a king becomes intolerable, one can cut his head off and get another, with some hope of gain by the change. But all committees are on the same dead level of heartlessness and stupidity.

IT is in such forlorn vestiges of democracy as Congress that the expert sleuth can trace the wailing ghosts of the Social Contract and Magna Charta. We are still in that slave-minded condition where we feel the necessity of explaining our actions to others. We dare not drink beer without some sort of medical approval; we excuse ourselves for love on eugenic grounds; in other words, we are all afraid of each other. It was not enough to elect our best and bravest man to the Presidency; he felt bound to explain what needed no explanation, and naturally he has failed to convince a great many people. "L'état c'est moi" can only be answered by the lie direct. To give one's "reasons" is to appeal to reason; and reason happens to be a kind of interminable game of chess in which neither side can win. Reason has not yet decided so much as whether we exist at all.

IN all crisis a dictator is a necessity. Gallipoli was a better bet than Salonica; even disaster is preferable to inaction. Fabius, "qui cunctando restituit rem," has been represented as a slow-moving person by such imbeciles as the modern Fabians, who impudently took his name. No: Fabius was an exceptionally quick individual; it was the enemy in whom he induced the slowness.

Committees inevitably mean delay. The rules of debate, the rights of the minority; the whole conception of such bodies is to hear all sides, to thresh everything out, to fight every detail to a finish. And there is this particular purpose in view—to check autocracy.

In peace-time, in matters of no urgency, this is well enough. In war it is comic. Soldiers voting upon

their next manoeuvre is, of course, the *reductio ad absurdum*.

WHY then do we not take our own common-sense psychology to heart? Why do we not realize that, whatever may work in peace, we must have the "benevolent despot" in war-time? Because we fear that he may use his power to enslave us after the victory. Free men should not suffer such fear; they should rely upon themselves to supply a tyrannicide if need arose. While people are quarreling as to whether to build steel ships or wood, whether the people are to drink beer or nut sundae, whether a piece of bread should be buttered on the right side or the left, nothing is done.

IHAPPENED to be in Eastbourne, England, a month or so after the war began. It was bad enough to watch the hordes of cigaretted slackers; but after all that might have been the indifference of courage. What struck me as symptomatic of sheer rottenness was the regiment of tub-thumpers howling out the advantages of their competing brands of religion and ethics. In war one needs a crude belief (like Mohammed's or Mr. Roosevelt's) in some equivalent of Thor. People who cannot shed their civilised criticism, for the time being, will not make good soldiers. If one were to analyze the pacifist, one would find him, as a rule, an over-educated man, a man the slave of his own reason, unable to become a savage when the occasion arises for dealing with savages. One must fight fire with fire. Hence we find the bench of bishops in England opposing reprisals for the air raids. Leave it to the "atheistic" French to kill 200 school children in Karlsruhe!

FOR three years I have fought against muddle and hypocrisy. We should not pretend that it is possible to fight with kid gloves on. If we killed our prisoners, and cooked their hearts and livers to give us courage, it would be no worse; and we should know where we were. War under Queensberry rules is not war at all, because there is nobody to exact any penalty for the breach of these rules. "Atrocities" is a good cry when you have a referee who can award you the fight on a foul; in a tussle with another savage for life or death, the cry is simply the wail of a weakling. Now that the referee, Uncle Sam, is in the war himself, we can at least stop this, and become as "atrocious" as the English in Ireland and South Africa, the French in Madagascar, the Belgians in the Congo, the Germans in South West Africa, the Russians in Finland, the Italians in Tripoli, the Turks in Armenia—is there any one stupid enough not to see what St. Paul saw? "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

SO now we have what has been always admitted to be the best of all possible governments—a benevolent despot. There is nothing personal about it. It is the will of the people incarnated in a single mind. It is the apotheosis of democracy. The arrangement is exceedingly convenient in other ways. It solves the puzzling problem of the name for this particular section of the American continent. *Wilsontia* is neat and easy to remember; and it has further the advantage of sounding like an apartment house in the Bronx. To make things pleasant all around, the wilder parts of the country might be called, on the South African analogy, the *Roose Veldt*.

BUT whatever may be the powers exercised by any government, there is one thing which cannot be done without a revolution. That is to interfere with the customs of the people. A custom may be the silliest superstition, or the most deleterious habit, but it is inviolable. History is full of examples of tyrants who fell because of attempts to interfere in such methods. I almost wish I had not forgotten my history, because I should like to quote a whole lot of examples. However, history is all lies; it will be just the same if I invent a few cases. Timur Bukh was assassinated by a child of twelve years old in the midst of his victorious army, only a month after he promulgated his infamous decree forbidding his use of toothpicks. Mamilius tried to alter the date of the festival of the God Rumtum, and his dynasty crumbled in an hour. The emperor, Chwang Myang, lost his throne through forbidding people to feed goldfish on oatmeal as formerly.

AS a matter of fact there is a recent and rather terrible case, the Sipahi Mutiny in India. The entire country had submitted uncomplainingly to all sorts of tyrannies and exactions. But as soon as the Mohammedan thought that he was to be compelled to defile himself with pig, and the Hindu with cow, there was an immediate outbreak. It is impossible to alter by an act of legislation those deep-seated customs which refer to the satisfaction of the primary needs of men, the need to support life and the need to reproduce it. It is notorious that a food riot is the most terrible of all the danger signals.

BUT interference with those customs which contain reference to pleasure is even more dangerous. The man of the common people has so little pleasure in his life. It is as crazy as it is criminal to attempt to remove the little he has got. Robbing the poor man of his beer is a desperate adventure.

IF prohibition were enforced in any State, revolution would instantly follow. Trouble does not arise in dry States under the present system, because in addition to the pleasure of drinking you have the pleasure of thinking that you are putting one over on the law. It is humiliating to reduce men to the level of school boys. I shouldn't care to do it myself; but I dare say it is good fun for those who like it.

TO attempt any such change in war time is entirely suicidal. I am perfectly convinced that the prohibition of Vodka was the determining cause of the Russian revolution. If any Russians hate Germans, it is not for any economic reasons. The Russian peasant does not understand political economy; he knows scarcely more than the average professor of that subject in a university. But the story was put about that the Germans had mutilated his ikons; and that put him into a baresark rage, although it did him no manner of harm.

THE whole history of popular warfare is that of the attack and defense of sacred symbols, or superstitions, or customs, that could not be rationally defended for a moment. I do not know whether I like beer or not; for as it happens I have never tasted it. But I value my option. If any one comes into my office, and forbids me to drink beer, one of us has got to die. Any person not similarly irrational and violent has no just title to the name of man. A. C.

THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK

By THE MASTER THERION.

(Continued from last month.)

It is in this somewhat dry disquisition, bordering as it does, I am afraid, on metaphysics, that is to be sought the reason for the revival of magick. Unless this explanation were first given, it might seem a mere phenomenon of folly, an hysterical exacerbation due to over-civilization.

But assuming that irrefutable form of idealism which contents itself with the demonstration that, knowledge being a function of the mind, as the materialists not merely concede, but insist, the universe as we know it is equivalent to the contents of that mind; and assuming also that the mind contains a power able to control thought; then there is no absurdity in asserting that mind may be the master of matter. And the empirical rules laid down by the magicians of old may prove to some extent of use in practice.

Such rules are in fact the inheritance of the Magi. This is not the place to discuss the disputed cases of the Rosicrucians, of the Comte de St. Germain, of Cagliostro, and others whose names will readily occur. The periods in which they lived are obscure, and the controversies sterile. But it is at least evident that some valid tradition lurked somewhere, for within the memory of living men are Eliphaz Levi and his pupil Bulwer Lytton. Now it is not philosophical to suppose that Levi was an upstart genius, though he does claim to have "forced an answer from the ancient oracles" and indeed to have reconstituted magick. I do not believe this to be strictly true; I believe that Levi had living masters. But that Levi first translated ancient ideas into modern terms is undeniable. Moreover, the influence of this great master was enormous, even in spheres external to his particular orb. The revival of French Literature with Baudelaire, Balzac, Gautier, Verlaine, de Banville, d'Anrevilly, Haraucourt, Rollinat, the de Goncourts and a dozen other names of the first rank, was in a sense his work. It was he that formulated the philosophical postulates that made their art possible and triumphant. Such sentences as this: "A pure style is an aureole of holiness" may pass as the very canon of art. His reconciliations of right and duty, liberty and obedience, are cardinal to the gate of modern thought. I do not hesitate to assert that very soon "The Key of the Mysteries" will be recognized as the very incarnation of the spirit of his time.

In this book Levi offered to the Church a way out of the difficulties raised by the advance of Science. That she rejected it was her suicide; just as Napoleon's disdain of his political philosophy was written large in letters of blood at Wörth, Gravelotte, Metz and Sedan.

However, the few capable of initiation took Levi to their hearts; and from that hour the revival of magick has never been in doubt. At the moment almost of Levi's death the Theosophical Society was founded; and Blavatzky's debt to the French Adept is the greatest of all her obligations. In England Anna Kingsford—a mere megaphone for Edward Maitland—was at work; also there was Mr. S. L. Mathers, a considerable magician who subsequently fell, and was smashed beyond recognition; and, in the nineties, the giant figure of Allan Bennett.

In magical literature itself we find, as is to be

expected, a reflection of these facts. Ever since Christian Rosencreutz there is nothing serious and first-hand, until Eliphaz Levi. The magical tradition was the basis of gracious fables like Undine, and of frivolities like the Rape of the Lock and its source the Comte de Gabalis. Sometimes it is treated more seriously, as in Lewis' "Monk," and Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein." There are legends of Cagliostro, too, in Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*, and there is the "Diable Boiteux" and the "Diable Amoureux." Nor let ever be forgotten that terrible and true magical apologue "La peau de chagrin."

Casanova gives an admirable view of the matter, and Thackeray copies him cleverly enough in "Barry Lyndon." But it is all hearsay.

Eliphaz Levi comes up stage, and says plainly to the world: "I myself did such and such an operation of magick in such and such a time and place."

He wears a mask illegible enough, it is true; but we have at least *oratio recta* and not *oratio obliqua*. For which we who remember bitter schooldays thank God, and prefer Levi to Livy!

In his footsteps if Bulwer Lytton did not follow, it was because of his public career. He comes near it. Every one within even the widest ripple that is caused on the water of society when the Stone of the Wise is thrown therein knew that Sir Philip Derval's laboratory was an accurate description of Lytton's own magical cabinet. It was clear to all ripe intelligence that in "Zanoni" the author was seriously expounding his own beliefs, discussing his own problems, justifying his own career. In the "Strange Story" he recounts incidents surely seen with his own eyes.

Read his account of the evocation of a demon, and his other of an ordeal, and compare them with the stories of Levi. Observe how the ancient directness revives in them, and contrast them with the sneering rubbish of the courtly abbé who wrote the Comte de Gabalis.

It is evident where the truth lies. And now let us turn to the evidence of men yet living.

III.

Allan Bennett was born at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. His father, an engineer, died when he was a young child, and his mother brought him up a strict Catholic.

When he was about 8 years old he happened to hear that if you repeated the "Lord's Prayer" backwards, the Devil would come. This enterprising infant at once set himself to learn it backwards, and, when letter-perfect, went into the garden and said it. Something—the Devil or one of his angels—did appear, and the child ran screaming in terror to the house.

We hear of nothing else of the same kind for a long while, and the same startlingly sporadic success is true of his first step in mysticism. When he was about 18, without any premonitory symptom, he was suddenly caught up into the trance called *Shivadarshana*. We cannot stop here to describe this; suffice it to say that it is the highest attainment in this line, save perhaps one, possible to man.

Its effect upon him was catastrophic; he realized instantly and without any doubt that no other state was worthy of a moment's thought, and he unhesitatingly abandoned all, if perchance he might discover

how to achieve of set purpose what had been thrust on him by destiny. His natural tendency to magic drew him into that line of work, and so at the age of 25 we find him already famous for his powers in this art.

He had a "blasting rod" constructed simply of the lustre of an old-fashioned chandelier, and he was always cheerfully ready to demonstrate its power by pointing it at any convenient sceptic, and paralyzing him for a few hours or days.

For more serious magical work he had a rod of almond tipped with a golden star of five points, each point engraved with a letter of the Ineffable Name Jeheshua; in the centre was a diamond. With this he would trace mysterious figures in the air, and, visible to the ordinary eye, they would stand out in faint bluish light. On great occasions, working in a circle, and conjuring the spirits by the great names of the Key of Solomon or the "Enochian Calls" of spirits given him by Dr. Dee, he would obtain the creature necessary to his work in visible and tangible form. On one occasion he evoked Hismael, the lowest manifestation of Jupiter, and, through a series of accidents, was led to step out of his circle without effectively banishing the spirit. He was felled to the ground, and only recovered five or six hours later. But this was simply a single untoward incident in a career of almost monotonous success.

However, he was certainly a careless person. On one occasion he had consecrated a talisman of the Moon to cause rain. (As he lived in London, I cannot imagine why he did this!) To make it work it had to be immersed in water. He would put it in a basin or tumbler, and within a few minutes the clouds would gather and the rain begin: instructive to his pupils, and beneficial to the country. But one day he lost the talisman. It worked its way into a sewer, and London had the wettest summer in the memory of man!

It was early in 1899 that I became the pupil of this great master. I say "great master," and I ask to be taken on trust, for in this account of magick it would be dull to dwell upon his true qualities; I must rather seek to amuse by recounting his misadventures. Incidentally, any magical manifestation whatever is a regrettable incident. Just as in war, even the greatest victories cost something. Every battle is an obstruction in the march of the conqueror.

In order to explain my meeting with Allan Bennett it is necessary to give a short resumé of my own magical career.

IV.

I was in my third year at Cambridge when the call came. I had been intended for the Diplomatic Service, and had also a great ambition to be a poet. In fact, I had written many hundred thousand lines, all of which I diligently destroyed in one great holocaust of paraffin and paper a matter of eight years later. It now struck me quite suddenly that, even if I got the Embassy at Paris—why, who was ambassador a century before? I did not know, and nobody knew, or cared.

Even if I got fame like that of Aeschylus—why, who reads Aeschylus? A few scores only, even in a University where Classics are compulsory.

And, anyhow, one day or other the earth must fall into the sun, or go dead like the moon.

I saw the Vanity of Things. I must find a material

to build my temple; something more permanent than the hearts and minds of men.

This conclusion came to me reasonably enough, yet with all the force of a vision. I cannot hope to convey the quality of that despair. I rushed to the Bookseller, ordered all works ever published on Alchemy, Magic, and the like, and spent the long winter nights in ploughing those dreary sands. I had not knowledge enough even to begin to understand them.

However, the magical capacity was there, as will be seen. "In my distress I called upon the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

This is indeed the essential quality of a magician, that he should be able, without obvious means, to send forth his will-currents to the desired quarters, and awake them to answer. It is not necessary that the reply should come magically; he should expect his will obeyed in the ordinary course of events. As an example, let me give the use I made of a talisman of Abramelin "to have books of magic." When I consecrated it, I was childish enough to expect the instant appearance of a Genie with flames in his mouth and books in his hand. Instead of this, all that happened was that a man called to see me with just those books that I needed, for sale. The point of the story is that I had spent weeks with all the booksellers in England, trying to get just those books. And the man knew nothing of that; he had come on an impulse.

To return: one of the books that I had bought at Cambridge was the "Book of Black Magic and of Facts," the catchpenny production of an ignorant, dipsomaniac, half-demented scholiast named Waite, whose sole asset was a pompous jargon composed of obsolete words. In his preface he said—so far as one could understand—that he was in touch with more Masters, Adepts, Mahatmas, Rosicrucians and Hermetists than had ever appeared even in pseudo-occult literature.

To him I wrote for advice and received many folios of rigmarole in return. The only intelligible sentence was one in which he recommended me to read Von Eckartshausen's "Cloud Upon the Sanctuary." This book spoke of a secret church, of a brotherhood of initiates, exactly filling the bill. I read this book over and over again at Wasdale Head in Cumberland, where I spent Easter of 1898 climbing with a splendid mountaineer, one of the three best the world has ever seen, but a terrible scoffer at all occult lore. However, I sent out my S. O. S. call to the Brotherhood, and this is what resulted:

In July, 1898, I was at a camp on the Schönbühl Glacier above Zermatt, and had gone down to the village for a respite from the constant snowstorms. In the Beerhall one night, like the young ass I was, I started to lay down the law on Alchemy. To hear me, one would think I had just discharged Nicolas Flamel for cleaning my athanor badly, and beaten Basil Valentine over the head for breaking my alembic!

One of the party took me seriously; he saw that my bombast concealed a real desire of knowledge. We walked to the hotel together. I saw that he really knew what I pretended to know, and I dropped my "side" and became the humble learner. I had promised myself to renew the conversation in the morning: to my consternation he had disappeared. I made a vigorous search, and three days later caught him as he was walking down the valley to Viège. I walked

with him and never left him till he had promised to meet me in London and introduce me to a certain Brotherhood of which he spake darkly.

The rest of the story is short. In London he introduced me to a really great magician, one known to adepts as Frater Volo Noscere, who introduced me to a true magical brotherhood. It was more than a year afterwards that I found myself again at a dead-centre. Again I sent out the S. O. S. call from the City of Mexico. The next mail brought me a letter from Frater V. N., solving the questions which I had not

asked! And again, two months later I sent out the call. This time a Master came from England to teach me a New Path—and who should it be but the mountaineer, who had always passed for a sceptic? At the moment of my first call he had been sitting opposite me at the fireplace, had been linked to me on the precipices of Scafell by a rope—if only I had the eyes to see him!

My life has been full of such incidents; if any one cry "coincidence," let him also admit that her long arm was very effectively pulled by my conjuration!

(To Be Continued.)

SINN FEIN

By SHEAMUS O'BRIEN

"We do hereby declare war upon England until such time as our demands being granted, our rights recognized, and our power firmly established in our own country, from which we are now exiled, we may see fit to restore to her the blessings of peace and extend to her the privileges of friendship." The Declaration of Independence of Ireland.

On his accession to the throne of England, it did not escape the observant eye of King Edward VII that the grounds of Balmoral Castle were somewhat conspicuously decorated with a statue of the late John Brown.

This John Brown is to be carefully distinguished from the abolitionist hero of the same name; for we here write of the gillie who is said to have been morganatically married to the Queen of England.

Now Edward VII had no personal feeling about John Brown, so far as we know; and we are not told whether he disliked the statue on aesthetic grounds, though, if it pleased Victoria, there may have been some reason for a very hearty abhorrence. But he expressed no such sentiments as you or I might have done; he simply ordered it to be removed to a part of the forest where deer or grouse were likely to be the only persons shocked.

Dirt has been well defined as "matter in the wrong place"; for instance, raspberry jam in one's hair. It may be the most excellent raspberry jam; but so long as it remains in one's hair, one is annoyed by it. One quite stupidly calls it bad names, and one adopts divers expedients for removing it.

If I were a young girl, I might be exceedingly in love with some fine stalwart man. I might think him simply perfect—and yet you might hear me speak quite sharply to him if he chanced by some inadvertence to be standing, with his nailed shooting boots on, upon my face. Nor, I fancy, would an extension of this process over seven centuries, varied by a war-dance whenever I protested, acclimatize me.

Whenever and wherever Irish and English meet as equals they are the best of friends. Their natures are opposite, but they fit delightfully, better, I think, than any two other races in the world. It has been England's salvation that she has always had Normans or Celts for her real rulers. There is hardly a "Sassenach" in the government to-day. Yet no government has proved capable of dealing with the Irish question, for the perfectly simple reason that its simplicity has been misunderstood. Even Irishmen have misunderstood it. All sorts of nostrums have been tried; the land question has been tinkered for generations; the experiment of this and of that statesman begins with applause, continues with irritation, ends in failure. It is like

the woman with the issue of blood who had spent all her living on physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse. On the whole, the most satisfactory plan—as philosophers have pointed out—has been the policy of rape and murder, starvation, forced emigration, wholesale massacre. It was considered a good joke in my boyhood to say that the Irish question could be settled quite easily—by submerging the island for four-and-twenty hours. (The kind of mind that thinks that funny is hardly like to be of much assistance, perhaps.) Yet the question was and is perfectly simple. All Irish protests, whatever their appearance, meant one thing and one thing only: "Get off my face!"

I have no patience with those Sinn Feiners who are out of temper, and regard the English as monsters and devils. They are the most charming people in the world, and merely become monsters and devils when they try to deal with Ireland.

The British rule in India has been a miracle of beneficence, under the most appalling difficulties of climate, race, language and religion. I have lived long enough in India to know that. But India is not Ireland: for some uncanny reason, in Ireland, England always does the wrong thing at the wrong time. I wish to avoid rancour and recrimination; I wish to cover England with my charity—which is proverbially capable of the task. I impute no blame. I wish to treat all that has happened as misunderstanding. Even England admits that she has blundered. It is really almost a case of sheer mental deficiency. Think of the imbecility of the Piggott forgeries! The whole story is simply incredible. Even G. K. Chesterton, writing a formal apology for England, can only urge that the outrages—which he deliberately parallels with those alleged of the Germans in Belgium—were committed not by England, but by England's Prussian soldiers!

Even pro-Ally Americans were shocked into indignation by the appalling tactlessness of murdering the revolutionists of Easter, 1916; and when, not content with hanging Sir Roger Casement, who was, at the very worst, an unbalanced crank of impracticable idealisms, they proceeded to defile his memory by circulating—in secret, so that no man could challenge and refute it—an alleged diary attributing

to him just that very vice for which their own gang at Dublin Castle, the men who stole the crown jewels, were notorious, we simply concluded that the last trace of reason or of common sense had left the authorities for ever.

They capped it, however, by sending over "Bloody Balfour"—so that the President could simply not avoid asking: 'What are you going to do about Ireland?' The reply is the "all-Irish convention." It is to laugh.

Redmond and Company were discredited once and for all when they agreed to the hanging-up of the Home Rule Act.

The party is dead as mutton; its sheep's bleat and its sheep's brains and its sheep's sheepishness have not saved it. Ireland is Sinn Fein, eleven men in, twelve, maybe more.

Will we come to the convention? What—talk again? We only want one thing of England: "Get off my face."

The moment we are an independent republic like Canada or Australia or the South African Union there can be no further grievance. "We may fight among ourselves?" Well, that's our business, not yours. (Besides, it's a pleasure.)

Until that day of freedom we can do nothing whatever but fight for it. We have had seven centuries of England on our face, and we are desperate. We will use every means; all's fair in love and war. Quoth the genius of Ierne: "No, I don't want you to lend me money; I don't want you to protect my commerce; I don't want you to assist me to overcome my own digestive troubles; I want you to get off my face."

When that day of freedom dawns, the situation;

will dissolve like a dream. Free Ireland will see—with one glance at the map—that she can have only one friend, one ally—England. We are intermarried with the English quite inextricably. The attempt to revive Gaelic is quite on a par with the German reaction toward Gothic type—does any sane Sinn Feiner expect his American cousins to learn Erse?

I, for one, am ready to fight on England's side to-day, against any foe but Ireland. Why should we be foes? It is lunacy, it is against nature.

Get off my face! Let me up, and I'll fight side by side with you. I'll lead your armies to victory, as in the past; I'll replace your dummy officers with men of brains. I have imagination, courage, wisdom—everything you lack—and it's all at your service. But I can do nothing while you are standing on my face.

Cannot England try the experiment, at least? Things cannot well be worse—and yet they grow worse inevitably with the induration of time.

Once a republic, shall we not help our sister France? What grudge have we against you but the one grudge? We do not wish to annex Lancashire; in fact, God forbid! We shall not try to starve you with submarines; on the contrary, we can help each other with food. But we'll treat as friends and equals; Britons have not a monopoly of "never will be slaves."

You are so stupid in all that concerns Ireland that I fear you may not see that I am not uttering a pious wish, but stating an apodeictic proposition, declaring the inexorable logic of events.

But after all, even if our republic doesn't work as I say it will, and know it will, would you be worse off than you are now? And surely we can talk better arm in arm—Oh, do get off my face!

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LEADERS OF THE NATIONAL SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

MESDAMES:

May I address a few words to you with regard to the general policy of the campaign in favor of Woman Suffrage? In most respects the conduct of that campaign has been admirable, but I should like to indicate what appears to me a remarkable omission.

You have understood perfectly that general education is a necessary feature, yet you have not put your finger upon the one great obstacle to the emancipation of women. I refer to what is known as wholesome literature. In England to some extent, but still more in this country, the purveyors of fiction cut away the ground entirely from under your feet by the constant assumption that woman is nothing but an instrument of sex. In the average novel, no matter what the subject, what is called the "love-interest" means nothing more than that the real pre-occupation of the book is with the question as to whether she will, or whether she won't. The entire plot is a species of tantalization. It never seems to occur to the popular writer that a man (even) could take a genuine interest in

those things which persons like myself at least are really interested. The doctor who discovers a new cure for diabetes, the inventor who opens a whole new world of activity to the human race, the poet who seeks to translate the divine ecstasy into language, are doing this, according to the popular writer, merely in order to get hold of a girl. It is this fundamental pre-occupation with sex, this enormous over-valuation of sex, which is making it impossible for the people of this country to assimilate in the idea of a woman as a human being, something more than Swinburne's "Love machine With clock-work joints of supple gold, No more, Faustine."

At the present moment we are inaugurating in this magazine a campaign to put sex in its proper place—as a necessary ingredient of life, indeed, but not one to be allowed to obsess the mind. The sex-taboo is the enemy of human progress. Until that is removed mankind can never dwell upon the heights; the mischief done in life by it is made possible principally by the mischief done by so-called wholesome literature.

CEREBELLUM.

THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE

"Behold, I stand at the door, and KNOCK."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"A Chaste Man," by Louis U. Wilkinson. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.)

Mr. Wilkinson's new book is a distinct advance on "The Buffoon." In that work he showed himself as a novelist of manners of great excellence, but, he gave no indication of his new development. The new book places him among the supreme masters of tragedy. He is not merely equal to the greatest of the Russians, but superior to them; for the worst tragedies of Russia can never equal those of England. Russia, at the very worst, is a place where something happens. In England lives are ruined by the hundred thousand through the fact that nothing happens or ever can happen. Even the war seems to leave but a superficial impression.

The book opens by showing us the hero duly reminding Mr. Somebody that this is the third application, etc., and that unless, etc., and remains his faithfully. Despite the enthralling adventure described in the book, the hero has not enough sense to live up to his opportunities. As a result he is found on the last page still reminding Mr. Somebody that this is the third application, etc. People have got so habituated to this sort of thing that they seem to have lost consciousness of its horror.

There is practically no difference between the life of a pauper and that of a young man in a good situation like the hero of this book. Life should be intolerable without hope in youth of doing worthy things, and memory in age of worthy things accomplished. Under the modern industrial system 95 per cent. of the population never get a chance either for hope or memory. Yet life is not intolerable to them, for the virile spirit has been destroyed by generations of "propriety."

In this novel is conveyed with overwhelming power the tremendous moral lesson that a man, by refusing to grasp the nettle of fate, not only fails in himself, but ruins others. The final tragedy of the girl Olga is indeed most pitiful. Yet, it is a tragedy which happens every day. That, in fact, raises one's sense of pity from the personal to the cosmic. One begins to realize the appalling price that has to be paid for cheap clothes and what are absurdly called the conveniences of life.

If people could awake to a true sense of the universe, they would understand that a year in the trenches is much better than a year in the comfortable home. The ancients knew that the soul must be purged by pity and terror; and these are just the elements against which modern civilization has been striving. The comic catastrophe in which it has been involved is the only good thing about it. Comfort, regularity, peace are the most dreadful enemies of the soul.

If I look back upon my life, I find that the only

things worth remembering are the adventures, the times when I was undergoing incredible hardships, when I was in hourly peril of immediate death. Of course, it may be different if one is a tame animal; but how dreadful a thing it is to be tame!

This book is written with sublime simplicity, with that art which conceals art. Every page is interesting in itself, yet every incident is duly subordinate to the brooding horror of the main theme. The Buddhists say that the three great enemies of the soul are greed, hatred and dullness. How could one better describe life in a modern city? Dr. Wilkinson has seized upon this gruesome theme with the aplomb of a master. Without a high-pitched voice, without violence or didacticism, he lays bare the corpse of our modern death-in-life.

A. QUILLER, JR.

"Jap Herron," a novel written from the Ouija Board. (Mitchell Kennerley). "The Love Letters of St. John," (Mitchell Kennerley).

Literary forgeries are sometimes interesting, but they have to be clever. It is possible that St. John corresponded with a courtesan, but we should be more satisfied as to the authenticity of such a correspondence if we had the manuscript. As the person responsible for the volume claims to have had letters that were given to an old priest in Tuscany long ago, we might at least have had a sample of the original. Instead, we obtain nothing but stuff which would hardly do for the sob column of the least sophisticated evening paper. The ideas attributed to St. John are so cheaply sentimental, and the attempt to imitate part of his style is so crude, that one simply cannot bother to attempt a serious analysis. There is nothing in the book but vague drivel. It is the most modern brainless tosh. The worst of all ancient authors never abandoned himself to such a debauch of futile footling. The whole thing is beneath contempt.

"Jap Herron" is prefaced by an elaborate introduction as to how the book was obtained. We have no wish to doubt that the spiritualists who did it are sincere. They may think that Mark Twain wrote this book; but if so, Mark Twain has simply forgotten how to write. It is hardly even a washed-out Mark Twain. There is not a line of humor or a phrase of wit in the entire production, of the kind that one could call characteristic.

There appears to be a kind of painstaking imitation of the style, such as might be within the powers of one of those playful elemental spirits who love to make fun of those who invoke them without proper magical precautions; but no one with the smallest sense of criticism could possibly imagine that Mark Twain wrote this book. It limps a thousand miles behind the very feeblest of his earthly efforts. I say this not by any means as a whole-hearted admirer of Mark Twain. I think he wrote a great deal of third-rate stuff, forced humor, false sentiment, at times sheer tosh. But this book is a revelation of how good that bad stuff was.

On the other hand, it may be argued that Mark Twain is now "regenerate." His new experiences may have modified his attitude to things terrestrial. The book, standing on its own feet, might be found interesting and genial; on the stilts of spiritualism it fails.

MILES.

The Journal of Leo Tolstoi—1895-1899. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.)

Many passages of this record will be painful and shocking to all good Americans, for does not this great republic justly pride herself beyond all else on her indomitable chivalry, her deep reverence for womanhood? Tolstoi's view of women is hideously antipodal to the views of Boston Ethical Societies, Beatrice Fairfax, Chautauqua lecturers, Robert W. Chambers, Colonel Roosevelt, Ma Sunday, the Houses of Congress, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Now that the news is broken, turn to page 251 of these journals, in which, the publisher's note tells us, Tolstoi "placed great importance, deeming them to be the true mirror of his inmost self"; an observation which is entirely just, for they give their author's essence, confirming and deepening all we know of him.

"Woman . . . is the tool of the devil. She is generally stupid, but the devil lends her his brain when she works for him. Here, you see, she has done miracles of thinking, far-sightedness, constancy, in order to do something nasty; but as soon as something not nasty is needed, she cannot understand the simplest thing; she cannot see farther than the present moment, and there is no self-control and no patience (except child-birth and the care of children)."

Pass, if you have strength left, to page 291:

"For seventy years I have been lowering and lowering my opinion of women and still it has to be lowered more and more. The woman question! How can there not be a woman question? Only not in this, how women should begin to direct life, but in this, how they should stop ruining it."

This is awful.

It is as bad as St. Paul. The reasons for the misogyny of both prophets are the same; they are of equal psychopathic purport. Both Tolstoi and St. Paul were lustful men swerved by violent reaction to the ascetic ideal, and if your lustful man unconverted is a misprizer of women, still more bitter and ferocious is he in his misprizing when he "sees the light." Women show him the concrete forms of the most terrible, the most agonizing temptations that life holds; they are the potential, and, alas! too often the actual instruments of his falls from grace and the spirit. He fears and hates them with all the force of his stemmed sex passion. These are facts that every feminist and every good American should know; they should realize that Puritanism is at bitter enmity with feminism and Americanism. Study, then, this illuminating journal with its records of mania, perversion, depression, struggle, dissatisfaction, spiritual suffering, "general despair," back-aches, "weakness and pain in the spinal column."

The inferiority of Tolstoi's later work is amply explained. Suppose a man living by the sea in a hot climate. After extravagant bathing he conceives the idea that such indulgence is wicked. He refrains, or struggles fiercely to refrain, altogether. The heat grows more intolerable for him; he is obsessed by the heat, by his renunciation of bath-

ing. The obsession diverts and absorbs his energies, his mind is distorted by manias, he is passionately convinced of various absurdities, he comes to believe that there is something wicked about the ocean. He cannot work, he is miserable and useless.

The Journal should be widely read as a tragic object-lesson, a dreadful warning of what happens to a man of genius, a man of turbulent but real creative power, when he is perverted to asceticism, and determines, logically, to undergo all the disfigurements of his creed. Logically: for as Tolstoi and Paul see, if desire is vile, wedlock is vile. "There never was and there never can be such a thing as Christian marriage." "The highest condition to which woman can attain is that of maidenhood." "It is good for a man not to touch a woman." So let "the most dangerous of all passions" cease to exist, and the world with it! And let women, "tools of the devil," snarers of the spirit in the toils of the flesh, women whose very smiles "often season something entirely foul"—let them depart to the place which is prepared!

LOUIS WILKINSON.

"The Crimes of Charity," by K. Bercovici. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.)

(The Crimes of Charity is one of the most interesting books of the season. It is also one of the most heart-rending. The author has not attacked persons; he has confined himself to exposing the effects of wrong principles. Nevertheless his book has been boycotted by many of the libraries. The book is splendidly written. The author has the great gift of enabling the reader to visualize the scenes described without effort. Merely as an artistic production, this book ranks extremely high. Each section is a perfect little vignette of humanity. It must not be missed by anyone who wishes to qualify for the Abou Ben Adhem class. A. C.)

Institutions are hindering the free development of human activities. They are concerned with average quantity and not individual quality. There is no more fiendish institution than Organized Charity. Vested with the care of the invalids of our economic system, Organized Charity is more anxious to sell absolution to the sinners than to take care of the sinned against. The modern parvenu, the weaver of our social fabric, is too greedy not to maim and kill for profit, but he is too weak not to feel remorse, during the few minutes he allows himself to be away from the crushing wheels of industry or the coarse and noisy anæsthetic pleasures of our epoch.

Bred of industrialism and hypocrisy, Organized Charity is a mongrel cuddling to the rich to obtain a bone from their table, and after trimming it of all the meat and fat for its own maintenance it brings the bone, naked but dirty with saliva, to the starving poor in whose name it exists.

In my book "The Crimes of Charity," I have attempted to show how they do it, how they kill every human sentiment in the giver and receiver, how they could not exist if the givers had any faith in human nature or if the poor had any pride left in their crushed souls, that it is the object of Organized Charity to kill both the faith and the pride of the one and the other. It is its very *raison d'être*.

Love and pity is merchandise, and it is sold *en gros* and *en detail*. Like a flock of crows over a battlefield Organized Charity hovers over the carcass of our bleeding civilization.

(Continued on next page.)

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THE GATE OF KNOWLEDGE.

(Continued from page 235.)

I have attempted to show that instead of healing the wound, Organized Charity is filling the ulcers with the pus of other wounds. Through spying, lying and deceiving they have risen to dangerous power, so that they now command an army of millions. One is a subject of Organized Charity whether he gives or receives alms.

From their patrons, wholesale dealers in potatoes and munitions fattening on the sustaining and taking of life with equal hypocrisy and patriotism, Organized Charity emulates the old wholesale dealing in human flesh and tears of the slave days. More than two million people in the United States are in the clutches of Organized Charity. Its aggregate income is more than two hundred million dollars a year, and its property one billion dollars. It is the greatest power of evil on earth.

I have attempted to show how the poor are herded and labeled and libelled and insulted, how their private life is destroyed and besmirched. Organized Charity considers poverty a crime and riches a virtue. It acts on this principle; the poor are criminals. The alms are administered as punishment. Absolute destitution is considered a crime deserving the severest punishment.

I have suggested no remedy, beyond the personal giving of alms as of old, because I know that any remedy would immediately be institutionalized, for the sake of efficiency, on the unchristian theory of the "deserving poor."

To those whose peaceful slumber I have disturbed and who cry "how impossibly horrible!" I say again, "Can you keep your head high when you see the single file of a bread line? Can you imagine anything more brutal than to compel men to bare their souls to shame that the body may live—a little longer?" From those ranks, murderers, prostitutes, and strike breakers are recruited. It symbolizes the methods of Organized Charity. Watch now the intrigues of the diverse war charities as to who shall obtain the fattest bone!

Charity is now fast becoming an International Power; and if I have not compared it to the Camorra, the Mafia, and the Black Hand, it is because I feared to do those institutions an injustice.

KONRAD BERCOVICI.

"*Spirit Intercourse, Its Theory and Practice*," by J. Hewat McKenzie. (Mitchell Kennerley, 1917.)

I have never read such nauseating twaddle as this book. The author is so ignorant, so impudently ignorant, that he even claims ordinary vaudeville performances as operated by spiritual means! There is also a great deal of disgusting nonsense about the frightful things that happen to you after death if you lead a normal healthy life on earth.

A. QUILLER, JR.

"*The Hand Invisible*," Edited by E. B. Harriett. (International Historical Society, Inc., New York, 1917.)

This is a very interesting book. No great pains have been taken to insist

upon the nature of the means by which it was obtained. The book therefore stands or falls by its own merit; and in this case the merit is considerable. It is true that there is not any particularly new truth; but there is much which cannot fail to help and encourage a great many people in this country. At times the thought is decidedly epigrammatic: "Painted fun knows no mirth."

There is much quiet wisdom, too, one may say, on almost every page. It is not a book which will be of any use to those who are spiritually advanced in the technical sense; but its influence upon the average reader can but be helpful.

MILES.

"*Kelly of the Foreign Legion*." (Mitchell Kennerley, 1917.)

Most writers of war stories have been sophisticated persons who thought that they had better put in some fine writing and some profound philosophical thoughts. Among these, thank God, is not to be found Kelly of the Foreign Legion. I think we may take him as the average soldier. A perfectly simple-minded, decent, good fellow. His highest thoughts about the war are to say that it is an asinine thing. We consequently get a very charming account of what soldiers really go through, without the slightest attempt at swank, and padding, and trying to make an impression. It is quite the best book on the war I have yet seen.

A. C.

Henrik Ibsen

Henrik Ibsen is beyond question the most important figure in modern thought. There are after all very few writers who have perfectly summarized great periods of the history of the race. Sophocles represents to us in dramatic form, perhaps better than any of his contemporaries, the real trend of ancient thought. Aristotle may be considered his only rival; and Sophocles is more important than Aristotle because he employs the method of art. The dark ages are dark to us, mainly, because they lacked so perfect an exponent. Dante is the only poet who is at all satisfactory. The spirit of the Renaissance is far more perfectly expressed in Shakespeare than in any other writer. After his time there is no one of planetary importance until we come to Balzac. But Balzac wrote in a period of transition; revolution and counter-revolution had already made earthquakes in Europe. But the world at large was not alive to the significance of what was happening. Nobody foresaw the extent of the dominion of science.

Ibsen was the first man to realize how tremendous an upheaval was involved in the discoveries of chemist and physicist. Revealed religion had already gone by the board so far as thinking men were concerned; and with it had gone the crude morality which is based upon it. People were feeling the need of confession while revolted at the idea of confessing to a priest, the need of redemption while appalled at the thought of a redeemer. Man was shaking himself free from the nightmare of ages, and he was in the curious condition which often happens to one in the morning. One is not sure whether one is awake or asleep. One does not fully realize where one is or who one is. This condition is often one of great

anguish. It never occurred to our grandfathers to discuss the problem of a woman who refused motherhood; of a man who doubted whether his duty was to himself or to his country.

Now Ibsen represented with the most sublime art, with the simplicity of Greek tragedy, all these earthquakes of the soul. There is hardly any phase of the great spiritual revolt which he does not portray. Even such questions as the value and propriety of truth fell under his analysis. He has often been represented as a propagandist. He may have been that in his capacity of citizen; in that of artist he was divinely impartial. His plays are not tracts.

It is doubtful whether one could argue any single proposition from one of his plays. He spares us the moral. One is often amused by people maintaining that "A Doll's House" is a plea for the emancipation of woman. It is obvious to the reader, and still more to the spectator, of the play that, however hard Nora banged the door, she was sure to be back in time for dinner. Ibsen himself made fun of his stupid admirers in "The Wild Duck." So far as he expressed his own opinion at all, it is in the earlier poems. For example, in "Brand," we find that the hero, while perfectly correct in asserting that "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," fails through his not going on with the interpretation of that divinely given phrase, "Love is the law, love under will"; and in "Peer Gynt" he shows how the "will to love" of Solveig is the one magical spell necessary to the redemption of the hero. This is hardly a dogmatic statement. It is merely a dramatic presentation of the Law of the New Aeon.

Ibsen remains therefore the important figure of all recent times. It was very greatly the moral uncertainty produced by the spiritual revolution, the failure to adjust our systems of ethics to our material reconstruction, that made the war possible. This period of unrest is by no means at an end. The old Gods are a little more obviously dead. One hears everywhere the wailing of the babe Horus as he draws his first breaths, but, for many of us, the problems discussed by Ibsen still remain unsolved. They remain of supreme interest and importance. Even if we have read Ibsen thoroughly and carefully at the time of his greatest influence, twenty or thirty years ago, it is still incumbent upon us to read him again in the light of what has happened since.

The other day I took out "Brand" from my shelves and read it. I was astonished to discover how entirely my point of view had changed since I read him at college fifteen years ago. It was, one might say, an entirely new poem. Time had interpreted between Ibsen and the spirit. The absorbing and commanding interest remained undiminished; in a sense, its vigor had increased. The same applies to practically all the great plays of the Norwegian master; and it is really astonishing to observe on what heights he lived habitually, to what depths he invariably probed. Ibsen has certainly established his claim to be the supreme interpreter of the spirit of his age.

To-day, more than at any other period, it seems urgent to study him with reverent care, for we are approach-

ing a period of reconstruction and regeneration; and it is Ibsen above all others who can tell us what not to do. In the "Twilight of the Idols," many monsters appeared; and in this hour of the dawn of the new creation it is as it was (according to the Hebrew tradition) in the old creation, "Faces, half-formed, arose." Those faces perished because there was no substance in them; and to-day we are in danger of being obsessed by many ideas, sometimes beautiful but usually fantastic, that wish to impose themselves upon us for the true Gods of the Aeon.

We must beware of these phantoms, and our best sentinel against them is that thorough skeptical examination of moral ideas which we owe to Henrik Ibsen. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Social Shopping Service

It struck me as rather odd when I was asked whether I would undertake to shop for "International" readers, for somehow, I never thought that "Intellectuals" need any shopping.

But on second, sober thought I do agree with your editor that even intellectuals must have automobiles and zithers, eau-de-cologne and dogs, upper and lower ties, and all that sort of thing; and it is true that intellectuals are particularly helpless in getting from the shops of Gotham all the things, big and little, which they need for themselves and their huts in the by-ways.

I have been for many years an expert buyer for some of the most important people in New York, "smart ones" at least in the social sense, and somehow they have looked to me to find for them that gentle touch not easily gotten by correspondence with shopkeeper's clerks.

If "International" readers would like advice on books or music, soap or stationery, baby-carriages or opera cloaks, diamonds or pajamas, what-nots or roadsters, and if they will tell me just how much money they are prepared to spend, whether the thing he bought is for the maiden-aunt or soldier boy, I shall be happy to look about for them.

The editors of the "International" have asked me to do this, because they want to establish a closer relationship with their readers and they instructed me to tell you that you will not be charged for my services.

The Secretary.

P.S.—I am married. My husband loves me. I am shopping for all of his sisters, aunts and brothers. Try me.

P. S. No. 2.—When writing, please address "The Secretary," care of International Monthly, Inc., 1123 Broadway, New York. If you have chosen something from a catalogue or want me to select or match a color, make remittances payable to The International.

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The Black Windmill

(Continued from page 270)

ettes. That would be moderation." The doctor went on writing as he spoke.

Captain Frankford drew an envelope from his pocket and consulted some notes he had made for inquiry.

"Ah, yes, and drinks—well, I suppose moderation in everything, and early hours? That's about the ticket, isn't it?"

"Yes. I should recommend you to be always in bed before midnight, if possible."

"Diet, too. Of course, I know that's important." The Captain was walking about the room, gravely preoccupied, beginning to display a bachelor fussiness. "But of course you're attending to all that in that regime you're writing out? Some people say that whole wheat bread—I shall be down here most of the time during the next month or so—I'll come and see you pretty regularly, of course. Excellent to know someone really reliable down here. We might have a test for blood pressure or something of that sort later, to see how things are working, eh?"

"Certainly." Doctor Peachey finished writing, then he looked up with a sudden smile at his patient. "A test for the blood pressure. Certainly." He folded the paper, keeping it between his fingers. "I think, Captain," he went on, "I'll make you up your first dose of the tonic now. Excuse me for a few minutes."

He smiled again; people used to remark on the peculiar sweetness of his smile, and the Captain felt it was friendly and encouraging.

"Good little fellow," he thought as the doctor went out to the dispensary. "Nice, quiet, unpretentious little chap. Bit of an ass, but a good sort. And everyone says he's a splendid doctor—best for miles around. I've come to the right shop. Those damned London men—make you pay through the nose—and no time for individual attention—always in such a beastly hurry—"

Doctor Peachey came back with a half-full tumbler, in which he stirred with a spoon.

"Drink this now, Captain," he said. "This is the best tonic I know—with your particular end in view. It'll make you feel quite different."

Captain Frankford took the tumbler. "Here's luck, then!" he cried facetiously, and swallowed the blue liquid at a gulp.

He laughed; then became conscious that the doctor was staring at him. He felt uncomfortable and irritated. "Hulloa, what's up?" he asked brusquely. "What the deuce is the matter with you, doctor? I say, don't look at me like that." He could not have said how the doctor was looking at him, but it was an expression that struck him as damnable queer; he had never seen anything like it before. He turned away. "Well, suppose I'd better be off. Oh, you forgot to give me my prescription—my régime." He held out his hand. The doctor was still staring. "I say, man!" the Captain cried sharply, "are you ill?"

Doctor Peachey burst into uproarious laughter. He laughed riotously, laughed

continuously, laughed in shakes and quivers and howls. He stooped over his bookshelf, laughing, laughing still.

The color of the Captain's mottled cheeks changed as he regarded this astounding exhibition. "Good God!" he gasped at last, "good God!" He gurgled and choked, raised his hand, then tottered against the table, falling into a chair. "Poisoned me," he whispered, "the devil's poisoned me." He showed features mutilated by pain. "Help!" he called loudly, "help!" He tried to rise. "That Black Windmill—and you!" The doctor, leaning back his little unimportant head, laughed and laughed.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

Dear Sir:—

Can you give me any information as to a person named Henry Van Dyke? I am told he is or was a professor of literature at Princeton, but I cannot believe it. He is responsible for a poem called "The Heavenly Hills of Holland." Of course, Holland has no hills. Possibly Mr. Van Dyke thinks that it is poetical to see something which doesn't exist. The poet should be a master of reality rather than of paradox.

It would be absurd for me to call Mr. Van Dyke an ass. He is not an ass. He has two legs, not four. His ears are not so long or so hairy. For all I know there may be other points of difference. Nor did I ever hear of an ass who was so impudent a plagiarist as to begin a poem

"The heavenly Hills of Holland,
How wondrously they rise,"
a century or so after some one else wrote,
"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand."

J. K.

[We can obtain no information about this Mr. Van Dyke. He appears to be utterly unknown in this country.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: I thought the article on Magick was splendid. As soon as it is complete, I am going to read it to our Women's Club.

Very truly yours,
K. L. R.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
August 7, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: Let me congratulate you on the new tone of your editorials. Your "bird-man" is fine. Will you give us more of his cosmopolitan observations in future numbers?

Sincerely yours,
R. Y.

Zanesville, Ohio, August 16, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: I have received the set of Balzac and am greatly pleased with it. I cannot understand how such a set of books can be sold at such a low price.

Yours truly,
V. O. G.

St. Louis, Missouri, August 20, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: I picked up the August copy of the "International" Magazine during a recent stay in your city. To say that I found it interesting is to put it mildly, and I not only propose to become one of its subscribers, but intend to get you a good many new ones in this State.

Mr. wife was very much interested in a poem called "Two Lives," and I would appreciate it were you to forward me the previous numbers in which this magnificent piece of poetry was started.

Very truly yours,
L. E.

Richmond Virginia, August 13, 1917.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL:

Sir: As a subscriber to the International—will you kindly advise me whether Mr. Michael Monahan is still a contributor? In the last two numbers I have noticed nothing from his pen.

W. W. A.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, August 11, 1917.

[Don't despair, he will be with us again soon.—Ed.]

And another subscriber writes: Herewith my renewal subscription. Mr. Wilkinson's "Plea for Better Morals," is alone worth \$150.

THE INTERNATIONAL

GLINTS OF AN OCTOBER OPAL.

I have such a swelled head over the excellence of this number that I am afraid to talk about it. Remember what happened to King Nebuchadnezzar and King Herod?

However, my birthday is in October, so I hope every reader of this number who has not already subscribed for a year will do so. It's worth it. We shall not let the standard down.

The November number will be perfectly wonderful.

There's one of the best of the Simon Iff stories—a tale of a bank robbery. I'm not sure that it isn't the most exciting of the whole series. It certainly has got action—ever see a Battery Mule in a panic?

Then there's another of the great Mark Wells stories of the golden past—one, by the way, with a very strong application to the affairs of to-day.

The Mark Wells stories of Pagan times are all true stories in the highest sense of the word. That is, they make these periods live again before the reader's eyes. The customs and beliefs which they describe are authentic, on the authority of the greatest of all archaeologists, Dr. J. G. Frazer, Lilt. D., whose classic, "The Golden Bough," is Mr. Wells' chief source of information.

We have, too, a startling article on Shakespeare by Dr. Louis Wilkinson—Shakespeare as Rebel, Aristocrat and Pessimist.

And we have the concluding section of the Revival of Magick—with more to follow.

And we have quite a number of other good things—and the trouble is that we don't want to announce them, because it is so hard to decide to hold any one of them over.

Now do help us to increase the size of this magazine to forty-eight pages. There isn't another International in the world, and there

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City, Telephone, Farragut 9777. Cable
address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bombard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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never will be. We have a new point of view, the rarest and most beautiful thing that exists. To read the International is a liberal education, and the best of it is that it is all done by kindness!

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS

SOMEONE said the other day that there is something about THE INTERNATIONAL which he can't find in any other periodical.

THERE is. It is indefinable; something which even we ourselves cannot describe. It isn't quite enough to say that ours is a magazine of international politics, literature, art and events of current interest; that THE INTERNATIONAL contains the best fiction and the best essays of the day. There is more to be said for the quality and for the style of this magazine.

TO call THE INTERNATIONAL "highbrow" is all wrong. It isn't anything of the kind. After you have read this number you will say: "Ah! Here is the magazine I have been waiting for." That being the case, won't you fill out the subscription blank at the bottom of this page?

FOR the benefit of our present subscribers who want their friends to become acquainted with us, we append another little blank.

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VOL. XI. NO. 10.

OCTOBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS

COCAINE

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

"There is a happy land, far, far, away."

Hymn.

[We disagree with our gifted contributing editor on some points, but nevertheless we regard this article as one of the most important studies of the deleterious effects of a drug that, according to police statistics, is beginning to be a serious menace to our youth.—Ed.]

I.

Of all the Graces that cluster about the throne of Venus the most timid and elusive is that maiden whom mortals call Happiness. None is so eagerly pursued; none is so hard to win. Indeed, only the saints and martyrs, unknown usually to their fellow-men, have made her theirs; and they have attained her by burning out the Ego-sense in themselves with the white-hot steel of meditation, by dissolving themselves in that divine ocean of Consciousness whose foam is passionless and perfect bliss.

To others, Happiness only comes as by chance; when least sought, perhaps she is there. Seek, and ye shall not find; ask, and ye shall not receive; knock, and it shall not be opened unto you. Happiness is always a divine accident. It is not a definite quality; it is the bloom of circumstances. It is useless to mix its ingredients; the experiments in life which have produced it in the past may be repeated endlessly, and with infinite skill and variety—in vain.

It seems more than a fairy story that so metaphysical an entity should yet be producible in a moment by no means of wisdom, no formula of magic, but by a simple herb. The wisest man cannot add happiness to others, though they be dowered with youth, beauty, wealth, health, wit and love; the lowest blackguard shivering in rags, destitute, diseased, old, craven, stupid, a mere morass of envy, may have it with one swift-sucked breath. The thing is as paradoxical as life, as mystical as death.

Look at this shining heap of crystals! They are Hydrochloride of Cocaine. The geologist will think of mica; to me, the mountaineer, they are like those gleaming feathery flakes of snow, flowering mostly where rocks jut from the ice of crevassed glaciers. That wind and sun have kissed to ghostliness. To those who know not the great hills, they may suggest the snow that spangles trees with blossoms glittering and lucid. The kingdom of faery has such jewels. To him who tastes them in his nostrils—to their acolyte and slave—they must seem as if the dew of the breath

of some great demon of Immensity were frozen by the cold of space upon his beard.

For there was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine. Give it to no matter whom. Choose me the last losel on the earth; let him suffer all the tortures of disease; take hope, take faith, take love away from him. Then look, see the back of that worn hand, its skin discolored and wrinkled, perhaps inflamed with agonizing eczema, perhaps putrid with some malignant sore. He places on it that shimmering snow, a few grains only, a little pile of starry dust. The wasted arm is slowly raised to the head that is little more than a skull; the feeble breath draws in that radiant powder. Now we must wait. One minute—perhaps five minutes.

Then happens the miracle of miracles, as sure as death, and yet as masterful as life; a thing more miraculous, because so sudden, so apart from the usual course of evolution. *Natura non facit saltum*—nature never makes a leap. True—therefore this miracle is a thing as it were against nature.

The melancholy vanishes; the eyes shine; the wan mouth smiles. Almost manly vigor returns, or seems to return. At least faith, hope and love throng very eagerly to the dance; all that was lost is found.

The man is happy.

To one the drug may bring liveliness, to another languor; to another creative force, to another tireless energy, to another glamor, and to yet another lust. But each in his way is happy. Think of it!—so simple and so transcendental! The man is happy!

I have traveled in every quarter of the globe; I have seen such wonders of Nature that my pen yet splutters when I try to tell them; I have seen many a miracle of the genius of man; but I have never seen a marvel like to this.

II.

Is there not a school of philosophers, cold and cynical, that accounts God to be a mocker? That thinks He takes His pleasure in contempt of the littleness of His creatures? They should base their theses on co-

caine! For here is bitterness, irony, cruelty ineffable. This gift of sudden and sure happiness is given but to tantalize. The story of Job holds no such acrid draught. What were more icy hate, fiend comedy than this, to offer such a boon, and add "This you must not take?" Could not we be left to brave the miseries of life, bad as they are, without this master pang, to know perfection of all joy within our reach, and the price of that joy a tenfold quickening of our anguish?

The happiness of cocaine is not passive or placid as that of beasts; it is self-conscious. It tells man what he is, and what he might be; it offers him the semblance of divinity, only that he may know himself a worm. It awakes discontent so acutely that never shall it sleep again. It creates hunger. Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled to the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare; he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make; and the glimpse of his goal may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints.

But give it to the clod, to the self-indulgent, to the blasé—to the average man, in a word—and he is lost. He says, and his logic is perfect; *This is what I want*. He knows not, neither can know, the true path; and the false path is the only one for him. There is cocaine at his need, and he takes it again and again. The contrast between his grub life and his butterfly life is too bitter for his unphilosophic soul to bear; he refuses to take the brimstone with the treacle.

And so he can no longer tolerate the moments of unhappiness; that is, of normal life; for he now so names it. The intervals between his indulgences diminish.

And alas! the power of the drug diminishes with fearful pace. The doses wax; the pleasures wane. Side-issues, invisible at first, arise; they are like devils with flaming pitchforks in their hands.

A single trial of the drug brings no noticeable reaction in a healthy man. He goes to bed in due season, sleeps well, and wakes fresh. South American Indians habitually chew this drug in its crude form, when upon the march, and accomplish prodigies, defying hunger, thirst, and fatigue. But they only use it in extremity; and long rest with ample food enables the body to rebuild its capital. Also, savages, unlike most dwellers in cities, have moral sense and force.

The same is true of the Chinese and Indians in their use of opium. Every one uses it, and only in the rarest cases does it become a vice. It is with them almost as tobacco is with us.

But to one who abuses cocaine for his pleasure nature soon speaks; and is not heard. The nerves weary of the constant stimulation; they need rest and food. There is a point at which the jaded horse no longer answers whip and spur. He stumbles, falls a quivering heap, gasps out his life.

So perishes the slave of cocaine. With every nerve clamoring, all he can do is to renew the lash of the poison. The pharmaceutical effect is over; the toxic effect accumulates. The nerves become insane. The victim begins to have hallucinations. "See! There is a grey cat in that chair. I said nothing, but it has been there all the time."

Or, there are rats. "I love to watch them running

up the curtains. Oh yes! I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my window-sill one night."

Such, quietly enough spoken, is mania. And soon the pleasure passes; is followed by its opposite, as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh no! they never come near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathsome and remorseless.

It is needless to picture the end, prolonged as this may be, for despite the baffling skill developed by the drug-lust, the insane condition hampers the patient, and often forced abstinence for a while goes far to appease the physical and mental symptoms. Then a new supply is procured, and with tenfold zest the maniac, taking the bit between his teeth, gallops to the black edge of death.

And before that death come all the torments of damnation. The time-sense is destroyed, so that an hour's abstinence may hold more horrors than a century of normal time-and-space-bound pain.

Psychologists little understand how the physiological cycle of life, and the normality of the brain, make existence petty both for good and ill. To realize it, fast for a day or two; see how life drags with a constant subconscious ache. With drug hunger, this effect is multiplied a thousandfold. Time itself is abolished; the real metaphysical eternal hell is actually present in the consciousness which has lost its limits without finding Him who is without limit.

III.

Much of this is well known; the dramatic sense has forced me to emphasize what is commonly understood, because of the height of the tragedy—or of the comedy, if one have that power of detachment from mankind which we attribute only to the greatest of men, to the Aristophanes, the Shakespeares, the Balzacs, the Rabelais, the Voltaires, the Byrons, that power which makes poets at one time pitiful of the woes of men, at another gleefully contemptuous of their discomfitures.

But I should wiselier have emphasized the fact that the very best men may use this drug, and many another, with benefit to themselves and to humanity. Even as the Indians of whom I spoke above, they will use it only to accomplish some work which they could not do without it. I instance Herbert Spencer, who took morphine daily, never exceeding an appointed dose. Wilkie Collins, too, overcame the agony of rheumatic gout with laudanum, and gave us masterpieces not surpassed.

Some went too far. Baudelaire crucified himself, mind and body, in his love for humanity; Verlaine became at last the slave where he had been so long the master. Francis Thompson killed himself with opium; so did Edgar Allen Poe. James Thomson did the same with alcohol. The cases of de Quincey and H. G. Ludlow are lesser, but similar, with laudanum and hashish, respectively. The great Paracelsus, who discovered hydrogen, zinc and opium, deliberately employed the excitement of alcohol, counterbalanced by violent physical exercise, to bring out the powers of his mind.

Coleridge did his best while under opium, and we owe the loss of the end of Kubla Khan to the in-

terruption of an importunate "man from Porlock," ever accursed in the history of the human race!

IV.

Consider the debt of mankind to opium. It is acquitted by the deaths of a few wastrels from its abuse?

For the importance of this paper is the discussion of the practical question: should drugs be accessible to the public?

Here I pause in order to beg the indulgence of the American people. I am obliged to take a standpoint at once startling and unpopular. I am compelled to utter certain terrible truths. I am in the unenviable position of one who asks others to shut their eyes to the particular that they may thereby visualize the general.

But I believe that in the matter of legislation America is proceeding in the main upon a totally false theory. I believe that constructive morality is better than repression. I believe that democracy, more than any other form of government, should trust the people, as it specifically pretends to do.

Now it seems to me better and bolder tactics to attack the opposite theory at its very strongest point.

It should be shown that not even in the most arguable case is a government justified in restricting use on account of abuse; or allowing justification, let us dispute about expediency.

So, to the bastion—should "habit-forming" drugs be accessible to the public?

The matter is of immediate interest; for the admitted failure of the Harrison Law has brought about a new proposal—one to make bad worse.

I will not here argue the grand thesis of liberty. Free men have long since decided it. Who will maintain that Christ's willing sacrifice of his life was immoral, because it robbed the State of a useful taxpayer?

No; a man's life is his own, and he has the right to destroy it as he will, unless he too egregiously intrude on the privileges of his neighbors.

But this is just the point. In modern times the whole community is one's neighbor, and one must not damage that. Very good; then there are pros and cons, and a balance to be struck.

In America the prohibition idea in all things is carried, mostly by hysterical newspapers, to a fanatical extreme. "Sensation at any cost by Sunday next" is the equivalent in most editorial rooms of the alleged German order to capture Calais. Hence the dangers of anything and everything are celebrated dithyrambically by the Corybants of the press, and the only remedy is prohibition. A shoots B with a revolver; remedy, the Sullivan law. In practice, this works well enough; for the law is not enforced against the householder who keeps a revolver for his protection, but is a handy weapon against the gangster, and saves the police the trouble of proving felonious intent.

But it is the idea that was wrong. Recently a man shot his family and himself with a rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer. Remedy, a bill to prohibit Maxim silencers! No perception that, if the man had not had a weapon at all, he would have strangled his family with his hands.

American reformers seem to have no idea, at any time or in any connection, that the only remedy for wrong is right; that moral education, self-con-

trol, good manners, will save the world; and that legislation is not merely a broken reed, but a suffocating vapor. Further, an excess of legislation defeats its own ends. It makes the whole population criminals, and turns them all into policemen and police spies. The moral health of such a people is ruined for ever; only revolution can save it.

Now in America the Harrison law makes it theoretically impossible for the layman, difficult even for the physician, to obtain "narcotic drugs." But every other Chinese laundry is a distributing centre for cocaine, morphia, and heroin. Negroes and street peddlers also do a roaring trade. Some people figure that one in every five persons in Manhattan is addicted to one or other of these drugs. I can hardly believe this estimate, though the craving for amusement is maniacal among this people who have so little care for art, literature, or music, who have, in short, none of the resources that the folk of other nations, in their own cultivated minds, possess.

V.

It was a very weary person, that hot Summer afternoon in 1909, who tramped into Logroño. Even the river seemed too lazy to flow, and stood about in pools, with its tongue hanging out, so to speak. The air shimmered softly; in the town the terraces of the cafés were thronged with people. They had nothing to do, and a grim determination to do it. They were sipping the rough wine of the Pyrenees, or the Rioja of the South well watered, or toying with bocks of pale beer. If any of them could have read Major-General O'Ryan's address to the American soldier, they would have supposed his mind to be affected.

"Alcohol, whether you call it beer, wine, whisky, or by any other name, is a breeder of inefficiency. While it affects men differently, the results are the same, in that all affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome. Some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy, others have their passions greatly stimulated."

As for ourselves, we were on the march to Madrid. We were obliged to hurry. A week, or a month, or a year at most, and we must leave Logroño in obedience to the trumpet call of duty.

However, we determined to forget it, for the time. We sat down, and exchanged views and experiences with the natives. From the fact that we were hurrying, they adjudged us to be anarchists, and were rather relieved at our explanation that we were "mad Englishmen." And we were all happy together; and I am still kicking myself for a fool that I ever went on to Madrid.

If one is at a dinner party in London or New York, one is plunged into an abyss of dullness. There is no subject of general interest; there is no wit; it is like waiting for a train. In London one overcomes one's environment by drinking a bottle of champagne as quickly as possible; in New York one piles in cocktails. The light wines and beers of Europe, taken in moderate measure, are no good; there is not time to be happy, so one must be excited instead. Dining alone, or with friends, as opposed to a party, one can be quite at ease with Burgundy or Bordeaux. One has all night to be happy, and one does not have to speed. But the regular New Yorker has not time even for a dinner-party! He almost regrets the hour when his office closes. His brain is still busy with his

plans. When he wants "pleasure," he calculates that he can spare just half an hour for it. He has to pour the strongest liquors down his throat at the greatest possible rate.

Now imagine this man—or this woman—slightly hampered; the time available slightly curtailed. He can no longer waste ten minutes in obtaining "pleasure"; or he dare not drink openly on account of other people. Well, his remedy is simple; he can get immediate action out of cocaine. There is no smell; he can be as secret as any elder of the church can wish.

The mischief of civilization is the intensive life, which demands intensive stimulation. Human nature requires pleasure; wholesome pleasures require leisure; we must choose between intoxication and the sista. There are no cocaine fiends in Logroño.

Moreover, in the absence of a Climate, life demands a conversation; we must choose between intoxication and cultivation of the mind. There are no drug-fiends among people who are primarily pre-occupied with science and philosophy, art and literature.

VI.

However, let us concede the prohibitionist claims. Let us admit the police contention that cocaine and the rest are used by criminals who would otherwise lack the nerve to operate; they also contend that the effects of the drugs are so deadly that the cleverest thieves quickly become inefficient. Then for Heaven's sake establish depots where they can get free cocaine!

You cannot cure a drug fiend; you cannot make him a useful citizen. He never was a good citizen, or he would not have fallen into slavery. If you reform him temporarily, at vast expense, risk, and trouble, your whole work vanishes like morning mist when he meets his next temptation. The proper remedy is to let him gang his ain gait to the de'il. Instead of less drug, give him more drug, and be done with him. His fate will be a warning to his neighbors, and in a year or two people will have the sense to shun the danger. Those who have not, let them die, too, and save the state. Moral weaklings are a danger to society, in whatever line their failings lie. If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere.

You say that while these people are killing themselves they will do mischief. Maybe; but they are doing it now.

Prohibition has created an underground traffic, as it always does; and the evils of this are immeasurable. Thousands of citizens are in league to defeat the law; are actually bribed by the law itself to do so, since the profits of the illicit trade become enormous, and the closer the prohibition, the more unreasonably big they are. You can stamp out the use of silk handkerchiefs in this way: people say, "All right; we'll use linen." But the "cocaine fiend" wants cocaine; and you can't put him off with Epsom salts. Moreover, his mind has lost all proportion; he will pay anything for his drug; he will never say, "I can't afford it"; and if the price be high, he will steal, rob, murder to get it. Again I say: you cannot reform a drug fiend; all you do by preventing them from obtaining it is to create a class of subtle and dangerous criminals; and even when you have jailed them all, is any one any the better?

While such large profits (from one thousand to two thousand per cent.) are to be made by secret

dealers, it is to the interest of those dealers to make new victims. And the profits at present are such that it would be worth my while to go to London and back first class to smuggle no more cocaine than I could hide in the lining of my overcoat! All expenses paid, and a handsome sum in the bank at the end of the trip! And for all the law, and the spies, and the rest of it, I could sell my stuff with very little risk in a single night in the Tenderloin.

Another point is this. Prohibition cannot be carried to its extreme. It is impossible, ultimately, to withhold drugs from doctors. Now doctors, more than any other single class, are drug fiends; and also, there are many who will traffic in drugs for the sake of money or power. If you possess a supply of the drug, you are the master, body and soul, of any person who needs it.

People do not understand that a drug, to its slave, is more valuable than gold or diamonds; a virtuous woman may be above rubies, but medical experience tells us that there is no virtuous woman in need of the drug who would not prostitute herself to a rag-picker for a single sniff.

And if it be really the case that one-fifth of the population takes some drug, then this long little, wrong little island is in for some very lively times.

The absurdity of the prohibitionist contention is shown by the experience of London and other European cities. In London any householder or apparently responsible person can buy any drug as easily as if it were cheese; and London is not full of raving maniacs, snuffing cocaine at every street corner, in the intervals of burglary, rape, arson, murder, malfeasance in office, and misprision of treason, as we are assured must be the case if a free people are kindly allowed to exercise a little freedom.

Or, if the prohibitionist contention be not absurd, it is a comment upon the moral level of the people of the United States which would have been righteously resented by the Gadarene swine after the devils had entered into them.

I am not here concerned to protest on their behalf; allowing the justice of the remark, I still say that prohibition is no cure. The cure is to give the people something to think about; to develop their minds; to fill them with ambitions beyond dollars; to set up a standard of achievement which is to be measured in terms of eternal realities; in a word, to educate them.

If this appear impossible, well and good; it is only another argument for encouraging them to take cocaine.

IN THE RED ROOM OF ROSE CROIX.

The bleeding gate of God unveils its rose;
The cavernous West swallows the dragon Sun;
Earth's darkness broods on dissolution,
A mother-vulture, nested on Repose.
Ah then! what grace within our girdle glows,
What crimson web of will-work, wizard-spun
To garb thy glee-gilt heart, Hilarion,
An Alpenbluehn on our star-crested snows!

O scarlet flower, smear honey on the thigh
Of this thy bee, that sucks thy sweetness dry!
O bower of sunset, bring me to thy sleep
Wherein move dreams stained purple with perfumes,
Whose birds of paradise, on Punic plumes,
Declare dooms undecipherably deep!

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

BY EDWARD KELLY.

No. 2—The Artistic Temperament

I.

Jack Flynn was the centre of a happy group of artists. They were seated upon the terrace of the Café d'Alençon to drink the apéritif; for although November was upon Paris, the Sun still remembered his beloved city, and fed it with light and warmth.

Flynn had come over from London for a week to see the Autumn Salon, and to gossip with his old friends. The conversation was naturally of Art, and, like the universe itself, had neither beginning nor end, being self-created by its own energy, so rolled easily through the Aeons in every combination of beauty.

But half of beauty is melancholy, a subtle sub-current of sadness; and on this particular occasion it was visible, giving a grey tone to the most buoyant rhapsodies. The talkers were in fact subdued and restrained; each spoke gaily, yet stood upon his guard, as if there were some subject near his consciousness which he must be careful not to broach.

It was a curiously distinguished group. Two of the men wore the Légion d'Honneur; the elder of the two, who looked more like a soldier or a diplomat than a painter, seemed to be the object of constant solicitude on the part of the younger, whose ruddy, cheerful, ironic face was like a picture by Franz Hals—but a Frank Hals in the mood of Rabelais. He seemed particularly anxious lest the other should say something unfortunate, but he should really have been looking round the corner, for there was where the danger lay.

Round that corner, all arms and legs, came swinging the agile body of no less a person than the mystic, Simon Iff.

His first greeting was the bombshell! "Ah ha!" he cried, grasping the hand of the elder of the two décorés, "and how's the dear old Sea?" For the person addressed happened to be famous all over the world as a marine painter. The younger man sprang to his feet. "Just don't mention the sea, please, for a few months!" he said in Simon's ear. It was unnecessary. Even in the general joy at the return of an old friend, Iff's quick apprehension could not fail to detect a suppressed spasm of pain on every face.

The mystic turned and greeted the man who had interrupted him with honest gladness; then his other hand shot out to Flynn. "I've been out of the world all summer," he cried, shaking hands all round, "in a hermitage after my own heart. Fancy a castle dating from the crusades, on the very edge of a glacier, and every practicable route barred against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in the shape of tourists, tables d'hôte, and newspapers!" "You look thirty!" declared one of the men. "And I feel twenty," laughed the magician; "what do you say to a little dinner at Lapérouse? I want to walk across the Luxembourg to a feast, as I've done any time these fifty years!"

As it happened, only two of the party were free; Major, the young man with the button, and Jack Flynn.

After some quiet chat the three strolled off together, arm in arm, down the Boulevard Montparnasse.

When they reached the Avenue de l'Observatoire, they turned down that noble grove. Here, at all hours of day and night, is a stately solitude.

Intended for gaiety, devised as a symbol of gaiety by the most frivolous age of all time, it has become by virtue of age the very incarnation of melancholy grandeur. It seems almost to lament that eighteenth century which fathered it.

Before they had passed into this majesty more than an hundred yards, the mystic said abruptly: "What's the trouble?"

"Haven't you really seen a paper for six months?" countered Flynn.

"Of course I haven't. You know my life; you know that I retire, whenever I am able, from this nightmare illusion of matter to a world of reality. So tell me your latest evil dream!"

"Evil enough!" said Major, "it doesn't actually touch us, but it's a narrow escape. We only heard the climax three days ago; so it's a green wound, you see."

"Yet it doesn't touch you."

"No; but it touches Art, and that's me, all right!"

"Will you tell me the story?"

"I'll leave that to Flynn. He's been on the trail all the time."

"I was even at the trial," said Flynn.

"Come, come," laughed Iff, "all these be riddles."

"I'll make them clear enough—all but the one. Now, no interruptions! I have the thing orderly in my mind."

"Five: four: three: two: one: gun!"

"The place is a small rocky islet off the west coast of Scotland, by name Dubhbheagg. A few fisher-folk live there; nobody else. There is one landing-place, and one only, even in calm weather; in a storm it is inaccessible altogether. Overlooking this quay is a house perched on the cliff; an old stone mansion. The proprietor is one of our sacred guild, and spends most of his time in Central Asia or Central Africa or Central America or Central Australia—anything to be central!—and he lets the house to any one who is fool enough to pay the price.

"This summer it was rented by the president of the Royal Academy."

"What's that?" said Iff, sharply.

"The Royal Academy," explained Flynn, "is an institution devised by divine Providence for the detection of British Artists. It brings them into notice by ostentatiously rejecting their works. The president is Lord Cudlipp."

"Wasn't he a Joseph Thorne, or some such name?" asked Simon Iff.

"Thornton, I think. Ennobled thirteen years ago," corrected Flynn.

"It was Thornley," insisted the sculptor, Major.

"Yes, Thornley; I remember now. I know him slightly; and I knew his father before him; an M. P. and a biscuit manufacturer," exclaimed the mystic.

"A pity the son didn't follow the father," murmured Major. "I feel sure that his biscuits would have been delightful!"

"You're interrupting the court," protested the editor. "To proceed. Here we have Cudlipp in the Big House of Dubhbheagg, with a man and wife to cook for him, both old servants, with him thirty years. There are also his son Harry his daughter Eleanor, her companion-maid, and—a man from the Quarter!"

"This Quarter?"

"Up in Montrouge his studio is, I think, one of

those lost cottages with a garden in the middle of a block of houses. Well, this man, or rather boy, he's not 20 yet, is, or wants to be, a marine painter like Cudlipp——"

"God forbid!" groaned Major.

"Shut up! the boy's name is André de Bry; he's half French, half English, I believe, a pretty hot combination."

"So I've noticed," remarked Iff, as they turned into Lapérouse, crept up the narrow stair, and found a table by the window in the Salle des Miroirs.

"Harry and Eleanor were born seventeen years ago, twins——"

"Which is dead?" interrupted Iff. The others stared.

"Excuse an old man's vanity!" laughed the mystic. "I really have to show off sometimes! You see, I know Jack's passion for precision of language. He wouldn't say the simple thing, 'They are twins,' or 'They are seventeen years old,' and he wouldn't say 'They were twins,' or 'were seventeen years old,' so I knew that one, and one only, was dead."

"I hope your acuteness will continue through dinner," laughed the editor. "We need it. Now, then, to business. Cudlipp had sort of adopted André de Bry, used him to prepare his bigger canvases, and so on. De Bry had fallen in love with Eleanor. She returned his passion. De Bry was hopelessly poor—no, not hopelessly, for he had a rich uncle, who had a fad of independence. He wouldn't give André a farthing; but if the boy succeeded in making himself a career, he promised to leave him every penny he had. The family is noble, much better than Cudlipp's; so the boy was not a bad match for Eleanor, and, contingently, a very good one. He and Harry were perfectly good friends. There was, in short, no element of disagreement worth notice. The days passed pleasantly, either in painting or fishing, and the evenings in games. One can hardly imagine a more harmonious group.

"On the 18th of August the yacht, which supplied the island with stores from the mainland, called and left provisions for the party. To avert false conjecture from the start, I may say that it is absolutely impossible that some mysterious stowaway could have landed from the yacht and hidden somewhere on the island. The police subsequently went through the place with a fine tooth comb. It is thirty miles from the nearest land, is barely a quarter of a mile in its greatest length, has neither a cave nor a tree on it. So don't talk about that! Well, the yacht weighed anchor on the afternoon of the 18th; that night a storm came up from the Atlantic, and raged for a whole week. It is physically impossible that any one should have landed on the rock during that period. Furthermore, the Big House stands on a quite unclimbable pinnacle—I'm a rock climber, as you know, and I went to see it, and there's not a crack anywhere. It was only connected with the rest of the island by a wooden bridge of the cantilever type; and the violence of the wind was such that on the second night of the storm it carried it away. This was inconvenient for them, as will be seen; but it simplifies the matter a good deal for us. Well, on the 25th the storm abated, and the fishermen were about to put to sea when they observed Lord Cudlipp on the edge of the cliff, firing his shotgun. Seeing he was noticed, he signalled and shouted to them to come up. He met them, so far as he could, at the chasm where the bridge had been. "There has been murder done here," he said shortly,

"take this message and telegraph it at once." He flung a stone to them, with a paper wrapped about it. The telegram asked for the police; also for a gang of men with materials to build up the bridge. The following noon relief arrived.

"The rest of the story needs little detail. It is as astonishingly simple as it is perplexing. The naked body of the boy Harry was found on the morning of the 23d in the big room used by the other men as a studio—Harry and Eleanor took not the slightest interest in art. Death had been caused by a small deep wound in the femoral artery; a penknife might have made it. But there was no blood; and at the post-mortem was revealed the utterly astonishing fact that there was no blood in the whole body—when I say no blood, I mean, not enough for a rabbit! It had been systematically drained. I need hardly tell you that the whole island went wild with stories of vampires and witches; I won't bother you with that sort of rubbish.

"But the horror of the circumstances cannot be easily matched. Imagine to yourselves that lonely crag, itself a monument of desolation, towering from sea to sky, bleak, bare, barren and heartless as sea and sky themselves. Such a place has always bred strange stories—and strange crimes.

"But think of the feelings of the people in the house, one of them certainly a murderer!

"However, the police were easily able to narrow down the possibilities. The boy had been chloroformed or otherwise rendered unconscious, without doubt, for there could have been no struggle. The wound was clean, and obviously inflicted by some one with first rate anatomical knowledge. It was, too, a highly civilized crime, so to speak.

"This really restricted the field of inquiry to the two painters. Common sense excluded the father, whose main hope of an illustrious line was thus cut off. On the other hand, de Bry was a doubtful character. In Paris he had been accustomed to frequent the lowest haunts—the sort of place one finds in these little streets about here—and as a matter of fact, he was usually called the 'Apache' as a sort of nickname. But no one had ever heard of anything very definite, except an alleged duel with knives in a shop off the Boulevard St. Germain called Tout à la Joie, a low drinking cellar. This came out in court later, and sounded nasty, though it was proven that he had been attacked without provocation, and the police had not even arrested him. Still, a man so ready with a knife—it impressed the jury badly, I could see that.

"To cut a long story short, they arrested André. He refused to enter the witness box; he had no story to tell; nor, indeed, had any of the others. Harry had gone to bed alive; he was found dead in the morning. No quarrel anywhere. No motive for anybody.

"The jury was out for twenty-four hours; they came back with that joy which only Scotland offers to its jurymen—the Verdict of the Sitter on the Fence: "Not proven." They all thought he did it, but they couldn't make up their minds to hang him; so there was the way out. Therefore, André de Bry is at large again; and, by the same token, I came over on the boat with him. He was muffled to the eyes, but I knew him. So he's probably within a mile of us at this minute."

"What do you think of the story?" asked Major, a little anxiously.

"Oh, I agree with the natives," replied the

mystic, laughingly, to the astonishment of his hearers. "Excuse my referring to the fact that I'm a professional Magus—still, you should not be surprised if I tell you that I hold to the theory of vampires and wehr-wolves and sirens and the rest of the dear creatures!"

"Be serious, master!" urged Flynn, using a title which he knew would put the mystic on his honor.

"My dear lad, I believe this murder was done by some one whom none of them knew to have been there."

"But how could he have got away?"

"Vanished whence he came."

"A haunted house? Damn it, something in your tone makes my blood run cold."

"Well," slowly answered the mystic, "possibly, in a sense, a haunted house."

Major called the waiter to bring another bottle of Burgundy.

"Have you really formed a theory about the case?" asked Flynn. "To me it's absolutely beyond reason."

"Beneath it, beneath it! Ah well, no matter! As a fact, I have not made up my mind. How can I, till I've seen this chap's pictures?"

"You think there was some motive of jealousy?" snapped out Major.

"I don't think at all till I've seen them. Look here! do you know his work?"

"No; he hasn't shown anything. He's an absolute kid, you know. But Tite saw a thing of his in some studio or other, and Tite said it was damned bad. So I dare say it's pretty decent stuff."

"Where's his studio?"

"Don't know," answered the sculptor. "I'll find out to-night, if you're really set on this. May I call for you in the morning? We'll go up together; perhaps you'll let me make it déjeuner—you'll come, of course, Jack—as I've been shouting for Burgundy at your dinner, you shall shout for Claret at my lunch!"

"I'm at Bourcier's, 50 rue Vavin, as always," said Simon Iff. "The best house, and the best people, in all Paris. Come round at nine."

"Right. Meet me there, Flynn. It's a great hunt, the truth!"

"With a hunter like Simple Simon, you'll find it so," said Flynn, enthusiastically.

II.

The next morning saw the three friends tramping it up the Boulevard Raspail, past the great calm glory of the unconquered Lion de Belfort, along the busy Boulevard de Montrouge, and so to the very hem of Paris, the "fortifs" dear to the Apache. Here they turned west, and came presently to an old wine shop, through which lay the entrance to the studio of de Bry.

He was already at work in his little garden; an old man, leaning on a spade, was posing for him.

Major advanced and offered his card. "Monsieur de Bry! I feel sure you will pardon me. I am a Sociétaire of the Beaux Arts; I have heard that your work is excellent, and I am here with two friends of the most distinguished to ask the honor of looking at it."

"Mr. Major!" cried the boy, as he put his brushes down in his eagerness—at first he had not recognized the great man—"indeed, the honor is altogether mine. But I've nothing worth seeing, I assure you."

Major introduced his friends. De Bry, telling the model to rest, led the party into the studio. With infinite diffidence the boy began to show his work.

In a few minutes Major, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, and his head thrown back, was reduced to utter silence. Simon Iff, who was watching him as well as the pictures, smiled his grimmest smile. The editor, inured to small talk by his profession, made the conversation. "It's all beginnings," said the boy, "but this is more what I've tried for. I did it in the summer." The mystic noticed with a darkening face that he seemed to speak of that summer as if it had held nothing but a holiday.

The canvas showed the rock of Dubhbheagg amidst the breakers. It had been painted from a boat on a clear day. The sky was blue; a flight of wildfowl gave life to the picture. But the rock itself was more vital than the birds. It seemed the image of some great lost God of solitude, eternally contemplative, eternally alone. It was more melancholy than Dürer's master-work, or Thomson's interpretation of it. And de Bry had not used the materials of melancholy, or images of death; he had merely painted a rock just as it was when he saw it. Yet he had made it a creature of cosmic life, as significant and vital as the universe itself—and as lonely and inexorable.

Simon Iff spoke for the first time. "Is that picture for sale?" he asked. "Yes," said the painter, rather eagerly. They noticed that he looked ill.

"Probably hasn't had a meal since that damned affair," thought Major. "How much?" very stiffly from Simple Simon.

The painter hesitated. "Would you give me fifty francs for it?" he asked timidly.

The mystic rose to his feet, and shook his stick in the boy's face. "No, you damned young scoundrel, I will not!" he roared. "How dare you ask such a price?"

The boy shrank back; he expected that the old man would strike him.

"Do you know who I am?" thundered Simon. "I'm the chairman of the Art Committee of the Hemlock Club! That's the trouble with you artists; you're blacklegs, every one of you. Offering a thing like that for fifty francs and pulling down the price of everything but the old Masters! Answer me straight now; how much is it worth?"

The boy was too taken aback to reply.

"Have you ever seen a worse thing offered for ten thousand francs?" asked Simon, cynically.

"Oh yes!" he stammered at last.

"I'll give you fifteen thousand. Here's a thousand on account; I'll send a cheque for the balance this afternoon. Send the picture to Simon Iff, 50, rue Vavin. And, if you've nothing to do, come and see me as soon as the light fails this afternoon. Yes, bring the picture round in a fiacre. About 5, then!"

He thrust a big thousand franc note in the boy's hand, and withdrew stormily from the studio.

The others followed him; but Major stopped a moment. "Did you like my bust of Rodin?" asked the sculptor. The boy was still too bewildered to do more than nod. "I'll send you a bronze, if you'd care to have it. And come and see me, any time you care to, and particularly any time you need a friend." De Bry grasped the offered hand in silence.

The others had reached the street when Major caught them. "I hope you don't mean mischief by that boy," he said to Iff. "I seem to smell a trap. For

heaven's sake leave him alone! He's the biggest thing since Turner; if he keeps on growing, the planet won't hold him."

"My mind is quite made up," returned Simon Iff, coldly. "If the lunch is still on, suppose we take a taxi. If you don't mind, we'll have a private room at the Café de la Paix. We shall need to go rather deeply into this matter."

III.

Simon Iff would not talk at all of anything but old times in Paris until after lunch, when the decks were cleared of all but the three Cs—coffee, cigars, and cognac. Then he cleared his throat.

"As you have heard me say about a million times, Jack, 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.' Failure to observe this precept is the root of all human error. It is our right and duty—the two are one, as Eliphaz Levi very nearly saw—to expand upon our own true centre, to pursue the exact orbit of our destiny. To quit that orbit is to invite collisions. Suppose it to be my illusion to think it my will to pass through that closed window. I bump my head; I cut my face; I finally make a mess on the boulevard. Or, I think it my will to steal my neighbor's watch. I am caught; police-court, prison, and general disaster. Merely the result of my ignorance in regard to my true destiny. Failure in life and especially criminal failure; collision. Then where is the original collision? In myself. There is a conflict between my conscious will and my unconscious will, between the sophisticated babble of reason and the still small voice of the soul. Poe had quite an idea of this, with his 'Imp of the Perverse'; Ibsen, the greatest of all realists, a more detailed conception, with his 'troll'; but both imagined that consciousness was right and the Inner Light wrong. Now that is a mere assumption, and we mystics, who know that Light, know better. It is the first task of every man who would not only be himself, but understand himself, to make the union or harmony between these two, perfect. Now of course most men, so far as the main path of their lives is concerned, never find these two forces in conflict, never become aware of them at all. The troubles of genius are principally due to a recognition of this truer Light, and of its apparent incompatibility with the conscious will, or perhaps of a realization that they cannot execute their will, because of the pressure of circumstance upon them. Hence the well-earned celebrity of the Artistic Temperament. Frequently we observe that the artist, unable to fulfil himself in his art, turns to vice of one kind or another. It is as if a sculptor, in a gesture of impatience with his Venus, dabbed a handful of clay on her nose, and made her look like an elephant!"

"If you knew how often I've done just that thing!" laughed Major.

"Well" continued the mystic, "to come to the murder of this boy Harry——"

"I see where you're driving," broke in Jack Flynn. "And as I'm sure you noticed the perfect nonchalance of de Bry when he showed us that picture, you are going to prove that he did it unconsciously, or at least that it's all so natural to him that he has no sense of it."

"You would find out what I am going to prove if you would let me do it," said Simon, in some ill-

humor. Major had felt ashamed of himself for smiling; he was genuinely concerned about his great new artist.

"To come to the murder of this boy Harry," repeated the magician, "we notice two things. First, the general surroundings. Storm, isolation, the wild weird atmosphere of the Scottish Highlands—enough to send any man, with an original touch of madness, over the line. Second, the nature of the murder itself; it is in perfect keeping with the setting. Its details are elaborate. It is not an ordinary murder, but the murder of—a—I can't find the right word."

Major broke in grimly: "The murder of a great mind gone wrong? Of such a mind as conceived, and such a hand as executed, those masterpieces? Oh my God!"

"Your interruptions will not alter the facts of the case, or my deductions; pray let me proceed! Besides, there is still one step to take before we arrive at any such conclusion. I want you to remember a peculiar fact about the French Revolution. Here we find a whole set of people, educated, intelligent, complex, and above all humanitarian, who suddenly indulge in wholesale massacre. This, like the crime we are discussing, was a perverse crime. It was not at all in accordance with the general will of the Revolutionists, which was simply Social Justice.

"But they had been thwarted for generations; thwarting was in their blood, as it were; and when they came to action, they became perverse. Thus—I beg you to believe—it is not merely the artistic temperament which produces these horrible crimes; it is simply any temperament which is suppressed long enough. It is more usual to find this manifested in artists, because they are advanced people who understand pretty well what their will is, who suffer more keenly, in consequence, from the thwarting of that will, especially as they usually perceive only too keenly the fact that it is the errors and stupidities of other people, people who have strayed far from their own orbits, that cause the thwarting in question. I will ask you to consider the case of a man who makes friends of spiders. Oh, you say, that is after he has been in the Bastille for twenty years. Precisely. He may have been a very bad man; he may himself have thwarted his own fundamental impulses of love; but the complete suppression of that instinct for so many years results in its peeping out at last, and taking an unnatural form. There are plenty of similar instances which will occur to you. In the case of the French Revolution, we must also consider the question of atavism. Humanitarian as the leaders were, their forefathers had been inured to fire and sword since the dawn of the race. It was the primitive tribal passion that broke out in them, after centuries of suppression. So you get the same phenomenon in both the man and the race." Simon paused.

"That boy," said Major, "has one of the greatest souls ever incarnated on this planet, and I won't believe he did it."

"Your courage is splendid," replied Simple Simon, "but your beliefs do not invalidate the conclusions of science. *E pur si muove.*"

"Is that all?" asked Flynn.

"For shame, Jack," cried the mystic; "I have hardly begun. But I perceive that the light is failing; we had better end this conversation in the presence of André de Bry." Major paid the bill;

and they went across Paris to the old magician's little studio in the Rue Vavin.

It was a small room, and very simply furnished; but the paintings and sculptures would have made the fame of any museum. Each was the gift of a master to Simon Iff.

"We shall wait for the young man," said the mystic, as they seated themselves; you will see that I have no difficulty in forcing him to confess."

"I'll never believe it," insisted Major.

"Don't believe it till you hear it!" was the abrupt retort.

IV.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; then the slim figure of the boy appeared. In his arms was the picture.

Simon took it and placed it upon the mantel. Major was right; there was nothing in the room to equal it. The magician went to his desk, and wrote out a check for fourteen thousand francs, which he handed to the young painter. "If you would sign this receipt?" De Bry complied.

"Do not go!" said Simon. "I have much to say to you. You really like the picture? You think it worthy of you?"

"I wouldn't have sold it if I didn't."

"Yet you were in sore straits? You were denying yourself food to pay your model?"

"I shouldn't have sold it to you if I didn't think it mine."

"That too is worthy. But now, sit down. There are others to consider in this matter. I am going to ask my friends to remain absolutely silent while we talk."

"I know what you are going to say," said the boy. "I think it unnecessary and cruel."

"Wait till I have done. It is not only necessary and kind, but it is very urgent."

"I can't refuse the first man who has appreciated my work."

"Listen while I tell you a story. Many years ago I knew a man named Thornley, a wealthy manufacturer of biscuits. He had one son, Joseph. He asked me one day to recommend a tutor for the lad. I told him of a clergyman named Drew, a man of deep scholarship, great culture, and intense love of art. He worked on the ambition of Joseph Thornley, and the boy, after a year's tuition from Drew, decided to be a painter. The tutor died suddenly; but the boy's ambition remained. He persuaded his father to let him go to various art schools, where he studied incessantly, with the most praiseworthy diligence."

"Damn it!" roared Major, "he had no more capacity for art than this chair I am sitting on!"

"I asked you not to interrupt," returned Simon mildly. "I never said he had! To continue. Backed with ample wealth and influence, and fortified with determination to succeed, Thornley's career was one long series of triumphs. Although primarily a marine painter, he also did other work, notably portraits. His picture of the king in the uniform of a British Admiral caught the public taste more than any other of his efforts. It was in that year that he was not only elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy of Arts, but raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Cudlipp. His only sorrow was the death of his wife two years after the birth of his children."

The magician turned to André. "Good! Now—how did you spend the week of the great storm?"

"Billiards, mostly," stammered André, taken by

surprise. "Chess, too, and some card games. I sketched, of course, nearly all day. Eleanor had some needlework. Poor Harry was very bored; he did nothing much."

"And Cudlipp buried himself a good deal in anthropology?"

"Yes; he had Frazer's 'Golden Bough' all the time—" The boy broke off, and stared. "How did you know that?" he said, aghast.

"A little bird told me," said Simon lightly.

All of a sudden Major sprang to his feet. "Then Cudlipp killed his son," he shouted, "Oh! Simple Simon, what a fool I've been!" And he suddenly broke down in spasm on spasm of sobs.

"I promised these gentlemen," said Simon, taking no notice of the outburst, "that I would force a confession from you this afternoon. I think this is the moment. Come, we are all attention."

"I certainly cannot hear this senseless slander against my protector without—"

"Hush!" said Simon. "I told you this matter was urgent. I meant what I said. You must catch the nine o'clock train for London."

"Why?" said the boy, defiantly; "who are you to say this?"

"I am a person who is going to put a letter in the post in an hour's time; and you had better arrive before the letter."

"I don't understand."

"I was explaining to these gentlemen at lunch that all crime was the result of conflict; that perverse crime, in particular, was caused by conflict of the conscious and unconscious wills."

"Don't you see?" said Major, mastering himself, "it couldn't be you. You were supremely happy; you had the girl you loved; you had found yourself as an artist. But Cudlipp had thwarted his own inner will all his life; he was meant to bake biscuits; and he had forced himself to do those eye-destroying horrors. But—go on, master!—I still don't see the whole story."

"I haven't told you all the facts yet. Cudlipp's family was originally Armenian, for one thing, the offshoot of some old Babylonian tribe. Then there was the 'Golden Bough' with its detailed description of various savage rites, especially the sacrifice of the first-born, an idea, by the way, which the Jews only adopted at third or fourth hand from older and autochthonous races. Then the newspapers were filled with long arguments about the Chesidim and ritual murder, the trial of that man somewhere in Russia—can't think of his name—begins with a B—was on at this time. Well, when the suppressed genius of the man for baking biscuits—which may be a passion like another—when that broke out, probably under the strain of the long storm, and the wildness of the whole scene, and possibly some sudden realization that this boy here could paint, and he himself never could, why, then his brain snapped. The recent impressions combined with some far strain of atavism, and he resolved upon the murder."

"I still can't see why murder," said Flynn. "Why should not this biscuit-baking genius go into the kitchen and bake biscuits?"

"I want you to recognize the fact, you dear good simple soul, that madmen are a thousand times more logical than the sane. The conclusions of normal men are always balanced by other considerations; we criticize our ideas of proper tailoring,

for example, in the spotlight of our check books. The madman doesn't. He wants clothes; he thinks of nothing else; so he goes down to Savile Row and orders a dozen sable overcoats and thirty dress suits. It's much more logical, if logic were all!

"So Cudlipp reasoned something like this, as I imagine; 'I've wasted forty years trying to paint when I ought to have been baking biscuits; now I must make up for lost time.' How to do that? The madman's reason finds it easy. The connection between gold and copper coins is an arbitrary one, isn't it? Yes. Well, if I haven't got a barrow-load of coppers, I can give you a fist full of sovereigns, and it's just as good. The whole idea of primitive magic (which he had been reading, remember!) rests on arbitrary substitution. The king must die every year, or the sun won't come back—there's an arbitrary connection, to begin with, though it's based on false reasoning, or rather on correct reasoning from false observation. Now the king doesn't want to die; so he takes a criminal, labels him king, and kills him. Every one is happy. So this man seeks to satisfy his genius, suppressed for forty years, in a night. Surely it must be through some monstrous act of violence and horror! That is madman's logic. Then, as I said before, some ancestral memory in the subconscious self influenced his recent impression, and that gave the form to the idea. It is also conceivable that he had a real purpose, thought that the sacrifice of the first-born might enable him to become a painter. Gilles de Retz murdered over 800 children in his endeavor to make gold. But of this theory I have no evidence. However, the rest stands."

André de Bry listened with white lips to this speech.

"Now will you confess?" asked the magician, with mild persistence.

"I don't see why I should."

"Because you are still looking at the past. Can't you foresee the future?"

"Ought I to kill myself?"

"Be serious, sir!" reprimanded Simon. "I see that I must tell you more. So far, I have told you how I know that Cudlipp killed his son, and how he came to do it. You may or may not know why he did it, but you must know that he did it, if only by a process of exclusion. Then—what will he do next?"

The boy began to smile. "Oh, Eleanor is with an aunt," he said; "she's safe enough."

"Now we begin to confess, indirectly," continued Simon. "But what will he do? Is he conscious of his act? You see, I must know all. I was already sure that you would never have left Eleanor in danger. But there are other problems."

"I'm beaten," said André. "I'll tell you all I know."

"Good."

V.

"It was I who discovered the body of poor Harry; for I had risen with the first light, intending to paint. I needn't go into the events of that day, much; it was all suspicion, perfectly hellish. I haven't your reasoning powers, Mr. Iff, and I didn't think he had done it, particularly. He pretended to suspect me, of course. We can see now, thanks to you, that his whole life has been one long hypocrisy, that he has been pretending to be an artist, just like any other fraud. His deadly earnestness about it only made it worse; I see that now. But I didn't

see it then; to me he was just a bad painter, and I looked no deeper. Well, by dinner time our nerves were all on edge; Eleanor's, naturally, more than any. After dinner I said I would go to bed, meaning to snatch an hour's sleep, and then to watch Eleanor's door all night. I had told her to have her companion in her room—the poor old lady was glad enough to have company, you can imagine.

"Eleanor's manner to me had been strange beyond words; but I only thought that it meant that she suspected me. However, when I said I was going to bed, she jumped up: 'Do play me a hundred up first!' she cried; 'I'll go mad if you don't.' We went into the billiard room together. She closed the door, and put her back to it. 'André,' she cried, 'I've been insane about this all day; but I'm in a fearful position. Only—I can't let you go to bed. I must tell you. Papa did it.' I caught her in my arms, for she was falling. In a moment she recovered. 'Last night,' she went on, 'I woke with frightful dreams—and I found my nose was bleeding. I lit my candle, and got up to get water. Then I knew suddenly that something was wrong with Harry. I always have known; it's the twin sympathy.'"

"Damnation!" interrupted Simple Simon in a fury, "I'm getting old. I ought to have known that she knew."

"You've done well enough, sir," said André; "it's been like a miracle to me to hear you. Eleanor went on: 'The moment my nose stopped bleeding I took my black kimono, and went down to Harry's room. The door was open. I slipped in. It was dark. At that instant I saw the studio door open.' (They were right opposite, Mr. Iff). 'I knew there would be all kinds of trouble if I were caught wandering about the house at that time of night. I kept still. I could see through the crack of the door. Papa was silhouetted against the light in the studio. He had a wash hand basin, carrying it carefully. I heard him give a short harsh laugh, and say aloud: 'Now I begin to live.' He went down the little corridor by Harry's room.' (It leads to a pepper-box turret. Harry's room has a window on to that corridor.) 'I went to the side window. I saw papa throw the basin over the cliff. Then he went back, and down the main corridor to his room. I felt for Harry in his bed. He wasn't there. I found matches. The room was empty. I went into the lighted studio. I saw Harry at once, and knew he was dead. I fainted. When I came to myself I was in my own bedroom. I must have walked there without knowing. A few minutes later, I suppose, the alarm came. Forgive me; I ought to have told you before; you must have suffered fearfully. But——' I stopped her. 'It's best, I think, that you have told me now,' I said, 'we must save him. We must be on our guard, and do nothing.' We noted Cudlipp's conduct. It became clear that he would hide his crime to the end, even to letting me be hanged for it. I told her that I would never speak to her again if she interfered, that I would die for the honor of her family. I made her swear by her dead mother. I doubted at first if he were aware of what he had done, but his manner left no doubt. For instance, he made no inquiry into the mystery of the basin missing from his room, and never spoke of it in court. So we knew."

"You're a very noble and very wrong-headed young man," said Simon; "you don't really think we can leave things as they are, do you? Observe what is happening now. The explosion in the man's brain

once over, habit has resumed its sway. He's the hypocritical bourgeois once more—but with the memory of that most fearful deed to lash him. If I know anything of men, it will prey upon his mind; and we shall have either another murder, or, more likely, suicide. Your sacrifice and Eleanor's will be useless. This is what has to be done: You and I will go to London together to-night. In the morning we will confide in two alienists. We will all go to Cudlipp House; the doctors will certify him insane; he must consent to our terms. He must put himself in the charge of a medical attendant and a male nurse, and he must go away with them, so that he never returns.

"The newspapers will be told that the shock of recent events has undermined his health, and that he has been ordered a complete change of scene.

"We shall then go to Eleanor, and tell her what has been done; you will marry her here in Paris; I will arrange with the Consulate for secrecy; and you will yourself seek change of scene for a year or so. You, Major, will supply him with money if he needs it; you can get rid of some of those canvases, I suppose?"

Major nodded.

"And you, Flynn, will invent a way up those cliffs, and a story about a maniac vampire, ending with his

confession and suicide, to round it off nicely; we must clear this lad of that ghastly 'not proven' business."

"That is a job," said Flynn, "which I shall most thoroughly enjoy doing. But now you must all come and dine with me; we have no time to lose, if we mean to catch that nine o'clock train."

VI.

Two years later a certain pretty French Countess was enthusiastic, at the Salon des Beaux Arts, over the six South Sea Island pictures of a new Sociétaire. "André de Bry?" she said to her escort, the great sculptor Major; "isn't that the young man who was accused of poor Bibi Sangsue's last murder?"

"The maniac vampire! yes; the fools! as if anyone could mistake Bibi's handiwork!"

"Truth is certainly stranger than fiction; Bibi's career sounds like the wildest imagination. Doesn't it?"

"It does," said Major solemnly. "But perhaps you knew him?"

"At one time," murmured the Countess, with a blush and a droop of the eyelids, "at one time—well—rather intimately!"

"I," said Major, "knew only his father and mother!"

A PERFECT PIANISSIMO

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Hush to the harps and the hymns! for the soul in my body groans.

I tremble in all my limbs! A fire eats up my bones! My right hand's spasm seizes and shatters my moons by scores,

And the sweat of my forehead freezes to white-hot meteors!

I lash the horses of night, and the stars foam forth at their flanks;

All space and time take flight as my chariot tears their ranks.

I drink the milky mist of the starry ways like wine; I grip God's beard in my fist, and my axe cleaves gorge and spine;

At sight of my anguish and trouble the heavens answer my will;

The universe breaks like a bubble—and I am lonelier still.

Silence, and horror, the void—these are my feudals to friend!

I, with eternity cloyed, hunger in vain for the end. Lo! I am shrunk to a breath, a wisp of phantastical air,

A sycophant spurned by Death, a cast-off clout of Despair.

Send but a ripple of song, O singer, to stir my breath! Send but a note to prolong this langourous lust of Death!

For thou art subtle and swift, beyond my sight as a bird

Loftily loud in the lift, a great grace hardly heard, (So low am I, my lover!) a beatitude blazoned afar

Inaccessibly high to hover, a dream still more than a star!

And yet I have known thee, known thine head bowed down to thy knee,

Thy loose hair fallen a zone about the middle of me; Bend didst thou yet lower—incarnate bliss as thou art—

Winding thee slower and slower, yet firmer about mine heart.

Oh but the blast of wonder when mouth with mad mouth met,

And in one dying thunder the manifest sun-world set, And God brake out ablaze—O sister, born at a birth! Let us raid the mountainous ways! Let us rape the virgin earth!

Let us set the stars to song! Let us harness the sun for a steed!

Let the streams of time run strong, with life for a water-weed,

And we swim free therein, as the Gods themselves, as They

Who splash the Aeons, and spin sedge-cycles in their play.

Come! Let us soar, let us soar, beyond the abodes of time,

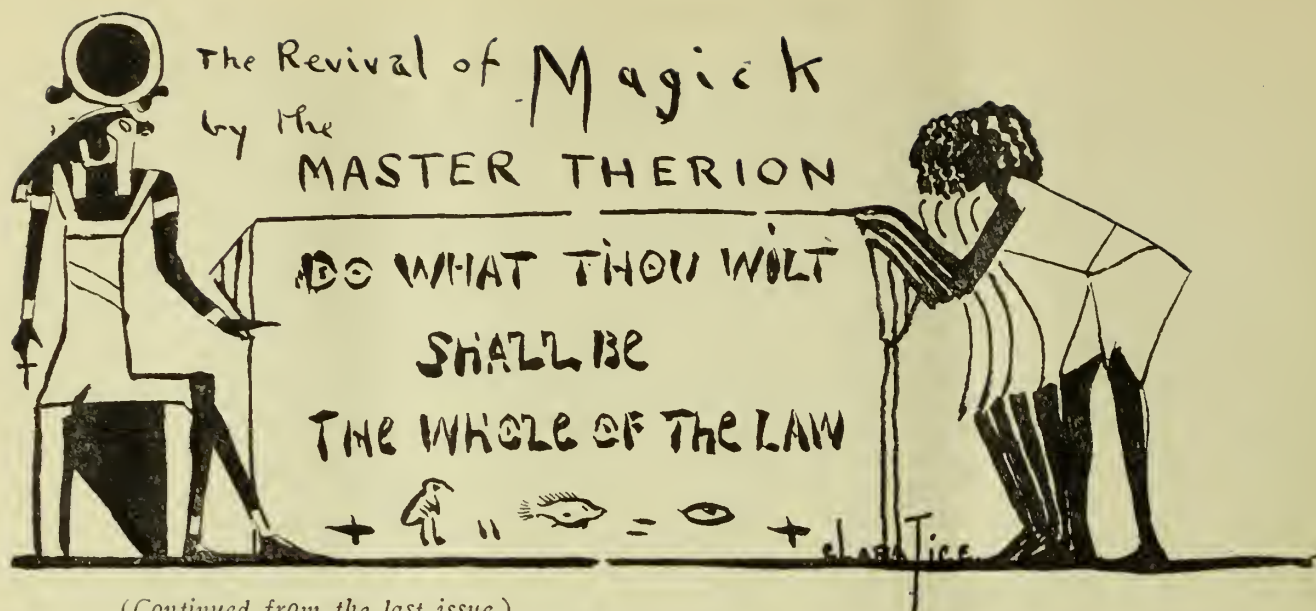
Beyond the skies that are hoar with the blossoms of stars for rime,

Beyond the search of the sun, beyond the abyss of thought,

Beyond the bliss of the One to the land that the Gods call Naught;

There let us rest, let us rest—O the jasmin in your hair

'As your head sinks on my breast—have we not rested there?



(Continued from the last issue.)

Now to more amusing facts of my career. The first thing I learnt was to travel in the astral body. This seems to have been a natural gift with me; in half-a-dozen experiments I was already master of the "Astral Plane." I could go where I would, see what I would, hear what I would. At that time I did not know of those higher planes to which initiation is the only key.

The next step to going out on the Astral Plane is to get it to return the visit; in other words, evocation of spirits to material appearance. It was just as I started on this that I found Allan Bennett. The occasion was an initiation into the order of which we were both members; but he had not been present since I joined it. After the ceremony I was led trembling before the great man, and of course, could say not a word. However, in the ante-room, an hour later, he came directly to me and began: "So, little brother, you have been meddling with the Goetia." I protested myself unworthy even to pronounce the word! But he had spotted me as a promising colt, and when, using my opportunity, I made myself even as his familiar spirit, he consented to take me as a pupil. Before long we were working together day and night, and a devil of a time we had!

In my chambers in Chancery Lane I fitted up a temple, the walls covered by six vast mirrors, so as to throw back the force of the invocations. There were circle and triangle on the floor, and an altar in the midst of the circle.

I constructed all my magical weapons with my own hands, except the wand, which cannot be made, but must be transmitted. This, a shaft of almond cut with a single blow of the Magick Knife at sunrise on Easter morn, was transmitted to me by Frater Volo Noscere.

The effect of all this was pretty sultry.

I was attacked by a black magician in the very early days—the story is told at length and with perfect accuracy of detail in my tale, "At the Fork of the Roads"; it is too long to cite here. I will only say that a woman was sent by the Black Lodge to get a drop of my blood, that she succeeded, that for ten nights following I was assailed by a succubus which I killed with my hands every time, that with the help of my master I put her out of business by sending a plague of cats to her house, and that when she came to try for more blood I punished her by sending her into my black temple—a tiny closet where I kept a skeleton which I fed on mice and

birds with the idea of creating a material and living demon servant—where she was rent in pieces by the evil things she had invoked. She went to the devil, and her master fled the country.

Not bad, all this, for one's first year of magick?

One of our great exploits was the saving of the life of my master. Absolutely unselfish, he would never stir to help himself, and he was a permanent invalid from spasmodic asthma, with complications. Frater V. N. and I determined, in the name and for the sake of the Order, to save him. We evoked the spirit Buer to visible appearance. This was not wholly successful; at that time we wanted things to happen as they did in books—for we were young. But we got the right leg and the foot and ankle of the left as solid as need be; and the head, helmeted, was dimly visible through the incense smoke. In those days we were too pious to use blood, or we might have done better. However, the purpose of the work succeeded. The Master recovered, and is alive to this day—fifteen years later.

Curious how dull good is, how amusing evil! Much keener in memory is one night when Frater V. N. and I were alone together working on the talismans and other necessities for some operation or other, I entirely forget what. We went out to dinner, and before leaving the room, I noticed that the temple door was slightly open. It was locked by a Yale key of which there was but one, which had never left my possession. In those days my chief alarm was that some one would get into my magical affairs. (Nowadays I callously let them in; if they blow their heads off, that's their affair, not mine!) So I sedulously slammed and tested the door, and out we went to dinner. On the stairs was a black cat—not a real cat, either. Back we came from a perfectly temperate meal, found the outer door secure as we had left it, entered, found the temple door wide open, though with no sign of violence, and the altar overthrown, and its furniture tossed in all directions.—And then the fun began!

Round and round the big library tramped the devils all the evening, an endless procession; 316 of them we counted, described, named, and put down in a book. It was the most awesome and ghastly experience I had known.

Strange how they love to open doors! In the East of my big temple in Scotland was a secret shrine, on to which folding doors opened. These I would lock, padlock, seal, nail down, fasten (in short) by every

manner of means; yet, every time I left the room, I expected to find them open. Too often to recount, I did so. I set all kinds of traps for the spirits; it was useless. As long as I was in the room nothing would happen; the moment I shut the outer doors behind me, the inner ones would open noiselessly. I ultimately had to perform a special ceremony to get rid of the annoyance. The demons who played this game were the 49 servitors of Beelzebub; when tamed they became exceedingly useful.

There is a manuscript in the Arsenal Library of Paris which has been translated and published under this title, "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage." It is the best and the most dangerous book ever written. The translator, who lived at the other end of Paris, had to give up cycling to the library, so many were his accidents. Even afoot, he was in constant danger of his life. And he misused the book, fell from a very creditable degree of attainment as a magician to be a loafer, a dipsomaniac, a sponger, and a blackmailer; in the end he died insane.

The book is the address of one "Abraham the Jew" to his second son, Lamech, bestowing this magick upon him. The author records his research, his many travels and disappointments. At last he meets with one Abramelin in Egypt, goes with him into an oasis, and is there initiated by the bestowal of this Sacred Magick. He returns, achieves the task, and employs his powers to the glory of God and the benefit of his neighbor, "forcing even bishops to restore stolen property," winning battles for Electors by the timely creation of "artificial cavalry," healing the sick wholesale, and generally bestirring himself as a philanthropist.

The substance of the operation is as follows: Get a house in a quiet place, have a terrace opening to the North of your Oratory, have robes and a crown, a wand, and a few other not-too-Persian apparatus, and then get busy. Pray more and more every day to obtain the Knowledge and Conversation of your Holy Guardian Angel. After two months cut out all distractions and pray harder. After two months of that, pray harder still.

Then the climax. The Angel appears and instructs. Then and not till then summon the Four Great Princes of the Evil of the World and compel them to swear obedience on the wand, and order them to operate certain talismans. The next day call the Eight Sub-Princes, and the third day their servitors.

The book is written throughout in a serious and simple style. It is by far the most convincing mediaeval magical document in existence. The personality of Abraham himself is evidence.

And any person who doubts magick has only to get a copy of the book, and refuse to take it seriously. He will get proofs enough in standard time; place, the back of the neck!

But if you take it seriously and reverently, if you aspire with your whole will to this attainment, you are safe. The blows of the demon will fall only on those about you.

Yet every obstacle will be put in your way. For example, I had command of what was for all practical purposes unlimited money. I didn't care what I spent on this work. It took me eleven months to find a house.

In copying out on vellum the talismans, I used the breakfast-room of that house, a room chosen because

it was light and cheerful and caught the early morning sun. The weather was fine. Yet I had to do my copying by artificial light. The sun could not penetrate the murk that gathered about those talismans.

One day I returned from shooting on the hill to find a Catholic Priest in my drawing room. It was to ask my permission to do what he could for my gardener, a total abstainer of twenty years' standing who had gone raving drunk.

My housekeeper vanished, unable to bear the eeriness of the place.

An adept with whom I had arranged that he should stay to be a link between me and the outer world likewise fled in terror without a word of warning.

One of the workmen employed about the place went raving mad, and tried to kill me. Others again became dipsomaniacs. All my dogs died. My cook very nearly died, and was only saved by a talisman.

Such are just a few of many incidents which averted the tragedy of dullness from my daily life. And all this, mind you, at the mere threat to perform the Operation!

Time would fail me to tell of all the untoward events that happened to people who did not even go so far as this. Only to have that book on one's shelves is a more serious risk than drying dynamite on a stove!

The talismans work automatically. They are as easy to explode as Iodide of Nitrogen, and a sight more dangerous. My friend and editor, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, once marked his place in the book with his butcher's bill; a couple of days later the butcher was at work; his knife slipped, pierced his thigh and killed him. As Fuller observed at the time, "It may be only a coincidence, but it's just as bad for the butcher!"

"At my initiation I was taught to be cautious" is a note in one system; in another the neophyte is told "Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not."

Keep these two precepts constantly in your mind, and you should go far and fast.

Now for the third class of magical operations! It deals no longer with the brain of the magician himself, as in the case of visions and evocations; it acts upon third parties directly. I refer to the arts of "fascination" in its proper sense—the word comes from the Latin "fascinum." Love is blind: and fascination includes all arts that have this effect. You transform yourself, like Zeus into swan or bull, like Lucius into an ass, like the Egyptian Magi into an hawk, swallow, or Ibis, or like the Syrian into a dove, and by this means compel the desired object to your arms. Or you become invisible—in the practical sense that you remain unseen by those whom you wish not to see you, and if you are playfully inclined, and hungry, you become a bat or a wolf and go afield for blood. These stories are not legends: they veil true powers. I only once tried vampirism, for examination purposes, and in about an hour I bled my victim white. I passed with honors and special mention.

Of course, the reason why one does not do these things is that in the trance Atmadarshana, on the threshold of masterpiece, one loses one's Ego for ever. Thenceforth the man exists only as a vehicle for an Impersonal Master; he lives his own life, and does his own duty, but the Master in him doesn't care what happens to him.

The other day a young lady came to consult me. I

gave her about a thousand dollars' worth of information. She asked me what I was going to charge. I said: "Nothing; regard me as a bank account on which you can always draw." She said: "But you must eat!" I answered: "I do not see the necessity."

I am always being asked why, if I have all these powers, I do not cause stones to become bread, and throw myself from the Woolworth Building in order to prove the truth of the Ninety-first Psalm, and obtain all the kingdoms of the earth at slight cost to self-respect.

Why did Christ refuse in the Temptation on the Mount?

It is the same story: I am come to do the Will of Him that sent me. And if I have to die on the cross, that is better than living on it!

One form of fascination is the power over animals. Persuade your animal that you are not that dangerous wild beast, a man, and your task is over.

Remember St. Francis preaching to birds and fishes. I have seen Allan Bennett do the same with the krait, the deadliest of the Indian snakes. We met it on a road. Before I could blow its head off with my revolver (the first duty of man) Allan interposed with his umbrella. But not to kill it. He deliberately stirred it up. It struck at the umbrella. "That," said Allan, "is anger," and went on to prove to the (I trust attentive) reptile the terrible results on character of allowing oneself to give way to anger! He also animadverted on the danger of frequenting the public highway, and, to conclude, removed the beast gently to the long grass. As a krait can strike in the fiftieth part of a second, and kill (if he does strike) in about

ten minutes, and as Allan's only protection, besides his divinity, was a pair of thin white duck trousers, I think that may stand as one of the bravest acts ever done. I consider myself a bit of a hero merely to have stood by!

However, I learnt a few tricks of this kind myself; for example—a thing most useful in the tropics—how to prevent mosquitoes from biting one. This is done by thinking kindly of them. It must be a genuine spontaneous feeling of brotherhood, or it won't work. You can also pick up anything hot by fixing the attention on the fact that "it doesn't hurt." But that again is a matter of knack. If you think about it too hard, you can no longer do it. I believe D. D. Home had this power.

Again, you can prevent things from biting you by certain breathing exercises. Hold the breath in such a way that the body becomes spasmodically rigid, and insects cannot pierce the skin. Near my bungalow at Kandy was a waterfall with a pool. Allan Bennett used to feed the leeches every morning. At any moment he could stop the leech, though already fastened to his wrist, by this breathing trick. We would put our hands together into the water; his would come out free, mine with a dozen leeches on it. At such moments I would bitterly remark that a coyote will not eat a dead Mexican, but it failed to annoy him.

With invisibility I was very successful. I made a big operation of it in the City of Mexico, and practiced daily for months in front of a mirror. I got good at it at last; and several times I have saved my life, and even things that I valued, thereby.

(To be concluded.)

AN AFRICAN LOVE SONG

By CHARLES BEADLE

IMAGE.

Against the green sky are blue cones,
huddling, like pookoo up on a hill,
From the restless mutter of the forest
and the murmur of the river.

STATEMENT.

This is the home of my love,
whose beauties are sung by the mosquitoes
by night
and danced by the flies
by day.

SONG.

(High tenor chant.)

I have feasted upon venison and fish,
yams roasted and wild orange!
I have drunk of the wine of the palm,
and made merry to the sound of drums
upon the hill!

CHORUS.

(Bass.)

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

II.

For they have prepared against the
coming of my love
a bed of young grass from the softest
flanks of the river!

While I have anointed my body
In the smoke of the greenwood fire!

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

III.

My love walks like unto a leopard stalk-
ing buck!
And her belly is as smooth and as round
as yonder river rock!

Did you hear that monkey chatter?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

IV.

Her legs are like young palm trees
whispering!

Her thighs are as soft as the kernel of
the baobab!

Supple is she as the neck of a young
giraffe!

Did you hear that hippo snort?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

V.

And her breasts are like unto small ant
hills!

Her eyes are two storm-veiled moons,
and her flesh is as cool and as smooth
as a banana frond!

Did you hear the jealous night-hawk
screech?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

VI.

The complexion of my love is woven
from forest shadows,
and her teeth were stolen from a baby
crocodile!

Did you hear that big one flop?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

VII.

Her hair is crisp like unto young
mealies between the teeth,
and her nose is exquisitely flattened
like a wild plum!

Did you hear the parrot scream?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

VIII.

My love sits beside me upon the bridal
couch!

Her touch is like a green grass snake!

Did you hear the welcome of the frogs?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

IX.

Her acrid smell is more pungent than
the greenwood smoke,
and far sweeter than the wild honey of
the country of the M'Xosa!

Did you hear the cricket shrilling?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

X.

Her chins are as firm as the filled
bladder of a kid,

and smoother than an elephant's tusk!

Did you hear the hyena swear?

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

XI.

Her love song blends in harmony
with a jealous lion's roar!

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!

XII.

Her clutch is like an orchid!

Ehh! the mosquitoes bite!

Wei-walli!.....Ow!
Wei-walli!.....Ow!
.....OW!

THE DISCOVERY OF GNEUGH-IOUGHRCK

(A Fragment)

. . . As I approached the landing-place, continued the explorer, the savagery of the natives manifested itself in a thousand extravagances.

In one canoe was to be seen a medicine man, waving a saffron rag, who parleyed in some inscrutable jargon; the tenant of another, a gorilla-like creature, boarded my boat, and plied me with idiotic questions as to whether I had been there before, where I was born, who was my father, was I a native of the country (!!!), what were my political opinions and my moral character, in short, everything that an imbecile curiosity could conjure up. He paid not the least attention to my answers. I learnt afterwards that this was part of a religious ritual of these astonishing half-men.

The great point was that the stranger must be made to swear some oath, no matter what, and no matter whether true or false. The fact of attestation guaranteed the favor of their gods. So again on landing I was confronted by another creature with a head resembling that of a sheep, but with the expression of a vulture, who exacted another oath to the effect that I was not intending to trade with the natives. I swore as requested, and he was immediately satisfied; but on subsequent examination I found that he had taken advantage of my distraction to rifle my loads, and sequester several articles that took his fancy. When I complained of this through an interpreter, I was told that the articles in question were of necessity "either displeasing to the gods, or pleasing to them, since the gods were never indifferent. In the first case, they must be destroyed; in the second they must be offered to the gods. In neither case have you any right in the matter." They added that I might flatter my fortune that she had brought me off so easily, for had I been a native, all my possessions must infallibly have been seized.

But no sooner had I quitted the landing-stage with my porters than an innumerable company of sordid persons began to jostle me. These were all ragged and dirty; they stank horribly of stale liquor of some kind unfamiliar to me, and also of some filthy aromatic. They began at once to ply me with questions which made those of my former tormentor seem almost reasonable.

For those other questions were at least such as I could answer; the new infliction was absurd. They asked me whether I had ever been in their country before; and on my replying "no," inquired how I liked their country, what I thought of its institutions and customs, which they assured me were the best in the world. They asked if I admired their women, who were the most beautiful in the world, and none of whom, as they well knew, I had yet seen. They wished even to know things which God alone could have known, concerning the future; how long I was going to stay, what I would do, and other matters even more ridiculous. They then became extremely insolent, commenting on my personal appearance and costume, catching at my clothes and asking their price, seeking information as to my most private affairs, and in every way conducting themselves as the sodden and mannerless mongrels that they were.

However, being at last for the first time well rid of these scurvy knaves, I was able to rest to some extent, and to listen while I ate my food to the

babble around me. On my journey from the landing-place I had already remarked that no man was able to fix his mind upon his affairs. Every pebble by the roadside on which the sun's rays chanced to fall at the proper angle would catch his eye, and crying, "Cowrie! Cowrie!" he would leave his occupation and rush after it. This frequently led to free fights between savages who had observed the pebble at the same moment, and they would continue to fight even after they found it to be only a pebble. Some seemed altogether hypnotized by their desire for cowries, and, picking up pebbles, would maintain angrily that they were cowries, or were better than cowries, or would be cowries one day!

Their conversation was exclusively on this one subject. It was unlucky or irreligious—I was never able to determine the root-idea in this superstition—to complete a sentence without mention of cowries, or to refer to any object without giving its equivalent in cowries. It was also usual to prefix to every sentence a brief invocation of the "official" god; and this I found to be the only trace remaining of his worship. The real god is a fabulous bird—the *Aquila duplex* of Mungo Park may be a congener. Fabulous, I say, though the natives assert positively that it exists. Yet some such bird is to be found in the western part of the country. The possession of a specimen is said to confer the highest happiness.

In default of such specimens they have dirty and crumpled oblongs of some substance resembling paper. These are covered with hieroglyphic signs and pictures, and the Big Medicine-Man, a mysterious being in the interior of the country, consecrates them and issues them. Their possession ensures good luck. Some are more sacred than others; this depends on the signs written by the makers. For even one of these every native is ready to perform any service, however degrading; or to steal, rob, and murder.

There is, however, a difference in degree; it is pretended that such crimes are only honorable or even (among the stricter sort of men) excusable when the number or value of the oblongs is great. But each man knows in his heart that even one of the least desirable of these is worth the loss of his soul; for this is their religion.

The food of the country is very varied and delicious, but the cooks are by no means skilful in their art. It is possible, however, after some experience, to avoid actual poisoning; and this the natives themselves are not able to do. For instead of using their noses, tongues, and eyes, they judge wholly by ear, which, a good principle in musical criticism, is unsuited to ripe gastronomy. Their method is as follows: Certain persons are chosen for the loudness of their tones, and appointed to declare the benefits or the reverse of devouring certain substances. One class cries that such a food is poison; his opponent that it is the only true nourishment of life. This shouting goes on continuously, and the other natives catch the enthusiasm of the shouters and join in their sacred war-dances, which often develop into fights. The shouters claim the direct inspiration of the god of truth, or of the god of freedom, or of the god of the people; but in reality they are faithful to the true but unofficial god of this strange people, as is every one. Those who most loudly blaspheme him are in truth often his

best servants. The shouters are employed by the merchants, in effect, and their oracles depend upon the commercial interests of their masters. I remarked upon this fact to one of their greatest philosophers, and he replied that it was the greatest proof possible of their bona fides, that the spiritual side of the prophets should be in such perfection of harmony with their material welfare. "What in the Abyss could be better?" (It is the custom to affirm belief in the existence of a place of eternal punishment by introducing its name into every question, since certain heretics doubted it of yore.)

"Should one prophesy against himself, it would show disunion in his being, which is no other than madness."

The test of truth is therefore exclusively its utility. This fact is of wide bearing, and applies directly to their theory of law.

This is as simple in this country as it is complex in others. The first principle is that everything is forbidden. For example, said my interpreter, no man may carry arms. I pointed out that (on the contrary) every man was armed to the teeth. True, said he, therefore if any man displease the ruling power, it is easy to destroy him. If he pay not ample tribute, or if he lend not his wives to the right people, or if he err in thought upon political or social questions, there is no trouble in condemning him. There is always some crime, which all alike commit, of which he may be conveniently accused.

This rule holds good of all laws. None are in force, unless it be to satisfy the greed or spite of one of the ruling class. To this there is however one important exception. There are certain classes of Shouters whose duty it is to call attention constantly to the evil-doer. These wisely concentrate their energies on some one trivial matter—it is not pleasing to the gods to mention serious affairs at all, in any connection—and they enforce the laws most drastically for the moment, while the attention of the people can be held. Thus, on my arrival, they had just condemned a medicine man to Ten Years of Imprisonment for "conscientious-advice-giving."

Other points were also most strange, even to me, an old explorer of many of the dark places of the earth. One essential point of law is that a forbidden thing is no longer forbidden, if it be called by another name.

Thus, it is the custom of the country to drink arrack from a calabash, coffee from a coco-nut; and it is forbidden to drink arrack upon holy days. Those therefore who wish to do so drink it from a coco-nut, and it becomes technically coffee. Similarly, in calling for the arrack, one must say: bring bamboo-shoots. Thus is the law satisfied.

The object of enforcing laws in this sporadic manner is obvious. Suppose a merchant spend years of labor in the building up a big trade in silk. The Shouters then say: "Behold this villain, the greatest rogue that walketh upon the earth! Lo, he conduceth to luxury and to vanity; and the morals of our women, the purest albeit the fairest that be in all the world, are by him corrupt." The indignation of the people is thus aroused, and they bethink them of the law against silk. The merchant must then pay all that he hath to the Shouters, so that they may not see him.

This is a most salutary custom of this people. The merchant hath ever the fear of the Law before his eyes. He is taught constantly the instability of human affairs, and so from a merchant he becometh a philosopher.

The greater merchants, however, have found higher truths. They themselves employ armies of Shouters, and none dare offend them. In their hands they have gathered all the images of the God of the country, without which none may do aught without blasphemy, and blasphemy is the one crime that is always and in all places punished, usually by death.

It is they that have destroyed or sequestered all the specimens of Aquila Duplex, which is not fabulous at all, and may still be found in the western districts of the country. But it has been to their interest to persuade the ignorant that the bird is but a fable, and that the oblong squares are the true God.

The evening being now come, I went forth into the market-place to take the air; but no sooner had I come into their main way, which they call broad (though it is narrow enough if one compare it with the main street of any civilized town), and white, although it has hardly a white building in all its length, than I was assailed by the fearsome beast which is justly the dread of the whole country, the terrible man-eating chicken . . .

(The remainder of this account has been deleted by the Censor.)

ABSINTHE

By JEANNE LA GOULUE

Apollon, qui pleurait le trépas d'Hyacinthe,
Ne voulait pas céder la victoire à la mort.
Il fallait que son âme, adepte de l'essor,
Trouvât pour la beauté une alchimie plus sainte.
Donc, de sa main céleste il épuise, il éreinte
Les dons les plus subtils de la divine Flore.
Leurs corps brisés soupirent une exhalaison d'or
Dont il nous recueillait la goutte de l'Absinthe!

Aux cavernes blotties, aux palais pétillants,
Par un, par deux, buvez ce breuvage d'aimant.
Car c'est un sortilège, un propos de dictame;
Ce vin d'opale pale avortit la misère,
Ouvre de la beauté l'intime sanctuaire
—Ensorcelle mon cœur, extasie mon âme!

LAST NIGHT.

By FAITH BALDWIN

Within a dim and starlit room last night,
Your heart to mine, astir like frightened wings,
Your dear lips saying mad, enchanting things,
I saw your strange eyes fill with faery light.

'And suddenly I slipped from out To-day
And we were in some green and moon-mad place,
And as you smiled, and bent to kiss my face,
I knew that, somehow, we had found the way

Back to a Pagan passion and desire,
Back to an Age of golden, free-limbed Youth,
All Song and Rapture and courageous Truth,
The world at Springtide—and the night on fire.

And we were bound no more by Time and Space,
No longer slaves of Subterfuge and Man.
And you who held me in your arms were Pan,
And I a dryad crushed in your embrace!

GROANS FROM THE PADDED CELL

(The Minority Report of the Editorial Rooms.)

IN the days of the military clan, men were more or less free and equal. An ordeal was necessary for the attainment of manhood; a regular ceremony which was far from a joke. Only the strong and clever could hope to attain the privileges of manhood. There was no specialization of labor. A man had to be able to hunt and fight; a woman to cook and to do the work of agriculture. There was hardly room for anyone but what might be called the normal human being. One particularly lazy fellow, well skilled in flattery, might get a job as tribal bard; but otherwise he would have to work like the rest. As a man got old, beyond the period when skill and experience failed to compensate for lack of strength, he might become an elder by virtue of his wisdom; and, of course, the best all-round man had a good chance of becoming King. But there really was something like equality of opportunity.

TO-DAY all this is absolutely changed. Every important branch of work is so specialized that a man must give his whole life to his particular job for 40 years or more before he is capable of holding his own in it. Such a man must obviously be chosen from the start on the ground of inclination and capacity. He must be allowed ample leisure. He must be secured freedom from all worries and anxiety, or he will never arrive at competence. A university education is not nearly enough. It is only a general ground-work. When a man leaves a university he wants at least 10 years uninterrupted work in his particular line before he even begins to succeed in it. In other words, the complexity of civilization demands an elaborate caste system. For one thing, the *habit of authority* is absolutely necessary to any one who is to fill a position of responsibility. Put a man who has done menial work all his life into an important position. He inevitably becomes a "Jack in office," harsh, overbearing and tyrannical. On the other hand, if you take a boy and give him well trained servants, he will, when he becomes a man, get things done with perfect suavity and good feeling and absence of fiction. That is why you can take a boy from Eton or Winchester and send him out to rule a province in India. The "Competition wallah," the boy of no birth or breeding who obtains a position in the Indian Civil Service by intellectual merit, is a disastrous failure.

THERE must however, be an end to all this talk of equality of opportunity. It will always be necessary to have a great majority of the population engaged in mechanical tasks. It is evidently quite impossible to give every man and woman even a university education. Most people have to earn their living by the time they are sixteen. Even if this experiment were possible, it would be absurd, because the university education would unfit the average individual for the necessary work of life. It is no good to teach a man political economy and Greek, and then set him to make rivets in a boiler factory for the rest of his life.

HOW then are we to make an intelligent selection? The answer is perfectly obvious. Men are not by any means born equal in the matter of intellectual capacity. Take the extreme case of

the Hottentot. No amount of teaching will get him to count beyond the number five, owing to the limitations imposed upon him by nature in the matter of fingers. The same holds true to a limited extent even with Caucasians. It is quite true that occasionally nature, in her merry mood, produces a genius from very unlikely material. It may sometimes happen, for example, that a stock which has never exhibited any intellectual distinction at all may get tangled up matrimonially with a lunatic, and by some lucky combination produce a genius.

BUT we do not know enough about genius to take any practical steps along these lines. We are bound to deal with averages; and there is nothing more certain than this, that ordinary talent, as opposed to genius, is to a very large extent inherited. The main objection to the hereditary principle is that families, after a long series of generations of distinguished men, take to producing degenerates and imbeciles. It is the ordinary biological curve. Now undoubtedly much mischief is wrought by having a caste which is hereditary and nothing more, because the said degenerates and imbeciles interfere with the working of the social machine. Our business is to get the right man in the right place; and the hard and fast rule of primogeniture has in many cases worked badly. One may concede that ultimately it is bound to work badly in all cases.

IT seems to me that it would be easy enough to guard against this difficulty. We must have a leisured class, we must have a privileged class, or we can never get good men at all. The most likely candidates are those whose fathers and mothers have achieved distinction. This principle has been recognized in England by the practice of raising distinguished men to the peerage. The idea has been greatly abused by confirming nobility upon the mere plutocrat. Yet when particularly undesirable people have bought these titles, care has taken to make the seat in the House of Lords end with the life of the ennobled bag of money.

BUT how are we to prevent degenerates and imbeciles from sitting in the highest councils of the nation? By the simple process of clearing them out. It would be easy to arrange for a test of manhood, a public test subject to public criticism, so that no man could assume hereditary privileges without proving by ordeal his right to it. These tests could and should be both physical and mental. These ideas are not opposed to democracy in its true sense. We want the normal man to govern, and the normal man means a man very far above the average, almost the ideal man, just as normal eyesight is the kind of eyesight that only a very few very lucky people possess.

THE socialistic idea that every man is as good as every other man is comic. A great deal of rubbish has been written lately about "secret diplomacy." How can the ordinary man expect to give a sound opinion on the affairs of foreign countries, when the very best men, specially trained for all their lives, are constantly making the most

stupid mistakes? "Popular control" is out of the question, even in the smallest business house. How then can we apply it with any common sense to the affairs of a great nation? If the people were free to vote, what would they vote for? Free lodging, free movies and free beer. I myself would vote for free beer. Could you expect the lower East Side to vote money for the encouragement of art or even of science? Of any of the higher branches of human activity? Yet, the whole structure of society depends upon the cultivation of these higher branches. Go and ask the ordinary working man whether he would rather apply the national income to the reduction of rent or to the study of histology! We should never have a cent for anything pertaining to the most fundamental and necessary activities, if the choice were left to the people.

WHAT then is the ideal form of government? The greatest of all the political lessons of history is that society is founded on the family, and the family on the land. A strong agrarian class is the best defense against invasion, physical or moral. "A bold peasantry, its country's pride, when once destroyed, can never be supplied." There is something in the contact with earth and air and water and sun which makes men vigorous. All strong and stable states have had Cincinnatus for a unit. The power of England has always lain in the landed nobility and gentry. Each great estate has been the nucleus of a peasantry with "soul"—with a peculiar pride in itself. The lords of the land, great or little, were also the fathers of the people. Each took a particular and individual interest in each of his tenants.

WHEN this system began to break up, owing to the growth of industrialism and of the power of money, the virility of England broke with it. Fifty years ago the smallest squire had more social consideration than the most wealthy merchant; rightly so, for he was actually a part of the land itself. A rich man could not become a squire by buying land; he became a joke.

BUT your plutocrat has no anchor in the soil; he calculates coldly that it is cheaper to work a man to death than to look after him. He does not know or care what becomes of those dependent upon him. The idea of solidity of structure is gone from the social system. America dwells in tents like the Arabs, and may as silently fade away. Who in this colony feels in his bones an attachment to ancestral Topeka? We go where the economic tide drifts us; and we do not go back because there is no "back" to go to. Socialism (as most people seem to conceive it) would make matters a thousands times worse—if there's that amount of room for further bedevilment; for Socialism ignores all but the economic factor. Economics appeal only to the shell of men, never to his soul. And it is the soul which determines the action of a true man. A nation swayed wholly by economic considerations is a nation lost alike to God and to man. "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

THE first business of government is to guard the hardihood of the race. So we must see to it that every child is healthy and well-fed, inured to sport,

to hardship within certain bounds. The spirit must be free, the passions strong and well regulated, the intellect unhampered by old wives' fables. We must assure to every one the first necessities of life, shelter, food, warmth and the easy exercise of the power of reproduction, without shame or sentimentality.

WE must make a firm, almost a paternal bond, between the "lord" and his dependents. If an employer were soundly whipped whenever one of his men or women had a preventable sickness, it would change things considerably! The happiest, the most healthy, the most prosperous class in recent history were the slaves in the South before the Civil War, wherever the owner was a decent Southern Gentleman, and not a Yankee nigger-driver, with no interest in the slaves beyond dollars. If America is to survive, nay, to become a nation, it must be by the development of an enlightened feudalism.

LET us not be frightened by a name! Reginald Front-de-Boeuf was not the only type of Norman Baron. And the world is a very different place to-day. We have a wretched habit of being scared by words like "royalty," "Socialism," so that we do not trouble to ask what such terms really mean. This is because we mix up our rational thoughts with our sentimental emotions. There was never a moment in the world's history when it was more vitally important to think and to feel as if with two separate organs. "God gave the land to the people," as the little hymn says; but He did not give them brains, or moral courage, or the power of self-analysis. There is not one man in ten thousand who knows whether his consciousness is colored by reason or by passion.

I PERSONALLY have found this power extremely awkward. Just at present, for example, my heart clings to the great court of Trinity closer than its immemorial ivy. All my imagination is with the England of Harry the Fifth, and with the France of Joan of Arc, and with the Russia of wild and mystic orgies. But my intellect refuses to give assent to some of the propositions made by the Allies. I am ready, with Drake, to singe the King of Spain's beard; or to tear the Kaiser from his gory throne, in a moment of patriotic passion. But I am not prepared to sit down and argue calmly that such actions are ethically right. All hail to the vehemence and fury of war and of love! But not in these trousers. I must first gird my loins with the saffron philabeg of a dhuine-wassail! As a lover, it gives me extreme satisfaction to riot amid the wine-stained and blood-bedabbled tresses of a Messalina or a Catherine; but, as a philosopher, I seem to myself to have acted with brutish unreason. I maintain, briefly, that Philip drunk is as good as Philip sober; but I cannot fall into line with the man who asserts that Philip drunk is Philip sober. And alas! that man is everywhere. You rightly enough drop nine hundred and sixty-eight million tons of trinitrotoluene upon the head of a Saxon peasant whose only idea of you, till then, has been vague and ill-etched. Perhaps he thought of you as one of the people among whom his Uncle Fritz went to live in 1849. You are right to drop that trinitrotoluene; it is a splendid gesture. But—the morning after? Even Antient Pistol proved amenable. "I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret

him; discourse the same in French unto him!" is followed by the mild acceptance of a modest ransom.

NOW this war is not to be settled by appeals to passion and to sentiment. We have got to reconstruct the world on such lines as may be best for all. We must use one quality only—common sense. We have got to be friends with Germany before we sheathe the sword against her. The campaign of hate on both sides is utter wickedness or complete insanity—you pay your money and you take your choice. We are not going to listen to the drunken journalist who sneered the other day at the Friends of Irish Freedom as "bartenders and servant girls." His animus was evident, for he attributed the ruin of his mind to the one, and that of his body to the other, class. But, on the other hand, we must shut our ears to the sentimental wails of the Irish irreconcilables about "Saxon tyrants." This historic injustice business is plain vendetta, and as out-of-date as furbelows, whatever they were.

WE must attend to the genuine needs of each nation, and heed not their cries of hysteria. Then, if there be indeed incompatible needs—(though, in the name of God who made earth so

wide and fair, how can there be?)—if there be no way of reconciling England's need of a navy with Germany's need of a place in the sun, then we can go on and fight it out some more. But we shall never begin to talk peace till we begin to think peace; and we shall never begin to think peace till we have got ourselves into thinking, instead of feeling. And we shall never do that until we realize that the two things are different.

A. C.

LOVE IS ONE.

I LOVE God only when I love thee most.

Censing the altar with the whispered shower
Of worship, I approach the holiest hour
When in the monstrance burns the blessed Host.
Landed on life's chryselephantine coast,

I make the godly gesture of pure power.

The silence shrouds me like a folded flower
When all life lapses in the Holy Ghost.

How could I love God if I loved not thee,
Or love thee if I were not lost in God?

Could there be three unless those Three were One?
There is no shore to the celestial sea;
There is no pylon to the last abode,
The temple of our truth, Hilarion!

THE ARGUMENT THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING

There was a sombre and a smoldering fire in the eyes of the quiet man in the corner of the ingle. The remarks of the prohibitionist who was holding forth from the big arm chair seemed to excite him, but one could hardly have said why. But when that respectable gentleman paused for breath, the fire leapt up. "May I add my humble testimony?" he said politely. "I feel more strongly than most men, I think, upon the subject. Were I to tell you my story, perhaps you would admit that I had a right to do so." The man from the Anti-Saloon League got out his note book with undisguised enthusiasm. "Can't we induce you to tell it?" he asked, scenting something sensational, "nothing so aids the cause as the recital of facts." "Well," said the quiet man, "I don't mind if I do. I was married to a young and beautiful woman. We passed six years of which one could not pick out a single month and say that it was not a honeymoon. She drank herself into a lunatic asylum." He stopped there, very suddenly; his words cut bitterly into the heart of every man in the room. They were too shocked for even the conventional murmur of sympathy. But the prohibitionist, with a smirk, asked for further details. "I shall be happy to gratify you, sir," replied the other, and there was a subcurrent of severity in his tone which made one or two of the more sophisticated men present prick up their ears. The quiet man lighted his cigar. "My wife's father," he said, "was vicar of one of the most important parishes in London. His wife liked a glass of champagne with her dinner. However, in her position, it would not do. She had to set a good example to the parish. At the same time she was not going to give up her champagne, so she sent for a doctor who prescribed her champagne, and in order more effectually to silence the voice of scandal, it was necessary to prescribe for the children

as well. The eldest daughter, at the age of 16, was drinking about a quart a day, by the doctor's orders. She married. Two years later, her husband died. Six years after that I married her myself. Presently I discovered that whenever anything happened to depress her she sought consolation in alcohol. The Puritan idea, the necessity of pretending to be what you are not, had destroyed her sense of freedom. She did the drinking secretly. Ultimately the smash came. I had to be away for some months on business. In my absence the baby died. I came back to find her a hopeless dipsomaniac. I tried everything. Naturally it was useless. She lost all moral sense, I was compelled to divorce her because she refused to follow the doctor's last orders, to spend two years in a 'home.' I would not stand by and let her kill herself so long as I was morally responsible for her moral welfare. Three months after the divorce, she had to be put into a lunatic asylum."

"A most striking story," said the prohibitionist, "A most admirable story, a most useful story for our purpose." But the quiet man rose to his feet. "No," he said, "my tragedy is not a tragedy of alcohol, it is a tragedy of humbug. It is the rotten popular Anglo-Saxon cowardice about the use of alcohol which leads inevitably to its abuse. It is people like yourself that are responsible for all the drunkenness, for all the insanity, for all the crime that people resort to. In countries where there is no feeling against alcohol, where, in honesty and decent freedom a man can sit with his family and drink in the open, we find none of these troubles." The prohibition orator became exceedingly annoyed. "I did not expect this treatment," he said. "It is most unwarrantable. I have no doubt at all, sir, that the poor woman was driven to drink by your own brutal treatment." "Yes," said the other man, "I can be both brutal and violent on occasion." And he was.

THE BURNING OF MELCARTH

BY MARK WELLS

The Herald of the King of Tyre, borne upon a chariot with six white horses, made his way through the busy street.

In the name of the great god Melcarth, and in the King's name, he commanded that all strangers should leave the city upon pain of death.

It was two weeks before the winter solstice, but in that glorious climate many a flower bloomed already in the gardens of the inhabitants.

Cleon, the Greek merchant of Corinth, was prepared for the warning of the herald, but he was none the less annoyed. He had the commercial spirit, and it enraged him to find his business interrupted by a mere festival. He would not so much have minded had Dodeh, his beloved for the period of his residence, agreed to accompany him. A holiday visiting the islands of the coast would have been agreeable if he had some one to play the flute to him, and dance for him upon the deck in the glow of sunset. But Dodeh had refused positively; "her religion came first in her life"—and Cleon, who was rather a sceptic, sighed over the stupidity of fanaticism. He was angry, too, for a somewhat contradictory reason. Since festivals must be, he liked to see them. He fancied himself as a travelled man, and he would have liked to bring back a great story to Corinth in the spring. Still there was nothing for it but compliance; so he made a feast for Dodeh, bade her guard his merchandise in his absence, and in particular to beware of the advances of a certain saucy youth named Ramman, one of those vagabonds who from all time has infested Eastern cities, living no one knows quite how.

"He shall not called Ramman for nothing," frowned the Greek, "if he comes about my house in my absence." This was a joke, for Ramman is derived from the verb "ramamu," meaning to bellow.

Dodeh naturally assured the merchant of her eternal truth, and very likely believed what she said; women usually do, at the time. Their deceptions are successful because they are unconscious. They are all faithful, so far as they know; but when it comes to action, it is the "troll" that rules them.

So Cleon took his men and his ship and put to sea; and cruised among the islands till the period of the festival had elapsed. By some error of calculation the ship master arrived off Tyre some hours too soon.

The city lay in utter darkness; but on the beach a flame shone out as if it were a beacon. Dawn broke, and they saw that it was the smoldering effigy of a monstrous man, seated astride a sea-horse proportionately enormous. When the pilot came out with the official who represented the city, in order to see that all was in conformity with Tyrian law, Cleon asked the latter what this might mean and was solemnly assured that "the god had struck him with a thunderbolt." The strange sight and stranger explanation struck the fancy of the Greek;

and he more than ever regretted that he was not entitled to witness the wonders about which the people of the city made such mystery.

Dodeh received him with exceeding joy, which her demure demeanor would not hide, for once. She was a woman of twenty years old, of subtle loveliness. Rather short and plump, she was built strong and sturdy; her round face was rosy through its olive, and the effect was heightened by faint blue tattooings on the cheeks and lips. Her eyes were fiery glints beneath dark eyebrows blackened and drawn out with kohl. On her upper lip a fine moustache—the merest hint—betrayed a passionate temperament. She was silky and sullen and swift and perverse, loving to tease her master with pretended indifference, only to overwhelm him with the greater vehemence at the end, like a cat playing with a mouse. She had all the stealth and self-possession of a cat, moreover; and Cleon thought himself lucky to be beloved of one so skilled in every art of pleasing and exciting. In short, she ended by winning him wholly; for not content with the mere art of love, she had made herself indispensable to his business, teaching him all the tricks of the Tyrians, how they imitated ivory, and adulterated purple, and mixed silk and wool so that no ordinary eye could distinguish the fraud. The result was that he carried her off to Corinth with him when his business was done, and the smiles of Grecian maids failed to disturb him; he had found the one woman of the world. She presided in his house with perfect dignity and charm; the philosophers whose company Cleon affected were more than pleased with her modesty and her education; for she could recite the poems of Sappho, and of Alcaeus, and of Stesichorus and Pittacus and Hermesianax, as well as she could play the flute and dance; while even sterner subjects were familiar to her. She was well acquainted with the philosophy of Pythagoras and of Heraclitus, and had even studied Plato; while, to crown all, she possessed a very pretty gift of divination by throwing handfuls of dried leaves into a fire made of cedarwood and beeswax. She was not a mere priestess of pleasure, it must be understood; she had been brought up from infancy in the temple, and trained and consecrated to the service of the god.

Presently Cleon had to return to Tyre, and this time his voyage was so successful that he determined to establish a regular branch of his business in the city at the end of the summer. It was July when he and Dodeh reached Corinth for the second time, and so devoted was the lover that he made a great festival and married her. She readily acquiesced in the Greek ceremony, but made a single stipulation, that she should be allowed to hold in her hand some of the sacred fire from the altar during the whole ceremony; for such, she said, was the custom of her people, that the sun, the father of all fire and the giver of all life on earth, might witness to her fidelity on the one hand and make her fertile on the other. But she said this laughingly, and Cleon thought that she cared little for her religion, but yet was half-consciously afraid to fail to carry out its observances.

A month after the marriage they sailed once more for Tyre, where Cleon purchased a large shop for his merchandise, and a house with a garden in the suburbs. All autumn they lived and loved in peace and in prosperity; then Cleon remembered that he was

still technically a stranger, and would have to leave the city for the festival. He was much more annoyed than on the previous occasion; for he had "settled down" with Dodeh, and become fat and lazy; besides, he was all on fire to see the ceremony of which he had only witnessed the aftermath. He expressed his feelings in the plainest words to Dodeh. It was the nearest approach to ill-temper he had ever shown.

She laughed in her most fascinating way. "Dear baby," she said, "what a fuss about nothing! All you need do is to leave the city openly and lie off shore a few miles out to sea; I will get a little boat and come for you at night. You shall come back here; I will disguise you, and we will see the ceremony together—except the last day, when women are not allowed to participate. But I will tell you exactly what to do, and you shall see everything." Cleon was enchanted at her ready compliance, and her quick solution; when the time came he left Tyre in great state, taking a most affecting public farewell of his wife, to throw as much dust as possible in the eyes of the world. That night Dodeh did as she had said; they got back to the villa without being observed, and though it was all dark without, within were lights and flowers and a splendid banquet ready. Never had Dodeh been so hilarious as she was that night; the slightest incidents seemed to amuse her, and in consequence she was equally amusing. They really behaved like two silly children; one would have said they had been parted for a year instead of a bare fraction of a day.

II.

For the next three days the happy couple remained quietly at home, save for an hour or so in the morning, when Dodeh went to the market and the temple in order not to arouse comment in the city. On the fourth day the festival was to begin.

That morning Dodeh came home with quantities of live quails, which Cleon had not seen before the festival. The explanation was that Asteria, the mother of Melcarth, was a quail, and these birds might therefore not be eaten until the birth of Melcarth, which was to be celebrated that night. Shortly after sunset Dodeh dressed Cleon in the disguise of a slave and made him carry the quails; and they went forth together to a part of the city where they were not known. At every place where four streets met a bale-fire blazed. Around these fires the people were assembled, in great solemnity, every one with bright clothes, and most of them carrying one or more live quails, each according to his rank and wealth. Priests walked up and down the street in twos and threes, chanting:

Rejoice! Rejoice!

O men of Tyre, rejoice!

O women of Tyre, clap hands!

Asteria your goddess is ill at ease.

She is bowed upon the arms of her handmaidens.

Cry aloud that Asteria may be delivered from her pain!

Let a man child be born unto Asteria, even the great god Melcarth, Lord of Tyre.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Presently the song changed. It became surpassing slow and sad. One priest began:

"Now is the hour of the tribulation of Asteria."

Another answered:

"Whence came Asteria?"

"From the fire of the sun."

"What shall avail her to purge her of her tribulation?"

"The fire of the sun."

Then rose the voices of the priests in chorus:

"Arise, ye people, let strength and beauty be born of Asteria, mother of Melcarth, Lord of Tyre!"

At that all the people shouted together, and began to leap joyously across the flames, dropping the live quails into them as they sprang. Cleon, following his wife's direction, imitated them. As the quails began to roast, they were recovered from the fire, and every one plucked and ate one then and there. When every one had had his fill, the dance began; but Cleon and Dodeh soon slipped away to the quieter pleasures of the flute.

On the following day, it was evident that Melcarth had indeed been born; for there he stood in the great square that was in the center of the city, in effigy, twenty feet high, upon a sea-horse. Around him was a regular scaffolding of logs, with sheaves of straw; in preparation, as Dodeh explained to her husband, for the final bonfire. But this day was to be devoted to the drama of the life of the great God. Dodeh had procured a priest's dress for Cleon, as through her association with the temple she could easily do. They found a secluded station in that part of the temple which was allotted to the priests and priestesses—and this was the only day in the year when women were permitted to enter the holy place. This enabled them to see perfectly without attracting any special attention.

At high noon the herald entered the temple and bade all men mark the coming of the king. A minute later the rest of the procession arrived. Cleon could see it through the open door of the sacred building. First came a solid phalanx of guards, in white tunics and buskins, with shields, corslets, and helmets of carved and polished brass. They carried spears which had been gilded in honor of the occasion. Next came a company of horsemen, their trappings covered with fans of peacock's feathers. After them came many priests; then the company of the actors of the sacred drama, in the various disguises necessary; then other priests. Next came six gigantic men of swarthy stature, bearing a gilded pole carved with representations of the deeds of Melcarth, and tipped with the image of a pine-cone.

Last came the king, in a chariot of chased ivory and gold. The car was swathed with a great curtain of true Tyrian purple, against which the king showed marvellously, for he wore silks of the richest blue over his golden armor, and in his helmet with its crenellated circlet were seven white ostrich feathers. In his hand he carried the sacred rod of office, for he was high priest as well as king. About him the high ministers of state bore each the symbol of his office.

At the temple the king descended, and did sacrifice at the great altar where burned the perpetual fire. Only the priests and the actors entered with him.

The king gave the signal, and the sacred play began. With every detail the great legend of Melcarth was commemorated; his conquest of the lion and of the dragon, of the Rivers of Destruction and of the Untameable Sea-horse. They represented his cleansing of the land by rain, his fertilizing of the desert by rivers; they showed how he had won the golden fruit from the gardens of the Sunset, and how he had dragged back his friend Mazib from the very heart of hell.

This was the climax of the mystery, for no sooner had the rescued man embraced his savior than the king himself, leaving his throne, stepped forward as

though to interrupt the proceedings. He lifted his staff, crying "Woe, woe to the city of Tyre! Melcarth saved Mazib, for Melcarth is a god, the strong, the bountiful. But who shall save Melcarth? For Melcarth goeth down into the grave!" With that he cast his staff upon the ground; he tore his blue robes from his shoulders; he unbuckled his golden armor, and let it clang upon the marble. Appearing only in a loose robe of black without any ornament, he cast dust upon his head from a box presented by the priest who acted as master of the ceremonies, and uttered a long lament, full of terrible predictions as to what would happen to the city when Melcarth was dead, ending every phrase with the woeful question "Who shall save Melcarth? Who shall save the city of Tyre?"

Presently all present began to join in this refrain; it spread without the temple, all down the city streets through the ranks of the assembled people. All tore their robes, all threw dust upon their heads, all beat their foreheads. But now the youngest of all the priests came forward. He alone had not joined in the lamentations; he had stood silent before the fire of the altar as if lost in meditation, from time to time reaching his hand out over the fire, or leaning his head towards it. He was dressed, differently to the other priests, in a short tunic of purple with a skirt to the knee, and a golden cord bound seven times about his waist. On his head he wore a conical cap of carved ivory, ornamented with horns like a bull's. He bore a bow and seven small blunt arrows. Standing before the king he shot the arrows one by one into the air, while all stood silent. Then he spoke.

"An oracle of the god, O King!

"The word of Melcarth to the City of Tyre!

"Melcarth must die, but he must live again!"

The king answered with the old phrase: "Who shall save Melcarth? Who shall save the City of Tyre?"

The young man answered: "An oracle of the god, O king! A man that is a stranger shall save the City of Tyre!"

The king lifted his voice, as if appealing to the people: "Is there any stranger in the City of Tyre?"

Immediately confusion arose, every man pretending to examine his neighbor. After a few moments the king repeated his question, and again the pretended search was made. For the third time the king asked: "Is there any stranger in the City of Tyre?" and this time the answer rolled back, a dirge of utter woe, from every part of the whole city, and even from the suburbs and the surrounding fields and hills, where men had been specially stationed for this part of the ritual, the idea being to include the whole dominion in the sacred formula. With one voice the priests and the people cried aloud: "There is no stranger in the City of Tyre!" At that the entire population gave themselves up to frenzies of affected woe, dispersing gradually to their homes, where they were to abstain from food and from the kindling of any fire, until the morrow. Cleon and Dodeh, profoundly moved by the significance of this strange rite, returned to their villa, and sat, as the ritual prescribed, by the dead ashes of the hearth, lamenting till the dawn.

The critical moment for Cleon was to arrive on the third day of the feast, for no women might accompany the men, so his wife said. Every man must wear a particular disguise, and she had been at pains to prepare one and conceal it in the house of a friend who lived in the great street which led to the center of the city. Cleon would thus have only about half a mile to

walk to see the burning of the effigy of Melcarth, and there would be little chance of detection. So a little before noon they reached the house appointed. The street was already lined with guards for the ceremony, but Dodeh giving a sign to the officer, she was allowed to enter with Cleon. Here she removed his slave's dress, which she had made him wear to explain his presence with her, and proceeded to adorn him for the ceremony. She produced a jar of some sticky substance like resin, stained purple with the famous dye, and covered him from head to foot with it. Over this she threw a lion's skin, and in his hand she put a club. "We must wait till the procession comes," she said, "then you can glide out of the house and mingle with it; no one will notice you. Walk up to the great square with them, but do not speak to any one. Your accent—though it's delightful, heart of my heart!—would give you away at once, and it would be terribly dangerous for you to be recognized as a stranger. We don't like our mysteries spied on; only, I love you!"

Minutes passed by; Cleon began to find this costume extremely hot and the sacred paint peculiarly irritating; but it was worth it. Presently a noise of chanting down the street told them that the procession was near; Cleon, trying hard not to scratch, slipped out of the door. The street was now full of people, many of them in fantastic attire. The sun blazed down upon the scene, and Cleon felt hotter and more uncomfortable than ever. But he was full of strange excitement; the fierce atmosphere of the festival seemed to have communicated itself to him.

In a few moments the head of the procession appeared. It was formed by priests, all wearing the masks of various wild beasts and bearing flaming torches. As he turned to look, the street suddenly cleared; the people had all moved to the side behind the steel-clad line of guards. He realized that he was alone; but instead of retiring among the others, he felt that that was the one thing he could not do. He felt a kind of madness surging in his brain, and at the same moment he realized that the procession was no longer chanting, but roaring and howling in imitation of the wild beasts whose masks they wore, and that they were charging him. He bounded madly up the street toward the square; the crowd joined in at his heels, and above the cries he heard the jubilant call of the people: "Melcarth shall live again! Tyre shall be saved!"

He reached the square; it was full of men and women with flaming torches on every side. His blood boiled with the frenzy of excitement; he knew that he was shouting in mad glee mingled with horror. Suddenly a flash of sanity came to him; he saw that he was in danger. He dashed at an opening of the square, but the flaming torches closed upon him. The agony of the poisoned paint was now insufferable; he bounded to and fro, raving he knew not what. Ever the torches seemed to hem him in.

And then the darkness fell from his eyes; a great illumination seized him; he must take refuge with Melcarth, with Melcarth who must die and live again. In an ecstasy he bounded upon the pyre; he climbed over the great logs; he caught the stirrup of the god, and hoisted himself on to the shoulders of the seahorse. As he did so a thousand torches were plunged into the straw, and the flames roared up to heaven. But through them he saw one thing with the last flash of sanity and life; it was Dodeh, in her harlot's dress, lying back in the arms of Ramman, laughing and clapping her hands.

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

(Written in the Dark Ages Before the War.)

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

GAMBRINUS AND BACCHUS

GERMANY, to borrow the phrase of a teetotaler, is the classic land of moderate drinking. Out of Germany came the temperance drink, beer. Bacchus Dionysos has found many singers. Gambrinus is unsung, if not unhonored, of poets. Yet is not the hop as fragrant as the grape? I am convinced that many poets who celebrate the vine have been inspired by beer. But beer doesn't rhyme well. We deem it a word without literary traditions. Still, the history of beer is ancient and honorable, and its literature reaches back to the dusk of the Pagan gods. Julian, the Apostate, was the first contributor to the literature of beer. He wrote a satirical poem against it. He also wrote satirical poems against the Christians. But the pale Galilean has conquered. And, strange as it may seem, beer has been a steady companion of Christian expansion.

The watchword "Bibles and Beer" is applicable in a sense unsuspected by those who reproachfully coined it. When the Roman world power, the bulwark of Paganism, was demolished, the beer of the Teutons supplanted the Pagan wine. At first the odor of heathen festivals attached to the brew of Gambrinus. But the wary Church adopted it along with the holidays of the heathens, and it was brewed in the monasteries. And in the drinking songs of the Germans, pæans of Christ were substituted for the pæans of Wotan. The Salvation Army and the Protestant churches seem to adhere to the same ecclesiastical policy; they both bawl devotional hymns to the rousing tunes of the convivial songs of the German student.

The good monks of the Middle Ages served Bacchus and Gambrinus with equal zeal. Chronicles tell of a hop garden near the monastery of Freising, in 768. The Swedish bishop and celebrated chronicler, Olaf Magnus, remarked in 1502 that the wine in the South and the beer in the North were steadily improving. The papal legate, Raimundus Lucullus, justified his cognomen by a rapturous tribute to the beer brewed in Hamburg. Martin Luther was a jolly good fellow. It goes without saying that he sanctioned beer.

Of course, the beer we drink today is superior to the beer of the ancient Germans. If Julian had drunk Pilsener, his poetic philippic against beer would have remained forever unwritten. He suffered his life long from indigestion. His temper in consequence was splenetic. He lost his empire because his temper ran away with him. Beer would have saved both his empire and his temper. If Hamlet had been acquainted with Würzburger, pessimism would not have enthralled him. His family skeleton would not have rattled through five weary acts of Shakespeare. We might have had a comedy of *Hamlet*.

BEEER is the lubricant in the wheels of history.

Its salutary effect on the digestion has been established by the Imperial German Board of Health. And long before the German Empire had been founded, a shrewd New Testament character advised a young Apostle to indulge in mild alcoholic beverages for his weak stomach's sake and his often infirmities. Alcohol exercises a recognized function in the religious ceremonies of all civilized nations. The Mohammedans, who substitute constant sexual stimulation for temporary alcoholic excitement, have lagged behind in

the race of the world's evolution. If teetotalism ever vanquishes temperance in the United States, we shall present a spectacle more saddening than Turkey.

I have never been able to understand why so many parsons seem to be anxious to controvert the first miracle of the Lord. If Christ had been a teetotaler, he would not have changed the water into wine even at his mother's request. He would have turned the wine into sarsaparilla. I am not a Christian minister, but I would not dare dilute with ineffectual words the miraculous wine of Cana.

An American teetotaler has recently drawn an interesting comparison between the American and continental method of receiving guests. We, he fondly points out, salute our visitors by urging upon them the necessity of lavatory procedures. "Do you want to wash your hands?" the American host solicitously inquires. The continental host, however, welcomes his guests with an honest libation. The point is well taken, and illustrates the superior manners of the civilized European. Why should he insult his guests by impugning their cleanliness? Let me inform the writer, in case he should be again tempted to travel abroad, that the continental host expects his guests to wash their hands before they come to his house. May he profit by this information!

What should we offer a guest but the aromatic blood of the hop, or the sparkling gold of the grape? If we were Oriental despots, we might add to these a beautiful slave girl. The laws of the land and economic considerations unfortunately compel us to dispense with these affecting tokens of appreciation and friendship. Shall they also bar wine? Libations have been poured wherever friends have met since the days of Homer. The wisdom of the East, and the traditions of our Teutonic sires, both emphasize the philosophy of drink. The soul, as Leibnitz has said, is a house without windows. The lock of the door is incrustated with Care. Self-consciousness, with seven-iron bands, barricades the entrance. Alcohol is the magic key that unlocks the door. Comparative strangers are transfigured and gladdened by the magic of friendship when it has spoken its Sesame. Irksome barriers, which normally only years of close communion could have shattered, are obliterated for the time being. The soul, escaping from its cage for a little while, sings and soars like a bird.

PEOPLE on the continent, especially the Germans, take their drinks with refinement. They drink as they live—æsthetically. We neither live nor drink in beauty. We spend large amounts of money on drinking. But the sutleties of the Bacchic ceremonial escape us. We are novices in the service of the good god Gambrinus. That is the reason why our waiters despise us. You must have noticed the supercilious servility and condescending smile of the French or the German waiter when you give him your order. He looks down upon us as Barbarians.

The German thrives on the light glass of beer or wine with his meals; whiskey he abhors. We are killed off daily and hourly in the dairy restaurants. We shall never have an American art while we subsist largely on icewater. The plutocratic few are well provided in clubs and expensive eating-places. The average American depends for his lunch on the dairy. Saloons are often uncomfortable and obnoxious.

ious. What we need is Childs' with the added inspiration of spirits. In Germany, you find such places everywhere. The most famous chain of restaurants is Aschinger's, a sort of inspired Childs'.

Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, in his brochure entitled *The Gullet of Berlin*, avers that every second house in the German metropolis is a place where alcohol in some form is vended. Yet drunkenness is almost unknown. That is because people refrain, as a rule, from strong liquor. I am not one of those who would bar even liquor. There are times when it is both safe and delightful to take a cordial. But—a cordial isn't a drink. It is a stimulant, and, taken in excess, a poison. Until he can imprint indelibly upon our brains the difference between a drink and a stimulant, let us keep our hands from the whiskey flagon. Who, by the way, is the god of Cognac?

We have the deplorable tendency to vulgarize things. We cheapen literature in magazines. The Sunday Supplement is the degradation of art. We degrade marriage and love in the court-room. And we make drinking abominable through vulgar and injudicious excesses. We are like the early Christians who dethroned the gods of the Pagans and made them monstrous and wicked. Jupiter was anathematized as a devil. Mercury was looked upon as a thief. Phœbus Apollo became an evil sorcerer, Cupid an imp of hell, and the mother of Cupid—

*The obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
The thing transformed that was the Cytherean,
With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine. . . .*

But the woe of the ancient gods was not ended. It remained to the New World to contort the loveliness of Bacchus and the benign smile of Gambrinus into the hideous grimace of the Demon Rum.

GERMANY, as I have said, is the mother of moderation. We can learn from her, but we can learn more from Denmark. The Germans are naturally moderate. The Danes incline to drunkenness. And we, I am afraid, are more like Danes than Germans. There is a certain instability in our national temperament that will no doubt disappear when the fusion of races has produced the American type.

The Danish brewing industry is of recent growth. In 1840, only one hundred and fourteen persons, all in all, were engaged in the business, including the workmen. In those days Demon Rum held undisputed sway over Denmark. The Danes were drowned in liquor. Their bodies, soaked with rum, withstood the teeth of corruption in the grave. It was dangerous to strike a match in the propinquity of one of Hamlet's compatriots. Perhaps the plight of the Danish people and of their neighbors, the Swedes, has been responsible for the safety match. I am, however, not prepared to make an affidavit on this.

At any rate, about 1870, the temperance wave struck the little kingdom. The leaders of the movement discerned with rare sagacity that intemperance could be fought only with a light alcoholic beverage. They talked to the brewers, and the brewers talked to each other. After some scratching of heads, they finally produced a light beer pleasant to the taste, containing a small percentage of alcohol. Later on the State took a hand in the matter by levying a heavy tax on all beers containing more than $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of alcohol by weight. Beer with only $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of alcohol was not taxed at all. The consequence was that all breweries opened up plants for the production of temperance beer.

One-half of all the beer produced in Denmark is temperance beer. They speak of this beer as "non-alcoholic." Avowed advocates of temperance relish it. It is kept on tap in every saloon. If you go to Denmark, by all means try "non-alcoholic" Pilsener and "non-alcoholic" Muenchener. The Danish brewer is forbidden by law to brew beer with over six per cent. alcohol. Beer has almost entirely supplanted rum in Denmark. It is beer alone that has saved Denmark and Sweden from toppling to drunkards' graves. If I were a painter, I would depict Temperance with a jug of foaming Pilsener bearing the legend: "In this sign thou shalt conquer."

Denmark, too, has a few extremists who clamor for the total elimination of alcohol. They have established model saloons, where a drink called "Sinalco," or "Liquorless," is vended. With heroic determination I tasted this sickening concoction. The innkeeper, a retired officer of the army, looked at me half in pity, half in scorn. "Do you drink this horrid stuff?" I queried. "Yes," he replied; "in fact, 'Sinalco' is excellent—with an admixture of whiskey." That, it seems to me, is an amusing illustration of the failure of absolute prohibition.

It was Münsterberg who recently knocked the bottom out of the prohibition argument. He restated for the New World the experience of the Old when he affirmed that the human system absolutely needs a stimulus of some kind. If we abolish alcohol, sexual and other irregularities will take its place. The anti-liquor people were foaming at the mouth. Münsterberg's arguments could not be shaken nor his authority questioned.

The professional prohibitionists remind me of the exorcists of olden days. The people came to them to drive out devils. The tribes of magicians and medicine men waxed fat and happy, until humanity discovered that there were no devils at all, and that, at any rate, they could not be driven out. The antagonists of temperance in the prohibition camp have humbugged the American people by their pretense of driving out Old Nick, when lo, Professor Münsterberg lifted the veil from their sham, and we discovered that alcohol was not a devil.

Meanwhile Demon Rum thrived and flourished, until he has come to be really a menace. You can fight wildfire effectually only with fire. You can fight liquor only with beer. But, of course, had the Demon been properly subjugated, the officials of the Anti-Saloon League would have been out of a job. It's a mighty dangerous thing to oppose an enemy by mercenaries whose existence depends on keeping that enemy alive!

They are very clever, these Anti-Saloon Leaguers. But when they're up against an honest man, they don't understand. They invented a pretty little trap for the Harvard professor. Through three different literary agencies they swamped him with flattering offers from an alleged group of brewers who were very anxious indeed to have him write an article on the advantage of drinking beer—"Money no object." The professor dropped the missives into his waste-paper basket.

Let those who favor total abstinence follow the lead of the new International Association. Let them investigate coolly and calmly. Meanwhile let us profit by the experience of Europe. Triumphant on an ocean of beer the Ship of Temperance reaches its destined haven.

THE SPOILS TO THE STRONG! AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I have four reasons for objecting to the Campaign of Hate. (1) I mention the first only to earn a sneer. It is this: By hating we damage ourselves. We undo our progress from the savage state toward the brotherhood of man.

Also, we fool ourselves by regarding our brothers as monsters. Consul Litton, in his explorations of the Upper Salwin Valley, found most hearty welcome in every village on his journey north. Yet in every village the elders warned him that he could not go on, because the people of the next village were not, like his informants, quiet, peaceable, civilized folk, but thieves and murderers, with a specialty in poisoned bamboos, pitfalls and spring traps. They were also cannibals. What asses hate and ignorance make of man!

(2) The Campaign of Hate, in the second place, has upset everybody's nerves. To conduct war properly, one must be calm and business-like. "Now could I drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on" is quite unnecessary in the conferences of a Great General Staff. The man who loses his temper in a fight will probably lose the fight.

(3) The Campaign of Hate, in the third place, involved the Campaign of Lies. We are thoroughly muddled mentally, in consequence. In the same issue of the same paper we learn from General Maurice that Germany is beaten to a standstill; from General Pershing that America is up against a much bigger proposition than any of the Allies, and from others that there is no food in Germany; that England has no more ships; that Cadorna is thundering at the gates of Vienna; that Von Hindenburg is on his way to Petrograd, et cetera ad nauseam, until we have absolutely no idea what is happening, and therefore no idea what ought to be done. In England the lie about the million-odd Russian troops in Flanders stopped recruiting; so did the lie that the Germans were such cowards that they dared not advance except behind a shield of old Belgian women; so did the lie that Liège was holding out. If Germany is starving and on the point of revolution, why should we send troops? Hate, and fear, and falsehood, are the worst heart-tenants in any human necessity, but worst especially in war. The man who faces the facts in cold blood, who kills out all emotion, is the man who gives the best chance to the Will to Conquer.

(4) The fourth reason concerns the future. The Campaign of Hate makes it very difficult for us to come back to Common Sense. President Wilson has emphasized this point again and again in his notes. We are not fighting the German people, or even their rulers; we are attempting to break their Political Will. Von Bernhardt explained long ago that this was the true object of any war. Once we break the enemy's Political Will, peace follows naturally, and we can all be friends again. But how can we be friends with monsters, assassins, Huns? The press, with Hamlet, "must, like a whore, unpack its heart with words, and fall a-cursing like a very drab, a scullion." What contemptible moral weakness! Could not the President have gone one step further, and asked the newspapers to refrain from epilepsy?

But it is only the public who are thus intoxicated

with the hashish of hate. The rulers are busy measuring real advantages. I think the time has come to summarize the situation, and to propose a solution. The weakness of the Pope's note was that its appeal was sentimental.

The real enemies in this war are England and Germany.

America may be eliminated, for she, by her own showing, wants no material advantages.

France can be eliminated by the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. Let us give her so much, for the sake of a little quiet, and proceed.

Russia has eliminated herself, for her Political Will has been broken by revolution.

Belgium, Servia and Roumania have been eliminated by destruction.

We may then say that the obstacle to peace is single, the conflict of the two unbroken Political Wills of England and Germany.

How may this conflict be composed? Firstly, one of the two may be broken. But the objection to this solution is that whichever won would be at once confronted by a new set of opposing wills. Neither France nor America could tolerate a complete English victory any more than a complete German victory. The defeat of England would throw open the competition for the mastery of the sea; that of Germany would leave England intolerably powerful.

Now, it must be observed that at present England and Germany are both heavy winners. Surely it is sensible for them to have "cold feet" and break up the game! "Peace without victory" sounds awfully silly to a victorious people. From a slave State it is the natural whine, and sounds much better than "Vae Victis." England has lost nothing so far but a few ships and men; on the other hand, she is in possession of four-fifths of the territory of the German Empire!

Germany has lost ships and men, no integral territory; and she is in possession of immense tracts of conquered country.

Why, then, do not England and Germany call it off, shake hands, and go out for a drink? Where is the essence of the conflict? What is it that England cannot endure? There are two vital points: one, the mastery of the seas; two, the control of the route to India. Germany is threatening both these, by (1) the submarine campaign and her naval program; (2) the advance to Asia, the Drang nach Osten. Germany, on the other hand, cannot possibly endure the complete cutting off of her commerce, the grip of the "Ring of Iron." Is it possible to come to terms on these points? I think so. Both parties are absolutely right; for it is life or death in both cases.

I think that Germany's need of expansion can be satisfied, and the iron ring broken once for all, by an agreement on the part of England to allow her the fullest development, by annexation, in Germanized Russia. The change is, in addition, about the only hope for Russia herself. Non-Germanized Russia might be made stronger and smaller under a Cossack Tsar. We have, then, the conception of a Mittel-Europa from the Rhine to the Ural Mountains. In return for this, Germany should withdraw her threat to England's naval supremacy by permitting a reconstituted

and strengthened France, to include Belgium, and possibly by offering Heligoland as a naval base to England. The war has shown the worthlessness of navies for attack upon any mainland; and England is an Island Empire with a right to hold open her channels of communication. Germany would also agree to a limitation of her fleet; in fact, she would no longer need this weapon.

The only possible access to India save by sea is through Afghanistan and Beloochistan. The idea of invasion through the Pamirs is a joke at least fifty times as funny as that of invading Austria through the Trentino. England must, therefore, be allowed to defend herself by expansion towards Persia if necessary. The Turkish Empire must be reconstituted and consolidated on a religious basis, and united under a Caliph. This will act as a big buffer state between India and Mittel-Europa. The Turks, on the other hand, must abandon Palestine to the English, for the weak spot in England's communications would then be the Suez Canal. This, however, would not be so vital, once India became impregnable.

A matter of further benefit would be the federation of the South American republics, and a Latin league of France, Spain, Portugal and Italy. The outlying States, Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and Greece would gradually be forced into one or other of the great combinations by the peaceful pressure of economic forces.

It is true that Germany, under this scheme, would be forced to surrender her South American and African ambitions. But the South American adventures were mainly commercial, and the proposed scheme would rather help than hinder them. As to the German colonies, they were a weakness. Germany has no talent for dealing with alien psychologies, and is not the collapse of the Russian menace and the gain of that huge territory a more than adequate compensation?

We should thus have a simplified and concentrated planet, as a preliminary step towards world federation.

- (1) The Island Empire—Brittania.
- (2) The Latin League (includes N. Africa).
- (3) Mittel-Europa.
- (4) Islam.
- (5) Cossack Russia.
- (6) Mongolia.
- (7) The North American (Anglo-Saxon) Republic.
- (8) The South American (Latin) Republic.

If England and Germany can agree on some such programme, there is nobody who can stop them. (Except, of course, the unconquered and unconquerable U. S. A.)

I heartily commend this plan to the consideration of all parties concerned.

TWO PROSE POEMS

THE SILENT PARTNER.

Since childhood she had been with me, disturbing my peace, mocking at content, filling me with wild restlessness, with strange longings.

I grew up. I knew love. . . . Did I know love? She shook her head derisively. She laughed at his reverential tenderness. She made mock of the sanctuary of our affection. It was then I rose up against her! I thrust her out of my life for ever. And, to be sure she never would return, I chained her with an iron will, deep, deep, into the darkest dungeon of my heart—so deep, so dark, that I never dared to look into it again.

The years passed. I lived a life of quiet, peaceful happiness—wifehood, motherhood—I quite forgot the silent partner who lay fettered and twisted, far from sunlight and life and love. . . . Perhaps she had died?

One magnificent autumn day, ablaze with gold and scarlet and lapislazuli, the fulness of life suddenly thrilled me, overpowered me. . . . Oh! all that had gone before seemed so drab, so poor, so meaningless. I heard a call insistent, throbbing, irresistible. And I followed, intoxicated, delirious—I became queen in a universe of passionate glories.

And then, of a sudden, my silent partner stood before me—wan, tortured, perverted. She had broken her chains. She had arisen terribly. Flame-eyed and insatiable, she drove me from orgy to orgy. And in the fulness of my frenzy—she slew me.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

NOCTURNE.

A yellow satin ribbon across the mat ivory of her frail shoulder held up the tattered batiste chemise. Long black silk stockings shimmered on her slender

legs. And her delicate feet, in yellow pomped slippers, tapped the floor impatiently. She had thrown off her peignoir, let down her red hair, and prepared to go to bed, yet could not find courage to carry out this resolution. To turn out the light—to lie alone in the dark; alone with that horrible feeling of forsakenness and blankness; alone in the awful stillness which only the thumping of her own bleeding heart would interrupt. . . . It was impossible! She smoked cigarette after cigarette. Stretched out on her couch-bed she tried to read. Then made the round of the studio, examined wet canvases without seeing them, picked up open tubes and flung them down again. . . . Horribly useless, this business called life. What does it all matter, when love is gone? And who can hold love? Oh, misery! misery! And still so many years to live. To live alone. Or would he come back? Could he come back? Oh—if only for a little while! Oh, to see him just once more—his dark face, his black eyes, to smell his tobacco breath, to feel the grasp of his strong hand. . . . One o'clock—no—he would not come back. This time all was over for ever—she felt it, she knew it. But perhaps to-morrow? He might regret—repent—he might come for breakfast, like the last time. Oh! jolly, happy, divine breakfast! No, no, never again. His love was dead. She knew it. And would he love some other woman? Would his eyes burn into another's eyes, his kisses crush another's mouth! God—God—this was hell. She could not bear it. She would not. She must make an end—now—immediately.

With feverish hands she felt for a tiny Japanese dagger he once had given her. It must end her agony

Yet—he *might* come to-morrow!

HELEN WOLJESKA.

QUELQUE CHOSE (SOME SHOWS)

"De Luxe Annie" is clever, but unreal. It is science, but it is not convincing. The first two acts are thrilling, but the last scene of the third act is a trifle absurd. Though possibly true to life, it is not true to art. However, with a little rewriting, "De Luxe Annie" can be made theatrically a real success. It belongs to the same category as "The Thirteenth Chair," though technically it is inferior. In spite of its flaws we must admit that the play enthralls nine-tenths of the time. This is more than we can say of nine-tenths of the plays now running on Broadway.

* * *

I saw "Friend Martha" at the Booth Theatre last night. There was a lot of early William IV stuff; the old ancestor's picture that slides and admits the hero by a secret passage, and the indignant father, and all that sort of elopement drivel. But what killed the play is the characteristic Americanism, the theme of "mother-love" (excuse my blushes). Let us write a warning upon its tomb. Freud's theory is apparently something as follows: In the prenatal stage of existence there is complete peace. (Do not ignorantly compare this with Nibbana!) All wants are satisfied without struggle or anxiety. At birth the child is forced into a strange and possibly hostile universe, and the cry which accompanies the first entrance of the air into the lungs is supposed to be a cry of pain. As a matter of fact, I see no evidence that pain is felt. However, the want soon asserts itself, and this is assuaged by the return to the mother. The child thus learns to run to its mother in any distress, and this habit persists to a great extent during life. Death itself, the final release from pain, is gained by a return to the great mother of all—the earth. The hero, on the contrary, spends his time in getting away from the mother. Thus, the Oedipus-complex is the formula of cowardice. It is evident that the man who marries in order to have a home is using this formula. He wants his pies made the way mother used to make them. But it does not follow that chastity in the ordinary sense of the term is necessary for the hero. Why should not the hero accept death (or love, as you may call it), in order to assist him to break away from the infernal mother? I do not see anything unmanly in the marriage by capture. Of course, one may say that it is the satisfaction of a need by means of a return to a symbolic mother, and that the hero should only satisfy such needs as do not involve any such formula. But as long as it is a case of conquest I do not think that this position can be maintained. One might, however, agree that it is wrong to yield to seduction; that one should have nothing to do with any women but the unwilling. There is a great deal to be said for this point of view. Certainly at least, the habit of going to a woman for rest and comfort has a deplorable effect upon the soul. Most certainly in point of fact and experience, it is impossible to work unless you can conquer the impulse to wear carpet slippers after a long day at the office. It is really a question of Nietzsche's "Be Hard, My Brethren." Thus, Platonic love, in the highest and hardest sense of the

word, is more moral than any other form of affection. It is clear, therefore, that pacifism is the direct result of the cult of the mother. Everything that is shameful and cowardly is implied in the love of the mother. One of the most abominable tricks which people play on children is to tell them that unless they do exactly what their mother wishes they will be assailed by life-long regret after she is dead. This loathsome superstition is utterly false. I think that the best reform would be to kill all women as soon as they have borne, say, two children. It should at least be a plank in any reasonable platform of reconstruction. Whether they should be eaten is a matter of economics and of dietetics, somewhat beyond the scope of a mere theatrical notice.

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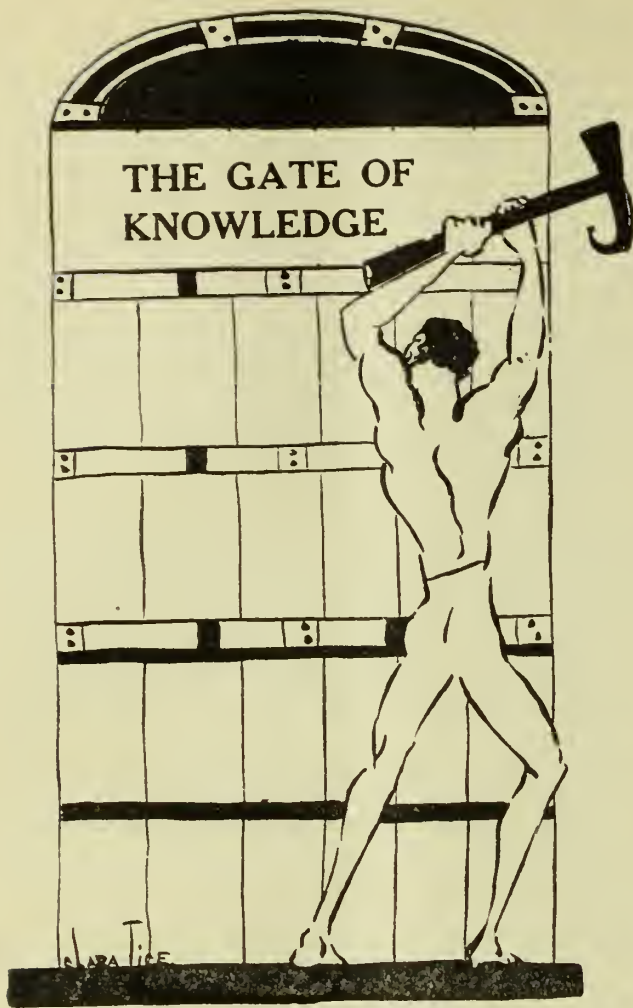
Adolf Bolm's *Ballets-Intime* is sublimated vaudeville; as such, it is great. Itow is a Japanese dancing in a Japanese manner; Bolm, himself a Russian, dancing in a Russian manner. Roshanara is an English woman with a French temperament, and there is no pretense of Orientalism in her Oriental dances, which therefore please. She does them in a purely Parisian manner. But Ratan Devi tries to sing Indian songs in a truly Indian manner, and her mimicry succeeds so well that she really finds self-expression by dint of technical excellence. Alas! it is not the soul of India that she expresses; it is the suburban housemaid with a passion for the Bow Bells Novelettes. She translates Marie Corelli into Sanskrit for us, and the result is intensely gratifying to lovers of Marie Corelli. It is only fair to say that the conditions were all wrong for her. Last year, when the whole theatre was devoted to her alone, the effect was much better. Mr. Bolm put her on a mat, outside the curtain, and no doubt she felt forced to adopt a coarseness and theatricalism in voice and gesture which were exquisitely absent at her regular recitals. But give me Roshanara, and give me Mitchio Itow! Real French or real Japanese—but not any imitations. The American Supers who assisted Mr. Bolm were doubtless amateurs who paid him highly for the privilege of appearing with him: we except the very charming Butterfly.

* * *

Scientifically speaking, there is a great deal to be said in favor of Mr. William Le Baron's ideas on eugenic marriages as expressed in his last play, "The Very Idea." This delightful comedy, however, does not take itself too seriously. You will not come away a firm believer in eugenics, but you will feel very much like that enthusiastic Frenchman who shouted down from the pit on the opening performance of "Le Misanthrope": Courage, Moliere! That is good comedy.

Unfortunately for the theatre in this country, we hear very little of the author. The name of the star is written across the sky in electric letters. The name of the author, if mentioned at all, appears in six-point type "somewhere in the program." Therefore we will leave it to others to praise Ernest Truex's notable work in "The Very Idea." Our chief concern is to boost Mr. William Le Baron, for when a man has done good work that is the time you must stand by him. (Of course this will be disputed.) George Jean Nathan recently stated that there were some other things beside the "Star-Spangled Banner" which make him stand up. We arise to honor any American who can write so brilliant a play as "The Very Idea."

J. B. R.



"Philistine and Genius," by Dr. Boris Sidis. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

This essay on education appears certain to become a classic. With extraordinary acumen Prof. Sidis discovers the primary cause of all our evils to be the violation of the biological law which provides for variation. Variation is the means of evolution. Our whole educational system is directed to stamping out every departure from type. What we really do is to place the most stupid, the most bound, the most cowardly, upon a pedestal. Procrustes is our ideal educator. We cramp genius, we punish originality, we stifle inquiry, we place our children in Rooms of Little Ease where they can neither stand, sit nor lie with comfort. Our sex taboo, our religious taboo, our social taboo are omnipotent. We deliberately crush out all originality by these three engines of torture.

Prof. Sidis does not mention it, but one of the reasons why such genius as we have is so enormously removed from the common level is that the genius, in order to develop at all, must be originally endowed with almost superhuman moral strength. The gap between him whose spirit has not been broken and him in whom "education" has been a success grows constantly wider with the perfection of our methods for suppressing him. It is quite true, as Prof Sidis says, that every child has latent genius. The doctrine of the New Aeon is "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," which is explained by stating that, "Every man and every woman is a star." The trouble arises from the forcing of these stars into collisions by the distortion of their orbits.

The business of the educator is to discover the true will of the child, the purpose for which he was born

upon this planet, and to assist him to develop that will to the highest possible point; to remove the restrictions from that will so far as possible. Our present method is the precise contrary of this. No sooner does a child manifest tendency towards and capacity for any given investigation than the teacher takes alarm. It is the old fable of the "Ugly Duckling."

We hope that Prof. Sidis will not rest upon his oars.—A. C.

"The Shadow Line," by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The plot of this novel is identical with that of Lord Dunsany's "Poor Old Bill." The difference is that between the realist and the fantastic. It is very instructive to read them side by side. Joseph Conrad is the greatest master of atmosphere now living, so far at least as the East is concerned. In fact, I do not know even an immortal shade who can compare with him.

Rudyard Kipling gives the violence, the coarseness and the horror, which are very effective from the literary point of view, but which do not exist in the East, so far as I know.

Stevenson, on the other hand, has everything toned down. He throws a Scotch mist over the proceedings. Conrad describes the East, both subjective and objective, in precisely the same terms as I should do if I had his power of expression. There is no need to tell the story of the book; any story or no story would have done just as well. He takes me back ten years to my long lonely walk across China, to the explosive casualty of Hai-Phong, to the Fata Morgana which I saw off Hoi-How, to the Akashic obsession of silence and darkness and stillness which closed in upon us in those very waters which he describes in "The Shadow Line." Even the captain's woman is a living portrait of one whom I knew in those ensorcelled days, a tuberculous hag of paint and rottenness and vice, who yet possessed the power to awaken the very fountain of calf-love from its frozen sleep. It is very interesting to compare Conrad with Stevenson. Stevenson is never happy unless he has the decks awash with blood and slime. Mr. Conrad is one of those rarest and most supreme of artists who does not need incident in order to be interesting. He does not fear to use it, but he does not depend upon it. It is rather significant that England should have had to go to Hungary for her supreme prose artist.—A. C.

"What Every Man and Woman Should Know About the Bible," by Sidney C. Tapp.

In 1904 I was in a particularly malarious district in Burma. Death drove his crusaders at a gallop, four abreast: Plague, Cholera, Typhoid Dysentery.

I remember going down to the bank of the Irrawaddy in the hope of some breath of fresh air—and I came upon the carcass of a mule, most actively putrescent. I made a mental note to avoid the repetition of any such experience, but history repeats itself; I wrote to Mr. Tapp for a copy of his book.

Surely our civilization is pestilential enough without the putrescence of such degenerate paranoiacs. Mr. Tapp wallows in psychopathy, and gloats; to him the most innocent pleasures seem foul, and a cemetery excites no idea in his mind but the digging-up of corpses for the delectation of necrophiles.

I leave for the Irrawaddy basin by the first steamer. Meanwhile—oh, any basin, please, Steward!—A. C.

Take a tip—don't take a Tapp!

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THE OUIJA BOARD—A NOTE.

By The Master Therion.

Suppose a perfect stranger came into your office and proceeded to give orders to your staff. Suppose a strange woman walked into your drawing room and insisted on being hostess. You would be troubled by this. Yet, people sit down and offer the use of their brains and hands (which are, after all, more important than offices and drawing rooms) to any stray intelligence that may be wandering about. People use the Ouija Board without taking the slightest precautions.

The establishment of the identity of a spirit by ordinary methods is a very difficult problem, but the majority of people who play at Occultism do not even worry about this. They get something, and it does not seem to matter what! Every inanity, every stupidity, every piece of rubbish, is taken not only at its face value, but at an utterly exaggerated value. The most appallingly bad poetry will pass for Shelley, if only its authentication be that of the planchette! There is, however, a good way of using this instrument to get what you want, and that is to perform the whole operation in a consecrated circle, so that undesirable aliens cannot interfere with it. You should then employ the proper magical invocation in order to get into your circle just the one spirit that you want. It is comparatively easy to do this. A few simple instructions are all that is necessary, and I shall be pleased to give these, free of charge, to any one who cares to apply.

It is not particularly easy to get the spirit of a dead man, because the human soul, being divine, is not amenable to the control of other human souls; and it is further not legitimate or desirable to do it. But what can be done is to pick up the astral remains of the dead man from the Akasha and to build them up into a concrete mind. This operation, again, is not particularly profitable. The only legitimate work in this line is to get into touch with the really high intelligences, such as we call for convenience Gods, Archangels, and the like. These can give real information as to what is most necessary for our progress. And it is written in the Oracles of Zoroaster that unto the Persevering Mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift.

WAR POETRY.

(The Editor insists on having some patriotic war poetry. The following specimen is as good, at least, as any I have yet seen.—A. C.)

Millions of our Sammies, each with
khaki and gun,
Are going to teach democracy to the
Hun.

It is America, I do surely think,
That will put the Hohenzollerns on the
blink.

They are going to France, the country
of Lafayette,
And they'll kan the krael Kaiser, you
bet.

The Germans all run away when they
see them come,
For they mean to put the enemy on the
bum.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

Sir: Is there no limit to Germany's frightful preparedness? I see the most polluting pacifism in Shakespeare—note, another William, or—mark it well—Wilhelm!

Hamlet: "Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir, Or for some frontier?"

Captain: "... We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath no profit in it but the name.

To pay five ducats, no, I would not farm it."

Hamlet: "Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies."

I trust that all patriots will instantly burn their Shakespeares—if they possess them, as I only hope they do not; and that they will seize and destroy the Shakespeares of the German spies.

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The Editor of the "International."

Sir:—

In answer to the question, "Can you tell us anything of the Great White Brotherhood, known as the A. A. A. A.," Mr. Chas. Lazenby, of the Theosophical Society, made the following remarks after his public lecture on Magic, at the Vancouver Labor Temple, July 31, 1917. E. V.

"The A. A. A. A. is an Occult order having a definite purpose, and was started by a man of immense power (The Master Therion, Ed.), perhaps the greatest living. The place of this great Being in the Occult Hierarchy is a profound mystery, and he and his mission are causing a great amount of speculation at the present time.

"Judged by any ordinary standard, he is absolutely and entirely evil, he has broken his occult vows and all codes of morality, openly stating that he has done so and will continue to do so. He may have a very great purpose in view.

"No living person perhaps has had such an influence on occult thought, and wrought so much change therein. He has knowingly taken upon himself a tremendous Karma, but what will be the ultimate result it is impossible to judge. To all appearance, as I remarked, he is the personification of evil."

Later, during private conversation, Mr. Lazenby continued:

"He is a very wonderful being; an ordinary man like myself has no possible means of judging what his ultimate motive is.

Looked at from known standards he is evil, but from a distance, in perspective, one may imagine that he is taking this great Karma for some definite end, he may be the Savior of the World.

In any case 300 years from now he will be looked upon as one of the greatest of the World's geniuses.

I should not care to have any part in his work myself. You have this to remember, however, that you are connected with a genuine Occult order,

not a pseudo-occult one such as Heindel's and others which are worthless."

What has the Master Therion to say about this?

C. S. J.

Mr. Lazenby has so long and so laudably labored upon the production of canned soup that he has neglected that of the wine of Iacchus. But I think he only needs to be shown. It is something to be hailed as a possible Savior of the World by one's avowed and bitter enemies. Nunc dimittis! Anyhow, to be called the "Personification of Evil" is not exactly a precise charge. If I wished to attack Mr. Lazenby, I should define my accusation. I should say that, under Alpine conditions, the Lentil Soup Squares dissolve too slowly.

I believe that H. P. Blavatsky was a great adept. I judge her by her highest, "The Voice of the Silence," not by any mistakes that she may have made in other matters. I consider that her work has been treacherously ruined by Mrs. Besant, the street corner atheist, socialist, and advocate of abortion. Of this offense she was actually convicted. Mrs. Besant's whole object seems to have been to prevent disciples from making those bold experiments which open the gates of the higher planes. I do not believe that any man or woman can come to ultimate harm by a passionate will to seek truth. They may go insane. They may be slain. They may be damned. These are only ordeals which do them good. If they can stick it out, they will get through. Mrs. Besant wants to be like conscience, to make cowards of us all. In my first initiation I was told, "Fear is failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not. Thou hast known me; pass thou on." To prevent men from confronting the unknown, to side track them with petty drivel about minor ethics, to deck them out with the stolen regalia of orders of whose secrets they are profoundly ignorant: these are the works of the Brothers of the Left Hand Path; and of these I believe Mrs. Besant to be the greatest now alive.

THERION, 9°=2°A. A. A.

THE INTERNATIONAL

THE EDITOR BOOSTS THE NEXT NUMBER.

THIS Christmas the readers of the International will receive invaluable literary prizes as gifts. For the December number will contain a collection of articles, stories and poems of such high quality that the editor could justly use the celebrated adjective of Tody Hamilton in describing them. But he will not do that. He will leave that to the readers to do. All that the editor has to say about the contents of the December issue is this:

A story of African magic by Charles Beadle is really better than any of Kipling's African tales. That's going some, but it is true.

A Hans Heinz Ewers yarn—one of his most fantastic and fascinating works. They are discovering Ewers in England now. A play of his recently published in the International is now running in Chicago. You will never forget him after reading the masterpiece in the December number under his name.

"Heart of Holy Russia" is the title of the only article published in America which actually reveals the Russian character as it really is. A masterly analysis of the mystic of the Western world. For the first time the strange dreamer of Europe—the man who revolutionized modern political thought—is depicted as he is, with all the wonderful background of Russia palpitating in the picture.

What shall we say of the fourth Simon Iff story? The tremendous interest aroused by these stories prove how fortunate we were in procuring them. Simon Iff is not a mere mechanical detective solving uninteresting problems. He is the scientific peer, penetrating the mind and heart of human beings with an unerring grasp of what is going on in these vital organs. The complicated actions of men and women—in crime and in ordinary life—are comprehended by this great genius with such startling clarity and pity that the dullest is held spellbound by the achievements. The December Iff tale reaches an intensity of action and interest impossible to exaggerate. Read, and though you may run, you will remain enchanted.

There are of course a great many other fine contributions, too numerous to mention

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City, Telephone, Farragut 9777. Cable
address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bombard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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here. Suffice to say we stake our literary reputation upon the belief that you will like them. Remember the December issue and make it wholly the magazine for you and yours.

HUMANITY FIRST

It may be that one day the gold plate with its diamond inscriptions may be stripped by some vandals—Macaulay's New Zealander or another—from my sarcophagus. It may be that centuries later still the learned archaeologists of some nation yet unguessed, excavating the ruins of Westminster Abbey, may find those bones and send them to anatomists for examination.

The report of these anatomists may be something in these terms: "These are the bones of a mammal, a primate, homo sapiens. The skull is not prognathous; this person was probably a Caucasian."

In such a judgment I acquiesce with pleasure. It would be limitation to be described as "this German," or "this Japanese." Man is man, and in him burns the mystic flame of Godhead. It is a blasphemy to discriminate further, to antithesize the Russian against the Turk, in any matter more serious than national belief, custom, or costume.

All advanced thinkers, all men who realize the divine plan, desire and intend the solidarity of humanity; and the patriot in the narrow and infuriated sense of that word is a traitor to the true interests of man. It may be necessary, now and then, to defend one's own section of mankind from aggression; but even this should always be done with the mental reservation: "May this war be the nurse of a more solid peace; may this argument lead to a better understanding; may this division lead to a higher union."

"A man's worst enemies are those of his own household," and the worst foes of any nation are its petty patriots. "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel."

The deliberate antagonizing of nations is the foulest of crimes. It is the Press of the warring nations that, by inflaming the passions of the ignorant, has set Europe by the ears. Had all men been educated and travelled, they would not have listened to those harpy-shrieks. Now the mischief is done, and it is for us to repair it as best we may. This must be our motto, "Humanity first."

All persons who generalize about nations: "Germans are all murderers"—"Frenchmen are all adulterers"—"Englishmen are all snobs"—"Russians are all drunkards"—and so on, must be silenced. All persons who cling to petty interests and revenges must be silenced. We must refuse to listen to any man who does not realize that civilization itself is at stake, that even now Europe may be so weakened that it may fall a prey to the forces of atavism, that war may be followed by bankruptcy, revolution, and famine, and that even within our own lifetime the Tower of the Ages may be fallen into unrecognizable ruins.

We must refuse to listen to any man who has not resolutely put away from him all limited interests, all national passion, who cannot look upon wounded humanity with the broad, clear gaze, passionless and yet compassionate, of the surgeon, or who is not single-minded in his determination to save the life at whatever cost of mutilation to any particular limb.

We must listen most to the German who understands that England is a great and progressive and enlightened nation, whose welfare is necessary to the health of Europe; and to the Frenchman who sees in Germany his own best friend, the model of science, organization, and foresight, which alone can build up the fallen temple anew. We must listen to the Englishman who is willing to acquiesce in the Freedom of the Seas; and to the Russian who acknowledges that it is time to put a term to the tyranny of arms and the menace of intrigue.

The yelping Press of every country, always keen to gather pennies from the passions of the unthinking and unknowing multitude, will call every such man a traitor.

So be it. Let the lower interest be betrayed to the higher, the particular benefit of any given country to the Commonwealth of the whole world. Let us no more consider men, but man. Let us remember who came from heaven and was made flesh among the Jews, not to lead his own people to victory, not to accept that partial dominion of the earth, but to bring light and truth to all mankind.

Had the Saviour of Humanity deigned to accept the patriotic mission of driving out the Romans, he would have united his nation, but man would not have been redeemed. Therefore, his people called him traitor, and betrayed him to their own oppressors.

Let those who are willing, as He was, to accept the opprobrium, and, if need be, the Cross, come forward; let them bear the Oriflamme of the Sun for their banner, for that the Sun shineth alike upon all the nations of the earth; and let them ever flash in the forefront of their battle this one redeeming thought: "Humanity First."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



EDITOR
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
ALEISTER CROWLEY

VOL. XI. NO. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

No. 3—Outside the Bank's Routine

"He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a bus;
He looked again, and saw it was
A hippopotamus."

I.

It was a sunny Saturday in April at Prince's Golf Club at Mitcham, and Macpherson, London manager of the Midlothian and Ayrshire Bank, had the honor at the seventeenth tee. Unfortunately, he was one down. His opponent had been playing wonderful golf; and the Scotsman thought his best chance was to scare him with an extra long drive. It came off brilliantly; the ball flew low, far, and true, up the fairway. Normally, he calculated to outdrive his opponent twenty yards; but this time it looked as if it might be fifty. The other stepped to the tee. "No!" he said to the caddy, "I'll just take a cleek." Macpherson looked round. This was sheer insanity. What in Colonel Bogey's name possessed the man? Was he trying to lose the game?

The cleek shot lay fully eighty yards behind the drive. They walked after their balls, Macpherson still wondering what was in the wind. His opponent might still have reached the green with a brassie for his second, though it would have been a wonderful shot. Instead, he took a mashie and played a long way short. "What ails the man?" thought Macpherson. "He's fair daft." He came up with his ball. Should he take an iron or a spoon? "Never up, never in!" he decided at last, still wondering at his opponent's actions, and took the spoon. "I must spare it," he thought. And so well did he spare it that he topped it badly! Thoroughly rattled, he took his iron for the third. The ball went clear over the green into a most obnoxious clump of whins. The other man chipped his third to the green, and Macpherson gave up the hole and

the match; also a half-crown ball, which hurt him.

By the time they had played the bye, he had recovered his temper. "Man!" he said, "but you're a wunner. An auld man like ye—an' ye keep your caird under your years, A'm thinking." "Yes," said his opponent, "I'm round in eighty-one." "It's juist a meeracle! Tell me noo, for why did ye tak' your cleek to the seventeenth?"

"That's a long story, Mr. Macpherson."

"Ye'll tell me o'er a sup o' the bairley bree."

They sat down on the porch of the club, and began to talk. "When we stood on that tee," said the old man, "I didn't watch your ball; I watched your mind. I saw you were set on breaking my heart with your drive; so I just let you have it your own way, and took a cleek. As we walked, I still watched your thinking; I saw that you were not attending to your own play, how to make sure of a four, but to mine, which didn't concern you at all. When it came to your second, your thoughts were all over the place; you were in doubt about your club, took the wrong one, doubted again about how to play the shot—then you fluffed it. But I had won the hole before we ever left the tee."

"I see."

"If you want to win your matches, play as if it were a medal round. You have all the keenness; and the disasters don't hurt you, which gives confidence. But of course, if you can read a man's psychology, there are even surer ways of winning. Only be sure not to let your opponent get the psychology on you, as happened this afternoon."

"Ye're a gran' thinker, sir. I didn't quite get your name; I wish ye'd dine wi' me the nicht."

"Iff," said the old man, "Simon Iff."

"Not much If," muttered Macpherson, "aboot your wurrk on the green!"

"But I'm afraid I'm busy to-night. Are you free Monday? Come and dine with me at the Hemlock Club. Seven thirty. Don't dress!"

Macpherson was enchanted. The Hemlock Club! He had a vision of Paradise. It was the most exclusive club in London. Only one scandal marred its fame; early in the eighteenth century, a struggling painter of portraits, who had been rejected by the Academy, was blackballed by mistake for an Archbishop of York, whom nobody wanted. They made it up to the painter, but there was no getting rid of the Archbishop. So the committee of the club had dismissed all its servants, and filled their places with drunken parsons who had gone to the bad; in a month the Archbishop withdrew with what dignity remained to him. They had then hung his portrait in the least respected room in the club. To consolidate their position, and arm themselves against counter-attack, they passed a rule that no man should be eligible for membership unless he had done something "notorious and heretical," and it had been amusing and instructive to watch bishops attacking cardinal points of their faith, judges delivering sarcastic comments on the law, artists upsetting all the conventions of the period, physicists criticising the doctrine of the conservation of energy, all to put themselves right with the famous Rule Forty-Nine. Most of these people had no real originality, of course, but at least it forced them to appear to defy convention; and this exercised a salutary influence on the general tone of Society.

On the walls were portraits and caricatures of most of the club worthies, with their heresies inscribed. Wellington was there, with his "Publish and be damned to you!" So was a great judge with that great speech on the divorce law which begins, "In this country there is not one law for the rich, and another for the poor," and goes on to tell the applicant, a working tailor, that to secure a divorce he need only arrange to have a private act of Parliament passed on his behalf. Geikie was there with "I don't believe that God has written a lie upon the rocks"; Shelley with "I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus;" Byron with "Besides, they always smell of bread and butter," Sir Richard Burton, with a stanza from the *Kasidah*; "There is no God, no man made God; a bigger, stronger, crueler man; Black phantom of our baby-fears, ere thought, the life of Life, began." Swinburne was there too, with "Come down and redeem us from virtue;" and a host of others. There was even a memorial room in which candles were kept constantly burning. It commemorated the heretics whom the club had failed to annex. There was William Blake, with "Everything that lives is holy;" there was James Thomson, with "If you would not this poor life fulfil, then you are free to end it when you will, without the fear of waking after death;" there was Keats, with "Beauty is Truth, Truth, Beauty;" John Davidson, with a passage from the *Ballad of a true-born poet*:

"We are the scum

Of matter; fill the bowl!

And scathe to him and death to him

Who dreams he has a soul!"

Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Beddoes, Crackenthorpe, were all represented. They had

even Victor Neuburg, with "Sex is one; go now, be free."

There was in this room a votive tablet with the names of those who had been invited to join the club, and refused; notably Whistler, below whose portrait of himself was his letter of refusal, which he had sent with it; "I could not possibly consent to meet people of my own kind; my friends tell me it is very painful."

King Edward VII, also, was in this group, with the letter from his secretary: "His Majesty commands me to inform you that greatly as he appreciates the good wishes and loyalty of the president and members of the Hemlock Club, he cannot possibly take an oath declaring himself a Republican, or a Jacobite, as he understands is necessary to comply with Rule Forty-nine."

There were many other curious rules in the Club; for example, a fine of a guinea for failing to eat mustard with mutton; another of Five Pounds for quoting Shakespeare within the precincts of the Club. The wearing of a white rose or a plaid necktie was punishable with expulsion; this dated from the period when it was heretical to be a Jacobite but dangerous to display it.

Many other customs of the Club were similarly memorial; the Head Porter was always dressed in moleskin, in honor of the mole whose hill tripped the horse of William the Third; members whose Christian names happened to be George had to pay double the usual subscription, in memory of the Club's long hatred of the Four Georges; and at the annual banquet a bowl of hemlock was passed round in the great hall, decorated for the occasion as a funeral chamber; for it was always claimed that Socrates was the real founder of the Club. There was a solemn pretence, every year, of a search for the "missing archives of the Club." On November the Fifth there was a feast in honor of Guy Fawkes; and on the eleventh of the same month the Lord Mayor of London of the year was burnt in effigy.

Such is the club to which Macpherson suddenly found himself invited. He felt that now he could marry; he would have something to boast of to his grandchildren!

II

But, as things chanced, Macpherson nearly missed the dinner after all. He would have called off anything else in the world. But he couldn't give up that! However, it was a very sorry Scotsman who appeared at the door of the Club. In keeping with the general eccentricity of the place, the entrance to the Club was mean and small, almost squalid; a narrow oaken door, studded with iron. And no sooner had he reached the great open space within than the Head Porter called him aside, saying in a whisper, "Excuse me, Sir, but the Hanoverian spies are everywhere. Allow me to relieve you of your necktie!" For Macpherson had worn the Tartan of his clan all day. He was accommodated with a selection of the latest neckwear. This trifling matter subdued him most effectively; he felt himself transported to a new strange world. It did him good; for to the very steps of the Club he had been obsessed by the calamity of the day.

Simon Iff received him with affability and dignity, offered him a cigarette, and proceeded to show him the Club. Macpherson was intensely awed; he was in a kind of private edition de luxe of Westminster

Abbey. He resolved to put on all his panoply of Scottish culture. At the memorial chamber he exclaimed aloud: "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!" He was enchanted with the Whistler portrait. "A true Scot, Mr. Iff!" he said. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!"

"True, very true!" replied Iff, a trifle hastily. Before Aubrey Beardsley the Scot grew more melancholy than ever, "For he was likely, had he been put on, to have proved most royally," he cried. They came to the portrait of Keats, a Severn from Sir Charles Dilke's collection. "I weep for Adonais—he is dead," said the banker. "Thank Heaven!" murmured Iff to himself, hoping that all would now be well. But his luck was out: he brought the next blow upon himself. "Some have doubted the autograph of Thomson here," he said. Macpherson was determined to shine. "Never fear!" he said, "that's the man's fist. Do we not know the sweet Roman hand?" And he added: "I am but mad nor' nor' west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." Iff groaned in spirit. He was glad when the memorial chamber was done. They came to the gallery of club members. Here the banker unmasked his batteries completely. Before Shelley he said that he, "like the base Indian, cast away a pearl richer than all his tribe;" he recognized Pope with eagerness as "a fellow of infinite jest;" he said to Byron, "The sly slow years shall not determinate the dateless limit of thy dear exile;" he apostrophized Swinburne, "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rime," of Burton he sighed, "A great traveler; mebbe the greatest, save Davie Livingstone, that we ever had; and now he's gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Before Bishop Berkeley, he said; "That was the fellow who thought he could hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus or wallow naked in December snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat." He dismissed Wellington with an airy gesture. "Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," he said; but, feeling the remark rather severe, hedged with the remark that he frowned "as once he did when an angry parle he smote the sledged Polacks on the ice." Simple Simon decided to take his guest to dinner without further delay, to induce him to feed heartily, and to enter himself, upon a quick-firing monologue.

"I am in a light, French, effervescing mood tonight; I will drink champagne," he said, as they took a seat at the table where, as it was darkly whispered, Junius had composed his celebrated letters. "We have a wonderful Pommery." "I'm with you," replied the banker, "though, for my part, I need it to relieve my mind. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor customary suits of solemn black, nor windy suspiration of forced breath: no, nor the fruitful river in the eye, nor the dejected haviour of the visage together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, that can denote me truly. These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play; but I have that within which passeth show; these but the trappings and the suits of woe."

Some of the men at the next table—that at which Clifford, Arundel, Lauderdale, Arlington, and Buckingham had formed their famous Cabal—began to laugh. Simon Iff frowned them down sternly, and pointed to the Arabic Inscription on the wall—it

had been given to Richard I by Saladin—which reads in translation, "He that receiveth a guest, entertaineth God."

"I am sorry you should be troubled on this particular night," he said to the Scotsman; "it is the pride of the members of this club to make their guests happy; and if it be anything within the power of any one of us to amend, be sure that we shall do our best. But perhaps your misfortune is one in which human aid is useless."

"I will not bother you with my troubles, Mr. Iff," returned the banker; "on the surface, it's a purely business matter, though a very serious one. Yet the onus is of a personal nature. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child!"

"Well, if you like to tell me about it after dinner——"

"I think it would interest you, and it will comfort me to confide in you. I do not wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at; but on the other hand, why should I sit like Patience on a monument smiling at grief? But till dinner is done, away with sorrow; we will talk in maiden meditation, fancy-free, and tell black-hearted fear it lies, in spite of thunder."

Then let me tell you something of the history of this club!" cried Simon desperately, and he began to rattle off a combination of legend and fancy, mingled so happily with fact, and touched so elegantly with illustration, that Macpherson quite forgot his culture, and became the plain Scottish man of business, or rather the ambitious boy again as he was thirty years before, when he had first set foot on the ladder that was to lead him to one of the highest positions in the financial world.

When the waiter presented the bill, Iff marked a 19 in front of a printed item at its foot; the waiter filled in £95, and made the addition. Iff scribbled his name. The figure caught the trained eye of the banker. "Excuse me!" he cried; "it's the rudest thing possible, but I would like to see that bit o' paper. I'm just that curious, where there's money." Iff could not refuse; he passed the bill across the table.

"Nineteen Shakespeares!" exclaimed the Scot. "Ninety-five pounds sterling! what 'll that mean, whateffer?"

"Well, I didn't mean to tell you, Mr. Macpherson; it's not very charming of me, but you oblige me. There is a fine of five pounds for every Shakespeare quotation made in this club—and of course, as your host, I'm responsible. Besides, it was well worth the money. The men at the next table have not had such a lovely time for years. Simple Simon, as they call me, won't hear the last of it for a while!" But the Scot was stunned. He could only keep on repeating in a dazed way, "Ninety-five pounds! Ninety-five pounds! Ninety-five pounds!"

"Don't think of it, I beg of you!" cried Iff. "I see that it distresses you. I am a rich man, and an old one; I shall never miss it. Besides, the fine goes to a most worthy object; the Society for Destroying Parliamentary Institutions."

"I never heard of it."

"Indeed! it is very powerful, I assure you. It carried through Payment of Members; it has greatly enlarged the Franchise, and is now working to have it extended to women."

"I thought ye said Destroying Parliament."

"Just so. These measures are directed towards reducing the whole thing to a farce. Already the power of Parliament is a thing of the past; authority is concentrated in the cabinet—nay, in a Camarilla

within the cabinet, and even this Camarilla is very much in the hands of permanent officials whose names the public never hears."

"D'ye ken, I can hardly believe my ain ears."

"When the public demands a law which those in authority don't like, they either block it in the Commons, or throw it out in the Lords, or get the Judges to interpret it so as to mean nothing at all, or the opposite of what it was intended to mean."

"Losh!"

"You're a banker. Would you submit your bank to popular management, interference by people who don't know the first principles of the business?"

"It wad be the shutters up in just one se'nnight!"

"Nor will we intrust our country to people who know neither law, nor history, nor geography, nor commerce—except in their own petty trade—nor foreign affairs, not so much as whether our interests lie with those of our neighbors or clash with them; nor any other of the arts necessary to government."

"Weel, weel, but these are strange sayings. But I doot ye're richt."

"Let us have our coffee in the lounge, and you shall tell me all about your troubles. I feel I've bored you with all my talk about the club."

They walked into the lounge and took a seat in the low window which overlooks St. James Park. "See the palace!" said Simon Iff. "The Foreign Secretary is with the King to-night. His Majesty was anxious about the Ultimatum to Russia."

"Russia! She's our ally!"

"Last night war was thought a certainty. This morning a way out was found. How would it do to let that cat out of the bag, with the press howling for blood? The price of Democracy is eternal Hypocrisy!"

Macpherson was by this time completely overwhelmed. He felt himself among the Powers. He thought of Paul caught up into the seventh heaven, and hearing things not lawful for men to speak.

"Now, then, your little private grief," said Simon, when the waiter had brought the coffee, a box of Upmanns, and two great Venetian glasses, milky with threads of gold, in which was the special club brandy from the cellars of Frederick the Great of Prussia. "It's a serious situation, Mr. Iff," began the banker, who, once on familiar ground, grew confident, lucid, and precise.

III.

"My bank, as you know, is situated at the corner of London Wall and Copthall Avenue. The chief officials are three; myself, Fraser, who came with me from Edinburgh, has worked with me for 14 years, and Fisher, who has been with me for two years only. Both men are steady in every way. Fisher, for example, though a young man, has already managed to purchase the house in which he lives at Tooting Bec; a charming though compact detached residence with a garden, which he spends most of his leisure in tending. He won a prize in the "Daily Mail" Sweet Pea competition, and his roses are wonderful. An extremely promising young man.

"Next week is Easter. At this time there is a very great demand in Paris for English Bank-notes; this year we are sending no less than twelve thousand pounds in tens and fives. On Friday, this sum arrived from the Bank of England; it was checked, made into a special parcel ready for transmission to-day, and stored in the safe.

"I had noticed some unusual commotion in Fraser

during the whole of this past month; on Friday I asked him its cause. He replied that he was in love, having recently met Miss Clavering, a customer of the bank, by the way, with an average monthly balance of some five to seven hundred pounds. I wished him good luck. He was to take her to the Earl's Court Exhibition that night, he said.

"So much for Friday. On Saturday I reached the bank at a quarter before nine, as is my custom. I saw Fraser disappear into the bank as I approached it. He did not go to his desk, but was waiting for me to enter. He had his hand to the side of his head. The face was decidedly swollen, and the eyes injected. 'Mr. Macpherson,' he said, 'I had to come down; I've not missed a day since we came to London; but I'm in agony of neuralgia; I've not slept all night.' He jerked the words out with evident difficulty. 'Go right home!' I said, 'or why not run down to Brighton for the week-end, and let the sea wind blow the poison out of your system?' 'I will that,' he said, and was gone. Fisher, by the way, had entered the bank and heard this conversation, or all but a few words.

"On Saturday the bank closes at one o'clock; but several of the clerks stay behind to finish the week's work. I myself leave at noon, or a few minutes earlier, in order to attend a short conference in connection with our American business. The banks concerned each send a representative. I had intended to go to a matinee last Saturday, but the brightness of the day tempted me to Mitcham, where I had the pleasure of meeting you.

"Now let me tell you what occurred after I had left the bank. A few minutes only had elapsed when Fraser appeared. 'I'm going to Brighton on the one o'clock train,' he told Fisher, who was, of course, surprised to see him; 'but I'm worried to death. I've got it into my mind that the Paris parcel was not put into the safe.' Together they went and opened it; they could not have done it separately, as Fisher had the key, and Fraser the combination. The parcel was duly found. Fraser took it up, looked at it, noted the seals, and replaced it. 'That's all right,' he said with relief; 'see you Monday.' 'So long,' said Fisher, and Fraser went out.

"Now, sir, the story becomes bizarre and uncanny in the extreme. We'll suppose that the Paris package has been tampered with, as turned out to be the case. Then you'll imagine at least that we'd hear nothing of it until Monday; perhaps not until the packet reached the bank in Paris. Instead, the plot goes off bang! Bang! like the scenario of a moving picture.

"I return from golf to my rooms in Half Moon street. I find Fisher waiting for me. Fraser had wired him from Brighton to be at my place at once, and wait. The message was so urgent that he could not disregard it. There is a telegram for me on my hall table. From Fraser. 'Absolutely certain Paris parcel has been stolen. Formally request you make sure.' Nothing for it but to go down to the Bank. Sure enough the package is a dummy. We warn the police, public and private. By Sunday morning evidence is tumbling in like an avalanche.

"Fraser was seen at one o'clock at Euston. He bought a return ticket to Edinburgh, and paid for it with one of the stolen notes. He was in no hurry, and bothered the clerk a good deal trying to get some kind of holiday ticket that the railway didn't issue. He talked of his old mother in Edinburgh; hadn't seen her for two years. The clerk recognized his photo-

graph at once; remembered him specially, because he had given him his change a shilling short, and, discovering the error immediately, sent a porter to find him; but he could not be seen. This in itself struck the clerk as curious.

"He was recognized in the luncheon room of the Old Ship Hotel at Brighton, at a time so near that of the Euston incident that he must have jumped into a high-power car after buying the ticket, and broken the speed laws every yard of the way to Brighton. He is known in the hotel; besides, Murray, of the City and Shire Bank, saw him and spoke to him. Fraser said, 'I'm going back to London. I'm sure there's something wrong at the Bank. I dreamed it three nights running.'"

"At dawn on Sunday Fraser's body, horribly mangled, was found at the foot of some cliffs near Ilfracombe—another long drive. His letters and papers were found on the body, and about eighty pounds of the stolen money.

"I had this news about 11:30. Ten minutes later the telephone rang. It was Fraser's voice, without any question. 'I'm worried about the Paris package,' he said. 'I hope you don't think me quite mad. Do tell me you went to the bank, and found all well.' I was so amazed that I could not speak for a moment. Then I saw that the question was one of identity, first of all. I asked him a question which it was most unlikely that anyone else could answer; who was paying teller at the bank when he first joined it, and where did he live? There was no answer. Ten minutes later the bell rang again. 'They cut us off,' he said, and then gave the reply correctly.

"By this time I began to believe myself insane. 'Where are you?' I cried, 'I want to see you at once.' Again the telephone went dead. Two hours later the front door bell rang. It was Fisher. 'Has he come?' he cried. Fisher said that Fraser had driven to his house in a big touring car very early that morning, and called him out by honking. 'I can't stop,' he had said. 'I'm on the track of the stolen money. Meet me at Macpherson's at two.'

"I forgot to tell you that inquiry at Fraser's rooms showed that he had left about 6 on Friday, saying that he would be out until late. He had not returned, so far as the landlady knew; but he had a latchkey. However, his bed had not been slept in.

"I waited with Fisher until three o'clock. There was no Fraser, and no further word of him. I had telephoned the police to trace the calls I had received, and obtained the reply that no record had been kept. The operator fancied that it was some exchange in South-West London; but enquiries at those exchanges produced no result.

"About one o'clock on Monday morning two cyclist policemen, returning from the patrol of the Ewing road, heard an explosion in front of them. Turning a corner, they came upon a powerful car, its lights out, its identification marks erased. In this car was the body of Fraser, the bowels torn out by a shot from a heavy revolver, one of the Bank revolvers. In the pockets were a signed photograph of Miss Clavering, a watch, a handkerchief, six hundred pounds of the stolen money, and some loose gold and other coins. I saw the body this morning; it was undoubtedly that of Fraser. But the doctors said he had been dead since Sunday afternoon!

"This was at eight o'clock; I went to the Bank at nine; among my mail was a telegram from Fraser.

'Everything all right now. Consider the incident closed.' The police brought me the original, which had been handed in by Fraser himself, apparently, at a near-by office in Cornhill; it was in his own handwriting.

"There's the case so far. Man, it defies the imagination!"

"No, no!" replied Iff briskly, "it defies the conventions of the routine of banking business."

IV.

Macpherson opened his eyes in amazement. He did not in the least comprehend the point of view.

"Let me try to make this matter clear to you."

"Clear!"

"Like all mundane matters, its complexity is illusion. Let us begin at the beginning. The soul of man is free and radiant, like the sun; his mind light or dark as he happens to be illuminated by that soul. We call this night; but it is only that we are in the shadow of the earth itself; the sun is shining gloriously, I make no doubt, in China."

"I don't see how this bears on the robbery and murders, Mr. Iff."

"Exactly. Which is why you are only Mr. Macpherson of the Midlothian and Ayrshire, instead of Lord Macpherson, pulling the financial strings of the whole world. Observe; you know all about banking; good. But you make the mistake of not seeing that banking is only one of the smallest fragments of knowledge needed by a banker. Your acquaintance with Shakespeare is a good sign—yet I feel sure that it has never occurred to you to put that bit of your brain to work on the rest of it. The cleverest banker I know is passionately devoted to the Russian Ballet; Nijinsky pirouettes before him; he translates Nijinsky's legs into the movements of the gold supply, and out comes a scheme to shake the world."

The Scot shook his head. "I ken the mon ye mean; but it's juist an accident."

"There are no accidents in this world. There are only ignorances of the causes of certain events."

"Oh ay! that's true. Davie Hume said that."

"I see you're a scholar, Mr. Macpherson. Now do let us try to use these qualities to explain the problems which at present beset you.—To begin: You are puzzled by the complexity of the case. To me, on the other hand, the fact simplifies it at once. I perceive that the entire drama has been staged by a highly-colored and imaginative mind."

"Fraser's mind was as prosaic as his own ledgers."

"Precisely. Fraser is clearly an entirely passive agent in the whole business. Note, please, how Mr. Some One Not Fraser has obsessed you with the name Fraser. Even when Fraser's body is found dead, you somehow feel that he is responsible. In other words, Mr. Some One has shouted Fraser at you till your ears are dinned.

"Now let us look at the facts in detail. Practically everything you have told me is an Appearance of Fraser, like a ghost story.

"Either he is there or he writes or telephones. He's the busiest man in England all this week-end. He has two of his own corpses to play with, and his wire this morning leads you to hope that he is still alive."

"I loved that lad like my own son."

"Yes, yes; but you must forget that for a moment; or rather, you must detach yourself from it, and regard it merely as one of the facts in the case."

"Now let us recapitulate the Appearances of Fraser. Check me as I go, please.

"One. At the bank at nine on Saturday. Anything suspicious?"

"Well, yes, now you say so. I can imagine a personation, aided by the neuralgia. But I had no suspicion at the time. And if it were not Fraser, why did he come?"

"To prepare the minds of the others for his visit number two."

"But they were surprised to see him."

"Just what he wanted, perhaps. Yet I'm not sure. He may have done it merely because that it was unlikely that he should do it. The man's prime intention was to confuse and bewilder your mind."

"He did that!"

"Number Two. Sure that was the real Fraser?"

"No; but Fisher didn't doubt it."

"Fisher's mind was prepared by your recognition of him earlier in the day. Or—wait a minute. That may be merely what clever Mr. Some One wants us to think. Wait a moment."

There was a long pause.

"If that were so," continued Simon Iff, "it would look as if Mr. Some One were trying to make things easier for Fisher. Has Fisher acted naturally throughout?"

"Perfectly. He's an exemplary man for a subordinate position."

"Yet he grows roses. That's a suspicious trait. Rose gardening is a devilish pursuit!"

"Ye're joking, man."

"Oh, a Scotsman can see a joke when there isn't one there! However, to go on to Number Three. Vision of Fraser at Euston. Now that was certainly not Fraser."

"Why not?"

"He didn't count his change. You tell me he's the most accurate man you ever had."

"Never made an error or so much as an erasure in ten years."

"You see! If that man were walking in his sleep he'd still get his figures right. It's part of his being."

"I think you're right."

"Note too that he does everything, not too unusual, to get the clerk to remember him. In fact, we might think that he took the short change on purpose to attract notice. It would strike Fraser to do such a thing. So he may have been Fraser after all."

"Number Four. Brighton. Again the identification is very doubtful."

"Number Five. Ilfracombe. Here the corpse is certainly not Fraser's; yet all pains are taken to make us think that it is his."

"But that's so silly, when he is going to bob up again a few hours later."

"All done to keep you happy during the weekend!"

"Number Six. The first telephone call."

"That was his voice. He spoke as if in pain, as on the Saturday."

"Still doubtful, then. Number Seven. The second telephone call."

"It's most improbable that anyone else could have got the information. He could have no idea that I would ask."

"But he might have got it from Fraser in the intervals between the calls."

"And why should Fraser give it, if he's not in the game?"

"Ah!"

"But I'm dead sure of his voice. On the Saturday I might have doubted; I was not paying attention. But this time I was concentrating my whole mind on the question of identity. And, ye ken, identity's a question of constant and primary importance to a banker."

"I agree with you. Number Eight. Fraser at Tooting. Here we have only Fisher's identification, which we suspected once before, though there's no reason to do so in either case. Yet we note that Fraser makes an appointment which he does not keep; nor does he refer to it in his telephone call. Number Nine. Fraser's corpse again, this time the real thing. No doubt possible?"

"None. The face was quite uninjured. I knew every freckle by heart."

"And no disguise possible, of course. It would have been easy to blow away the head; so Mr. Some One Clever wanted you to find him. Yet the doctors say the man had been dead twelve hours?"

"Nearly that; an hour more or less."

"I wonder if Mr. Clever thought that might have been overlooked. You see, I'm sure it wasn't suicide, though it was made to look like it. I'm sure this last scene—for I shall dismiss Number Ten, this morning's telegram, as an obvious fake; the wire was written out long beforehand—this last scene was most carefully stage-managed. And what is the significant article, the one thing to attract our attention? The picture of Miss Clavering!"

"I can't see the bearing of that, on any theory."

"Luckily, I've got no theory, so far. Let's boil down these facts. The only visions you are sure of are not visions at all. You heard Fraser on Sunday morning; but so far as you can be absolutely certain, he has not been *seen* alive since Friday night."

"That's so, by heaven!"

"Did he ever meet Miss Clavering that night?"

"No; she had made the appointment with him, as it chanced, in the bank itself, where she called on Friday morning to draw a hundred pounds. She looked ill, and I remarked on it. She replied that she had drawn the money for the very purpose of resting over Easter at Ostend. But she did not go. That afternoon, shopping in Bond street, she slipped on a banana skin, and twisted her ankle. A doctor took her to her house in John street. Her servants had been given a holiday from Saturday to correspond with her own, and she allowed them to go as if nothing had happened; a nurse is with her, and prepares her food. The doctor calls twice daily. Of course she was the first person whom we questioned. It is extraordinary that Fraser should not have called there that evening."

"Perhaps he was prevented. No; no one has seen him, to be positive, since the dramatic features began. later than Friday evening, or perhaps possibly after he left the bank."

"That's so; and there's nae doot o' it."

"But he was seen after leaving the bank on Friday: a man answering to his description hired the big touring car in which his body was found this morning, at an hour very shortly after he left me. Otherwise he has not been seen, as you say."

"Yet infinite pains have been taken to show you the man, dead or alive, here, there, and everywhere."

"But some of those are unreasonable. This morning, for instance, and the corpse at Ilfracombe."

"Yes, my poor pragmatic friend, that is the point. You would have analyzed purely rational appearances; these were beyond you. The strange atmosphere of the case bewildered your brain. It's probably the same at Scotland Yard.

"Observe how you were played on throughout. Why alarm you so early and so elaborately? Criminals always prefer the maximum time to make their get away. This thing was planned from long before—and probably, if you had refused to be frightened about the money, the whole scheme would have miscarried. Note that Mr. Clever does not begin to alarm you until after Vision Number Two, when doubtless he changed the package for the dummy. Stop! what was the size of the package?"

"Pretty bulky; about a cubic foot."

"Then I'm an ass. Oh dear! now I must begin to think all over again."

"If he changed it before Fisher's eyes, Fisher must be in the plot. Yet that would compromise him hopelessly. Besides, that must have been Fraser, now that I come to think of it. He had the combination."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, as I see it. I've been rash and foolish, but I see the whole thing now, I think. Others besides Fisher would have noticed if Fraser had carried a parcel, or a bag, in or out?"

"Yes: I asked that. He had nothing in his hands; and his light overcoat was buttoned tight to his very slim figure, so he couldn't have concealed it."

"Thank you. Everything is perfectly clear now. But I don't want to tell you; I want to prove it to your eyes. Let me call at your apartment at 9:30 tomorrow morning, and we will settle this business together. Can you keep the morning free?"

"Oh yes! Fisher can do all that is necessary at the bank."

V.

The next morning Simon Iff was punctual to his appointment. "Our first business," he told Macpherson, "is one of simple good feeling and good manners. Miss Clavering must be in a terrible state of mind. We will call and tell her that Fraser has been cleared, and condole with her upon his loss. Would you telephone and ask for an appointment?"

Macpherson did so. The answer came that Miss Clavering was still asleep; on her waking, the message would be given. Where should she, the nurse, telephone?

Macpherson gave his number. About twenty minutes later the nurse called him. "Could you be here at ten minutes before eleven?" she said. Macpherson agreed. "Splendid!" cried Iff, when he hung up the receiver; "of course, I wish she could have made it twelve minutes instead of ten. We may be a little late at the bank." The Scot looked at him to see if his mind were not sick; but his whole face was so radiant, his eyes so alight with mischievous intelligence, that the banker could not fail to divine some signal triumph. But he was none the less amazed. What information could the man have gleaned from the mere time of a quite commonplace appointment?

Simon Iff was exceedingly punctilious in pushing the bell at Miss Clavering's to the minute. They were admitted at once. The girl, a tall, slim, languid beauty, Spanish in type, with a skin of extreme pallor, was lying on a couch. She was dressed very simply in black; her mind seemed exhausted by the grief and pain through which she was passing.

The nurse and doctor, kneeling at the foot of the couch, were in the act of dressing the injured ankle. It was probably adorable in normal times, but now it was swollen and discolored. The first consideration of Macpherson and his friend was to express sympathy. "Is it a bad sprain?" they asked the doctor. "I have a feeling that one of the small bones is displaced; I have asked Sir Bray Clinton to step in; he should be here in a few minutes." "Perfect, perfect!" murmured Iff; "if the case goes ill, it will be from no lack of care."

"Everybody is charming to me," lisped Miss Clavering faintly.

Macpherson then proceeded, as arranged, to exonerate Fraser from guilt; though he said that he had no idea of the real culprit, and it was the most bewildering case he had ever heard of.

"We know the principal party concerned, though," chirped Iff. "He is a Chinaman, we are sure of that, though we don't know his name; and there's not the least chance of arresting him. In fact, one can hardly say that he is guilty."

Macpherson turned open-mouthed upon the mystic. "A Chinaman!" he gasped.

"Well, now you mention it, I don't really know whether he was a Chinaman after all!"

Macpherson thought it best to hint that his companion was a little fanciful. At that moment the bell rang. "That will be Clinton!" said the doctor. "I'm so charmed with your calling," sighed the girl, in evident dismissal, "and I'm so relieved that at least Mr. Fraser died an innocent man." She covered her face with her hands for a moment; then, mastering herself, extended them to her visitors, who leaned over them, and departed with the nurse. On the doorstep stood Sir Bray Clinton, to whom both Iff and Macpherson extended hearty greeting.

"Now," said Iff, as they turned down the street, "that pleasant duty off our minds, to the bank, and prepare for sterner work!"

VI.

"It is a cold morning," said Simon Iff, taking a chair in the managerial room, "at least, to so old a man as I. May I have a fire, while we are waiting? And would you please be so good as to ignore me for a while; I will tell you when all is ready."

Macpherson grew more bewildered every moment, for the day was very warm; but the authority of the Hemlock Club still weighed upon his soul. He was a snob of snobs, like all Scotsmen who barter their birthright of poverty and independence for England's sloth and luxury; and he would almost have jumped out of the window at a request from any member of the aristocracy. And the Hemlock Club thought no more of snubbing an Emperor than a child of plucking a daisy.

Half an hour elapsed; Macpherson busied himself in the bank. At the end of that time Iff came out, and brought him back. "I should like," he said, "to have a few words with Mr. Fisher."

Macpherson complied. "Shut the door, Mr. Fisher, if you please," said the magician, "we old men fear the cold terribly. Take a seat; take a seat. Now I only want to ask you one small point connected with this case; it is one that puzzles me considerably." "I'm entirely baffled myself," returned Fisher; "but of course I'll tell you anything I know."

"There are really two points: one you may know; the other you must know. We will take them in that order. First, how did the doctor come to miss his ap-

pointment on the Ewing Road? Second, how long——"

Fisher had gripped the arms of his chair. His face was deathly.

"How long," pursued the mystic, inexorably, "is it since you fell in love with Clara Clavering?" Macpherson had bounded to his feet. He compressed his Scottish mouth with all his Scottish will. Simon Iff went on imperturbably. "I think perhaps you do not realize how critical was that failure of the doctor to materialize. Knowing the moment of Fraser's murder, everything becomes clear."

"I suppose this is what you call the third degree!" sneered Fisher. "I'm not to be bluffed."

"So you won't talk, my friend? I think you will when we apply this white-hot poker here to your bare abdomen."

Fisher faltered. "That was terrible!" It was the cry of a damned soul. "*Was* terrible, you'll note, Mr. Macpherson, cried Simon Iff," not *will be*. Come, Mr. Fisher, you see I know the whole story."

"Then you had better tell it."

"I will. You'll remember, Macpherson, I told you that I saw in this whole plot the workings of a creative mind of high color and phantasy; possibly on the border of madness. So I began to look for such a mind. I did not need to look for clues; once I found the right kind of mind, the rest would fit. I began to suspect Mr. Fisher here on account of his rose-growing activities; but I soon saw that he had too many alibis. Fraser, with a mind like a Babbage calculating machine, was out of the question from the start, although he had just fallen in love—which sometimes works some pretty fine miracles in a man!

"The only other person in the circle was Miss Clavering herself, and I made an opportunity to see her. I saw, too, that she was not very much in the circle; she appeared accidentally and quite naturally. I thought that such an apparent comet might be the Sun of the system of deception.

"I was delighted when I was given an exact time, not a round hour or half hour, for the interview; it suggested an intricacy.

"I arrive at the house; I see a perfect stage picture; an undeniable swollen ankle, which is also an undeniable alibi; and, in case any one did doubt the ankle, there was a witness above all suspicion, Sir Bray Clinton, on his way to see it. Could I doubt that Miss Clavering was awake when Macpherson first telephoned, and used the interval to make a date with Clinton and the doctor? Only we must not be there for the interview; Clinton would ask when the accident happened. It would not do to tell him "Friday," when the other doctor had deliberately dislocated the foot, as I was sure, on Monday, after Vision Number Ten of poor Fraser.

"But how does it happen that Fraser writes and telephones just as Miss Clavering dictates? Here we touch the darkest moment of the drama. He was evidently a puppet throughout. It is clear to me that Miss Clavering, disguised as Fraser, hired the big racing car; that she met him on Friday night, chloroformed him, took him to the house of Fisher here, and kept him in durance.

"On the Saturday she and Fisher play their appointed roles. Vision Number Two is devised to make it appear that Saturday noon is the moment of the robbery, when in reality the parcels had been exchanged long before."

"I never packed the notes," said Fisher. "I put

them away in my bag and took them home with me on Friday night."

"Good boy! now we're being sensible. Well, to continue with Saturday. Miss Clavering has a corpse in her car—and this made me suspect a medical accomplice—goes through her tricks, and returns to Fisher's house. They then proceed to put pressure on Fraser. He resists. Miss Clavering resorts to the white-hot poker. How do I know? Because care was taken to destroy the abdomen. Under this torture Fraser wrote the telegram which was later handed in by Clara; then he was set to telephone to you, Macpherson, with the implement of torture ready in case he should make a mistake. Yet he kicked; they had to ring off, and have a second orgie of devilment before he would give the answer you required. It was useless for him to give a false answer; his best chance of help (as they probably showed him) was to convince you that it was he.

"Directly this is over, Fraser is murdered. It would really have been safer to wait till the last moment——"

"Of course it would. You don't know all, though you must be the devil to know what you do. But Fraser had aortic regurgitation; he died while still speaking to you. We had meant him to say a great deal more. That was where our plan broke down."

"Still, it was a good plan," returned Simon Iff cordially. "And the rest is simple. The car is left on a lonely road, with Fraser in it, an evident suicide. And the doctor was to drive past; he was in waiting, after firing the shot into Fraser's abdomen, for the lights of the patrol or whoever should come up; and he was to certify that the shot had caused death. Why should anyone suspect anything else? Perhaps the doctor would offer to take it away in his car, and lose time in various ways, until the hour of death was no longer certain. Now, Fisher, why didn't he do as arranged?"

"Clara was full of morphia up to the neck. She did it all, plan and execution, on morphine and hysteria. Oh, you don't know her! But she broke down at that moment. She was in the car with Leslie; she had a fit of tearing off her clothes and screaming, and he had to struggle with her for an hour. When she came to, it was too late and too dangerous to do anything. When I heard it, an hour later, I knew the game was up. I knew that Fate was hunting us, even as we had thought we were hunting Fate! The two accidents—Fraser's death and her insanity—were the ruin of all! God help me!"

"So she took morphia!" cried Macpherson. "Then was that what you meant about the Chinaman?"

"Good, Macpherson! You're beginning to bring your Shakespeare into the bank!"

"But you—how did you know about it?"

"I was ten years in China. I've smoked opium as hard as anybody. I recognized the drama from the first as a mixture of opium-visions and sex-hysteria."

"But I still don't see why they should play this mad and dangerous game, when it would have been so simple just to steal the money and get away."

"Well, first, there was the love of the thing. Secondly, it was exceedingly shrewd. The important point was to cover the one uncoverable thing, the theft of the money. Left alone, your business routine would have worked with its usual efficiency. You would have traced the Paris package minute by

minute. Instead of that, you never gave it one thought. You were out on a wild goose chase after Fraser. She took you out of the world you know into the world she knows, where you are a mere baby. I could follow her mad mind, because I have smoked opium. You might try that, too, by the way, Macpherson, if the Russian Ballet doesn't appeal to you!

"And now, Mr. Fisher, I wish you to answer my second question. I have reasons for inclining to acquit you, in part; for giving you a chance. The man I mean to hang is Dr. Leslie. He is one of a common type, the ambitious money-loving Scotsman, clever and handsome, who comes to London to make his way. They become women's doctors; they seduce their patients; they make them drug-fiends; they perform abortions; and to the extortionate charges for their crimes they add a tenfold profit by blackmail. These men are the curse of London."

"It's true; I think he ruined Clara with morphine. I feel sure she was a good girl once."

"Tell us of your relations with her."

"I met her a year ago. Her fascination conquered me at once. Oh, you don't know her! She could do anything with us all! She could tantalize and she could gratify, beyond all dreams. She was a liar to the core; but so wonderful, that even at the moment when reason declared her every word to be a lie, the heart and soul believed, as a nun clings to a crucifix! I was her slave. She tortured and enraptured me by day and night. At this moment I would kill myself to please her whim. She has delighted to make me do degrading and horrible things; she has paid me for a week of agony with a kiss or a smile; she——"

The boy gasped, almost fainted. "Are there such women?" asked Macpherson. "I thought it was a fairy-tale."

"I have known three, intimately," returned Simon Iff: "Edith Harcourt, Jeanne Hayes, Jane Forster. What the boy says is true. I may say that indulgence in drink or drugs tends to create such monsters out of the noblest women. Of the three I have mentioned, the two latter were congenitally bad; Edith Harcourt was one of the finest women that ever lived, but her mother had taught her to drink when yet a child, and in a moment of stress the hidden enemy broke from ambush and destroyed her soul. Her personality was wholly transformed; yes, sir, on the whole, I believe in possession by the devil. All three women ruined the men, or some of them, with whom they were associated. Jeanne Hayes ruined the life of her husband and tore the soul out of her lover before she killed herself; Jane Forster drove a worthy lawyer to melancholy madness. Of their lesser victims, mere broken hearts and so on, there is no count. Edith Harcourt made her husband's life a hell for three years, and after—"

her divorce broke loose altogether, and destroyed many others with envenomed caresses."

"You knew her intimately, you say?"

"She was my wife."

Macpherson remained silent. Fisher was sitting with his head clasped in his hands, his body broken up with sobs.

"Now, Macpherson, we are going to compound felony. I'm glad there was no murder, after all. I want you to let me take Fisher away with me; I'm going to put him with a society of which I am president, which specializes in such cases, without cant or cruelty. Its aim is merely to put a man in the conditions most favorable to his proper development. This was a fine lad until he met the woman who destroyed him, and I know that such women have a more than human power.

"It will be your business to put Miss Clavering in an asylum, if you can catch her, which I sorely doubt. But I think that if you go warily, you may catch Leslie."

It turned out as he had said. Clara had scented mischief, with her morphine-sharpened intellect and her hysteric's intuition. She had persuaded Sir Bray Clinton to send her down to a hospital of his own in the country—and on the way she had seized the soul of the chauffeur. They disappeared together, and there was no word of her for many a day. But Leslie had suspected nothing in the visit, or had laughed it off, or had decided to bluff it out; he was arrested, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Fisher justified the good opinion of Simon Iff; but his spirit was broken by his fatal love, and he will never do more than serve the society that saved him, with a dog's devotion.

Macpherson followed the old mystic's advice; he is to-day the most daring, although the soundest, financier in London. Two nights ago he dined with the magician at the Hemlock Club. "I've brought Shakespeare into the Bank," he said, laughingly, to Simple Simon. "But I'll keep him out of the Club, this time!"

"Oh well!" said Simon, "to spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are themselves perfected by experience; crafty men condemn them, wise men use them, simple men admire them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. It's well worth Five Pounds!"

"But," objected Macpherson, "that's not Shakespeare; that's Bacon!"

Simon Iff did not permit himself so much as the antepenumbra of a smile. "William Shakespeare wrote the works of Francis Bacon; that is one of the Official Beliefs of the Hemlock Club."

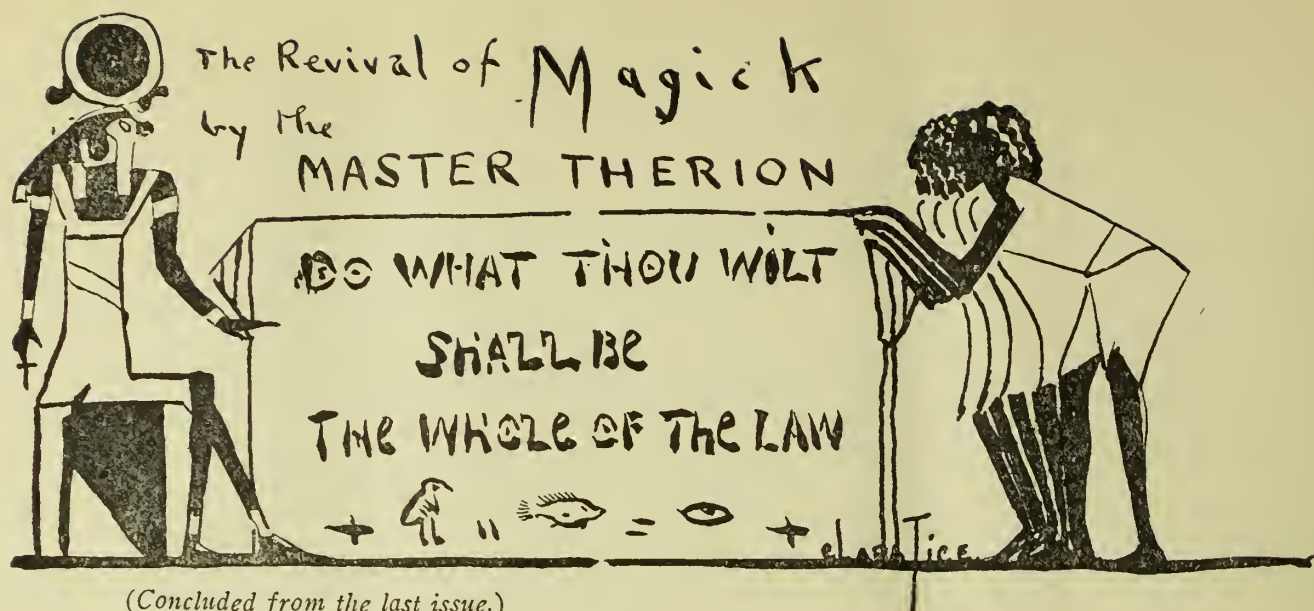
"For the Lord's sake!" cried the Banker. "I'll never live up to this Club. Man, it's a marvel!"

"Well," answered the magician, sipping his wine, "You might try a course of William Blake."

SEKHET.

By Adam d'As.

Shall it be claws or paws to-day,	Breast against bosom, shall I feel	Will you express your spirit-stress
Jehane, your lover-lion play?	The lure of velvet or of steel?	By laughter or by holiness?
Sweetness of torment bring completeness	Will it be fire or water flies	I care not—either serves our play—
To love, or torment sharpen sweetness?	From the wild opal of your eyes?	If it be claws or paws to-day.



(Concluded from the last issue.)

Another important attainment is that of traveling in the "astral body." This, too, I practiced hard. I was able in time to make my presence known to a person at a distance, by a sort of instinct. Soon I got it so that I could be both seen and heard. I have not yet been able to impress inanimate objects, for I gave up this class of work as not essential to the Great Work. For instance, when I was in Honolulu I had a long talk with a girl in Hong Kong. I described the town, and her house and room, with accuracy, in great detail. She, too, saw me and wrote down my remarks correctly. But I failed to knock a vase off the mantel, as I wished.

The point is this. To "get into the astral body" really means to allow the consciousness to rest in a vehicle of fine matter, and, detaching that from the gross body, to move about. But this has its drawbacks. One is no longer at all on the material plane, but on the astral plane, and one must not expect to see material things. This is the blunder made by "physical clairvoyants" and the cause of their constant errors. No; for physical clairvoyance, or for action at a distance, somewhere on the astral one must pick up ready material as a basis for a sort of "incarnation." Thus the girl I speak of had burnt incense specially to give me a body visible and tangible and audible. But incense is not strong enough to make a body mechanically solid. It becomes sensible to the eye and ear of a living person, as a cloud is, but not strong enough to resist pressure.

However, by offering blood one can construct a body good enough for, say, courtship and marriage. I have done this often enough; it is not at all difficult when the conditions are right. It is dangerous, though; if anything happened to the blood when you were using it, there would be a nasty mess, and if the blood be not carefully destroyed after you have finished with it, it may be seized by some vampirish elemental or demon. I think no one below the grade of Magister Templi should use blood, unless he be also an initiate of the IX° of O. T. O.

Such have been only a few of very varied activities. I may remark that the methods so far employed are not altogether satisfactory. There is too much accident, for one thing. Quite recently, a disciple of mine, painting that great square of letters which synthesizes the elemental forces of water, had a tank burst and flood his house. On another occasion, at headquarters, teaching astral traveling

through the Tablet of Fire, we had five fires in three days, while the disciple who was being taught went home the third night, and found his house burning, a fire having started in the coal cellar. A "natural" fire can't start in a coal cellar, especially, as in this case in winter.

For another thing, these methods are very tedious. A proper evocation of a spirit to visible appearance means weeks of preparatory work. Again, they do not always succeed as fully as one would like. In short, I felt the need of further initiation, and the communication of a method as safe and sane and easy as railway traveling.

I will not here detail the steps by which this came to me; enough to say that the A. A. A., the mightiest organization on the planet, chose me eleven years ago to do a certain work, and rewarded me in no niggard spirit. Then, nearly six years ago, the Frater Superior of the O. T. O. came to me, and appointed me Grand Master of the Order in all English-speaking countries of the Earth, and Special Delegate to America. With this He conferred the secret of high Magick which I wanted. Easy to operate as a bicycle, and sure of results as a bottle of brandy, it only needed a little intelligent study and practice to supplant all the old methods, which became, as it were, adjutants of the real thing.

It is upon this that I am still at work, for I have not yet completely mastered it. There are two parts to every magical operation. The ancient Alchemists expressed this in their formula "Solve et Coagula." First, one must subtilize matter so as to be able to mould it, and then fix it again in gross matter so as to retain the desired form.

The first part of this is swiftly and surely accomplished by the method of which I write; the second part is not equally easy. The result is that one obtains always an earnest of the desired goal, a shadow of the reward, so to speak. But this does not always materialize. For example, one performs an operation "to have \$20,000." A few days later a prospect of obtaining that exact sum suddenly arises, then fades slowly away. Exactly what to do in such a case is a problem of which I have not yet found the perfect answer. Fortunately, it rarely happens that this trouble supervenes. In five out of six times the desired event comes naturally to pass without further disturbance. But I confess that I should like to make that sixth time safe, and I believe that in another few months I shall have done so. Already matters

have improved seventy per cent. since I first was initiated in the Great Secret.

It is no great wonder, then, that Magick has revived. When I began the work of the A.:. A.:. I had over a hundred pupils in less than six months. The system of the A.:. A.:. is singular in many respects; in none more than in this, that it is really secret. No man except the Head and His Chancellor, and His Praemonstrator, knows more than two members; that one who initiated him, and the one that comes to him for initiation. In this way the work has spread through the world with no fuss or trouble. Only now and again is any open work visible—when Isis lifts her skirt enough to show her stocking!

For instance, one hears of public ceremonies on A.:. A.:. lines in South Africa, in West Africa, in Vancouver, in Sydney, in Paris and London and (maybe) New York. These appear sporadic; their simultaneity is really the mark of what is passing in the mind of the Masters of the A.:. A.:. .

The success of the O. T. O. is even more striking to the uninitiate, because its results are more apparent.

Part of the policy of this order is to buy real estate everywhere, to build and furnish temples, lodges, and retreats. Hardly a month passes but I hear of some new branch already financially sound, with its own headquarters, some beautiful property in the country, a fine house, large grounds, all that is needed both for initiations, and for the practice of that life, and of those works, which bring forth fruit from the seed of those initiations. And every week brings me news manifold of what is being done. There is hardly a country in the world which has not dozens of members hard at work at magick, and for the most part making progress at a rate which almost makes me jealous, although for my generation I made advance which was a miracle of rapidity and excited the envy of all the duffers. But the work done by my Masters and (I think I may truly say) by myself also has simplified the work incredibly for all. In the Equinox, 777, Konx Om Pax and a few secret documents, the whole mystery has been explained; and, for the first time in the history of Magick, a standard Encyclopedia has been published. It is no longer necessary to study fifty strange tongues and wade through ten thousand obscure and ambiguous volumes. With three months' study and a year's practice any man of moderate intelligence and sufficient will-power is armed, once and for all, for the battle. Only in the O. T. O. is some knowledge kept back, and that because the great secret is so easy to learn and so simple to operate that it would be madness to entrust it to any person untested by years of fidelity.

These, then, are the principal causes of the Revival of Magick. It is not possible to publish the figures, nor would it be desirable. But I can assure the public that one has only to enter the magick path to find on all sides and in the most unexpected quarters, men and women whose whole life is secretly devoted to the attainment of the Royal and Sacredotal Art.

Already Magick is once more a World-Power; the print of the Giant's Thumb is already the amazement of the incredulous; and within five years it will be clear enough to all men Who brought about the World war and why.

We shall see science triumphant, philosophy revolutionized, art renewed, commercialism checkmated; and astride of the horse of the Sun we shall see the

Lord come as a conquerer into His Kingdom.

The Revival of Magick is the Mother of the New Aeon.

And who is the Father?

"Ho! for his chariot wheels that flame afar,

"His hawk's eye flashing through the Silver Star!

"Upon the heights his standard shall plant,

"Free, equal, passionate, pagan, dominant,

"Mystic, indomitable, self-controlled,

"The red Rose glowing on the Cross of Gold!"

Do you wish to find Him?

Herein is wisdom; let him that hath understanding count the number of The Beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and three score and six.

FLOWERS

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Rose of the dawn as saffron wan, lighting a gaunt grey sea,

Or a red, red rose by the garden wall at the foot of a red rose tree,

But or ever I wake or sleep at last, the rose of her breasts for me.

Poppies that blaze in a blaze of gold, fair and more fair than fair,

Yellow as ever the dull brocade that the Lords and Ladies wear,

But never a gold shall time unfold like the gold of a woman's hair.

Brown, wine-brown is the wall-flower's plume that near to the fountain lies,

Brown as the sheen that jewels the wings of the hovering dragon-flies,

But pale by the glow of autumn fire which lurks in a woman's eyes.

Lilies? I see them white and still, caught fast in the ripple-strands,

Enmeshed in the web of a loitering stream a-dream by the river sands.

Beautiful! Yes! I grant you that, but the lilies of my Love's hands!

HYMN

(From Baudelaire)

Most dear, most fair, Hilarion,
That fillst mine heart with light and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,
All hail in immortality!

She permeates my life like air
Intoxicated with its brine,
And to my thirsty soul doth bear
Deep draughts of the eternal wine.

Exhaustless censer that makes sly
The air of some dim-lit recess,
Censer that smoulders secretly
To fill the night with wantonness,

Love incorruptible, my works
Are void; thy truth is over art.
Musk-grain invisible that lurks
In mine eternity's inmost heart!

Most pure, most fair, Hilarion,
That fillst my life with health and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,
All hail in immortality!

THE HEARTH

By MARK WELLS.

(In these days when the principle of kingship has become debateable through the notoriety of such wretched examples as the spineless Romanoff, the assassin Karageorgeovitch, and the brainless Couburg, this story is of peculiar interest and importance. We do not want a hereditary monarchy with the dangers of in-breeding; or an elected monarchy, with the certainty that the worst man will win; or a temporary monarchy such as a republic affords, with its discontinuity of policy. We want the strongest and best man to rule; we want a man

I.

Reverently the King approached the flame that flickered in the centre of the hut. It was a small round hut, built of wood, reeds, and straw; but it was called the King's House, although the King actually dwelt in a more pretentious building a few yards away. It was in a very particular sense his house, however; for in it was his power enshrined, and the life of his people. For the King was King of the Sylvii, that dwelt in the mighty forests of oak that clothed the Alban Hills, far yet from the Maremma and the Tiber and the rise of Rome. The oak was the sacred tree of the tribe, their badge, their totem, and their god.

The sky was but the roof of the oak, and the thunder but its voice monitor or oracular.

More, to these people the King was actually the oak, and the god of the oak; and the life of the King was the life of the people. It was the office of the King to sustain the works of nature; and in particular he must provide men with fire. Thus the hearth of blazing oak-boughs was itself bound intimately with the life of the King, and had the fire become inadvertently extinguished, disaster must assuredly ensue. Hence the King's own daughters were vowed wholly to the maintenance of the sacred flame; and no thought of man might pollute that diamond devotion.

Yet since all nature renews itself every year to restore its vigor, so must it be for the king and for the fire. Every midsummer the King must prove himself to be of unimpaired force, and every spring the fire must be ceremonially extinguished and rekindled by the King himself, assisted by his eldest daughter.

It was this latter rite at which he was now president. Having approached the flame, he placed his hands upon it, and with firm dignity crushed it out of existence. In vain his daughter blew upon the ash; no spark was left.

Assured upon this point, she went to the sacred storehouse which contained the ancestral urns, and the magic weapons of the forefathers of King Sylvius. From this place she took a flat board of soft wood, in which were a number of charred holes.

This she laid upon the floor of the hut, and squatted behind it, holding it firmly with both hands and feet. The King knelt down in front of the board, and, producing a new-cut oaken stick, sharpened at one end, placed the point against the board and began to twirl it rapidly. Soon evidences of heat became manifest; the girl placed tinder around the point of contact; smoke arose; she caught it in her hands, and blew the spark into a flame.

Immediately she rose from the ground, and placed the burning tinder in a nest of young dry twigs of oak over which she had placed larger and larger branches; in a few minutes the flame shot in a rose-

whom we can trust, as opposed to one whom the trusts can. Why not, therefore, return to the original, the efficient principle of selection? Keep the good part of the hereditary plan by allowing the royalty to pass through the daughter of the king, and secure the new blood and the merit by vesting its power in her consort, the man who can win her by strength and by intelligence. Provide, further, against the decay of the royal faculties by an annual test of physical, mental, and moral fitness.—Contr. Ed. Int.)

gold pyramid into the air. Meanwhile the King had opened the door of the hut, crying jubilantly:

"The child is born!" These words were taken up a great shout by the whole people of the Sylvii, who were waiting in awe and adoration without. One by one the women came forward, each with her bough of oak; each entered the hut, kindled her bough from the great fire, and went out to bear it reverently back to her own extinguished hearth.

At last all was finished. The King was once more alone with his daughter. "Julia!" The girl stood with her hands folded meekly on her breast, awaiting with bowed head the paternal admonition. "O first of the wardens of the sacred flame! O daughter of the son of the fire of the oak! O thou that keeping vigil upon the holy hearth art visited by the words of Truth! Declare to me the omens!"

Julia raised her head, "O king!" she cried, "O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak! O mighty to slay and to save, hear the word of the fire of the Oak!" So far was ritual; she spoke with regular intonation; now she became troubled, and it was with hesitating tongue that she declared the omens. "The flame was fierce," she went on, "the tinder burned my hands. The dry twigs would not kindle; then they lit suddenly and with violence, flying in the air like startled birds.

"Then came an air from the East, and blew all into a blaze. No sooner was this blaze bright than the air blew no more, but the flame leaped to heaven like a pyramid."

The king threw his robe over his face, and went out of the hut. She looked on him with staring eyes. "It is then terrible for him—though I do not know the meaning of the omens.

"But oh! I did not dare to tell him that which I do know. I could not speak the words—how the flame leapt out at me like a serpent and caught me between the breasts. He loves me too much; how will it be when I am ashamed before all men and must die? Oh terror of the darkness, as I lie in that cavern of the worm beneath the earth—awaiting death. O me!"

It is a characteristic folly of clairvoyants to keep back part of their visions from the magicians who alone can interpret them successfully.

Julia was entirely at fault in this matter of the omen; she was not an initiate, and she relied on old wives' tales. Such faults carry their own doom, and the means of it; for, being sure that something could go wrong, she had no more confidence that anything would go right; and one cannot hole a six-inch putt without confidence.

"If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out."

But perhaps the King had some good ground for his anguish. Omens are curious things. If you sit down thirteen at table, and die within the year, you are just as dead as if you had always dined alone!

II.

Julia was the eldest daughter of the King, and the throne went with her hand, according to the custom of the people.

A plague of smallpox had ravaged the oak-groves ten years earlier when she had seen eight summers, and left her sole survivor of the royal family, except Claudia, a child of three years old. All her other sisters were therefore much younger than she; her brothers had gone afield to seek their fortune in strange places. The plague had not left her wholly scathless; she bore a few small pocks on her forehead and cheek. But these tended rather to increase the fascination of her beauty. She was lithe and long, but robust and well developed for her years. Her head was small and well-poised upon a pillar throat, the face oval, the eyes large and very lustrous, the nose long and straight, the mouth beautifully curved, with a long upper lip which shone with faint down. But her greatest beauty lay perhaps in her hair, which was extraordinarily fair, the very lightest shade imaginable of brown, with a certain ashen tinge which made it almost transparent to the sunlight. The length of it, and its abundance, were the wonder of the people, who saw therein a good omen of the vigor of the royal house.

In the time of the plague, and the harsh years of building up the community again from it, that followed, she and her father had drawn very close together. He had come to rely on her almost exclusively, for there was no one else so near that he could trust. On her side, too, the whole warmth of her nature went out to him. She was of fierce temper, but slow smouldering; of purpose inscrutable and indomitable. Often her stubbornness had strengthened the hands of the king, her father, when he hesitated; she had pushed him through doubt and through disaster to success.

Her occupation as Vestal had left her utterly innocent; she knew what god she worshipped, and she knew that she was the bride of the fire, and would one day bear children to it; but she had formulated no connection in her mind between these facts and those of human nature. She was the daughter of God; the people were as far beneath her as the stones under her feet. That she should sink to their level by any acceptance of their limitations was to her mind unthinkable; hence the passionate horror aroused in her soul by her misinterpretation of the omen of the flame.

The impression which had been made soon faded; three weeks later the festivities of spring drove everything else from her mind. The quaint figure of the Green Man, with his wreaths of oak and his fantastic mask, his weird and intense dances, and the ceremony of drenching him with water, made a mark on her mind which it had never done before. So deep was it that for three nights successively she dreamed of the dances, and on each night she heard voices from the sacred storehouse where the fire-drills represented the ancestors of the royal house; it seemed that they were talking together. She caught the tone of excitement, but could make nothing of the words; for of course they were speaking in the secret language of the gods, which only her father, of all the Sylvi, knew.

Then for a week or two things seemed to slip into the old routine. But now came something new and quite beyond nature into her; she became for the first time conscious of herself. Instead of seeing the

King's House about her, she saw herself moving in the house. It was not merely the fire on which she threw the boughs; she saw herself throwing boughs on to the fire. External things became subordinate. With that, she discovered that she was restless; time, which had hitherto meant nothing to her, instead of flowing unperceived, became insistent. Unable to forget herself, she began to analyze herself. She noticed that she was always pacing to and fro, and wondered why. Her body became an obsession.

Soon she acquired the habit of lying down before the fire, and gazing into it. Here, with her head resting upon her hands, she would remain for hours, motionless save for one leg, which she would swing on toe and knee from side to side, now fast, now slow. The whole of her being would concentrate in the muscles of that leg; she would be conscious of nothing else, and she would analyze the sensation in it, which would become extraordinarily acute and voluptuous. She delighted in feeling the different rhythms of its movement. She would halt them deliberately, torturing herself with exquisite anticipation of the moment when she would begin again. It is hard to record such subtleties of thought. Somewhat thus, perhaps, they danced. "Fast and slow—tense and slack. How hard can I push down? How hard can I pull up? Side to side—to and fro. Circular movements. All concentration in the foot; toe by toe extension and contraction. Which toes can I move separately? Could I balance my leg by its own weight without supporting it by stiffening a muscle?—most exquisite, subtle and voluptuous problem! Tap—tap—tap; that is my heel upon the floor of that hut; I understand. Now Tap tap—tap—tap—tap tap—another rhythm, another world of music and beauty. Now slow, now fast; every rhythm has infinite capacities of modulation. I am alive in a live world of infinite ecstasies—abyss after abyss opening at each timid step. Eternity cannot exhaust the variations of delight that can play on this one muscle! What a world to live in! Ah! Ah! Ah!" After a while this would become too overpowering; the possibilities of pleasure would appal her by their multiplicity; and she would rub her thumb and forefinger slowly together with every kind of motion, watching intently, and so drinking in the wonder and splendor of life through sight as well as touch.

One very curious thing she noticed. Now and again the moving muscles seemed to take up an independent personality, to wish to assert themselves as individual wills, and to impose themselves upon the rest of the body by causing it to join in their movement. She would nearly always resist this, though sometimes the thumb and forefinger would set the muscles of the arm and shoulder twitching, and sometimes the leg would communicate its swing to the whole body. But for some reason, or rather in accordance with some instinct, she resented the domination of the other will. But the pressure constantly increased upon her; and one day she gave way completely. She never knew what happened; her memory told her nothing; but when she came to herself, she found that she had slept for hours; her clothes were bathed in sweat, and the dust of the floor was wetted here and there by drops of it. From the footprints, too, she divined that she must have been dancing; evidently until exhaustion, and sleep, supervened.

Of this she told her father. "Julia!" said he, "there is nothing to fear. The ancestors themselves

have taught you the Sacred Dance of the Vestals." From that time she resisted no more; she allowed delirium to take its course. Such crises gave her the most exquisite relief; the perfect physical fatigue was an enchantment. Gradually, too, she mastered the possession, and knew what she was doing. But as she gained this, she lost the effect; she failed to reach the summits of enthusiasm, and the fatigue, instead of being pleasure, was partial, a dull ache, in which she was too tired to dance, not tired enough to sleep. But one thing grew upon her, the fascination of the fire. The play of its heat upon her face tortured and delighted her. Sometimes she would loosen her robe and thrust her breast over the glowing oak, rejoicing as it scorched her. Sometimes she would play with the flame with her hands, passing them through and through it. She imagined them as fish leaping in the water. But nowhere was satisfaction to be found. She became moody and wretched, toying fatally instead of willfully with the fire, obtaining no pleasure, yet unable to stop. One day she took a brand from the flame, and began to dance the marriage dance with it; was she not the Bride of the Fire? Round and round the hut she leapt and whirled, thrashing herself savagely with the burning bough, until in ecstasy of pain and excitement she flung back the brand into the flame, and fell prone upon the ashes about the fire in a swoon of utter collapse.

When she awoke to life she found that she was badly burned. But the ancestors had communed with her in her trance; from that moment she was a changed creature. She reverted to her old quiet ways; she lost the self-consciousness that had disturbed her; and she occupied herself with patient toil. It was a curious task that she had set herself; she took long strands of her hair, and wove them, wove them, day and night, into a fine network, a glimmering veil scarcely visible for glamor, a pallor of ash like the harvest-moon, but strong with deft inlacement so that she might have bound inextricably a young bull in its elastic tether.

The autumn fell upon the hills; no untoward incident had marred the life of the tribe; at the midsummer ceremony of the Flight of the King her father had conquered easily, running lightly from his palace to the hill-top where stood the twin oaks solitary and proud that marked the turning-point of the race, passed between them, and taken refuge on the hearth of Vesta, the flaming bough waving triumphantly in his hand before the first of the suitors for the kingdom had reached even the top of the little ridge that was the last landmark in the race. His start, which amounted to nigh a fourth of the course, was ample, save in serious debility or accident.

He who was first of all the disappointed crowd was a stranger from a very far country. He was like a young leopard, ruddy bronze, with gleaming eye and flashing teeth, long-armed, with black hair curled upon his brows. When he saw that the king was safe, instead of following and joining in the banquet which was always ready in the palace to refresh the contestants of the race, and to celebrate the renewed life and vigor of the King, he waved his sword, gave a great shout, and, swerving from the course, ran wildly through the village, and was lost to sight.

Julia asked her father who he was, and why he acted thus, not in accordance with the custom. "His name is Abrasax, and his surname Ithys, which means The Straight One, and he is of an island called Chi in the great sea which he says reaches to the bounds of the world. He is full of strange tales. I do not know why he has gone."

Perhaps Julia herself knew; for on the day before her eyes had fallen upon him as he passed, and seen in his gaze that it was she, more than the kingdom, that he desired. Perhaps he had gone because he would not come to her unless triumphant. And she flashed with scorn and anger that he should treat her as a woman. And that night she knew. For when all was still, an arrow with blunt point was shot into the King's House, and in its notch was fastened a thin piece of bark on which was written one word—"YET."

So summer passed and fell into autumn; Julia had finished her veil, twelve yards in length, a foot in breadth, and bound it round about her brows for a crown, a tapering cone of beauty towering from her forehead.

The days drew in; Julia fell into utter listlessness and lassitude. She could hardly force herself to tend the sacred fire. She sat hour by hour brooding over it; it had lost its power to kindle her; she let a brand fall on her wrist, and it only woke the flesh to pain, dull and stupid, a dark hall of melancholy and of the shadow of death. She became brutalized; only, like a dog, she sought her father constantly, taking refuge with him from her ill-ease; to feel his arms about her seemed protection from—she knew not what.

Yet in all the monotony of her misery there was a single point at which all concentrated; the memory of a leap and a shout, a bronze leopard body, fierce eyes, black curls, a long sword glittering to heaven, and an arrow shot into the holy house of Vesta. And so acute became that pang that in her heart was born a deadly hatred. He had insulted her by his proud glance; he meant all that was dangerous, all that was evil, in her life; she personified the malice of all damned ghosts and sorcerers, the menace of her people, in him.

This hate so grew upon her that it turned to sickness; blue lines came under her eyes; her skin was loose upon her; her limbs were heavy; she could not eat; she spent her days squatting before the fire, now and then lifting a great bough with weary arms to let it drop dully on the embers. She never cared to make it blaze up brightly; so long as a live spark lay in the ash, she was fulfilling all she need. Even in the bitter nights of winter, when the wind howled through the rude walls of the hut, and snow came through the opening in the roof to hiss upon the fire, she preferred to sit and shiver in her robe, rather than to heap the boughs. At last all this formulated itself in a single conscious will. Abrasax would return at midsummer, she was sure; well, let him come. She knew how he must pass from the palace to the hut appointed for his bestowal at night after the banquet; she would waylay him and kill him. So now she took a dagger and passed her days sharpening it on a stone, testing it on the boughs of oak; her whole soul black with bitter lust of murder.

And then came the day of the Rekindling of the Fire. She had regained her peace of mind, her confidence, her calm. With a firm voice she declared the omens; all were favorable. Only, as the days drew on to midsummer, gladness grew upon her even as the flowers upon their stems; only twelve days more—eleven days more—ten days more—before she would plunge that steel into the heart of the man whose image mocked and taunted and defiled her.

III.

Now all things drew on apace to the conclusion. Three days before the Ceremony of the Flight of the King, the strangers began to arrive. Julia marked Abrasax among them and, withdrawing, looked to her dagger. It was sharp, deadly sharp. Her arm was strong; it sank an inch into the oaken doorpost as she lunged. She was more than human, in the glee that filled her. Her sister, Claudia, now fourteen years of age, spoke of his strength and beauty. Julia stopped her with one venomous word.

It was the night before the race. She could hear the revelry in the palace; it would be very dark; the moon was new, a cadent crescent hung over the sunset. The shouts of the men at feast became less boisterous; now was her hour. She fed the flame till it roared high; then wrapped herself close, and stole forth into the darkness. From the shelter of the house where she lurked she could watch the palace; she saw the lights die down, one after one; she saw man after man come through the brilliant doorway. At last came Abrasax. She crouched, tense and eager, ready to spring. Only a moment now!

But the moment drew out unfathomably; no sound of drunken song, no stumbling footstep. He had simply vanished in the darkness. She set herself to wait. The minutes passed, nerve-racking, hideous. She was within a few yards of the door of the house where he lodged; he could hardly have gone round another way and reached safety. Then clarity came to her; she realized that in the open air and in the darkness his drunkenness must have overcome him; he would be prone, perhaps not far from the door of the palace. She would go find him. But first she must return; she had been perilously long away from the King's House; the fire must be replenished. She would throw logs upon it, then go to her glad work!

Stealthily as a tigress, she shrunk back to the hearth. She opened the door. Only just in time; mere sparks, no flame, in the House of the King! She went forward.

Instantly she was overthrown and nearly strangled by a lean arm that shot from the blackness. Before she could scream, her mouth was caught in the vice of gorilla jaws. The blood gushed from her lips. She could not move her dagger hand; her arms were pinioned. A rough knee-stroke left her bare of her last fence; she lay at the mercy of her murderer.

Then blackness devoured her as with fire; she sank far below being; but the throb of her blood, bursting in her ears, was like the universal cry of all her ancestors. She fell into a hell of roaring flame, of blazing shouts; she died once, twice and thrice. She knew no more.

Suddenly she awoke; she found herself in utter darkness; her one thought was of the fire; the fire was out. Savagely she dragged her bruised and broken body to the hearth; no spark remained. "The fire is out," she moaned, "and I am lost." "We shali rekindle it," boomed the voice of Abrasax; "go, bring the drill!" The blasphemy of the idea appalled her. Only the king himself might twirl the sacred oak. A clenched fist struck her ear. She went to the storehouse, took the board, and a striker at random, returned, and squatted down as her custom was. Abrasax took the drill; under his vigorous palms a minute

sufficed to heat the tinder; her breath blew it into flame. She saw his cruel face alight with laughter; blood from her mouth was splashed upon it. She threw the tinder on the hearth, caught up dry twigs, and built the fire. Instantly it leapt and crackled; the flame soared in a pyramid of blue and rose and gold, showering out sparks of glory, a rain of meteors.

When she turned to face her assailant, he was gone.

For an hour she lay motionless, as one dead, before the fire. She rose with shaken limbs; stiffened herself to fate, with serpent swiftness she put her hands to her hair, then, darkling, sped from the hut.

She was no longer the same woman as when she had left it earlier in the night; then, her virgin will, conscious and glad, impelled her; now, it was impulse seated in some cavern of her soul that she had never plumbed, obedience, unquestioning and blind, to the fact of an inscrutable and an inexorable fate.

IV.

The King, a blazing brand of oak in his right hand, ran lightly to the crest of the ridge beyond the village. There he threw it down, as symbol of his temporary abdication, the signal for the strangers to race after him. He ran lightly and easily as ever; only a month before he had run down a lone wolf by sheer speed and endurance. Disappearing over the crest, he was soon visible again upon the slopes of that high hill where the twin oaks formed the turning point. Abrasax had gained slightly on him; the others not at all. The King turned near the top of the slope; he perceived the situation. But he was going to take no risks; now was the moment to break the heart of his pursuer. He would show him his speed on the steep hill; he could increase the distance, sprinting the few yards that lay between him and the summit; thence he would leap down the long slope like a deer pursued by a wolf; in that critical half-mile he would finish the race, almost less by speed than by psychology.

He took a deep breath, and increased his pace; he positively leapt up the last slopes; he reached the level; his limbs loosened; he opened his great chest and ran like the wind.

Abrasax, laboring, followed him warily, holding in his strength.

The King, reaching the trees, was at the top of his pace; then, in the sight of all his tribe, he stumbled and fell. The shock was tremendous; but to that wiry frame not irretrievable. He could not understand it; it was the first time in all his life that it had chanced; but he had no time to reason; he must run. Down the long slope he plunged, and was lost to sight of the Silvii behind the crest of the low ridge whence he had started.

Julia stood at the door of the King's House. She was clad in the vestments of a priestess, and in her hand she bore the blazing oak bough, symbol of the sovereignty of the Sylvii. With straining eyes she watched the crest of the ridge, and all her people stood about her, solemnly ranged to keep the course. When the King fell, a gasp went up to heaven, but his quick recovery seemed to augur his safety.

But the minutes hung; the King did not appear. Then on the crest there towered the figure of Abrasax; a moment more, leaping, a leopard, he was at the threshold of the King's House. In his right hand he held aloft his crimson sword, in his left, the bearded head of the old king. His fingers stiffened in its hair; its blood dripped on the vestal

robes of Julia, who, sinking to her knees, held out the flaming branch and cried, "My Lord! My Lord! Hail, O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak!"

And all the people cried aloud, as he flung down his sword and held the bough to heaven: "Hail, O great Oak! Hail, King of the Sylvii!"

Then he raised Julia and kissed her before all the people, so that their acclamations rang again; echoes from the woods and from the hills caught up the cry; the whole of Nature seemed regenerate as the new King stood erect and cried his triumph to the world.

He laid the brand upon the hearth. It was Claudia, and not Julia, who followed him; for Julia might no more enter into the temple. In her was the royal power, and she was vowed to the new king. The younger girl seemed overcome with sorrow and anger; but her sister moved as a sleep-walker moves, automaton, entranced.

Abrasax took her by the waist, and led her to the palace. The banquet was to be their wedding, and his confirmation in the royal power. Julia lay like a dead woman against his breast; she would not eat, but drank huge cups of the black terrible wine of the country.

The ceremonies were ended; the guests departed;

PAN.

By Vincent Starrett.

In a dim grotto of the wood, they said,
Great Pan lies dead;
And then they flew
Laughing across the sand, but paused anew,
Clad in white chastity, upon the brink—
Shy fawns at drink,
Half-frightened by
The murmuring treetops and the water's sigh—
Viewing the wood with half-alarmed grimace
For a strange face.
The goat-eared Pan,
They said in bravado, is not a man
But a dead god; an antique legend sung
To charm the young.
And then the sea
Robed them in living jewels lavishly;
Clasped his wet arms about them—ah, so slim!—
Drew them to him.
Beware, old sea!
Dost thou not fear Pan's maddened jealousy?
Dost thou think, too, that Pan is dead and cold,
Deep in the gold
Dead leaves of fall,
Leaving all this to thee as seneschal?
Long since thou heard the cloven hoof resound
Upon the ground;
Since thy pale glass
Gave back his image. Ah, the years may pass
But Pan lives yet, for love is more than death.
Hear'st thou a breath
Hot in the wood,
Where in thy youth the shaggy lover stood?
Then—not too far, thou graybeard charlatan,
For I am Pan!

the head men of the Sylvii gathered up their robes, and made their way to their homes.

Abrasax and Julia were left alone. He led her trembling to the royal chamber, still vivid with the daily chattels of her father.

"You who hate me," said he bitterly, "shall serve me as a slave." He clenched his fist; his blows rained upon her body. "Thus—and thus—and thus—will I teach you to serve me—and to love me!"

She lay back in his arms, her hair dishevelled hanging in great cascades upon the floor, her face bloody with his blows, and her eyes mad with wine. But her bruised mouth dropped words like some thick poisonous perfume from the athanor of an alchemist. "I stretched my veil between the oaks so that my father might fall—oh my lover!"

He understood.

His passion foamed over the bounds of his consciousness! Hers mastered his.

The sun was up near noon when his eyes fell upon her face; she lay like a corpse upon the straw.

He mused awhile; then decision came into his eyes. He rose and robed himself; the golden circlet twined with oak leaves bound his brows. He called together the head men of the Sylvii; he led them to the bridal chamber.

"Fathers!" he cried, "I found this woman not a virgin; let her be buried alive as is the custom; I will take Claudia to wife."

IRELAND.

By Faith Baldwin.

Oh, it's you that are the Wistful Land, the Land
of Singing Winds,—
You've kissed your sorrows into stars and
crowned your black, black hair,
And Life has colored Dreams of you with gallant
scarlet blood and true,
And armed your poets with a sword . . .
those dreamers debonair!

Oh, it's you that are the Haunting Land, the Land
one takes to wife,—
You set your sweet mouth to a man's and breathe
his soul to fire,
And oh, the sea-strong surge of you, the spell and
ache and urge of you,
The Land of Beauty that you are—of heart's
most high Desire!

Oh, it's you that have the brave young voice to
cloak the bitter tears,—
And it's you that have the white, white hands
to guide your lads . . . and cling,
And oh, no man is free from you, he'll come from
land and sea to you,
The Land of Sun-jewelled waters and of wild,
wild gulls a-wing!

Oh, it's you that are the Princess in a living Fairy
tale,—
You are calling from your towers where they
hold you shackled yet,
But more sure than sun and tide and sea, the Prince
shall come to strike you free,
Oh, Land of dim green Loveliness, which no man
can forget!

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

I once knew an Armenian gentleman named McPherson, who was crossed in love. He sought out his successful rival, and lent him ten thousand dollars "without security—on his note of hand alone." A year later McPherson had added to that kindness in two ways; he had taken the other man's wife off his hands, and had given him a steady job at fourteen dollars a week in his office.

McPherson used to charge a nominal interest on the money he lent. It looked at first sight between 3 and 4 per cent. Besides, as he often explained, the borrower did not have to pay it at all; the burden could be shifted (by a simple transaction), from the present to the future. McPherson never took any harsh steps; all you had to do was to keep on signing scraps of paper just so long as your capital lasted. And every time you signed a new document, McPherson would hand you out real money with a sunny smile.

But a careful examination of these scraps of paper would reveal a singular phenomenon. What looked in the beginning like $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and was really about 11, soon began to look like 15, when it was really 40, and then like 35, when it was really 80.

McPherson disapproved of the principle of usury; he sympathized with the hardship of the man who had to pay interest, and he always preferred to add the interest to the capital. The only noticeable point was that the man who began by wanting one hundred dollars on the security of ten thousand soon found that he wanted a thousand to discharge the same liability as the hundred once satisfied. McPherson used to say that this enlarged the man's mind; it taught him to "think imperially."

The upshot of all these transactions was simply that McPherson got the money, because these were only minute transactions, infinitesimal incidents in a vast system of exchange. If we enlarge the scope of our considerations to national finances, we shall find strong similarities, but one big difference.

Suppose a small nation begins to borrow, and fails to use the money as a means of increasing income. Here the case is parallel, because the transaction is still on too small a scale to upset the balance of wealth of the world to any serious extent. But when borrowing becomes universal, conditions are altogether different.

The financial transactions of the last three years have not really been borrowing at all in any proper sense of the term. There has been nothing constructive about it. The world has been squandering its capital. The lives and the labor of men everywhere have been lost. The actual wealth of nature has been misapplied to purposes of pure destruction, and none of this lost wealth can ever be regained.

It was all very well for Henry the Fifth to invade France and recoup his losses by tribute and ransom. That is now impossible, since the enemy is bankrupt even before he is defeated. The question remains: What has happened to the borrowed money? The answer is plain: It has been lost. It is simple jugglery to make it appear otherwise.

It will be noticed in particular how very easily we have learned to "think imperially." England was quite shocked by the first loan of some dozen

million dollars; a year later she is quite reconciled to the idea of spending thirty million every day. The United States decides to sit in the game in no piking spirit, and calls not for seven million, or even seven hundred million, but for seven thousand million. That, it may be remarked, is about fourteen years' income of the whole British Empire.

But now we see a very great difference between these transactions and those of my good friend, McPherson. However much the borrower paid him, a dollar was at least a dollar, because the outside exchange remained steady. Dollars are nothing but chips. The wealth of the world has been steadily squandered; the amount of goods which we are getting for our seven billion dollars could have been bought for three million three years ago. That process will continue so long as the unproductive expenditure of the world's real capital continues.

The rate of interest constantly increases as the amount of money borrowed increases. But how is the interest to be paid? Only in two ways; firstly by taxation; secondly, by borrowing more money. But the second process only means increased taxation later on. Nothing replaces the wealth which has been squandered, and nothing ever can. All attempts to get away from that fact are mere intellectual cocaine.

One may say something worse. Nations seem to get delusions of grandeur when they begin to think in billions, instead of millions—it is a sort of general paralysis of the insane, and is only too likely to terminate in a similar manner.

Once finance becomes unsound, a vicious circle is soon created. When a man has to pay forty dollars for what used to cost twenty, he has to get more money somehow—and what is money? What is a dollar? It is fine to get \$35 or \$40 on a \$1,000 Bond. But suppose that in a year or so that is the price of a packet of cigarettes?

Economy is all very well, but it means nothing to that immense class of the community which already lives from hand to mouth. Therefore wages must go up; that further increases the cost of production, which again makes it necessary to increase wages still further. One arrives at a condition of inflation which can only spell the words everlasting smash.

Already twenty years ago the dollar was dangerously watered. It was the price of a beefsteak both in El Paso and in Juarez; but the El Paso dollar, as a dollar, could be exchanged for two Mexican dollars. At that time I already saw the danger and said, "If ever the United States gets into war, the dollar will at once fall to fifty cents." It would have already done so if the rest of the world had not fallen into the soup ahead of her.

The economic process is continuing, although at present masked by the financial expedients of the bankers. Men are being killed; labor is being diverted to unproductive ends; the wealth of the world is being destroyed; the land itself is being rendered sterile. We should face the situation. We should raise the needed money in a straightforward manner, by direct taxation; not by a camouflage which represents a loss as a profit.

No matter how many billion dollars we borrow, no matter how many we steal, we do not thereby increase the production of necessities. It is pos-

sible to do this when we are playing off one part of the world against another, when we have a surplus available to enable some primitive country to increase production by the introduction of machinery, for example. But when our surplus becomes imaginary, a matter of mere bundles of waste paper, no such transactions are any longer possible.

When we get down to bed-rock, the value of any security depends on whether or not it can earn interest. A railway which can pay no dividend has no value, and its stock is worthless, except so far that there is a hope that it may one day show a profit. Now, the actual destruction caused by the war has reduced a great number of industries to a point where they can never show a profit again. When the show-down comes, it means their annihilation. In their fall they will remove the dividend-earning capacity of many others. The whole system of industrialism will tumble like a house of cards.

It is certain to my mind that this will take place in some form or other, and I find it difficult to imagine that it can do so without a series of revolutions, amounting to universal anarchy. If one turns the edge of a sword, the sword will still work more or less, and it is fairly easy to whet it on a convenient stone. But a very small obstruction in a complicated piece of machinery may put the whole thing out of commission for good and all. Our civilization is so delicate and complex, each part so dependent on each other, that the collapse of a single, and apparently insignificant unit, may destroy the entire structure.

Russia exhibits this process before our eyes. We hear merely that the transport system is near breakdown; but what must we suppose is happening to the rest of the production? A factory which cannot get its raw material or send out its finished product is not likely to be prosperous!

The transport system in America is already be-

ginning to show signs of strain, although there is no invasion, no active internal dissention, no overt financial difficulty. Yet even a small percentage of its capacity being diverted to munitions, the farmers cannot obtain transport for their products. They will, therefore, produce less and ask more. This again will make the railroads increase their freight charges, and this further increases the price to the consumer, who, being a wage-earner, must demand more wages. That throws further stress on the employers of labor, the farmers and the railroads, and again we have the vicious circle in full swing.

Apply this same principle to municipal or to Federal affairs. We find the same cause produces the same effect. We are wasting life, we are wasting labor, we are wasting natural resources; and we can only do that so long as we keep within the very small margin of surplus.

If our natural profit from the bounty of life and nature amounts to 25 per cent, we dare not waste more than that amount. The moment we do so we come to absolute grief. Our accumulated wealth is of no use to us if we cannot afford to use it.

Our shoe factories have got to shut down just as soon as people cannot afford to buy shoes and decide to go barefooted. The men employed in the shoe factories are then thrown on the market, with the result of reducing wages, and forcing further economies on the part of those very men who have just decided that they cannot afford shoes!

One ruin involves another. The closing of the factories implies the death of the cities, and our civilization ends where it began, in the self-supporting agricultural unit.

I have a vision not unlike that of Anatole France in "L'Ile des Pingouins," but I do not need an anarchist as my God from the machine to destroy civilization. I see the machine itself crumble as the result of its own brainlessness.

A. C.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MILITARISM

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Written before the distinction was drawn between militarism and universal military service in defense of Democracy.)

SOMEWHERE in Germany there is a warrant sworn out for my apprehension. Somewhere the Public Prosecutor peers across the sea with a spy-glass. The German Empire, strangely enough, regards me still as her subject. She clings to me with the tenacity of a woman. I think she accuses me of desertion. A uniform, spick and span, and with brass buttons, is waiting for me. But I don't want it. I'd rather wear my blue serge suit. And, of course, it's all a mistake. I have politely informed Madame that I am an American citizen, and that she can not, can really not, count upon me.

It isn't surprising that she carries my name on her list. It seems I was born between 1884 and 1885 in the city of Munich. The event is said to have occurred on New Year's Eve. So, in a way, I have fallen between two stools. Future historians will have small difficulty in proving that I wasn't born at all. I don't want to be too definite about it. The lives of poets should be delightfully vague. The greatest poets are shrouded in mystery. The author of Shakespeare's plays, it seems, never existed. And seven cities vie for the honor of having given birth

to a person named Homer, who is alleged to have written the *Iliad*.

Let two continents wrestle for me.

Henceforth shall I shun the detective camera. Like d'Annunzio, I shall sleep in the daytime. I shall endeavor to become a mythical figure like Bernard Shaw. All the elect know Bernard Shaw doesn't exist. It is horribly indiscreet of me to say so, but he is really a hoax. He invented himself. That is one of the reasons why he persistently refuses to startle the United States with his enigmatical presence. All the world loves a bluffer—at least in America. We have raised humbug to a fine art. But we are quick to discern it. Shaw is afraid we'd find out that he is merely a resuscitated epigram of the late Oscar Wilde, dropped by mistake in a volume of Marx.

Already an aura of myths surrounds my head with a nebulous halo. I shall be a legendary figure before I die. That is the reason why I have deliberately courted a bad reputation. It is a valuable asset for a poet of passion. When Swinburne lost it by moving to Putney Hill with Mr. Watts Dunton, the savor

went out of his song. I am convinced I shall never lose my evil glamor. I have builded too well for that. And an hundred hands are stretched out to help me. Even if I weary, my friends, I feel sure, will persist in supporting the tottering structure.

I need not dwell here upon the now historical fact that my mother is a native of California. Years before my nativity my father made a lecture tour through the country. The date of my first appearance here I have never been able to verify with precision. *Who's Who* places it at the age of eleven. And through all the elapsing years some German magistrate's scribe has conscientiously traced my footprints. Surely the mills of the Government grind exceedingly small!

One night I was dined at the house of one of the Big Wigs of the German War Ministry. My host, cultured and genial, like all German officers, talked interestingly of the army. I asked him whether he knew of any general philosophic exposition of militarism. He gave me some books on the subject, which I subsequently pondered with care. I know now how to marshal an army, and how to build bridges across a river, besides various strategic devices. But my knowledge is theoretical, like a young poet's knowledge of sin. And I nowhere discovered the theory of militarism, the philosophic defense of the thing. After all, nothing that exists needs a defense. Pope was right about that.

Of course, it seems preposterous that people should be drilled to riddle each other with bullets. I, for one, don't believe in it. Life to me is a sacred thing. Besides, I'd be afraid to handle a gun. I'd rather have a broken heart than a toothache. Still, Good, like Evil, inheres in all things. I agree with the Persians who divided the cosmos equally between God and the Devil. We must accept both, and then establish our personal equilibrium. That, it seems to me, is the art of living. Militarism is not wholly the work of the Devil. I cannot picture the Goddess of Peace without a sword. The olive branch of the dove should really be a torpedo. To the German mind no such justification is needed. It is as natural to the German to serve in the army as it is to be born; and those who do not serve might as well never have been born.

One year's compulsory military service is a salutary experience. Most of us are neglectful of exercise. We develop certain sets of muscles, but there is little general training even among college athletes. Systematic and rigorous physical training at a critical age is worth more than millions. The Emperor's service, moreover, keeps the young male, if not out of mischief, at least out of marriage, until the white fires of adolescence sober into the steady warmth of conubial affection. "But," you say, "time is money." Twelve vital months canceled from your accounts! Yet I should hardly consider them a loss, but a profitable investment, bearing an interest of one thousand per cent. Medical authorities have carefully calculated that compulsory military service lengthens the German average of life by ten years.

F. Anstey, in one of his yarns, tells of a Time Savings Bank, where futile hours may be deposited, to be drawn upon when necessity or delight prompts us to lengthen the day. I have vainly searched in financial directories for this unique institution. Even J. P. Morgan, master of destinies and of millions, cannot purchase a single minute from Father Time. No Wall Street operator can corner this market.

Military service is the only practical Time Savings Bank in existence. After the first substantial deposit, the directors exact small periodic payments when military maneuvers mimic the ire of Mars. Soon expenditures cease altogether, but at the end of your life—or what would have been the end—you can live on the interest.

IT HAS been said that the Prussian schoolmaster won the battles of Frederick the Great. The German army to-day is a national school. Every company is a school class, with recruits as pupils, and officers as instructors. The officers, in turn, receive instruction from their superiors, and the War Academy in Berlin furnishes, so to speak, special post-graduate courses in warfare. Military service is said to increase the efficiency of the young German by twenty-five per cent. Rustic swains return to their homes with new ideas. They learn to apply themselves systematically. They learn manners, respect for their intellectual betters. And, incidentally, also, the use of soap.

The young soldier is a powerful factor in German aesthetics. He is a splash of color on the gray face of the world. His glittering uniform and his bluish cloak, artistically lined with red, are an eloquent plea against insipid civilian Fashion, which has banished gaiety in masculine attire to the comic opera stage. There is nobility in his carriage. His eyes flash fire. He is handsome, being healthy, young, and, in the beginning at least, clean-shaven.

There is something distinctly animal in bearded faces. Perhaps that is the reason why some women succumb to their spell. The beast in the female responds to the simian reminiscence—*atavistic*, no doubt—in the male. To me, a bearded man suggests the ancient Assyrian. The dust of the ages seems to nestle in the hirsute projection. I would not be at all surprised if a *scarabæus*, startled at a touch, were to creep from its somber recesses. Young men should shave clean. Later, when sin and sorrow have dug holes in their cheeks, and the years have distorted their lips, it is perhaps well that they should hide their wasted loveliness under a growth of hair.

I have no æsthetic objection to flowing beards in old men, and to a mustache in a father. I couldn't imagine my own father without one. The well developed mustache may epitomize masculine maturity and completeness. But the fragmentary, tooth-brush-like growth many young Germans affect on their upper lip is perfectly hideous. A young German teacher confided to me that he had grown a beard in order to impress his pupils with a sense of his dignity. He has the face of a cherub, yet he makes himself look like a goat!

Soldiers are garrisoned, as a rule, far from their homes. Regiments are frequently shifted. The soldier thus comes in touch with various parts of the country. Everywhere he acquires new knowledge. He learns to see his own community in its proper perspective. The oneness of the Fatherland dawns upon him. It is an object-lesson in patriotism.

In the past, at least, maneuvers were held alternately in various spots of the country with unavowed ethnic intentions. Some villages, far from the high road, were degenerating. Inter-marriages between relatives were the rule. Hydrocephalous children were not infrequent. The presence of the soldiers injected new blood into the shriveled veins of the

hamlet. The stork followed frequently. Marriages sometimes. "Nice" people won't approve of this. But it is defensible from the viewpoint of racial ethics. Nature isn't moral, and she has a trick of not waiting for magisterial permits.

The modern railway has largely supplanted the necessity for this system, but it is still a factor in racial development. Remember that all able-bodied young men are pressed into service, and that they are scattered all over the country. The glad blood leaps in their veins. Courtships are spun everywhere. Many return to wed where they wooed. It is fascinating to reflect how the administrative process that carries young manhood from province to province furnishes a striking parallel to the function of the wind, love-courier from garden to garden in the vegetable domain.

In the ranks of the officers, aristocratic titles prevail. In some regiments only blue blood is accepted at par. The growing power of the *bourgeoisie*, however, is shattering this feudal barrier. I am not democratic, and I cannot say that I hail the change with delight. There is much to be said for blue blood, and old titles, and families with traditions. We estimate a horse by its pedigree, and we value the family tree of a puppy-dog. The same laws of heredity and evolution surely apply to humans. Nobility is the pillar of state and throne. What I have said of the institution of monarchy applies with equal force to the noble. His subsistence to-day is incongruous. But life itself is pregnant with contradictions.

THE aristocrat, no doubt, frequently falls short of his standards. But his standards are fine. Not long ago, a cousin of mine, a young lieutenant, scion of one of the oldest families in the country, committed suicide because his superior officer had censured him for some trivial misunderstanding. His sense of honor was so acutely developed that a word of disapprobation was a death-warrant. Foolish, perhaps. The boy was high-strung, unbalanced.

Recently an American officer was tried before a court-martial for a flagrantly dishonorable act. The sentence passed upon him, being absurdly light, was subsequently overturned by the commander-in-chief. A mistaken sense of *esprit de corps* seems to have blinded his judges. Whatever their motives, whose code of honor was higher, theirs or the dead lad's? To whom would we rather entrust the safety of a country?

The incident, presumably, is not symptomatic. Our officers, I am convinced, are as honorable as any. In Germany, however, certain canons of honor are established immutably. The duel is partly responsible for the German rigor, barbarous at times, in matters relating to honor. It is not a purely military institution, but a practice sanctioned by academic tradition. Insult is not passed over lightly among Germans. We freely hurl, at least in print, insulting epithets at each other. We may not blacken a person's eye, but we blacken his reputation. Yet every time we call a public servant a thief or a liar, the moral standard is lowered. If the president is a liar and the governor a thief, crime seems innocuous. Through constant

reiteration, first the word, then the thing itself, impresses us more lightly. Our libel laws are inefficient. The use of the fist is unsatisfactory, especially as moral heroes are apt to be undersized. A sword scratch is wildly romantic; a bloody nose isn't.

THE army, in spite of the preference given in some regiments to titled officers, is a republican institution. It is more democratic than Bebel. There is nothing more democratic. Military service, being incumbent upon all, temporarily levels distinctions of caste. Once they wear "the Emperor's coat," prince and peasant are equals. Even princes of the blood are not spared the tribulations of the poorest lieutenant. Any tendency to uppishness is promptly suppressed.

Where officers and privates belong to the same class, cordial relations are irreconcilable with etiquette. The German officer can afford to make himself democratic, because he is not, so to speak, one of the common people. He cannot lose caste socially by mixing with them as comrades. I remember walking down *Unter den Linden* with my military friend. Every time a common soldier saluted, and it happened with embarrassing frequency, he courteously returned the salute. He had instructed his subordinate officers to be equally attentive. And every salute was a renewed assertion of the unity of the grandiose machinery in which general and private, each in his own way, are of equal importance.

I am an individualist. Yet there are moments when it is sweet to grow out of the shell of self. There is, perhaps, dangerous intoxication in crowds; to be swayed by the common impulse when the mysterious force psychologists call "mass suggestion" sweeps through the channels of the brain, breaking the flood-gates of mental reserve. Such must be the soldier's experience in war or some great maneuver. Think of a million young souls swearing fealty to one flag, made one by the ties of comradeship and obedience, and a new sense of brotherhood born of common experience!

All the vitality of the nation is there. Passion and youth, brawn and brain, are enthralled by one dominant purpose. How irresistible is this phalanx! What an immense force! What strange hysteria! Only Walt Whitman could depict such emotions, cosmic and sensuous. Even the most confirmed egotist forgets his subjective existence. His heart for the nonce beats in unison with the world's. He is one with the race and the earth. Earth-emotions, Titanic and terrifying, throb in his veins. He can perform miracles of endurance and valor.

Henceforth, if his country calls, he will blindly follow her summons. He will love the Fatherland with a love intensely personal, as one loves a woman. He has experienced an emotion deeper than patriotism, fiercer than lust. Future and past have met in one glance. A subtle change is wrought within his being. He is the citizen transfigured. Never again will he be quite what he has been—like a child who, having strayed in the world, has had converse with fairies. Like the lover to whom passion has revealed its ultimate secret. Like the prophet who has seen God in a bush.

SHAKESPEARE: REBEL, ARISTOCRAT AND PESSIMIST

By LOUIS WILKINSON

The rebel will last as long as the human race. Revolt is a perpetual mood of the human spirit; the myths of the rebel Jove and the rebel Lucifer present a reality that has witnesses innumerable to-day, had them yesterday and will have them to-morrow.

Those reformers who work towards a world where there shall be no cause for any rebellious cry, build their smug dreams on sand. Shakespeare knew better than they, Shakespeare who saw that Man himself, under Fate, is the eternal scourge of Man, Shakespeare who rebelled against refusals and restraint's and injustices recognized as of eternal recurrence, Shakespeare who more than any English poet has shown that the supreme emotional aspect of humanity is this aspect of revolt against its own essential air, against all that ministers to and sways it: that the sublimest thing in the world is the explosion of humanity's irremediable anguish. For no end of "betterment"; not with the possible wish to reform, but with the impossible wish to overthrow.

"It is so and it was so, and Heaven be cursed that it should be so!"

Or, in words familiar even to the "newest constructive thinkers":

"Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire

To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would we not shatter it to bits—and then

Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

Shakespeare and all great figures of revolt are a part of this destructive spirit; a spirit which well includes reformers in its annihilating aim—for what are reformers, even when they seem to achieve, but the grease on the wheel which is to be smashed?

It is obvious, then, why the modern "Progressive" hates Shakespeare. We understand this moral indignation of Mr. Bernard Shaw as he points out the impotently clenched fist mated with Lear's cry of revolt in despair:

"As flies to wanton boys' are we to the gods,

They kill us for their sport."

The essential cruelties of life, Shakespeare knew, cannot be touched by reform: "The world is out of joint." "The pity of it, the pity of it!"

Reformers in their shallow optimism believe that a juggling with systems of government will so far cure human ills as to make existence generally tolerable or even generally pleasant. Their revolt is against tyranny of a monarch or tyranny of aristocrats or tyranny of rich men. "Take power from these," they cry, "and give it to the People. Then all will be well!" How much deeper Shakespeare's rebellion goes! He did not believe in Democracy, that pedantic chimera. He was, in fact,—let us grant this to his critics—a "snob" who mistrusted the people, and was profoundly convinced of the truth that should be well enough proven to our generation, the truth that the tyranny of the masses is the worst tyranny of all. Brutus, lover of the people, is shown as a noble but misguided prig: Caius Marcius, despiser of the people, "chief enemy of the people," is portrayed with unstinted admiration. In *Julius Caesar* the conduct of the mob in

the Forum justifies to the hilt all the contemptuous diatribes of Coriolanus.

"He that trusts you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun."

Shakespeare rebels in derision against a proletarian rule which results in the conferring of an unstable authority upon delegates of the capricious mob. Such delegates, he knows—and we have better reason to know it than he—are hypocrites, liars, base men, most of all enemies to the good life. Shakespeare rebels, indeed, against *all* delegated authority; his rebellion is especially against the kind of government from which men chiefly suffer: for what are the tyrannies of kings or oligarchs compared with the tyrannies of officials, who

"Dressed in a little brief authority

Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep?"

Political "freedom" is powerless to destroy such oppressions; it abundantly creates them. We may as well, then, forbear with Shakespeare to rail against kings and aristocrats, and smite rather where he smote, against the instinctive unreason and brutality of the human race. This dull cruelty seizes upon authority as an excuse for its self-expense, with equal avidity now as in Shakespeare's day; only its opportunities for the deflowering and discoloration of life are greater now that rulers are multiplied throughout the length and breadth of our democratic lands.

The people cast votes—sound their "voices"—for their own torment. As Coriolanus told them:

"Your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil."

Well? In democratic America, in this country where every man has a vote, and no man more than one, what is gained but liberty of the masses to afflict themselves? Liberty to be overworked, to be sold adulterated food and villainously "doped" whiskey, liberty to be housed in loathsome tenements, liberty to enjoy monstrous labor for their children. Shakespeare, who regarded that everlasting tragic panorama of the suffering populace with eyes at least as humane as those of any reformer, wished better for the masses than that they should be governed by themselves.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them

And show the heavens more just."

It is a king who speaks, not an official elected by the people; and he indicates the only possible palliation of poverty, by benevolent alms bestowed in protest against a universal and inherent injustice. The only possible palliation—yes!—until men wax strong enough to "shatter the sorry Scheme to bits."

For human nature, in the main, is evil; the world, in the main, is bad: we live under "the weight of inauspicious stars,"—this is the Shakespearean doctrine. This is why Shakespeare's rebellion leads him into protests that seem to reformers "impotent" because they are not coupled with a declaration of impotent

* The recurrence of familiar quotations must be pardoned, because time has selected for emphasis those passages in which Shakespeare most authentically speaks.

remedies: this is why Shakespeare cannot believe in multiplying the sinister impacts of human nature upon the individual life by extending authority upon the individual life to the people. He knows how "the mutable rank-scented many" persecute artists: he knows how cruelly the greatest and noblest suffer from the envious gnawings at their flesh by the "common cry of curs": he knows that "plebeian malignity," as Doctor Johnson called it, the malignity that is most of all malign when confronted by genius.

"Who deserves greatness, deserves your hate" is an observation justly to be addressed to the populace of all ages as yet known. In America, where all the spleenful devils of bourgeoisie and canaille have freest play, where the commonplace and the undistinguished impose inexorable tyranny, we shall do well to remember it.

In what other country, however "reactionary" or "tyrannical" its government, would such "Suppressors of Vice" and "Censors" as exist so verminously here, be tolerated? Imagine, in Germany or the old Russia, a publisher being impudently "summoned to appear" for having published an obscene book in *Homo Sapiens*; or Carmen's embrace of her lover being cut in a Moving Picture to stipulated moral length; or the excision, on bourgeois compulsion, of the ecstatic abandon of a faun in a Ballet. Grotesque pruriencies of this kind could be multiplied literally *ad nauseam*, for there is at least emetic value in the spectacle of sewer-rats spilling their own filth on works of art and then licking it up. We know what the author of *Measure for Measure*, *A Winter's Tale*, *Lucrece*, and *Venus and Adonis* would have thought.

"What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
Make yourselves scabs?"

We know, too, what the creator of Jack Falstaff—no less than that other creator who turned water into wine, and wine into his own blood—would have thought of Prohibition and its prophets—these horrible "evangelists" who make of "sweet religion" "a mockery of vows." He would scarcely have sided with a democracy that realizes such tyrannies; he knew the ends of a rebellion specialized to the narrow directions of rule of kings and rule of peers. At least his age would have given short shrift to these vulgarian preachers and their "messages," short shrift to "vice-suppressors," short shrift to most of the things that make life here more acutely disagreeable to sensitive people than it is anywhere in Europe, even in the trenches.

Yes, Democracy represents only an unsuccessful effort to escape, an effort resulting in worse entanglements in the life-net that vexes us still more than it vexed Shakespeare. There is no help. In the *Sonnets*, where Shakespeare speaks not as a dramatist, but in his own person, is he optimistic about the nature or the issues of this "mortal coil"?

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell."

Does he not in this poem, this great personal utterance, take his place with Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth, rather than with the villain optimist Edmund, who scoffs at the power of Fate and declares it an evasion of whoremaster man to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star? And what are Hamlet and Lear and Macbeth—what are all Shakespeare's tragic figures—but rebels? Not myopic rebels

against little superficial details of injustice, but rebels on the grand scale, in the grand style, against the whole scheme of human existence.

"Duncan is in his grave.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

In Jacques's famous speech there is the same sense of the futility of life. From "the infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms" to "the lean and slipper'd pantaloons," all are stages in a vain progression, "signifying nothing." A recurring mood of Shakespeare speaks in Jacques's phrase "the foul body of this infected world," and in Hamlet's "an unweeded garden that grows to seed." Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Every man hath business or desire,
Such as it is."

"What to me is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

"Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. . . . To a nunnery go, and quickly, too."

Here is a revolt against the sex instinct which causes life, a revolt as bitter as that of Schopenhauer who exclaims upon lovers as conspirators against the peace of the world, which without them—without their romantic droops of eyelashes, their half-withdrawals and their half-surrenders, and all their little ways—would mercifully sink into oblivion for ever!

Then we have the arraignment of things as they are, in the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, and the pessimistic reflections, in the Gravediggers scene, on mortality,—that mortality of which Lear's hand smelt.

Lear himself, shocked by anguish from kingship to anarchy, is the rebel supreme among them all.

"When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools."

Lear's destructive fury is terrific, far more terrific than that of the elements which he "taxed not with unkindness," knowing Man crueller than Nature, as did those Arden exiles who sang: "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind as Man's ingratitude." The aged Lear, his illusions of a lifetime stripped from him with sudden fearful violence, seeks a remedy in a return, by way of devastation, to the bedrock of existence. Let us take all these cursed accretions of ours—these hideous graftings on—let us smash them to a thousand shivers, and so only will our rebellion yield its fruit!—"Off, off, you lendings, come, unbutton here!" In his savage intent to reduce all to its elements he tears his clothes from him as a symbolic act, and the echo of that eternal laughter follows: "Prythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in."

Lear, in frantic ecstasy, hails "poor mad Tom," the naked outcast, as his "learned Theban," his "noble philosopher." "Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare forked animal as thou art."

(Continued on page 352.)

HOW HOROSCOPES ARE FAKED

By COR SCORPIONIS

I have always been opposed to the receiving of money for anything which has in any way to do with the occult sciences. Because they are so important and so sacred, one ought to be particularly on one's honor with regard to them. As the Scripture says: "Avoid the appearance of evil." The more serious one is about the subject, the more careful one should be to do nothing which can make any one justified in calling you a humbug.

The laws of the State of New York are supposed to prohibit fortune-telling, and they are, indeed, applied with great severity so far as the little fish are concerned. But the big fish, the most conscienceless swindlers of all, seem to dodge the police. A lot of bluff has been put up about "scientific" astrology. I propose to show how the game is really worked.

Let us pay a visit to one of the best known of them. We find an expensive apartment in one of the best parts of the city. We are not very much impressed by the furniture. There is a good deal of muddle, a good deal of junk, a complete absence of taste. The spider of this web is a grey-haired old woman of exceedingly shrewd expression. She explains to us by pamphlets and by word that she is a really "scientific" investigator. In setting up a horoscope, for example, she is very careful to calculate the places of the planets, not only to degrees but to minutes and seconds. That sounds wonderfully accurate, doesn't it? However, when it comes to making the real calculations upon which astrology is based, an error of ten or twelve degrees is of no account at all. Which is rather like announcing that a man took two hours, 33 minutes and 14 2-5 seconds to run *several* miles. The alleged accuracy is quite meaningless. It is only a sham to impress the client. It is also to be observed that owing to the pressure of business she has these calculations made by her chauffeur! This, I suppose, is a point of war economy.

She is grotesquely ignorant of the first principles of astronomy. She has no conception, for example, of the Solar System as a Disk, but imagines that the planets are all over the place, like the raisins in a plum-pudding. She calls her country house the Zodiac—and doesn't know what the Zodiac is!

One word more on the "scientific accuracy" business. If astrology is to be done at all, if there is any sense in it whatever, which I do not for one moment deny, the calculations depend upon a fairly close approximation of the hour and minute of birth. For example, the Seventh house, the place of the setting sun, refers to marriage, so that if a person is born with an unfortunate planet like Saturn setting, he may expect an unfortunate marriage. It is obviously of vital importance for the inquirer to know whether Saturn was setting or not. There is a certain amount of latitude, from about one to two hours, for Saturn would remain in that house for about that period. But where the birth hour is not known within about an hour the horoscope becomes worthless. If the time were six hours earlier, Saturn would be in the mid-heaven and bring misfortune in business or reputation rather than in marriage. However, to the fashionable astrologer this must not matter. She has to get the dollars from the people who do not know in the least at what hour of the day or night they were born. She has the impudence to assure them that it doesn't matter, all the time insisting upon her wonderful scientific accuracy.

There is no need to cast any doubt upon the sincerity of the belief of the woman. She talks astrology day and night. She dreams of it. She sets up a horoscope for her vast family of cats and dogs, and is scared out of her life when some planet threatens her horoscope.

But the people who deceive themselves most effectually are also those who deceive others most effectually. Whether it is knavery or folly does not matter very much. What I want to do is to explain to the people who are paying five dollars that they are not getting genuine astrology at all. It may be said that a horoscope (granting for a moment the genuineness of the science) is a complete map of the life and character of the native. To read one properly would mean at least a week's continuous work. But the demand is for \$5 and \$10 horoscopes; and obviously no more than a few minutes can be given to each one if the lady is to clear her forty or fifty thousand a year. It is also necessary to give a good deal of *apparent* value for the money. There are only 12 signs and only 9 planets to be considered. For the influence of the rising sign, therefore, one only needs 12 multi-graphed pages. As each planet can be in any sign we shall need 9 times 12 multigraph pages to cover the action of the planets. Each planet can be, roughly speaking, in fortunate or unfortunate aspect, and 162 more pages will be needed. These pages need not be prepared right away. A new one can be dictated as each aspect turns up in practice. These pages are all pigeon-holed, and by means of a chart the astrologer can tell her secretary which paper to pick out for any horoscope that comes along. The secretary can then pick them out and pin them together in a very few minutes, and there is your horoscope.

The objection to this proceeding is fairly obvious. In practically all horoscopes there are indications which clash with each other. To judge such a horoscope properly, the whole thing should be taken into individual consideration, and a reconciliation obtained. With the "reach-me-down" method all this is necessarily ignored, and the client may be surprised to find on page two of the horoscope, that she is kind and considerate, and on page 4, that she is selfish and inconsiderate. There is further a great theoretical objection; which is that a horoscope, to be a horoscope at all, must be a live thing. To get them out in this mechanical fashion is to offer a corpse instead.

It is true that the astrologer sometimes condescends to look upon the horoscope as a whole, and dictate one or two pages at the end, but this is not always done. There is no guarantee that it will be done.

It is probably difficult to take legal exception to this branch of the business, but it is only a very small branch. It is the thin end of the wedge. The fortune telling, pure and simple, comes afterwards. The astrologer issues a series of so-called monthly forecasts which explain how the actual position of the planets in the heavens at the time should react upon any given horoscope. Another set of multigraphed pages is of course required for this. These pages are carefully examined by a lawyer, for we are now getting into the danger zone.

(Concluded on page 352.)

AN ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCE

By ALEXANDER HARVEY

August 22, 1917.

My Dear Master:—

The rejection of a manuscript from your hand is an event of greater literary importance than the publication of no matter what by any other American author. To-day, then, I make history.

You are aware that no severer critic than myself exists, that I take cruel pleasure in nailing a Noyes to my barn door, or in flagellating the fatuities of a Frost; let me further assure you that Cato himself was not less accessible to influence, or Brutus to the claims of friendship than your admirer and your friend who addresses these words to you.

Put therefore from your mind, I pray you, any suggestion that I wished to flatter you in my exordium. In all matters of art I yield no precedence to Rhadamanthus.

To prove it, let me say that I hold your style in abhorrence and your judgment in contempt, whenever you set yourself to praise. You have made Charles Hanson Towne ridiculous by hailing him a "Prince of Love" and preferring his barley-water to the ripe wine of Petrarch; your opinions have lost value in the very measure in which they have unveiled the radiant virginity of your nature. I can but bow my head as I think that nigh half a century of life on such a planet as ours has not abated your innocence. *Integer vitae scelerisque purus Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu; Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fusce, pharetra.* I, bearing such weapons and having used them, may now lay them aside, and return to my rejection of your manuscript.

You know in part what writings I have already published, and you will not suppose that I fear the noxiousness of a Sumner; rather I might incline to err by seeking an opportunity to stamp out such cockroaches from the kitchen, instead of paying strict attention to the preparation of the banquet.

Nor is my action based upon any failure to appreciate your mastercraft. In such stories as "The Toe," "The Moustache," "Miss Dix" and many another you have shown yourself the Elisha on whom the mantle of Edgar Allan Poe has fallen. Ethereal as he was, you have spread wings in an Empyrean beyond his furthest flight.

In compensation, you have no such grip of earth as he had when he swooped down upon it.

Nothing in this miserable room of mine that I could pawn for bread! Twice within the week had my landlady reminded me that the trivial sum I owed for rent was overdue.

I lifted a worn and tattered volume on the subject of anatomy from the crazy table on which my little medical library reposed. A despairing inspection of its shabby state confirmed me in my fear. The maddest and most romantic Jew in Elizabethan drama would never have risked his farthing upon my entire treasure. Within the week I hoped to pass the examination that was to win me the precious privilege of practicing as a physician in New York. It seemed now that I must die of hunger in the streets meanwhile.

As I placed my poor book among its poorer companions and fell into a mood of pity for the fate that made them mine, a knocking knuckle sounded at the door. I ignored it altogether. I could not pay the rent. The hour of my doom had struck. I would yield it no welcome.

"Oh! You are in."

My landlady had not awaited my summons. She stood before me in her tall severity, a black-browed symbol of the last of all things. I smiled at her. Odd as it seemed to me then, I could smile into that grave face of hers.

"I have no money."

I said this with a sigh, although I had no longing for her pity. I thought I heard a sigh upon her own

It is but rarely that you strike home to humanity. That tale in which the husband arises from his coffin and in which a wife is won by flagellation are your strongest, and Poe has twenty stories to surpass them in that quality. You remember the Albatross of Baudelaire? "*Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.*" That is your case.

I know of no writer who uses the English language as you do. At your touch words take wings and fly. There is no story in your story; there is not even atmosphere. There is a faint and elusive impact on one's sensibility which is nowise linked with memory or even with imagination. You produce somewhat of the effect of a presentiment. It is impossible to publish a presentiment!

Your style defies the scalpel; you write as simply as de Maupassant, and in as mundane terms; but your characters have a quality similar to that which I have observed in the Hyperion of Keats, in Homer, in Ossian, and in the Prophetic Books of Blake. In each person of the drama we find what I must call "giganticism." We are not told, as by the crude method of Dante, that *Thel* is so many cubits high; his story is simple as a villager's; yet we are somehow aware that he is colossal, a being huge as heaven itself. There is no room in the universe for any figures but those actively present in the drama.

Your characters have not these Titan thews, this starry stature. You write of commonplace people such as we meet every day. But you have the gift of endowing them with most mysterious importance. The subtlety of your satire, the delicacy of your humor, are but the gossamer at whose center lurks the spider of your art most strange, remote and fascinating, a soul bizarre and sinister. It is a doom intangible as invisible, and by all paths as ineluctable as death. The expressed and comprehensible horror of Poe or of Hans Heinz Ewers holds no such terror.

I perceive that I must borrow the lady's privilege, and publish the story. . . . at least, another one!

With homage and devotion, my dear master, I offer the assurance of my impregnable esteem.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

lips as she sank upon that rickety chair beside the table.

"But I have not come for the rent."

I fixed my gaze intently upon the head of dark hair that met my eye as her head drooped. She looked up at me suddenly.

"I have had to take refuge here," she explained, "from that man."

"Your husband?"

She bowed her head and for an interval there was silence. I had never taken too seriously the complaints this landlady perpetually made against him to whom she loved to refer as her brute of a husband. My landlord did not appear to me in the least brutal. He was, I understood, a sort of truckman, very irregularly employed for the time being in consequence of the congested traffic conditions in the city of New York.

"What has he done to you now?"

My voice had in it a ring of much impatience. The grievances of this woman had grown preposterous to me. That she saw at once. The dark eyes flashed proudly in her head. I had affronted this creature. I would be reminded of the rent.

Before the words escaped her lips the door was flung wide open. My landlord stood upon the threshold.

"Will you give me that money?"

I thought at first this question must be meant for me. The landlord, however, was gazing steadily at his wife. He did not heed my presence in the least.

The woman stood up to confront him and they eyed one another defiantly.

"That money!" She stepped back a pace. "It's mine."

"I say it's mine!"

"You shan't have it!"

He seized her by the wrist, and I saw him give her arm a wrench. Her struggles to be free brought the masses of her hair in confusion about her shoulders. She strove to bite him. His persistent twisting of the arm he held drew from her at last a cry of anguish. A crumpled green banknote fell from her hand to the floor. He fled with it from the room.

"Brute!" The door had slammed behind her husband, but she screamed so loudly that he must have heard her. "I hate you!"

When she sank once more upon the rickety chair and made a cushion for her head with an arm, I emerged from the spell wrought by this scene of violence. My movement must have been a very slight one, yet her ear detected it. I found her suddenly looking up at me through the masses of that hair.

"Coward!"

She did not hiss the word. She did not hurl it at me as she might have hurled a curse. She smiled. That smile was to me a whip of which I felt the sting on my cheek.

"But," I protested feebly and with a most humiliating sense of the feebleness with which I protested, "what would you have had me do?"

"Kill him!"

I marveled at the music in her voice. It had a cruel emphasis and yet a power that subdued my spirit. She understood me at that moment far better than I understood myself.

"Kill him!" She stood up at this repetition of her behest, speaking in that slow and thrilling tone. "Be a man!"

Never until then did it occur to me that she was beautiful. I observed the liquid quality of her eyes, and strove to avert mine from them. I could not. Her face was very white and she pushed those coils of hair away from it with gestures of a miraculous seduction.

"Here!" Her voice revealed how thoroughly she realized the conquest she had made of me. "Use this."

It was a carving knife. She thrust it into my hand before I could reply to her. The suasion with which she urged me to the door was not gentle.

"There is no one in the house but ourselves."

She addressed me in a whisper as I hesitated on the edge of the stairs outside. I glanced at the long, keen knife in my hand. I turned once more to gaze into the eyes of the woman. Then I stole down, step by step, the woman peering over the railings all the time.

Not until I reached the kitchen in the basement did I come upon the man. By this time I had thrust the knife into my belt and there it was hidden underneath the coat I wore. My landlord was making a frugal meal of bread and cheese at a little deal table in the corner beside a wash tub.

"Aha!" He seemed disconcerted at beholding me. "Did you pay the rent?"

"I will pay your wife in full," I assured him as I drew near, "this very night."

"Aha!" This must have been his favorite oath. "Has my wife sent you here to murder me? Every time we get a tenant he comes to me with that intention. Where's the carving knife?"

These revelations left me motionless and staring. He took advantage of my great surprise to hurl himself upon me. I did not dodge in time, but as he seized my arm I got a good grasp upon his shoulder. Our turnings and circlings about the kitchen so disarranged my clothing that he could see the knife at my belt easily. The sight inspired him to make a demand in tones that reached the roof for a surrender of this trophy. I merely seized the empty bottle on the table as the pair of us described fantastic angles all about it. A purpose to hit my landlord on the head was in my own mind, and this had been anticipated by himself. He snatched the bottle as I poised it menacingly in the air, and then he brought it down upon my head. I stood dazed. He had that knife out of my belt in a flash.

"Aha!" He cried aloud triumphantly. "Don't be afraid."

I had taken refuge in the cupboard, shutting the door upon myself quickly and completely. My landlord made no further effort to pursue me. I could hear him moving about the kitchen. At last I heard the sound of that knife. It seemed to undergo a process of sharpening. I heard its scraping.

"I tell you again I'm not going to hurt you."

A note of such perfect sincerity informed the voice of my landlord that I ventured to set the cupboard door ajar. He knelt at present in front of the stove. I observed him closely as he moved that knife back and forth. No look of ferocity inflamed that face of his.

"What do you mean to do?"

He replied to my question almost as soon as I had asked it by making a thrust at his breast. I managed to leap upon him in a fashion sufficiently agile to avert a fatality, although I could see that he had cut himself. I clutched the hand that held the knife. He tried to free himself, but I did not let go.

"Let me die, I tell you! I cannot trouble her then."

Once more the pair of us described fantastic circles. We knocked the table over. We fell into that tub. We broke all the dishes in the place. He called his wife the vilest names. He said that I might have her, but he added that my fate if I took her must be as dreadful as his own. He took a solemn oath to die, die, die!

Words more dreadful still he mouthed above the din we made, and then he fell. It proved an easy task to rob him of that knife, for he had fainted. Loss of blood from that trickling wound of his had made this victory for me. I stripped him of his shirt and improvised a bandage from it for his chest.

"Will he live?"

My landlady stared at us through the broken pane of glass in the kitchen door. She had bound up that hair.

"He is not much hurt," I told her, "but he has received a shock."

She trod delicately among the broken dishes and the lumps of coal until she reached that knife. This she lifted from the floor and put into the oven. I followed every movement of hers with my eye in-

tently, as if I looked upon some absorbing scene in a theatre.

"Philip!"

She had knelt beside her husband, but he lay as if he had left him, breathing easily. She made her way next, with that characteristically delicate step, to the sink. There she filled a bowl with water, taking it to the side of our patient and kneeling at his head. She put her lips to his forehead.

"Philip, my darling!" How perfect the note of love in her voice! "Speak! Tell me you are all right."

"And you," I said, bending over her to whisper the words, "and you put that knife into my hand and sent me here to kill him. What has changed your mind?"

"Fool!" she cried, pillowing her husband's head upon her bosom. "Fool! He needs me now!"

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PLUTOCRAT

By S. J. MILLS.

Professor Bugsby was an old man at fifty! Externally nothing much was the matter with him; his cheeks were rosy, and his dreamy blue eye was soft and kindly as ever; but his nervous system, and especially his will, had broken down under the strain of his long fight with Plunks the banker. Bugsby had started out with all the gaiety of youth; he had thought it simple enough to win the fight; he had merely to prove the wickedness of Plunks, and the folly of mankind in allowing him to rob them, and they would rise and end not only Plunks himself, but the system that made Plunks possible. Alas! he only found himself in a welter of intrigue. He was forced to fight fire with fire, to scheme, to agitate, to cabal—and it was all in vain. Time and again he had been on the brink of success at least partial. It was all arranged for him to become President of his University; from this vantage he could bombard Plunks more easily; but at the last moment the long arm of the billionaire had moved a pawn, and blocked the check.

So we find poor Bugsby in Chicago in January, 1917. He had attempted to form a triple entente of Chinese laundrymen, drug store clerks, and sundial adjusters, which would frustrate the enormous shipping combine which Plunks was supposed by the Sunday newspapers to be meditating.

But the Milkless Milk Company (a mere alias for Plunks, as Bugsby knew only too well!) had stepped in, and by a series of adroit manoeuvres had alienated the laundrymen from the movement.

Bugsby, his life's work ruined, turned into the Blackstone. Wrong was triumphant—so be it, then! He would have a last dinner, write a last paper of protest, and seal his witness with his blood.

But, as he reached the lobby, who should he see but Plunks himself! By his side was his confidential secretary, Grahame, a villain only slightly less abandoned than his master. A sinister grin of open triumph was on the face of the billionaire. The monster had thrown off the mask! Bugsby had never before seen him in the flesh. He jumped at his opportunity. Walking straight up to the plutocrat, he began, without a word of preface, his harangue.

"Vampire!" he cried, "at last I confront you! Liar, thief, murderer, for twenty years we have wrestled in a death-grip. To-day it seems as if you had won!

Railroad wrecker, Wall Street gambler, cornerer of wheat and oil and copper, steamship pirate, land grabber, lobbyist and grafter, in all you have succeeded—so it seems! Seems! Seems! To the philosopher you are but a doomed man. Had you my Weltanschauung, you would know it too. The economic forces which I lead, invisible though they may be, are rising to unseat you. The exchange system is tottering; the financial oligarchy crumbles; my Distanzliebe is as lebendig as your Pattvereiningdungen is starr!!!” The professor paused for breath. “Forgive me,” said the anarchist. “You have the advantage of me. I know your name perfectly well, of course, but I can’t remember your face.”

“Tremble not!” replied the professor, “tremble not, although my words sear your corrupt brain as with a white-hot shaft of steel. Tremble not! you triumph over me, for I am beaten. Behold in me your sworn, your life-long enemy! I am the man whom you have fought these twenty years, whom you have kept from the presidency of my university; it is my works that your subsidized publishers have turned down; I am the man whose courage and address have time and again come nigh to hauling you from your bloodstained throne—I am Professor Bugsby of the University of Muttville!”

Plunks interrogated his secretary with a glance. A slight shake of the head was the reply.

“Bugsby!” said the billionaire, kindly; “of course, of course! Upon my word, my dear fellow, this is very distressing. I hadn’t the least idea of all this. Why on earth didn’t you come to me direct? Well, well; never too late, you know; I’ll found a university for you, and make you president, and we’ll get out all your books for you, and you shall knock me as hard as you can for the rest of your natural life. (Just put that through to-morrow morning, will you, Grahame?) Then you’ll come and lunch with me here, won’t you, my dear Bugsby, at one sharp, and we’ll sign the papers. Where are you staying? I’ll send a car for you.” “I’m staying right here,” said the professor.

And when he had brought his grip over, and dined luxuriously, and retired for the night, his dreamy blue eye sought inspiration from the mirror as he adjusted his nightcap. “I wonder what frightened him,” said the professor, meditatively.

A COMEDY OF DISILLUSION

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

Mr. Marshall: Are you very happy?

Julia: I am very happy.

Mr. Marshall: And you have no regrets whatsoever?

Julia: Absolutely none.

Mr. Marshall: You are too positive, Julia. If you only sighed or wept. Then I would know that you are really happy.

Julia: Ah! But I am happy, Don Juan. A great deal happier than you imagine.

Mr. Marshall: (*Somewhat disappointed.*) O, I see, you really love me?

Julia: Indeed I don't.

Mr. Marshall: Julia, I am shocked. After what happened last night how you can say that you do not love me? A night of beauty....

Julia: You mean a ghastly night! I can and do say that I do not love you. I have paid a tremendous price for my curiosity, that is all. But I am happy. Now at last I understand myself. Now at last I know the meaning of life. And I am happy because I realize that henceforth I shall be master of myself.

Mr. Marshall: You are disappointed. That is what is the matter with you, Julia.

Julia: And how disappointed! Not so much in you, Don Juan, as in my own self. I was never so foolish as to imagine that you could make me as supremely happy as you promised. But I really did think that it was in me. Now I see it is not. But I am happy because I see things finally as they really are. I wonder if you can understand that, clever man that you are?

Mr. Marshall: (*Brightening up.*) Julia, you please me. Now for the first time I am firmly convinced of your innocence. For innocent you are. You imagine this morning that you are separated from yesterday morning by the wisdom of the ages. You imagine that the events of a few hours ago have revealed the secrets of life to you. Most women in your place would plead for more love and yet more love and always more. They would demand a pledge of eternal allegiance. But you, you demand freedom. That is something new. In all my career such a thing has not happened. You hate me. You have discovered that love is quite commonplace. That the great flame is only a feeble pallid light. That the yellow sunbeams have put out that light altogether. Sitting here at breakfast with me you see how pitifully poor the reality is compared to the tremendous radiance you expected. And you say to yourself—with this valueless, unnecessary, bagatelle I can dispense completely.

Julia: You are right. Bagatelle is the word for it. In a little while I shall leave you. And I go gladly, strong in the consciousness of my strength. Happy because I was disappointed and deluded. I go with absolute ease.

Mr. Marshall: You say that so bravely. You speak with such sincerity. But do you know that Cleopatra and Lesbia and George Sand spoke almost exactly your words years ago. The next morning at breakfast they felt just as you do now. They too

were disappointed. Shall I tell you why you are disappointed?

Julia: Tell me. You speak so well that although I do not love you, I love to listen to you.

Mr. Marshall: (*With great earnestness.*) Julia, a man who picks up the violin for the first time is bound to be disappointed in the instrument. It may be a golden Stradivarius. But in his clumsy fingers it can only give forth a few discordant and hideous sounds. The selfsame instrument in the hands of a Kreisler becomes a divine organ of melody and passion. All that is beautiful and voluptuous speaks with a candor and graciousness that words could not, even if they would, utter. You are like the man who cannot play. But you will learn. Last night for the first time you lifted up the lyre of love. Unable to strike harmony from its strings you threw it away in disgust. But you will pick it up again. I know you will. You will be driven to master it. Then will come the day when you will understand how to compel it to produce the most wonderful nuances, the most delicate phrases, the most powerful chords. And you will smile to think that once you scorned this priceless gift. Why do I speak so enthusiastically? Because I am a master. I am a veteran. Therefore, the lyre of love can never bore me. Only dilettantes and amateurs are wearied of its song. Only the weak fly from it.

Julia: If what you say is true then indeed I am accursed. Then indeed I should be unhappy.

Mr. Marshall: No! No! No! Ten thousand times no! You should be happy. Believe me, Julia, knowledge is not only power. It also spells happiness. Why am I the most envied of men on earth? Because the ignorant, the innocent, the weak know that I am happy. So do the wise. And so you shall be happy, too, if you discover the one great secret of life.

Julia: What is that secret?

Mr. Marshall: The secret of life is this: If you can stand alone you have conquered the world. If you can stand alone, men and women will flock to your side. Wealth will be lavished upon you. All that is wonderful and rare will be yours for the asking. If you can stand alone, Julia, you will have mastered life. Then from the lyre of love you will evoke imperishable melody. But you must stand alone.

Julia: (*Who has listened, deeply moved.*) But I cannot stand alone, Don Juan. (*With intense passion.*) I love you. I love you madly. Kiss me again and again and again. Let me swoon in your arms. Let me kiss your lips, let me feel your hair upon my face. (*Marshall has risen. He puts on his gloves and reaches for his cane.*) Don Juan, do not desert me ever. I need you every moment of my life. Do not go.... O Don Juan, Don Juan (*her voice trails off in a bitter cry*).

Mr. Marshall: (*Rapidly walking up the road. His voice is far off and faint.*) I said to you, Julia, that he who stands alone has conquered life. I am the master of my soul. He who stands alone....

Julia: (*Her head on the table, weeping bitterly.*) Don Juan, Don Juan, Don Juan, I love you... I need you... every minute... of my... life.

END.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES

While the American armies are getting ready to invade the territory of the Central Powers, German and Austrian playwrights are invading the American stage. Several of the most successful plays, including "Maytime," "The Tailor-Made Man," "The Riviera Girl" and "The Deluge," are the handiwork of German and Austrian authors, although their names do not appear on the program and the origin of the plays is carefully concealed from the audience.

Judging by the instantaneous success of the "Dreimaederlhaus," produced by Rudolph Christians at the German Theatre in New York, another German-made play will shortly be seized upon by American producers. The "Dreimaederlhaus" is a charming operetta based upon an incident in the life of Schubert, the great composer. The music is skillfully chosen from Schubert's own music. The play is full of charm and it is admirably presented.

It is surprising how, in spite of many limitations, Director Christians is able to achieve such remarkable scenic effects. His playhouse has some of the artistic qualities of a little theatre conducted entirely for connoisseurs and of a popular playhouse. His actors appear one day in a tragedy of Schnitzler and the next day we see them dancing and singing to some tuneful ditty in a musical comedy.

The fact that the German Theatre in New York continues without disturbance is an excellent testimony to the fact that the metropolis has grasped the meaning of President Wilson's message that we are not waging war against the German people. Neither, it follows as a necessary corollary, are we waging war on German art. Of course, the German Theatre studiously avoids producing any play that could give the slightest offense. Mr. Christians' productions are always interesting and we are glad

to note that the English-speaking press is giving serious attention to them.

It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. But remember, as Alexander Harvey suggests, how many tricks an old dog really knows! This is apropos of a criticism recently pronounced against Bernard Shaw by a writer who maintains that the great Irish dramatist is beginning to repeat himself, that he has nothing new to offer us. The production of "Misalliance" at the new Broadhurst Theatre is the incident which caused this gentleman to deliver his judgment. After reading his remarks we witnessed the performance and were never so agreeably disappointed. For "Misalliance," so tedious in book form, sparkles delightfully on the stage. All the tricks of a dramaturgic master are employed by Shaw to interest his audience in a discussion of parents and the duty they owe their children. Shaw, like Oscar Wilde, is never so happy as when his characters are comfortably seated and talking. And in this play the amount of talking is prodigal. To get his dialogue over Shaw uses and uses expertly every device of the conventional theatre. Shaw's directions call for one long act for the entire production, but William Faversham, who produced the piece, wisely split it into three sections. Although everybody in "Misalliance" talks tremendously on every conceivable subject one is constantly interested. It is amazing the way in which this play grips. The audience listens spellbound as though it were witnessing one of Jack Scribner's burlesque shows on the Bowery. Mr. Faversham is to be congratulated on the good work he is doing. "Getting Married" last year and "Misalliance" this year prove that it pays to put on plays the public likes.

J. B. R.

MUSIC

My dear Yvonne:

Don't you feel relieved that the concert season is about to burst its glories upon us—and we can lose ourselves in its beauties—and so forget the horrors of the war for brief and beautiful intervals? And that reminds me of the lamentable attitude of our friend Campanini—who casts such an insult upon American music lovers by his decision to eliminate German operas during the Chicago Opera Season. Why should Wagner be held responsible for torpedoes and poisonous gases—Zeppelin raids, etc.? Then again if that attitude of mind be allowed to run riot—why not blame Bach and Beethoven also? The elimination of all the great German operas and symphonies has nothing to do with making the world safe for democracy. Surely art is universal. Then why this imbecility? Shame on Signor Campanini. Doesn't he know that "Maryland, My Maryland" is sung to an old German air—why not suppress it also? This is not fighting Germany—it is making ourselves ridiculous. Would Mr. Campanini also debar us from hearing the Jupiter Symphony?—the Eroica, the Unfinished?—the violin concert of Mendelssohn? The second Symphony of Brahms?—all of them absolutely created in the

enemy zone? "Even fair minded Americans cannot be expected to listen with equanimity to music created in the enemy country."

Surely the drummer of a jazz band in a fifth rate café couldn't be more stupid!

One thinks with gratitude of Frederick Fischer—who is doing such excellent work in St. Louis—and achieved such splendid success at the recent open air music festival in that city, where he conducted French classics with equal interest to those of his own country. The next two weeks will bring us to the splendid orchestral concerts offered by Mr. Walter Damrosch with his New York Symphony, and the Philharmonic under Mr. Strinsky. Many important recitals by old favorites are scheduled—and amongst the younger players, Wynne Pyle, the brilliant Texas pianist, who made such a great success here with the Philharmonic and St. Louis and Minneapolis orchestras last year will make several important appearances. Also Doris Barnett, the finest pianist Australia has produced up till now—a favorite pupil of Leopold Godowsky, who created a furore in Vienna and London—will make her first appearance before New York music lovers.

Isolde Menges—undoubtedly the greatest girl violinist of the day—who created such a sensation here last winter and has been delighting thousands of enthusiasts in Canada, will give two recitals in

New York before leaving for London and Paris to fill her engagements there.

One hears with great regret of the absence of Ugo Ara, the magnificent Viola of the Flonzaley Quartet—who has gone into active service in Italy and will be greatly missed here.

One is glad to know Percy Grainger will continue his recitals, and the Red Cross will benefit greatly by the receipts generously turned over to them by this popular young Australian. San Francisco still laments over the absence of Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff, the very gifted young conductor, who has offered his services to France and will spend the winter there doing relief work. Speaking of con-

ductors, one hopes Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the distinguished piano virtuoso, will again appear in the role of conductor this season; for he certainly thrilled us all in the three memorable orchestral concerts. His marvelous magnetism absolutely electrified the audiences. Opera lovers are saddened by the death of that distinguished lyric tenor Luca Botta, whose wonderful career was finished by cancer at the early age of 35. One thinks with gratitude of the many young artists cheering the sick and wounded—in the many camps here and abroad—au revoir, Yvonne, see you often at Carnegie and the Aeolian.

Yours,
Haut Boy.

The Gate of Knowledge.

"The Golden Verses of Pythagoras with an Essay on the Essence and Form of Poetry," by Fabre d'Olivet. Translated by Nayan Louise Redfield. (Putnam & Son.)

This translation of these famous essays is in all respects excellent. The prose is sonorous and well measured, and the translator has well seized the sense of the original. The only blemishes are occasional idiomatic lapses where Miss Redfield, as it appears to us, imitates the French usage too faithfully. The edition is finely produced, and should form a most valuable addition to any philosophical library.

There is here no space for an extended criticism of Pythagoras or of this interpretation of him. A volume of nearly equal size would be required to do justice in such a manner. We will therefore not dwell upon what appears to be the failure to transcend dualism, beyond remarking that there is only one solution to the problem of evil. That solution is given in the "Book of the Law." The universe has two phases. One delights in creation and the other in destruction, and the cyclic process serves each in turn. But it is most pertinent to remark that Fabre d'Olivet announces a doctrine which in its essence is singularly harmonious with that of Blavatsky regarding perfectability. It is indeed the doctrine of the adepts which is here foreshadowed. Fortified by this tradition, this author has managed to do good work in the matter of Eastern religion, despite the dreadful ignorance and misapprehension which prevailed in his time with regard to the purport of oriental doctrines. Those minds in which Truth exists as an inheritance can never be upset by the discovery of new facts; on the contrary, such discoveries confirm them in their Truth.—Therion.

"The Duality of the Bible," by Sidney C. Tapp.

The mystery is out. We owe our readers a sort of apology for the tone of voice which we used last month in reviewing Mr. Tapp's other volume. We ought to have known that so unwholesome a mind might imply an unhealthy body. In this present volume Mr. Tapp explains that he suffered when young from certain diseases of the ear, necessitating operations which were evidently partial failures; for we find

that he could not write his book with his own hand, owing to a spine injured by these operations.

Mr. Tapp's views on sex are therefore those of an unfortunate rather than of a wicked person. (It may be philosophically doubted whether these two things are not one.) However, the point is that for Mr. Tapp to lay down the law on sex is like an oyster lecturing on the disadvantages of being vertebrate. We are extremely sorry for this wreck of humanity, but we shall not take it for our guide, any more than we should listen to the crew of reformed drunkards who tell us that we cannot drink a glass of wine without being dipsomaniacs. One of the worst results of our present policy of preserving the lives of the abnormal and degenerate is that they have worked their way into public affairs till civilization has become a hospital.—A. C.

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

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MANHATTAN.

There's Asia on the avenue
And Europe in the street,
And Africa goes plodding
Beneath my window-seat.

This is the wondrous city,
Where worlds and nations meet;
Say not romance is napping:
Behold the city street!

ON SPRING-STREET.

A son of Dante's singing dells vends
lemonade and creams,
In younger days, enthralled of art, he
reared a dome of dreams;
But now, before his little shop, pale
children dance with glee,
And he smiles to think, though stars
may fall, how happy men may be.

TO DREAM IS WELL.

"Wine and whiskey, ale and rum,
Bottles of dreams for the years to
come,"

This is the tune that the beggars hum
From Battery Park to Cooper Square,
When the rain beats hard and the days
are fair,
When the summer's green and the win-
ter's bare.

O the tune is merry and the tale is old,
And the bar-rooms ring with a beggar's
gold,
For a beggar's blessings are manifold.
No kin has he to love and tell
Of the stinging lashes of a living hell,
And so he sings—to dream is well.

M. A. BEER.

BOWERY AT DUSK.

There are smiling beggars, fools of fate,
In sun and rain who roam
From Cooper Square to the harbor's
gate,
And never wander home.

For them the streets are paved with
gold,
And life with promise sings,
Though river winds bite often cold
And youth has taken wings.

For a nickel buys a glass of dreams,
And a dime an iron bed,
And the lodging house—a heaven
gleams
When a hungry man is fed.

Fake Horoscopes.

(Continued from page 345.)

The phraseology is very carefully chosen, for nothing must be said which would be indictable as a prediction. Thus, instead of saying, "you will be lucky in speculation during the first week of October," the phrase is "financial conditions seem to be operating favorably during the first week in October." These monthly forecasts are received at \$24 a year, and as they require a good deal of trouble in preparation, it is evident that the cheapness has something behind it. These forecasts are what you may call bait, and the fish to be caught is the "personal consultation."

Suppose I am told in my forecasts that financial conditions are favorable for a certain period, I am going to ask for more. I want to know exactly how to make the best use of the opportunity; so I ring up the lady and get an appointment. This appointment may ostensibly be a \$5 or \$10 one; but in reality I may have to pay much more for it. I may have to let the lady in on a percentage of profits on the gamble in "war babies." Similarly, if I am an actress, or other easily exploitable person, I may have to pay a great deal extra. Once the fly is in the web, the spider can dictate its own terms.

Women are particularly foolish with astrologers. They tell all their love affairs. Again, even cautious Mrs. A. will tell one side of a story; prudent Miss B. next day, the other side. The astrologer becomes mistress of these women, body and soul. Perhaps she does not blackmail them; but she is in a position to do so if she wishes. At the very least, the victims realize their own position, and are careful to do anything the astrologer may ask.

Then, again, there is the matrimonial agency graft; and the highly profitable business of entremetteuse. (We do not assert that, in the particular case we are discussing, these things are done, but they could be done. It is immoral to permit the existence of a secret power of this kind.)

It is all done under the cloak of astrology. Mr. C., calls and looks for a soul-mate; the astrologer soon finds some woman, "whose Venus is on his Sun," and arranges a little dinner-party. All in the sacred cause of astrology—scientific astrology; the old lady would be genuinely shocked if you called her by her real name. But she takes her commission all the same, and superstition is so extraordinarily strong that when faith is established there is no limit to the amount of which the victim can be fleeced. This being the really dangerous part of the work, the astrologer is extraordinarily careful about making appointments. One has to have very good introductions. Word quickly goes round as to what the

police are doing. For example, a few months ago it was rumored that a red-haired detective had been engaged, and all women with red hair, unless previously known, had to pass the 33rd degree before they reached the center of the web. There is no doubt in the mind of the astrologer that she is breaking the law. She lives in continual terror of the police. She knows well enough that it was only a fluke that she was not convicted at her previous prosecutions. However, she boasts openly of her "pull" with certain society leaders who can protect her from the police. Properly managed, evidence is easy to obtain. Will not Mrs. Isabel Goodwin look to it?

Shakespeare's Rebel.

(Continued from page 343.)

The "great image of authority" shakes and falls before the tremendous onslaughts of this king turned anarchist:

"A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? . . . And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office."

"None does offend, none, I say none!" Well believed in as reason—can we doubt it?—by Shakespeare the perpetual satirist of little men in authority, Shakespeare, who had been tried by Sir Thomas Lucy, did not forget the inanities of the Law and its pillars when he came to Justice Shallow, to Dogberry and Verges.

"Thou rascal headle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore?
Strip thine own back.

. . . The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices
do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.
Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurt-
less breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth
pierce it."

An excellent inscription for any Court of Law; but more pleasing to the prisoners than to the judges.

The contempt of Shakespeare for the hypocrisy of the professed virtues—the Purity Leaguers of our day—is constant; but we are stirred more deeply by Lear's outburst than even by the portraiture of Angelo:

"I pardon that man's life; what was
thy cause?

Adultery.

Thou shalt not die; die for adultery!
No;

The wren goes to't, and the small
gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight . . .
Behold yon' simpering dame

Whose face between her forks pre-
sageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake
the head

To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse,

goes to't
With a more riotous appetite."

As it is now, so it was then. The changeless spirit of revolt had no less scope for action in Shakespeare's age than it has in our own, nor will it have in ages to come. Rebellion will end when an end is made of all we know; then and not before will this one of Shakespeare's spirits wander in waste air. Then shall be the destined final touch, the touch of conclusion in Necessity, that touch whose ultimate noiseless crumbling of all things Shakespeare, in his last Play, foresaw. There, in the furthest coign of the furthest figure of the Future, stands that Moment when:

"Like the baseless fabric of this
vision,

These cloud-capp'd towers, these
gorgeous palaces,

These solemn temples, the great
earth itself,

Yea, all that it inherits, shall dis-
solve;

And like this insubstantial pageant
faded,

Leave not a wrack behind."

There only, in that consummate dissolution, shall Rebellion be brought to silence.

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We promised you "The Heart of Holy Russia" for December, but you will like it all the more in January. For it will help you to understand the Bolsheviki, the Maximalists, the Grand Dukes, Kerensky. In short, you will gain an understanding of that palpitating life which lies behind the dramatic movements now rending Russia. Do you know that St. Basil and Ivan Veliky, which helped to make Moscow the greatest of all the wonders of the world, have just been destroyed?

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.
1123 Broadway, New York City, Telephone, Farragut 9777. Cable
address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bombard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisinger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: \$1.50 per year; \$0.80 for six months. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$1.85 per year. Single copies, 15cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter. Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Copyright, 1917, by the International Monthly, Inc.

utterance to an immensely important matter, important to you, too.

Besides these magnificent contributions there are many other delightful articles, poems and stories. You will like them all.

WE STAND ABOVE.

IT is a somewhat invidious task; but we suppose that some one has got to do it, and it seems as if that some one had to be ourselves.

IN normal times art and literature take care of themselves. Wisdom is justified of her children. Before we have been dead three hundred years somebody is almost sure to notice it. The great mass of people is a homogeneous mass of brainless idiocy. Men are dumb animals, and women only quack. In times of peace the hack journalists are as inconspicuous as they are insignificant; but when war breaks out the hysteria natural to weak minds becomes vocal, and everybody wants to "do his bit" on one side or the other, by squealing when much the best thing to do would be to bury himself.

THESE little minds have no conception of the great ideas which distinguish man from mannikin. They imagine that Rodin was a Frenchman, and Wagner a German. They do not understand that these persons were not men, but Gods. They do not understand that the creations of such men are in the nature of that image of the great Goddess Diana which came down from heaven for us men and for our salvation. They do not understand that Rheims is as sacred as Cologne; that the Kremlin should have been protected from the maniacs, who are trying to translate Bernard Shaw into action, as Jerusalem (if there by anything of artistic value therein) from the British. As a matter of fact, I believe there is nothing but a lot of faked historical monuments camouflaged by the wily Syrian for the exploitation of American tourists of the Chateauqua brand. If this be so, Allenby, go to it!

BUT as for us, we stand above. I do not know whether Bulgaria is at war with England; but if so, it is evidently the duty to God and man of every Bulgarian to knock the block off General Haig. At the same time, if that Bulgarian does not respect Kings College Chapel, or uses my first edition of Adonais for pipe lights, I will knock *his* block off if I can catch the Bulgar at it. We are warring for Democracy, but also for civilization, apparently owing to our inherent love of paradox. We have here a war within a war. We have not only to fight the foe without, and the foe within, but also the foe that is the worst of all, the overzealous friend. We feel rather as the President feels about the Vigilantes. If well-meaning asses were only mules how useful they might be in batteries! We are out to break the political will of another group of nations, and our worst foes are those of our own people who are giving the show away. We go to war to defend the rights of the little nations, and we imprison Irishmen who can not forget that their mothers were raped by British soldiers. We are particularly strong on Belgium, and her representative complains that there is to be no seat for Belgium on the Allied war council. The Germans go to war for Kultur, yet they cannot find an expedient for contracting out of the shelling of cathedrals. And if these things are done in the green tree of the people in power, what shall be done in the dry tree, and withered sticks of the mediocre. We have our attention taken away from the business of fighting by the miserable grunts of these self-advertising pigs, who are only guinea-pigs in so far as they can always be counted on to sell their souls for a guinea. It is not only useless and stupid to refuse the benefits of those who at the very lowest estimate were our friends, but the absolute destruction of the whole principle of civilization.

ART is long and political life is short. If we are enraged with the Germans for shelling St. Mark's, which they have not yet done, we ought certainly to declare war upon the French because of what Napoleon really did do to St. Mark's a hundred years ago. In order to carry out this program still more effectively, we can destroy the statues of Lafayette, and burn our Shakespeares on the ground that the English burnt the Capitol at Washington. It is only the pettiest minds that perceive national qualities in works of art. At most, national schools form a convenient classification. If the Dutch, as at times has seemed likely, decide that the German cause is that of liberty, civilization, and progress, and determine to fight on their side, will some patriot immediately discover that Rembrandt did not know how to paint? Would it not be better to make up our minds about it now? Will Mr. Roosevelt decide to change his name to something less compromising? And shall we destroy the institution of marriage because the inhabitants of the Old Kent Road speak of their wives as "my old Dutch"? Shall we turn the feminine of duke into Americanness, to be quite safe, and rather true, anyhow?

I CANNOT say how deeply I feel about this matter. The insensate screams of the mob threaten to deafen even those few ears which were attuned to the still small voice of wisdom. The danger is enormous. Even defeat would be preferable to a universal iconoclasm. It is not a new story. Again and again the most priceless treasures of antiquity, to say nothing of the structure of the civilizations whence they sprung, have been destroyed utterly and irremediably in the most miserable religious and political quarrels. Was not the library of Alexandria worth more to mankind than the whole Roman Empire? Were not the stained glass windows of the churches of more importance than the entire struggle between Protestant and Catholic? The people who do not understand this are Huns. *

THIS paper is not primarily political. So far as it is so, it is and will be loyal; but it will resent the thesis that in order to be loyal one must be insane. "Battle, murder, and sudden death" is excellent sport, and it is extremely necessary at this moment. The excretory system of nature, pestilence, has been constipated by the misguided efforts of medicine and hygiene. We had to get rid of the surplus population, and we chose our own foolish way instead of Nature's wise way. So not a word against war! But the treasures of art, of literature, of music, must this time be preserved for humanity; and we are determined to resist to the death any attack upon those treasures. We are—for the moment—fighting the Germans; but Faust and Siegfried and Zarathustra, the achievement of Kant in philosophy and of Helmholtz in physics, must be put "out of bounds." We stand above.



VOL. XI. NO. 12.

DECEMBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF.

By EDWARD KELLY.

No. 4.—The Conduct of John Briggs.

Simon Iff bounded into the Hemlock Club. He was by all odds the oldest member of the club; but to-day he had the elasticity of a boy, and he was so radiant that some people would have sworn that they actually saw flashes of light about his head. He bounded up the great stairway of the club two steps at a time.

The porters relaxed their solemnity, for the man's exaltation was contagious. "So Simple Simon's back from one of 'is Great Magical Retirements again. I wonder wot in 'Eving's name 'e does." "I wisht I knew," replied the other. "The old boy's ninety, if 'e's a dy."

In the lunch-room the atmosphere was certainly in need of all the exhilaration it could find. There were only a dozen men present, and they were talking in whispers. The eldest of them, Sir Herbert Holborne ('Anging 'Olborne of the criminal classes) was neither speaking nor eating, though his lunch lay before him. He was drinking whiskey-and-soda in a steady business-like way, as a man does who has an important task to accomplish.

Simon Iff greeted them with a single comprehensive wave of the hand. "What's the news, dear man?" he asked his neighbor. "Are you all rehearsing a play of Wedekind's? Oh, a steak and a bottle of Nuits," he added to the waiter. "The old Nuits, the best Nuits, for I must give praise to Our Lady of the Starry Heavens!"

"You do not appear to require the stimulus of alcohol in any marked degree," observed Holborne, in his driest manner.

"Stimulus!" cried Iff; "I don't take wine to stimulate. It is because I am stimulated, or rather, fortified, that I drink wine. You must always drink what is in tune with your own soul. That's the Harmony of Diet! It is stupid and criminal to try to alter your soul by drugs. Let the soul be free, and use what suits it. Homeopathic treatment! So give me green tea when I am exquisite and æsthetic like a Ming Vase; coffee when I am high-strung and vigilant as

an Arab; chocolate when I am feeling cosy and feminine; brandy when I am martial and passionate; and wine—oh, wine at all times!—but wine especially when I am bubbling over with spiritual ecstasy. Thus, my dear Holborne, I fulfil the apostolic injunction, 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God!' Every meal is a sacrament to me. That's the simplicity of life! That's why they call me Simple Simon!"

The outburst brought his fellow-clubmen out of their apathy. One of them remarked that, while agreeing with the thesis, and admiring the force and beauty of its expression, it was unseasonable. He wished to tone down the exuberance of the old mystic, for the sake of the general feeling.

"Why, what is wrong?" said Iff more sedately. "Not that anything is ever really wrong; it's all illusion. But you evidently think there's a great deal amiss; and"—he looked round the table—"Sir Herbert seems to be at the bottom of it."

"I will ask you to spare me," spoke the judge; "this morning I was compelled to perform the most painful duty of my career. Tell him, Stanford!"

"Why, where have you been?" said James Stanford, a long lean lantern-jawed individual who filled the Chair of History at Oxford University.

"Oh, I've been everywhere and nowhere," replied Simon. "But I suppose a historian would take the view—an utterly false and absurd view, by the way—that I have been sitting in my oratory at Aber-tarff, meditating, for the last two months. I have heard nothing of the world. Are we at war with the Republic of Andorra?"

Stanford leaned forward across the table, while the rest kept silent.

"You remember Briggs?"

"Knew him well at one time; haven't seen him for ten years or so."

"Well, this morning Holborne had to sentence him to death for the murder of his nephew."

"I say, Holborne, that's a bit thick," ejaculated Iff,

rudely. "Just because you dislike the way he ties his neckties, to go and fit him out with a hemp cravat!"

"I am in no mood for your stupid jokes, Iff," retorted the Judge, severely. "I had no course but to give effect to the verdict of the jury, which they gave without leaving their seats." "But your summing-up must have been a masterpiece of imbecility!"

"There was no defence, nor could be. Look here, Iff!" The judge broke out hotly. "I thought you knew men. Can't you see I'm all broken up over this? I knew Briggs intimately; I was exceedingly fond of him; this has been the shock of my life."

"Oh, well!" returned Iff, "it is done now, and the best thing we can do is to forget it. Listen to what happened to me at Abertarff! One of those nasty skulking tramps came round and set fire to my barn. Luckily the stream was flowing at the time—as it does all the time—but, seeing the danger, it directed its course against the fire, and extinguished it."

"Another miracle of Simple Simon!" sneered one of the younger men, who knew the old man chiefly from his reputation as a magician.

"Young man!" replied Simon, "I drink to your better understanding—and your better manners. (Waiter, bring me another bottle of this Nuits!) I shall need much wine." He fixed his small oblique eyes terribly on the offender. "The difference between you and me is this," he continued. "I don't believe the silly story I have just told you; whereas you all do believe the silly story Stanford has just told me."

"Come, come!" said Stanford, "it is stupid to talk like this. You haven't heard the evidence. You're simply defending Briggs because you think you know him; because you think you know that he wouldn't have done such a thing."

"Oh, no!" said the mystic, "all men are capable of every kind of evil intention. But some are incapable of carrying such intentions into effect, just as a paralytic cannot walk, although he may desire infinitely to do so."

"There was no difficulty about this murder. It was a quite plain shooting."

"If you'll tell me the facts, I'll prove to you how you are wrong."

"I wish you could, damn it!" interjected Holborne. "Stanford has made a very special study of this case. He has been in court all the time, and he has verified every piece of evidence by independent research."

"My university asked me to watch the case," explained Stanford. "As you know, I am a barrister as well as a historian. Briggs, of course, was at Magdalen with me, though I never knew him well. The Vice-Chancellor begged me to leave no stone unturned to discover a flaw in the procedure, or in the case for the Crown. I failed utterly."

"Have you your notes with you?" asked Holborne. Stanford nodded. "Suppose we adjourn to the smoking-room? They will take some time to read."

"This is a lovely piece of luck," remarked Iff, as they filtered into the adjoining room. "I come back from my isolation, fairly bursting for distraction, and I walk right into the heart of a first-class fairy story." But he was quite unable to communicate his spirit to the other men; he seemed more of a crank than ever; they liked him, and his theories

amused them; but they knew better than to apply mysticism to the hard facts of life.

Simon Iff took the armchair of the Senior in front of the great fire of logs, remarking laughingly that he was the presiding judge. Holborne took the ingle seat, that he might watch the mystic's face. But Iff playfully adopted an air of benevolent neutrality, which we may suppose that he conceived to go well with his position. His second bottle of Burgundy stood on a table before him, with a cup of the admirable coffee of the Hemlock Club. This was almost in the nature of a tribute, for a supply of it was sent to the club every year by the Shereef of Mecca, in memory of Sir Richard Burton, who had been a member of the club. His small pale face was almost hidden by a Partaga Rothschild, in which he appeared more engrossed than in the story which Stanford proceeded to unfold.

The latter prefaced his remarks by an apology. "This is a very simple and very sordid story; in fact, I have rarely met anything so bald." "And unconvincing," murmured Simon Iff. "I shall give you only facts," continued the historian. "Plain, unquestionable facts. I shall not try to tell a story: I shall give you the bare bones of the case. You can reconstruct your animal in the approved fashion."

"Good," said the old magician. "You won't omit any essential facts, will you, there's a dear man?"

"Of course not. Don't I know my business?"

"I'm sure of it. Your acknowledged eminence—."

"Oh, don't rag! This is a serious affair."

"Dr. Stanford will now read his memorandum."

"I begin," announced Stanford.

"One. History of the parties concerned. John Briggs, aged forty-three, was Professor of Engineering at the Owens College, Manchester, but resigned his chair five years ago in order to devote himself more closely to experimental work. Peter Clark, aged twenty-four, the murdered man, was the son of Briggs' only sister Ann. Both his parents were dead. Neither he nor Briggs have any near relatives living.

"Two. The scene of the crime.

"Briggs lives with an old butler and housekeeper (man and wife), but otherwise entirely alone, in a house on Marston Moor in Yorkshire. It stands in its own grounds, which extend to three hundred acres. Detached from the house is a large laboratory, where Briggs was accustomed to work, and often to sleep. His lunch was usually brought to him there on a tray, and sometimes his dinner. In fact, it may be said almost that he lived in the laboratory.

"This room has two doors, one towards the house, the other away from it. There are no other houses within several miles.

"Briggs had one ruling passion, the fear of interruption in his work. As tramps of a rather dangerous type infested the district, he had, after a violent scene with one of them four and a half years ago, purchased a Webley revolver. This weapon had lain loaded on his desk from that day to the day of the murder. It was seen there on the morning of that day by the butler when he went with the professor's breakfast. It was this weapon which was used to kill Clark.

"Three. Relations between Briggs and Clark.

"These were extremely hostile. Clark was rather a wild youth, and Briggs blamed him for the death of his mother, to whom Briggs was devotedly at-

tached. Her son's conduct had grieved and impoverished her; she had broken down nervously; and in this weak condition a chill had proved fatal to her. It had been aggravated by the deliberate neglect of Peter Clark, who had refused to call in a doctor until too late. Briggs had been heard to say that he hated one man only, and that was his nephew. On one occasion he said to him, before witnesses, 'If the sheriff balks, Peter, I hope I shall be there to do his work for him.' There was thus the greatest possible animus.

"Four. Financial relations of the parties.

"The Briggs Family Settlement disposes of the sum of ninety-four thousand pounds. From one-sixth part of this Briggs drew an income; Clark, on the death of his parents, was entitled to a similar amount. The balance was held in trust for the next generation; that is, if either Briggs or Clark had children, the fund would be divided among these on their attaining majority. If Briggs died without children, the income would accumulate with the bulk of the fund in expectation of heirs to Clark; but if Clark died first, Briggs, as sole survivor of the earlier generation, would enjoy the income at present paid to Clark in addition to his own. Thus Briggs would find his income doubled if Clark died, while, if Briggs died, Clark could only benefit indirectly through his children, if he ever had any. Thus we see that Briggs had a strong financial motive for the murder; whereas Clark would gain nothing whatever. Nor had Clark any other motive for killing Briggs: on the contrary, he was always hoping to conciliate his uncle, and get him to help him, both directly in a financial way, and indirectly through his influence. The bearing of this will be seen later, when we touch upon the actual circumstances of the crime.

"Briggs had been making some elaborate experiments in connection with aircraft, and was in great need of money. Eight months earlier he had mortgaged his house, down to the Old Red Sandstone. This emphasizes the motive for the act.

"Five. Conditions immediately antecedent to the murder.

"Clark had been staying in the neighborhood, and had pestered his uncle intolerably. On one occasion he had come into the laboratory while the professor was eating his lunch. The butler, who was present, says that this was exactly two weeks before the murder. He remembers the date, because it was a Sunday, and lunch had been late, owing to his having been over the moor to church.

"He swears that he heard the professor say the following words: 'Mark me, Peter. At the house I don't mind so much; but if you come bothering me here, I shall most assuredly have recourse to assassination.' With that he had risen, gone over to his desk, taken up the revolver, and tapped it, nodding his head repeatedly. The boy, thoroughly scared, had slunk out of the laboratory.

"Six. The day of the murder.

"This was a Sunday. Briggs had again passed the night in the laboratory. The butler had gone over to church, leaving his wife at home. She heard the clock strike twelve, the signal for her to prepare lunch. Immediately afterwards she was startled by the sound of a shot; but she was not particularly alarmed, as small explosions frequently occurred in the laboratory.

"This fixes the moment of the crime within one

or two minutes, and the medical evidence confirms it.

"She expected her husband to return at 12.15; he did not do so. She went out to look for him, and saw him driving towards the house with another man, who proved subsequently to be the vicar of the parish. Reassured, she returned to her kitchen.

"The butler, with the vicar, drove to the house, took out the horse, and went over together to the laboratory.

"This is what they saw. The professor was stooping over the body of Clark. He was apparently in deep thought, and seemed undecided as to what to do. The men were shocked into silence, and had the fullest opportunity of watching the actions of Briggs.

"He remained motionless for some little while; ultimately he laid down his revolver, which was still in his hand, and picked up a Brown automatic, which was firmly grasped in that of Clark. This was done with the evident intention of representing the death of Clark as the result of suicide.

"This latter weapon, although loaded, had not been discharged; the Webley had been fired recently, and the empty shell was still in the chamber; as appeared later. It was a Webley bullet which killed Clark; it had been fired from a very close range, estimated at two yards by the experts.

"The vicar now interrupted by a shocked exclamation. Briggs remained intent upon the automatic, looking at it as if it were some strange new object.

"The professor looked up as the two men approached him. He waved a hand. 'Go away! go away!' was his only remark.

"The vicar sent the butler to fetch the police and a doctor; he himself remained on guard. Briggs went over to his desk, put the automatic on one side, and buried his head in his hands. It was clear to the vicar that he was stunned by the realization of what he had done.

"But the vicar made a supreme effort. He went over, put his hand on his shoulder and shook him roughly. 'Man,' he cried, 'Don't you realize what you have done?' Briggs answered: 'By God, you bet I do.' This is the only intelligible remark that has been drawn from him. A plain confession. Then silence.

"Seven. Subsequent events.

"It has proved impossible to rouse the professor from his apathy. He has made no defence of any kind. He remains crouched and inattentive; when addressed he merely repeats: 'Go away! go away!' He would not even plead when brought into the court: he said nothing when he was sentenced this morning.

"The reason for this course of conduct is evident. He is a man of the acutest intelligence, and realizing that he was caught practically in the act, is relying for escape upon simulation of dementia. We investigated the point on his behalf, supplying him with writing materials as if it were part of the prison routine. After a short time he seized on them with apparent eagerness. Here is what he wrote: 'Revolve—gyre—explode—balance—soul—wings—action and reaction.' Under that he drew a thick line. The rest of the sheet is covered with abstruse mathematical formulae, evidently intended to impress us still further with the idea of madness; but although they are unintelligible to the mathematicians to whom they have been submitted, they

are, wherever they can be understood at all, perfectly correct. He is certainly not insane. With great shrewdness, on the contrary, he has chosen just the one chance of saving his neck."

Stanford paused.

"Is that all?" asked Simon Iff.

"All?" cried Holborne. "Could any case be more complete? Two strong motives for murder, one of them urgent. Expressed intention to commit it; caught in the act of endeavoring to set up a defence; confession of the crime immediately afterwards; a subsequent attitude compatible only with the simulation of insanity. There isn't a link missing."

"No, but I think there's a missing link!" snapped Simon Iff. "In heaven's name, where are your brains, all of you? Look here; let me repeat that story, word for word, only instead of 'Professor Briggs' let us say 'the cabbage,' or 'the antelope,' wherever his name occurs. You wouldn't suspect them, would you? And I assure you that Briggs is just as incapable of pulling a gun on a man as either of those! It simply would not occur to him to do it."

"My dear man," said Holborne, "we all appreciate your attitude, I assure you; but facts are chieftains that winna ding."

"Ah, facts!" cried the mystic, with as near a sneer as he ever allowed himself. "Now look out, Stanford, I'm going to pump lead into you! You promised me two things: to give me all the essential facts, and to give me nothing but the facts. You are doubly perjured, you lost wretch!"

"Come, come, I say! I think I've given you an absolutely full and fair account."

"No: Omission number one. You don't say **why** he resigned from Owens College."

"Yes, I do; he wanted to prosecute his experiments with less distraction."

"Just half the fact; I happen to know that he was forced to resign."

"What?"

"They simply could not get him to lecture. Either he would not go down to the classroom at all, or else he would forget all about the class, and start hieroglyphics on the blackboard!"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Why, the problem is the man's mind. You say nothing about his mind. You don't even tell us the most important thing of all; which is, what is he thinking of at this moment?"

"Wondering if he'll dodge the noose," put in the young man who had previously laughed at Simon Iff.

"Oh, no!" flashed back the mystic, "with death so near him, he must be thinking of really important things—perhaps even of you!"

"That would at least explain his dejection," he added musingly. "Having crushed it, let us pass on to my next point. You actually permitted yourself to draw deductions which are quite unjustifiable. You say that he exchanged pistols with the corpse, evidently to set up a defence of suicide. Evident to whom? You see, you fatally neglect the calibre of Briggs' mind. To me, it seems much more likely that he was quite preoccupied with some other matter. You judge him by yourselves. You assume that he killed Clark, and then argue, 'But if I had killed Clark, I should be thinking solely of how to escape.' I say that if he did kill Clark, two seconds later his mind would have returned to the problems on which it had previously been at work. You men don't understand concentration: Briggs does. Be-

sides all this, if he was going to put up the suicide theory, why not do it? He did not know that they had seen him change the weapons."

"Hang it all, he confessed to the vicar."

"That was my next point; he did nothing of the sort. He told the parson, emphatically, that he realized what he had done. But what was that? No word of any murder! The question is what he did do, and what he is doing now."

"You're super-subtle," said the Judge. "I wish you were right, but there's nothing in it."

"Stick to the point! What does his whole attitude, from the very moment of discovery, indicate? Simply this, that he is busy."

"Busy!" It was a general shout of derision. "Busy! with his throat in a noose! Busy!"

"I ask your pardon, Stanford," said the magician quietly; "you are the historian here, and I beg you to correct me if I have my facts wrong. At the siege of Syracuse—" "The Siege of Syracuse?" The company became hilarious, despite themselves.

"I forget who conquered it; it doesn't matter; but whoever he was, he gave orders that the great geometer Archimedes should be spared. The soldiers found him drawing figures in the sand, and asked him who he was; but he only said: 'Get away! Get away! I'm busy!' And they killed him. Waiter! let me have another cigar and some more coffee!"

The Judge was a little impressed. "This is an amusing theory," he said, "though I'm damned if I can believe it. How do you propose to develop it?"

"Will you help me?"

"You bet I will."

"Well, I want a copy of that jargon of Stanford's about 'wings'; and I want five minutes alone with Briggs in the condemned cell."

"Here's the paper," said the historian.

"I'll get you an order from the home secretary this afternoon. I'll go now. If you can do anything, all England will have to thank you." This from 'Anging' Olborne.

"Oh, I can't do anything; but I think Briggs can."

"Ah, you think he's shielding some one!" put in the objectionable young man for the third time.

Simon Iff lit his cigar with deliberation. "I shall certainly be obliged to you," he replied with studied courtesy, "if you will recommend me some of the lighter types of sentimental detective fiction. Time often hangs heavy on one's hands in London, for one cannot always be certain" (he rose and bowed to the young man) "of enjoying such very entertaining and illuminative conversation."

"Look here, Iff," said Holborne; "come with me, and we'll see the Home Secretary right away." They left the room together.

Two hours later, Simon Iff, armed with authority, was in the condemned cell. The professor was seated on the floor, his head sunk deeply on his breast, his hands playing feverishly in his long sandy hair.

The old mystic went close up to him. "Briggs!" he cried aloud. "I'm Iff. You know me! I won't keep you a moment; but this is damned important."

The professor gave no sign that he had heard. "I thought not," said Simon.

The magician proceeded to insert his thumbs under the arm-pits of his old friend, and began to tickle him. Briggs wriggled violently, but only murmured: "Get away!"

"I knew he was innocent," said Simon gleefully to

himself. "But I see there is only one way to get him to talk."

He sat down very positively in front of his victim, and began to recite from the paper in his hand, "Resolve!" "Gyre!" "Explode!" "Action and reaction!" "Balance!" "Soul!" "Wings!" Briggs looked up suddenly, savagely. "You'll never do it!" went on the magician. "You thought you did; but you didn't, and you never will. It's hopeless! Resolve—gyre—explode!"

"Damn you; get out!" said Briggs.

"Taking G as 31 point 2," continued the torturer, and Pi as 3 point 24156, and e as——" Briggs sprang to his feet. "You can't! You're getting it all wrong. Curse you! Curse you!" he yelled.

"You'll never do it! You'll never do it!" went on Simon implacably. "Sin Theta plus Cos Theta equals twice the root of minus eight! You'll never do it! You'll never do it!"

"Are you the devil come to torture me before my time?"

"Good. No. I'm Simon Iff. And all I want to know is—how long do you need to finish your problem?"

"Oh, get out! Get out!"

"Seven times six is forty-four, and——"

"Get out!"

"Log one plus X equals X, minus half X squared plus a third X cubed plus——"

"Minus, you dolt!" shrieked Briggs. "For God's sake, stop! You're putting me all out!"

"Some people are going to disturb you very soon by hanging you." He squeezed the professor's windpipe till he gasped.

"Tell me how long you need to finish the problem, and I'll go, and I'll see you have all you need, and no disturbance."

"A month, six weeks. Oh, go, there's a good fellow!"

Simon Iff went out without another word. He had an appointment to meet 'Anging 'Olborne for dinner.

"Well, I had to put him to the torture," said the magician; "but I got him to say one rational sentence. Now I want you to trust me in this. Get the execution postponed for a month. Don't disturb old Briggs. Let him have anything he calls for, in reason; he'll need little. As soon as he talks rationally again, you and I will go and see him in the cell. I can promise you this thing is going to clear up like a day in spring. April showers bring May flowers."

Just five weeks later Holborne telephoned to Simon Iff to come round to his house. "Briggs has woken up," he said; "for the last week he has been working with drawing materials which he had asked for. Suddenly he swept the whole thing aside and looked up at the warden. 'Who the devil are you?' he said. 'And where's the lab. gone?' They rang me up at once. Let's get down."

They found Briggs pacing his cell in a rage. "This is an outrage!" he cried when he saw his friends, "a damned outrage! I shall write to the Times!"

"You'd better talk to us first," said Holborne. "I may say that all England has been waiting to hear from you for some months."

"I should say so," retorted Briggs; "and you may go and tell them that I did it! Alone I did it!" "Are we not talking at cross purposes?" suggested the mystic mildly. "Our mundane minds are pre-

occupied with the small matter of the murder of Peter Clark. And I don't think you did that."

"Who? I. Of course not. Don't be so silly!"

"Well, you were there. We should really be grateful if you would tell us who did do it."

"That fool Marshall, of course."

"Marshall?" said the mystic.

"The farmer down by Saffield. Peter had seduced his wife. He tracked the boy up here—I mean up there; I can't realize this isn't my lab., you know, just yet. Followed him into the lab. Peter drew an automatic. Marshall got my Webley, and fired while the boy was hesitating. Then he threw down the gun, and went out."

"Don't you think you might have explained this before?" said Holborne. "Do you realize that you've been convicted for murder; if it hadn't been for Iff here, we'd have hanged you a fortnight ago."

"How could I?" said Briggs irritably. "You don't understand."

"Well, explain later. We'll get you a free pardon as soon as possible. I may tell you that Marshall fell down a quarry the same night as the murder. He must have been half insane. But we never connected his death with your case. Anyhow, I'll see to it that you get out by to-morrow, and we'll celebrate it at the club. Perhaps you would make us a little speech, and tell us what you've been doing all these months."

"All right. But I've got to see Williams right away."

"Williams!" said Simon Iff. "So that is what it was, was it? I'll tell him to-day to come right down and see you; and we'll have him up to the dinner to-morrow, and we'll all live happy ever after!"

Two days later Briggs was on his feet at a great and special gathering of the Hemlock Club. Simon Iff was on his best behavior, except that he would drink only tea, saying that his mood was exquisite and æsthetic like a Ming Vase. Briggs, as the guest of honor, was seated on the right of the president of the club, on whose other hand sat Rear-Admiral Williams, a trusted member of the Secret Committee of Public Defense, which is known to just a few people in London as a liaison between Navy and Army, and a background to both.

The professor was no orator, but he did not lack encouragement. "I want to thank you all very much," he said. "Of course we can't tell you just what this thing is, but Admiral Williams has been good enough to say that it's all right as far as he can see, and that ought to be good enough for us all. He's a jolly good fellow, Williams, and I wish we had a few more like him. I mean I'm glad we've got a lot more like him. Oh hang it! that's not what I mean either. I'm no speaker, you know; but anyhow I thought you'd like to hear just how I came to think of this damned thing. You see I was working that morning—just finished verifying Mersenne's statement for p equals 167, rather a tricky proof, but awfully jolly, so my mind was absolutely clear and empty. Well, here comes the Watts and the Kettle business. That poor devil Marshall runs in after Peter, right on his heels. Peter draws; I didn't notice particularly, Marshall gets my Webley and fires. I see it revolve and explode. See! Two ideas, revolve and explode. Nothing in that. Well, then Peter stays on his feet, quite a while, though he was dead. So I thought of reflex balance; you know, the automatic dodge in our soles; it goes wrong when you get locomotor ataxia. Then he gives a gasp, and puts his arms out, like wings; and then I thought of his soul flying away. Nothing in that. Well, then, Plummer throws down my Webley by the

body and runs out. I picked up the gun, because its proper place was on my desk; I'm a man of precision in such matters; but to get to the desk I had to cross Clark's body, which should not have been there at all. It brought me up with a jerk. I stood by it, I dare say for a long time. Now here's the funny part. I was thinking, or rather something inside me was thinking, for I don't know to this minute who was thinking, or what. The next thing I remember, I was picking the automatic out of Peter's hand; and my mind clove to the contrast with the revolver, the way in which recoil is used to reload and recock the Brown. Then all the pieces of my mind flew together. I became conscious of an idea. I would make a duplex rotating engine to act as a gyroscope, with a system of automatic balances, operated by the recoil of the explosions in the engine. In other words, I had the idea for a self-balancing aeroplane, a true mechanical bird. When the vicar asked me if I realized what I had done, I naturally replied: "By God, I should think I did," or something of the sort. After that I got more and more absorbed in the details of the problem—can you wonder that I could think of nothing else? I remember nothing but a great deal of irritating talk around me, though with long intervals of most blessed silence. Then I woke up to find myself in the condemned cell! I want to tell you all how much I appreciate your kindness, and I thank you all very much."

He sat down suddenly, exhausted and embarrassed. "I hope I said the right thing. I'm such an ass," he whispered to his neighbor. But the applause reassured him.

A little later the president turned to the old magician. "I'm sure we are all keenly interested to hear how Mr. Iff solved this case, and saved his friend—our friend—and helped him to do this great thing for England. I will call upon him to say a few words to us." Iff rose rather awkwardly. "I'm afraid of boring you," he said; "you know I'm a bit of a crank, with theories about the tendencies of the mind."

"Go on! Go on!" came from every quarter.

"Well, it's like this. If we get full of alcohol—any of us—too often and too steadily and too long—we begin to see rats and serpents and such things. We don't see horses and elephants. That is, our minds are machines which run in grooves, narrow grooves, mostly. We can't think what we like, and how we like; we have to think as we have been taught to think, or as our whole race has been taught to think by aeons of experience. So I know that there are certain ways of thought in which a given man cannot think, however obvious such ways might seem to another man. For instance, imagine a man of high lineage and education and wealth. By some accident he is stranded penniless in a far city. He is actually starving. He revolves the situation in his mind. He exerts his whole intelligence to meet the problem. But what does he do? There are thousands of ways of making money. He could get a job at the docks; he could obtain relief at a charitable organization—no such method occurs to him at all. He does not look through the want advertisements in the papers. His one idea is to go to his consul or some person of position, explain his situation, and make a highly dignified loan. Perhaps he is too proud even to do that; ultimately it strikes him to pledge his jewelry. A thief

in a similar position is equally limited; he looks about him merely for an opportunity to steal.

Similarly, an Alpine guide will despair and die on a quite easy mountain if it be unfamiliar. It is the flower of biological success to be able to adapt oneself to one's conditions without effort. The whole of human anatomy is in accord with these theses. The brain is merely a more elaborate thinking machine than the rest of the body. The spinal cord thinks, in its own fashion. Even such simple organs as those which operate digestion have their own type of thought; and narrow indeed is the groove in which they move. A bee, inclosed in an empty flower pot, held against a window pane, will beat itself to death against the glass, though it could escape quite easily at the other end, if it were only capable of thinking outside its groove; similarly, the alimentary canal is so convinced that its sole duty is peristaltic action that it will insanely continue this movement when rest would save the man attached to it from a lingering and agonizing death. We are all highly specialized and not particularly intelligent machines.

In the matter of crime these remarks are peculiarly applicable; outside quite obvious things like picking pockets, you have merely to describe a crime to the police; they will tell you that five or six men only, in a city of as many millions, could have done it. Swindling has as much individuality and style as writing poetry—and it is infinitely more respectable! But I digress. With regard to this case, I knew at once that however much our friend here might have wanted to get rid of his nephew, it simply was not in him to do it. It is not a question of his moral outfit, but of his mental equipment.

But much more interesting than this, which is, or should be, obvious to us all, is this point: How did I manage to communicate with the man, absorbed as he was in some world beyond ordinary ken? I found him quite insensible to direct appeal. His situation? He did not know that there was any situation. I tickled him. His body responded automatically, but his mind was wholly disconnected by an act of his very highly trained will, and was merely conscious of an irritation and disturbance.

So I determined to talk to his mind on its own plane. I knew from the so-called confession to the vicar that he was acutely conscious of having done something. I suspected that something to be of the nature of the solution of a problem; and by his continued abstraction, I knew that he had only got a general idea, and was at work on the details. So I told him that he would never do it, again and again. I knew that he must have had many moments of despair. It woke him up; the voice of his particular devil—we all of us have one; he always tells us to give up, that it's hopeless, that we shall never do it—that voice became material in mine; so he responded with curses. But that was not enough; to rouse him further I began to attack his mind by quoting mathematical formulae incorrectly. I knew that must upset his calculation, confuse him, rouse him to contradiction. The plan succeeded; he had been deaf—p' sically deaf, to all intents and purposes—to all other remarks; but to an attack on the fortress in which he was shut up he was bound to reply. I forced him to come to terms by refusing to stop the torture. He was distracted, upset, uncertain whether two and two still made four. In this way I made him tell me how long he needed to finish his work; and it was then easy to arrange a reprieve to allow him to finish his work. I'm sorry; I hope I have not bored you." And he sat down abruptly.

I.

One of the thousands turned out yearly by the British educational machine, grandiosely ignorant save of the verb "to rule," Bob Byron was switched at twenty into the position of Assistant Deputy Commissioner for Native Affairs in Southern Rhodesia. Civilized peoples think as spoiled children do; Byron happened to think as an unspoiled child, which comes near to "seeing black." After twelve months of service an unknown lion stuck a paw into his destiny and gave him the satrapy by chewing his superior, the Deputy Commissioner.

Caste upheld Byron where a Solomon would have fallen. A native problem which would have baffled any other white appeared to Byron to be obvious; the native logic satisfied his mind. Shut off in a native world he learned the dialects slowly and very thoroughly. Natives loved him as a child loves an adult who still believes in fairies. He abandoned the stereotyped methods calculated to impress the native mind; he would stalk into a hostile camp with a riding whip, hold an indaba squatting with the elders, and settle a difficult problem with apparent ease. He earned the nickname of Native Bob, and became invaluable to the Administration.

But when whites began to come into the country he developed an absurd sense of equity—an inability to comprehend that the opening up of a country required the exploitation of native labor. Accordingly he was labelled "difficult;" and the foxy old Governor, who knew nothing of natives and cared less, but knew Byron's value, had him removed to the most remote district on the Portuguese Border.

As the strands of a white man's normal interests atrophied, Byron grew the more absorbed in the black mind. To native legends and songs he listened until his brain was cluttered with them. No sense of artistry bade him give to his fellows these impressions of beauty and horrific mystery; rather, the native reticence inhibited any suggestion to translate these sagas into his own tongue. His was not an introspective type of mind, so that he was never aware of the influence permeating the texture of his thought processes.

As the years wore on the manifestations grew more marked: he began to dread the biannual furlough, enforced for medical reasons. England became a land of chilly mists in which many of his kind had been doomed by a fever-ruined health to dawdle out their lives among an alien folk, tormented by vain dreams of the sudorific glory that was theirs. Native Bob lost all desire to see his own people; for his tongue was stiffened to English words, his eyes were haunted by vast spaces and his ears by the throb of drums in the shrill silence; that hypnotic throb which rouses unconscious resistance to the civilized inhibitions—a conflict expressed by the white man in, "Oh, damn those drums!" Also it was borne upon him, without any realization of abnormality, that the frantic strivings after pleasure and gain which composed "Civilization" were—stupid! His fellows spoke to him of things he knew not of; white women asked of him—things of which they did not know.

So glad was the heart of Native Bob to leave this purgatory for his quinine-soaked paradise of

solitude and heat—and the distant pulse of drums by night.

And to him came black destiny walking in a uniform.

II.

At the northern foot of the gaunt watershed of the Pungwe, is Nani, a lone koppie, bald topped save for a single euphorbia which stands sentinel over a domed mass of granite that chance, in the glacial epoch, had balanced upon a crag; and in the shadow of Nani, like great brown lizards dozing, lay the square bungalow and native huts of D. C. Robert Byron.

On the wide verandah sat Native Bob. As he stared down the yellow Mazoe valley the pale eyes appeared to be listening to the mutter of a drum in the shrill silence. Away across the curve of bleached grass a dark smudge moved from the shadow into the oblique rays of the sun; flickered and steadied, developing into four dots. He raised a glass of whisky and sparklet from the table beside him with the jerky action of fever-worn nerves. His scrawny features were mapped by the sun and malaria; his beard was rusty and streaked with grey; yet was he young by the standards of tropic life.

The violet shadows crept stealthily across the valley and ate up the moving dots. An intombizaan, whose white cotton robe, wound above the firm breasts and under the armpits, fell in classic folds, glided, lithe as a leopard, from the doorway, refilled the glass and as noiselessly disappeared. As the grotesque shadow of the sentinel upon the summit of Nani shot the crest of the eastern hillside, a tall figure in a khaki uniform of shirt and knickers, red striped, carrying a brass wired knoberry, emerged from a thicket of elephant grass; following him came a stunted Mashona with a rifle upon his skinny shoulders and two women bearing loads wrapped in grass mats upon their heads, their hips swaying rhythmically.

At the gate of the zareba the leader stiffened as he swung aside, and marched across the compound with an exaggerated military step. On the edge of the verandah he halted abruptly before the white man, and raising the right hand high above his head, ejaculated a bass: "N'koss!"

Impassively Byron regarded the figure silhouetted against the amber sky, the tribal cicatrices below each temple gleaming blue in the half light. At a murmured word and a slight nod, the hand came rigidly to the knicker seam. A few questions and grunted replies, a jerky military salute, the ebon legs turned stiffly and the tall figure marched away with automatic precision.

As lieutenants to his overlordship Byron had one dozen native police. They were recruited, on the principle that kinship leads to treason, from alien tribes. Every man who served under Native Bob was a model to all the Rhodesias. One of those splinters of fate which change the course of mice and nations had pierced the foot of the sergeant; through the aperture an evil spirit had entered into the body and had ousted the soul of that sergeant into the ghostland. To fill what a soulless Headquarters termed a "vacancy," they sent, acting on their favorite maxim of handing over any native difficulty to Native Bob, a certain sergeant Ufum-bula who, said the accompanying report, "exercised

an unusual control over his men as well as natives, but was given to incorrigible outbreaks of savagery."

From the ease of loin cloth in the acrid smoke of his hut among his women, Ufumbula was summoned to the presence of the white man, whom he discovered in a yellow silk dressing gown lounging on a charpoy on the verandah. Ufumbula knew the reputation of Native Bob as well as any native. So the taboos of the white man's drill game were left behind with the uniform. Ufumbula returned Byron's greeting in the dialect with native dignity of manner and sank upon his haunches. . . . Before the indaba was over, Native Bob understood the secret of Ufumbula's "unusual control over his men"—Ufumbula was a witch doctor.

Ufumbula came from the Pungwe valley, far over the gaunt mountains of the mist; rich was he in a folk lore and magic as new to Byron as a hive to a honey bird.

After the manner by which Native Bob had won his nickname and his power over the natives, these two spent the hot evenings in the telling of legends and stories of bloody deeds and black; in grave discussions, as between medicine men, upon the merits of turning water into blood—by the aid of permanganate of potash; of the divining of the future in the entrails of birds and beasts; of the "smelling out" of predetermined victims as possessors of the evil eye; and also they spoke of deeper mysteries, things forbidden even to any native who was not of the initiated.

So the administration of Native Bob ran sweetly. By day they played the white man's game: Deputy Commissioner for Native Affairs Byron, seated in the Chair of Authority, satrap of the great white King across the seas, assisted by sergeant Ufumbula—and by night they foregathered to attend to the serious things of life.

Then as the first rays of the moon greened the lone euphoria beside the dome of granite, and the drums pulsed like an artery in the inscrutable face of the mother of death and mystery, did Ufumbula begin the revelation of the motive which had urged him from the murmuring river to the uplands to seek service with the white man; the search for an ingredient to complete the making of a potent talisman that none could resist, such as the mighty Ingombaan had possessed; a talisman to be composed of a part of the heart of a leopard to give courage, of the lung of a gazelle to give swiftness, a tooth of a crocodile to give cruelty, of a certain portion of a virgin to bestow the power to command love, and—but to mention the missing ingredient was taboo, lest the familiar spirit of a rival should overhear.

When the telling of the tale was done they sat silent—carven figures in chrysoprase and lazulite in the turquoise heat.

Through the insectile anthem pulsed that rhythm, a single beat, monotonous, soaking into the white man's being as the first rain soaks into the sand of a river bed. The influence of the drums was always the same; he grew restless, yet remained immobile, receptive to the spell probing ever deeper into the subconscious, vitalizing the clutter of legends and sagas in his mind.

The drums ceased. Being seemed in suspension. Began a slower beat—as in the Marche Funèbre, throttling the feverish urge to the labor of a fail-

ing heart. . . . The pauses hurt, producing the illusion of an artrial control. The sense of inability to resist increased. He closed his eyes in masochistic longing, like a woman in sweet expectancy of a lover's fierce caress. . . . Images floated mistily; red impulses stirred. Myths pranced into reality. Grew an obsession that he was being possessed by the spirit Nqo—the sublimation of all his ancestors.

A change of rhythm partially awoke him. He saw that the intombizaan was squatting beside him. He was swaying unconsciously. Ufumbula was chanting in a minor key. Native Bob obeyed the urge to repeat the incantation in endless repetition. Inyama congo! . . . Inyama congo! . . . The meat is red! . . . The meat is red! . . . The meat is red! . . .

Now he had the illusion that he had been expelled from his body by Nqo, who seemed bound by some fixed law to repeat those two words for ever. His body trembled in a faint alarm, yet was soothed by the delicious joy of being possessed. . . . The three figures swayed in unison, and the hum of their voices rose like a gigantic mosquito dancing. . . .

Suddenly the drums changed to exultation; an imperative summons to action. Fear and delight danced madly. Nqo plucked at his sullen limbs; stabbed internally; wrenched back his lips in a lupine snarl. Hysteric groans in sympathy came from the native camp. The rhythm began to exercise a pneumatic control, seemed like a hand convulsively clutching his lungs. In the eyes of Ufumbula was the glare of the epileptic. Broke a falsetto chant ending in the "ough! ough! ough!" of the maddening chorus. The pallid ghost of reality drowned slowly.

"Oh, my friend, Nqo hath spoken!"

The whisper came at a moment when dissociation of mind was almost complete. Ufumbula rose up like a buck from out the grass. Unconscious of the surrender of his will, Byron obeyed.

In the native compound a large fire warred with the moon. Blue and yellow tints flickered on the dusky limbs of bodies dancing in grunting unison. A circle of women who were crouched in a shuffling dance, screamed shrilly in the staccato chorus as spear crashed against shield, knobkerry against calabash.

All suddenly there leaped the great figure of Ufumbula with horrific cries. Scattering symbolic embers, wild eyes rolling and hands outclawed, spewing froth and screams, he led the hysteric orgy. . . . Beside him pranced and gasped a white man who wrestled with the yellow ghost of Nqo.

III.

The art of the medicine man, be he white or black, orator or witch doctor, is to play upon the emotions of the people by exuding powerful stimuli without permitting himself to be controlled by his own suggestions.

A dream is most vivid immediately upon awakening; so were the confused memories of the night to Native Bob. The first emotions were amazement and terror—similar to the emotions of a Puritan maid overtaken by passion. As a drunken parson fears that the congregation may remark his heavy eyes, so did Byron dread the possible loss of prestige of the white man. Yet he could not distinguish any trace of insolence in the manners of his servants, and the placidity of gazelle brown eyes reassured him. The

images of that saturnalia faded; became the incredible happenings of a nightmare. Clearly could he recall impressions up to a point—after which they merged into the phantastic quality.

Haunted by the mysterious uncertainty, he opened the business of the day nervously. But the eyes of Ufumbula and his subordinates were as inscrutable as ever, irreproachable; the game was played with the habitual solemnity.

But as he sat that evening upon the verandah with his whiskey and sparklet, penates of his white estate, he was puzzled by a sense of relief—the satisfaction of an animal which has slaked a thirst. Yet behind a pale wonder at the monstrous dream of a yellow ghost with intoxicating hands there lurked a longing. As he watched the village smoke rise in lazy spirals on the heavy air unrippled by the throb of drums, he knew that he was listening, and as a drunkard sternly denies his own desire even as he lifts the glass up to his lips, so Native Bob forbade that Ufumbula should be summoned to his presence.

But as the great moon leaped, like a released balloon, above a hairy ridge, came Ufumbula stalking with an easy grace. No word said Native Bob, but listened as Ufumbula began to talk as if no buck had fed, no lion had roared with satisfaction since the telling of his epic story.

No drums were there that night, for the feast of the full moon was passed. Inscrutable as a sphinx the witch doctor sat and talked, thinking in perceptive images of the goal to which his impulse urged, and quietly lounged the white man, scarcely conscious of the elemental ego craving for the mental drug which loosed the bonds of civilized taboos. . . . But upon the fourth night Ufumbula brought with him a hand drum and with it wove a black cocoon. . . . In the hut of Ufumbula squatted Native Bob, mumbling incantations to the rhythmic throb in the acrid air of smoke and native sweat.

Thus, easily and inevitably, developed a complete state of dissociation of personality; the link between Deputy Commissioner Robert Byron and Native Bob thinned to the texture of a spider's web. Orgies there were of which every native from the Zambesi to the Limpopo knew, but no white as much as heard a whisper, for he was one of them, of the caste of the medicine man.

IV.

Then with the tightening of the heat strings came a summons from Headquarters which disturbed the dual lives of Native Bob and merged them into one. There was to be a conference upon the native labor problem. Reluctantly, and as sulkily as a schoolboy at the end of a holiday, went Native Bob; and with him Ufumbula, smart and soldierly in his uniform, a credit to the power of Deputy Commissioner Byron, a veritable familiar to Native Bob.

In the capital of tin bungalows scattered like a frightened flock of sheep around a red-bricked Residency at the foot of a wooded koppje, Native Bob shocked the Commissioner of Native Affairs by an uncompromising refusal to urge the dignity of labor and the advantages of miners' phthisis and pneumonia upon his swarming peoples.

"Damn the man! Been so long among 'em that he's half nigger himself," commented the Native Labor agent, thinking ruefully of his pound a head.

"'Straordinary! 'straordinary!" muttered Sir George irritably. "The man's invaluable. Only

got to raise his finger and they'd come like flies!" and determined to detain Native Bob until the coming of a governor from Downing Street.

So it was that Native Bob was condemned. The shyness of the up-country man is proverbial, a morose breed given to monosyllables and orgies of contemplative silences. In Native Bob these phenomena were exaggerated by the conflict of a half-freed primitive with the atrophied white partially resuscitated by social contact with his kind; the black in him was forced into the background, and it protested as furiously as a recaptured leopard after tasting blood again. In his official capacity social life was forced upon him, so that even talks with Ufumbula were taboo. At Government House and private dinners he appeared a sullen misogynist even as compared with his fellows from the back veldt; painful to observe in the presence of women white and clothed.

Now in the township dwelt one Mrs. Stella Downend, the buxom wife of a treasury official, possessed of two things, each more virtuous than the other. The first was a daughter, pallid in the heat, of body slim, of beauty none; and the second was a robust hallucination that she understood men. As sex projects romance so was the relation of the one to the other. As her husband was a member of the boiled shirt brigade, the wildest place she had ever seen was Salisbury; nevertheless, she made a specialty of the up-country man. She could scent him from afar; would lie in wait as stealthily as a wild cat, and no matter how skilled the quarry was in jungle lore, he knew not enough to escape this ferocious animal, seeking prey for her young. She informed him that she understood him; that his lonely life in the "frightful jungle" must be "perfectly awful"; that what he required was young society—which was the cue for the daughter to break cover. She would herd the two from tennis court to dinner, from picnics to the card table, supremely unconscious that she would have answered the call by a fit of hysteria had she known what was baying and snarling for expression in the mind of the stammering victim.

Native Bob as Deputy Commissioner of Native Affairs was big game. After him she loosed Sybil.

That he did not respond nor even reply to questions, mattered not at all; Sybil chattered for him, at him, round him. The sight of this morose, sallow man haunted by the slim young gadfly provided grim amusement to his silent kin, for his persecution was their immunity. After a fortnight Native Bob was seriously contemplating a bolt to his station without official permission, or the resignation of his office. Although there leaped a joy within him at the latter proposition, the economic chain held him fast.

His health began to suffer. He became obsessed by a fear that he would lose control. At the sound of distant drums the torture became acute, and often when he was beside Sybil's lithe young body the throb through the warm night caused to well a terrible impulse which shook his hands like an ague. What object that impulse had he did not know. Many times the urge to abandon his will became so intense that to save himself he rose abruptly and left her. But his rudeness caused no remark, nor did it slacken the efforts of the huntress: for all up-country men were "queer, y'know, my dear!"

Through the mask of Ufumbula's official face as

he rigidly escorted Native Bob about the social paths there gleamed an impelling invitation, prompting the impulse to cry, "Oh, my friend, let us go," to flee away over the shimmering horizon to the places of shrill silence; and at times the brown eyes rested upon the slim white girl, and then upon the white man, conveying an autocratic message, which Native Bob would desire to obey and yet deny.

V.

To celebrate the coming of the viceroy of the great white king beyond the seas a great indaba was commanded, to be preceded by a dance of two thousand warriors. Fortunately for Native Bob, official etiquette forbade the employment of his services in a district that was not within his jurisdiction; but the news disturbed and worried him. Tied by the official leg in a plane that was no longer his, he feared the influence of the drums. But escape was impossible. Relentlessly the day grew near; stinging and baiting, the gadfly buzzed around him; more insistent grew the mysterious message in the eyes of Ufumbula.

The Governor arrived. Salisbury looked like an ant heap disturbed. For three days glided long snakes of warriors into the long yellow valley to the persistent throb of drums from the hour of the monkey to the resting of the bat.

From the maze of the official reception and the Governor's dinner party stalked Native Bob in white duck, an unaccustomed sword at his hip, haggard and sallow, with absent listening eyes; to luncheon, dinner and the race course, pursued by the blue-eyed cheetah, haunted by the terror of the impulses that writhed within him. From women white and clothed he fled to sit upon the club verandah as long as any man was there, clinging with desperate hands, drinking hard to drown the terrible sound of drums by night, fearful of the lonely bungalow policed by white taboo.

All the morning pulsed the drums, a single beat, relentlessly persistent through the yellow glare. As the triangular shadow of the koppje began to devour Pioneer street, the dusky red road to Buluwayo became alive with mule carts, jinrikshas, horses and a few coughing automobiles, swarming to a point a mile away, where, like a huge black fan against a yellow dress, a great mass of natives squatted, awaiting the coming of the Governor.

Native Bob, helmeted and sullen, sat beside Miss Sybil Downend in a mule cart, shrinking in apprehensive fear from her white-gowned limbs. That persistent throb seemed to beat upon his brain. Reality appeared like a wet rock from which, if he relaxed his clutch, he would slip into the dread pool of beautiful dreams. A faint illusion of the arterial control persisted. Vague images danced and faded like mists upon a river. Reality was false; to his own hurt he was clinging to that which did not exist.

"Oh," exclaimed a voice beside him, "I do wish those horrible drums would stop, don't you? They make me feel funny—as if I were choking. And yet I want to laugh—or something. I don't know what. Don't they make you feel like that? Ah—but I expect you're used to them, aren't you?"

He turned to stare at her. Something in his mind kicked for freedom at every throb; his muscles con-

tracted spasmodically. He clutched the cushion of the seat.

"Oh, how queer you look! . . . Why, what's the matter?"

He wrenched his eyes away; struggled and was conscious of the distending of his nostrils; heard a mechanical portion of his mind making his stiff lips say: "I'm afraid I've got a touch of the sun." The words suggested escape. He continued hurriedly: "You must excuse me. I had better go back. I'm not well."

He called out to the driver to pull up, and rose.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed. "Do let me come back with you, Mr. Byron! I don't want to see this silly old show. Perhaps I can help or do something."

"No. Go on," he said imperatively. "Your mother will expect you," and he stepped down from the cart, bidding the driver to continue.

He stood in the dusty road, staring stupidly, conscious of Sybil's anxious face. He wondered if he were really ill. If only those drums would stop or—A sais came along upon a brown mare. Native Bob barked an order to dismount, leaped up, gave the mare a cut with his riding whip and galloped furiously across the veldt.

The thud of the hoofs seemed in time to the rhythm of the drums. Sweeping in a great circle round the koppje he arrived at his tin-roofed bungalow with the mare in a lather.

VI.

He hurried within and tore off the uniform of white with the impatience of a lover. He shrank from the inhibited suggestion of the white taboo. In the yellow robe he squatted in an inner room. Excitement had produced a physical reaction. He drank thirstily. The distant throb sought him out and possessed him. He began to sway in beatific relief.

The roar of the royal salute at the coming of the Governor contracted his muscles; sent a gleam into the pale eyes. The pulse of the drums changed to the staccato beat. The reality of the white man's environment faded. The orgasmic grunts began to exercise the pneumatic control; the invisible hand squeezed his lungs, causing him to grunt in unison. . . . The tall figure of Ufumbula towered above him, sank and appeared to blend with his own personality.

The illusion of complete absorption into the rhythm intensified. His arteries pulsed under the delicious domination. Masochistic enjoyment became ineffable. The spirit of Nqo possessed him. The Universe throbbed.

"Inyama congo! . . . Inyama congo! . . . The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! The meat is red! . . ."

A tenuous voice, incalculably distant, was saying:

"Oh, Mr. Byron, I just came back to see—oh, what are you doing?"

The words had no meaning. Some part of him, detached, understood. But—Nqo saw not.

"The meat is red! Red! Red! The meat is red! Red! Red! . . ."

Rhythm had changed. Nqo—saw! Limbs of white. Flesh! Flesh! Desire to act. Act! Act!

Nqo was blood. Blood! Blood! Rhythm was blood! Blood! Blood! . . .

"The meat is red! Ough! Ough! The meat is red! Ough! Ough! Ough! The meat is red! Ough! Ough!"

VII.

Like a singed spot in a blue blanket was the place of Nqo in the light of the great full moon.

From the indigo shadows of the forest rose the throb of drums and the grunts of many voices. In

the circle of the sacred ground was a calabash upon a fire. Yellow kisses flickered on the body of a grotesque figure dancing. His voice was as the roaring of a bull. A lion's mane was set upon his head. His face was three feet long; and his limbs were decked with human bones. In his whitened hands he held an object black and shrivelled, the heart of a white slain by her kind for the making of the potent talisman of the mighty Ingomba . . . and beside him pranced and jibbered . . . a frantic god of jade with amber beard Nqo.

An Epistle of Baphomet to the Illustrious Damozel Anna Wright, Companion of the Holy Graal, Shining Like the Moon.

CONCERNING DEATH

That She and Her Sisters May Bring Comfort to All Them That Are Nigh Death, and Unto Such as Love Them.

Beloved Daughter and Sister,

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

Let it be thy will, and the will of all them that tend upon the sick, to comfort and to fortify them with these words following.

IT is written in the Book of the Law: Every man and every woman is a Star. It is Our Lady of the Stars that speaketh to thee, O thou that art a star, a member of the Body of Nuit. Listen, for thine ears are become dulled to the mean noises of the earth; the infinite silence of the Stars woos thee with subtle musick. Behold her bending down above thee, a flame of blue, all-touching, all-penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, and think that all thy grossness shall presently fall from thee as thou leapest to her embrace, caught up into her love as a dewdrop into the kisses of the sunrise. Is not the ecstasy of Nuit the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of her body? All that hath hurt thee was that thou knewest it not, and as that fadeth from thee thou shalt know as never yet how all is one.

Again she saith: I give unimaginable joys on earth, certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death. This thou hast known. Time that eateth his children hath not power on them that would not be children of Time. To them that know themselves immortal, that dwell always in eternity, conscious of Nuit, throned upon the chariot of the sun, there is no death that men call death. In all the universe, darkness is only found in the shadow of a gross and opaque planet, as it were for a moment; the universe itself is a flood of light eternal. So also death is but through accident; thou hast hidden thyself in the shadow of thy gross body, and, taking it for reality, thou hast trembled. But the orb revolveth anon; the shadow passeth away from thee. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu! For inasmuch as thou hast made the Law of Freedom thine, as thou hast lived in Light and Liberty and Love, thou hast become a Freeman of the City of the Stars.

LISTEN again to thine own voice within thee. Is not Hadit the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star? Is not He Life, and the giver of Life? And is not therefore the

knowledge of Him the knowledge of Death? For it hath been shown unto thee in many other places how Death and Love be twins. Now art thou the hunter, and Death rideth beside thee with his horse and spear as thou chasest thy Will through the forests of Eternity, whose trees are the hair of Nuit thy mistress! Thrill with the joy of life and death! Know, hunter mighty and swift, the quarry turns to bay! Thou hast but to make one sharp thrust, and thou hast won. The Virgin of Eternity lies supine at thy mercy, and thou art Pan! Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age-long love. Hast thou not striven to the inmost in thee? Death is the crown of all. Harden! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!

Or art thou still entangled with the thorny plaits of wild briar rose that thou hast woven in thy magick dance on earth? Are not thine eyes strong enough to bear the starlight? Must thou linger yet awhile in the valley? Must thou dally with shadows in the dusk? Then, if it be thy will, thou hast no right but to do thy will! Love still these phantoms of the earth; thou hast made thyself a king; if it please thee to play with toys of matter, were they not made to serve thy pleasure? Then follow in thy mind the wondrous word of the Stélé of Revealing itself. Return if thou wilt from the abode of the stars; dwell with mortality, and feast thereon. For thou art this day made Lord of Heaven and of Earth.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
O thou that hast a single arm!
O thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with the billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star abodes,
Their keys receiving.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.

LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL.
The Benediction of the All-Begetter, All-Devourer
be upon thee.

PAX HOMINIBUS BONAE VOLUNTATIS

These words, "Peace to men of good will," have been mistranslated, "Good will towards men." Christ said that he did not come to bring peace, but a sword; that he would divide mother from son and father from daughter, careless of the effect of such remarks upon the feelings of Dr. Sigmund Freud. There is no warrant to suppose that Christ was any kind of a Pacifist. On the contrary, he not only prophesied the most terrible wars and disasters to humanity, which, by the theory, he had absolute power to stop, but he threatened eternal damnation to the great mass of men. Billy Sunday's presentation of Christ is a perfectly scriptural one. Christmas is therefore a season of peace to men of good will, and to them only. But who are these men of good will? Only those who happen to agree with us for the moment.

We have the most artistic photographs dating back not so long ago of Mr. Roosevelt with his arm around the Kaiser's neck. Immediately before the war Mr. Erbert G. Wells published a book in which he said that Germany was the one country in the world worth living in. German science, German manners, German morals, German everything was the only love of Mr. Erbert G. Wells. No sooner did war break out than he published another book to prove that Germans were raving maniacs hypnotized by Nietzsche. It is evident from these shining examples that our humanitarianism, like all other forms of thought, is strictly limited by time and space. The circumstances of the moment must rule our deepest beliefs. In other words we must be opportunists. The idea of moral character is outworn and ridiculous. Herbert Spencer has shown that the animal which adapts himself to his circumstances is going to survive longer than those who resist their environment. Away then with all considerations of principle! Good feeling, honor, truthfulness are merely false ideas. They are liable at any moment to get you into a mess. We must do as Mr. Pickwick said, "Shout with the largest crowd." One of the most dangerous things that we can do is to think for ourselves. Archimedes lost his life through being intent upon a geometrical problem when he ought to have been reading the newspapers so as to see the proclamation that his life was to be spared. His business was really to identify himself, and claim the protection of the conquerors. We hope that no reader of this paper is so foolish as to try to think for himself. What are papers for, but to save all this trouble? The only problem that can possibly present itself to us is this, "Which is the largest crowd?"

The idea of resisting repression is a totally wrong one. Christ submitted willingly to what is generally admitted to be the greatest crime ever perpetrated, although, as he himself explained, he had twelve legions of angels actually mobilized, which would have made as short work of the Romans as the angels of Mons did of the Germans in the early part of the war.

I have never been able to understand, by the way, why the angels contented themselves with a single victory. It would have been much nicer for everybody if they had marched straight on to Berlin. I have, therefore, the highest authority for submission to any kind of tyranny. Christ said, once again, "Agree with thy adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him, lest he deliver thee to the officer

and the officer deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the jailor, verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out till thou hast paid the very last mite," or words to that effect.

It is sometimes a little awkward to draw one's morals exclusively from the teachings of Christ. They sometimes lead apparently to contradictory conclusions; and, being equally bound by both, contentions arise in ourselves which are only too likely to lead to a neurosis; and that, as you know, leads to a kind gentleman asking us about what happened when we were three years old. The Australians have a better way of explaining these things. They say truthfully, "Oh, you are all right," and then as a sort of after thought, sadly, "It is a pity the tree fell on you."

Religion is in some respects a difficult if not a fallacious guide. *Quot homines tot sententiae*; or, as the Indians say, "A new language every eight miles." Our true guide is certainly the biological indication. Now, as explained above, biology counsels adaptation to circumstance. We shall save ourselves knocks if we do what the other man tells us without any grumbling. We may go so far perhaps as to say "brute" or "pig" when he is not within an ear shot, but even that is a little dangerous, tending rather to the calamity of thinking for ourselves. However, there are certain animals whose idea of biological adaptation is not quite so simple. There is the tiger, who adjusts his environment, or himself to his environment, by means of tooth and claw. The question is whether man is a savage brute like a tiger, or a dear little caterpillar whose highest aim in life is to look like a dead twig. It depends very largely as far as I can make out whether one happens to be a vegetarian or otherwise. It is a remarkable fact that this article appears to lead absolutely no where. The biological test of conduct breaks down in very much the same way as the religious test. What are we to do?

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law!

Now perhaps we shall get somewhere. If we conceive of each individual (with his heredity and environment complete) as a machine constructed to serve one definite purpose and one only, we relieve ourselves at once from all difficulty about moral judgment. We can justify the existence of President Wilson in keeping us out of war, making the world safe for democracy, and all these nice things which he does so splendidly; and we can also justify the existence of the monster, tyrant, assassin and religious maniac invented by the New York papers and labeled William. The economy of nature provides for all types. You cannot feed a horse on rabbits or a snake on grass, in spite of Mr. Swinburne's remarks about "the chewing of some perfumed deadly grass." At the same time, we have a perfect right to take sides with either the horse or the snake. If I were a machine made in Germany, I have no doubt that I should shout, "Hoch der Kaiser" whenever there was a slight lull in the conversation. Even so, if I had been born in a cannibal island, I should have been constantly agitating for a regular supply of missionaries, and cursed my local Hoover if the distribution was insufficient or the price prohibitive. So long, then, as we are true to ourselves, it is as with William Schwenck Gilbert, "You are right and I am right and everyone of us is right." At the present juncture my righteousness consists of being an animal of such a nature as to wish the power to pass into the hands of

those people who are reasonable. I do not quarrel with any one for being insane. I think he is perfectly right to maintain that he is a poached egg; but I also think that it would be more generally convenient if he airs that belief in seclusion. He will probably disagree with me; and we shall then proceed to submit the issue to various methods of arbitration, ending with that of arms. But let there be no mistake about it, both sides are absolutely in the right. Even if I prove that the other man is dishonest in his belief in the righteousness of submarine warfare or whatever it may be, the situation is not changed at all. He has a perfect right to be dishonest if he wants to. I may dislike this quality in him so much that I am willing to kill him as the only cure; and he is equally right to kill me if he dislikes the color of my necktie. How many people were killed because they wanted to spell "Homoiouios," "Homoiouios" with the iota?" But one thing seems evident to me: that unless we get rid of our hypocritical Anglo-Saxon plague of Pharisaism, we shall never be fit to live with.

The other day I came into a fortune, and went to buy a necktie. The young man (or should I say gentleman) who accommodated me in this matter was English, and remembered me in those days of glory when I wandered in Bond street, and bought as many as three neckties on the same day. Having purchased my tie and wept together about Bond street, we began to talk about the war. I said to him: "If I had come into this shop (or should I say store) with the firm conviction that you were a dangerous maniac, thirsting for my blood, that you were insensible to every feeling of humanity, that the fiercest and most malignant wild beast had nothing on you (I believe that is the correct phrase) in the matter of atrocity, I do not think we should have settled this matter of the tie (or should I say neckwear) with the philosophic calm which has characterized our interview up to this point." I regret to say that this person was so lost to all sense of patriotism as to agree with me.

It is necessary in many circumstances to fight; and, in order to fight well, one needs certain quite definite qualities. In olden days I did a good deal of fencing, by which I do not mean receiving stolen goods. I mean the play of rapier and small-sword. I learned that I must be entirely concentrated on the business on hand, and that elaborate arguments purporting to prove that my opponent was a Chinaman or a heretic, were out of place. I learned also that my best chance of defeating him was to know what he was going to do before he did it; to read his mind in his eye and his wrist. I think it will be clear that in order to read the man's mind, you must put away from you any-think like emotion. You are there to kill him efficiently, and you should practice the detachment of the surgeon, who does not wring his hands and wail when he sees the patient on the operating table.

Whether we want to fight Germany or to come to an amicable understanding with her does not matter. In either case, we are handicapping ourselves by hating her. We are failing to see her point of view. The Germans are under the monstrous delusion that God is with them; that they are fighting for their hearths and altars. It is none of our business to cure that delusion. We must accept it in estimating their minds. We can tell what they will do as soon as we can tell what they are thinking; if we make any mistake as to what they are thinking, we can no longer tell what they will do. Just so long as we hate them,

we blind our eyes and confuse our minds. Now, with regard to German atrocities, they may be perhaps a little more systematic than atrocities on the other side; but that is evidence of more system, not of more ferocity. I think, therefore, that we do wrong in blaming either side for any atrocity that they may have committed, whether it is the murder of an English nurse or a Javanese dancer.

And surely the rape and murder of a single Frenchwoman by one of the heroes who are saving France may outweigh a thousand such crimes committed by avowed enemies.

The mildest of animals, if it feels itself cornered, will resort to every means of defence. Queensberry rules were not invented for men who are scrapping in a life and death combat. How is it that the sentimental stay-at-home, domestic German becomes Giant Blunderbore? It is not a miracle. It is not an outbreak of collective sadism. It is simply the feeling that he is cornered. All Germans feel this. It may be a delusion on their part; but they have it; and we have to act on the assumption that they have it. Now what is the proper way to deal with people in this situation? There is only one sensible thing to do. We must remove the cause of their belief. Until we do this they are assuredly right in continuing to believe it. We should, therefore, say, "My dear friends, you are quite wrong in supposing that you are cornered. We do not wish to hurt you. We wish to come to an agreement with you on the points in dispute." This may be a little difficult, as we have all forgotten what those points were; but at least we can try to come to some arrangement as to what is best to be done. In other words, let us quit fighting for a few weeks or months, and have a conference. If nothing happens, we can go on fighting again with renewed zest. Speaking as an Irishman, I might go further and suggest talking and fighting at the same time—an ideal state of affairs! Now one cannot help saying that the Germans have shown their good faith in this matter very clearly. They are always proposing "peace conferences," thereby indicating that we are not, as some of their publicists maintain, "a gang of enraged millionaires bent upon destroying German liberties as American liberties have already been destroyed," but a set of sensible people who want to settle down and live happily ever after. We reply, "Certainly not, you are monsters. On with the revel!" In such circumstances the German can hardly be blamed for thinking that we are set upon their utter destruction, and this thought is bound to destroy in them all considerations of mercy and kindness, or even ordinary reasonableness. They must argue that we who will not even discuss the question of peace can be none other than Huns. (Now I've said it!) I am told that the German offers are not sincere. Then call the bluff by agreeing to the principle of conference. We need not be afraid of an armistice; time is on our side, not theirs.

Where such ideas are pushed to the limit the results are utterly abominable. We need only refer to the destruction of one of the finest races of the world, the American Indian, which was due to nothing but the conviction that he was a remorseless and treacherous savage. The American Civil War would have resulted in the utter ruin of the whole country had it not been that Grant, in the moment of victory, forgot all about Simon Legree, dismissed the whole howling of the wolves of the press as nonsense, and observed succinctly: *Let us have peace.*

THE BOX OF COUNTERS

By H. H. EWERS

Om dat de werelt is soe ongetru
Daer om gha ie in den ru.

—Breughel the Elder.

I had been waiting a very long time that evening for Edgard Widerhold. I was lying in a long chair, while the boy behind me slowly pulled the punkah. The old fellow had Hindoo boys, who had followed him here a long time ago. And now their sons and grandsons served him, too. They are good servants, and know how to wait on us.

"Go on, Dewla, tell your master I am waiting."

"Atcha, Sahib." Without a sound he glided away. I was lying on the terrace, and, like a vision, I saw the "Clear Stream" beneath. An hour ago the week-old clouds had dissolved; an hour ago the tepid rain had stopped falling, and the broad shafts of low light from the evening sun made bars across the violet mists of Tonkin.

Below the junks were riding at their moorings, and stirring from their sleep. The crews crawled out on deck: with round shovels, floor cloths, and tamarind-brooms they sluiced out the water and cleaned the sampans. But no one talked; they worked so quietly it was all but impossible to hear them; hardly a sound rose up to disturb the leaves and tendrils on the bank. A large junk sailed past, closely packed with légionnaires. I waved to the officers lying in the campan; they returned my salute wistfully. I dare say they would have rather sat with me on the spacious verandah of Edgard Widerhold's bungalow than have sailed up river for days and weeks through the hot rain, up to their miserable station. I counted—there were at least fifty légionnaires on the junk. A few were Irishmen and Spaniards; a few Flemings and Swiss, no doubt . . . and all the rest were Germans. Who may they be? No teetotalers, but boys after the heart of Tilly or of mad Duke Christian. There are sure to be some incendiaries amongst them, robbers and murderers—what better could be chosen for the purposes of war? They know their trade, you may believe me. There are others, too, from amongst the upper ten, those who disappear from society, to go under in the troubled waters of the Légion—clergymen and professors, members of the high nobility and officers. A bishop was killed in the storming of Ain-Souf; and how long ago is it that a German man-of-war came from Algiers for the corpse of another légionnaire and rendered to it all the honors due to a prince of the blood?

I lean over the balustrade: "Vive la Légion!" And they answer back, bawling loud from their raucous, drinkers' throats, "Vive la Légion! Vive la Légion!" They have lost their country, their family, their home, their honor, and their money. They have got only one thing left, which has to do duty for it all, *esprit de corps* ——— "Vive la Légion!"

I know them. Drinkers and gamblers, soute-neurs, deserters from camps all over the world. Anarchists all of them—who do not know what anarchism is, who rebelled and fled from the oppression of some insupportable compulsion. Half criminals and half children, small brains and big hearts—real soldiers. Landsknechts with the right instinct, that sacking and violating women is a fine thing, their very own profession; for they have been hired for killing, and he who may do the

greater thing should also be allowed to do the lesser one. They are adventurers who were born too late into this world of ours, who were not strong enough to hew out their own pathways. Each of them has been too weak for that, has collapsed in the undergrowth, and can move no further forward. A flickering will o' the wisp has led him astray long ago from the beaten track, and he was not able to find a way of escape. Something went wrong, but he does not know where. Each of them has been stranded, a miserable and helpless wreckage. But they find each other, they close the ring, they build a new pride of their own: "Vive la Légion!" It is mother and home and honor and country to them, all in one. Listen to their shouts: "Vive, vive la Légion!"

The junk draws away into the evening, westward, where at the second turn the Red River rolls into the Clear Stream. There she disappears, steers deep into the mist, far into this country of violet poisons. But they do not fear anything, these fair, bearded men; not fever, not dysentery, and least of all the yellow rebels. Have they not got alcohol enough and opium and their trusted Lebel rifles? What more could they want? Forty of the fifty will have to die; but, never mind, whoever comes back signs on again, for the glory of the Légion, not for that of France.

Edgard Widerhold entered the verandah. "Have they passed?" he asked me.

"Who?"

"The légionnaires!" He went to the balustrade and looked down the river. "Thank goodness, they have gone. The devil take them; I cannot stand seeing them."

"Is that so?" I said. Of course, like everybody else in the country, I knew the peculiar relations between the old fellow and the Légion, and I tried to fathom it. That's why I feigned surprise. "Is that so? And still the whole Légion adores you. A captain of the second Légion told me of you at Porquerolles, years ago: if ever I came to the Clear Stream I was to be sure to visit Edgard Widerhold."

"That must have been Karl Hauser, of Muhlhausen."

"No; it was Dufresnes."

The old man sighed. "Dufresnes, the Auvergnat! It's many a glass of Burgundy he drank here."

"Like all the rest, no doubt!"

Eight years ago, the house, nicknamed "Le Bungalow de la Légion," had closed its doors; and Mr. Edgard Widerhold, "le bon Papa de la Légion," had instituted his depot of supplies in Edgardhafen. That was the small harbor of Widerhold's farm, two hours down river. The old man had persisted in having even the postal designation, "Edgardhafen," on the stamp, and not "Port d'Edgard." For though his house had indeed been closed to the Légion since that time, neither his heart nor his hospitality had been lacking. Every passing junk of the Légion called at Edgardhafen, and the manager took a few cases of wine aboard for officers and men. With it went always the old man's visiting card with the message: "Mr. Edgard Widerhold regrets greatly not being able to see the gentlemen this time. He begs of them to accept kindly the pres-

ent gift, and is drinking the health of the Légion." And every time the officer in command would express thanks for the kind present and the hope of being able to thank the giver in person on his return. But it never went any further; the doors of the spacious house near the Clear Stream remained closed to the Légion. Sometimes a few officers still paid a call, old friends, whose wine-gladdened voices had rung often enough through the rooms. The boys took them to the verandah and put the choicest wines in front of them; but the officers would never be able to see the old man. Consequently they stayed away; slowly the Légion got used to the new way. There were already many who had never seen him, who only knew that at Edgardhafen it was the thing to call, to take wine aboard, and to drink the health of a mad old German. Every one of them looked forward to this, the only break of the hopeless journey though the rain on the Clear Stream, and Edgard Widenhold was as much liked in the Légion as before.

When I came to him I was the first German he had talked to for years—of course he had seen many of them down the river. I am certain the old fellow hides behind a curtain and looks down whenever a junk of the Légion passes. But to me he talked again in German. I think that's the reason why he keeps me here, always finding some new reason for postponing my departure.

The old fellow does not belong to the shouting kind. He abuses the German Empire like a pick-pocket. He is very old, but must needs live ten times as many years to suffer all the penalties which his crimes of *lèse majesté* alone would cost him. He curses Bismarck, because he allowed the continuance of the Kingdom of Saxony and did not annex Bohemia, and he curses the third Emperor because he allowed himself to be cheated into swapping the East African Empire for Heligoland. And Holland! We must have Holland, if we mean to live on, Holland and her Sunda Islands. It's got to be, it cannot be helped; we shall go to the devil if we do not get it. Then of course the Adriatic! Austria is a calculated piece of nonsense, an idiocy which is a blot on any self-respecting map. Ours are her German provinces, and, as we cannot allow them to shut the door in our face, we have to have the Slavonic districts which keep us from the Adriatic as well, Carniola and Istria. "The Devil take me!" he shouts; "I know we shall get lice in our furs with them! But rather a fur with lice than being frozen to death without a fur!" Already to-day he sees himself sailing under the black-white-and-red from a German Trieste to a German Batavia.

Then I ask him, "And what about our friends, the English?"

"The English!" he bawls: "they shut up if you hit them square on the jaw!"

He loves France, and is glad for her to have a spacious place in the sun; but he hates the English. Such is his way; if a German pours poisonous abuse over Emperor and Empire, he rejoices in it and laughs. And if a Frenchman jokes at our expense, he laughs, but is not slow in paying him back by recalling the latest idiocies of the Governor at Saigon. But if an Englishman dares so much as make the most innocent remark about the most idiotic of our consuls, he waxes furious. That was the reason that he had to leave India. I do not

know what the English colonel said, but I know that Edgard Widerhold lifted up his riding whip and knocked one of his eyes out. That is now as many as forty years ago, may be fifty or sixty. He had to flee, went to Tonkin, and was squatting on his farm long before the French came into the country. Then he hoisted the Tricolore on the Clear Stream, sad that it was not the black-white-and-red flag that waved to the breeze, but still glad that at least it was not the Union Jack.

Nobody knows how old he actually is. Whom the tropics do not devour in his younger years they dessicate. They make him weatherproof and hard, and give him a mail of yellow leather, which defies all corruption. Such an one was Edgard Widerhold. An octogenarian, perhaps a nonagenarian, he was six hours daily in the saddle. Long and narrow was his face, long and narrow his hands, every finger armed with big yellow nails, each longer than a match, hard as steel, sharp and curved like the claws of a wild animal.

I offered him my cigarettes. I had long ago given up smoking them, the sea air had spoiled them. But he loved them—they had been made in Germany.

"Won't you tell me for once why you banished the Légion from your bungalow?"

The old fellow did not go away from the balustrade. "No!" he said. Then he clapped his hands. "Bana! Dewla! Wine, glasses!" The boys set the table; he sat down near me, and pushed the papers towards me. "There," he went on, "have you read the *Post*? The Germans gained a splendid victory in the motor race at Dieppe. Benz and Mercédès or whatever make they are. Zeppelin has finished his airship—he promenades over Germany and Switzerland, wherever he wants. There, look at the last page—chess tournament at Ostend. Who has got the prize? A German! Really it would be a joy to read the papers if only they had not to chronicle the doings of the lot in Berlin. Look at their idiocies — —."

But I interrupted him. I did not care to hear any more about the diplomatic stupidities of these gigantic asses. I drank to him "Good health! To-morrow I have got to go."

The old man pushed his glass away. "What—to-morrow?"

"Yes: Lieutenant Schlumberger will pass with part of the third battalion. He is going to take me along."

He gave the table a blow with his fist. "That is a dirty trick!"—"What?"

"That you want to go to-morrow, to the devil! A low down trick I call it."

"Well, after all, I cannot stay here for ever!" I laughed. "It will be two months, next Tuesday—"

"That's just it! Now that I've got used to you. Had you ridden away after an hour, I should not have cared."

But I would not give in. Good Lord, had he not had people staying with him often enough and seen them leave again, one after the other? Until some fresh ones arrived.

That made him start. In olden times, yes, indeed, in olden times he would not have lifted a finger to keep me. But now, who was there to see him now? Two people a year, and once every five

years a German, ever since he could not bear any longer to see the légionnaires.

There I got him again. And I told him I would stay another week if he told me why——

That, again, he called a low down trick—what, a German poet bartering his ware, like a tradesman?

I argued upon that. "Raw material," I said. "Wool from the peasant. But we spin the threads and weave colored rugs."

He liked that; he laughed. "For three weeks I shall sell the story!"

I have learned bargaining at Naples. Three weeks for a story—most expensive. And then, I told him, it meant buying a pig in a poke without knowing whether the stuff was any use at all. At the best I would get two hundred marks for the story, and I had been here already two months, and he wanted me to stay for another three weeks—and all the time I had not produced as much as a line. And, after all, there would have to be something for myself, and as it was I was always out of pocket, and, in short, he was ruining me.

But the old fellow looked after his own. "The twenty-seventh is my birthday," he said. "I do not want to spend it by myself. Well, then, eighteen days—that's the best I can do! I will not tell the story for less."

"All right, then," I sighed, "that is a bargain!"

The old fellow shook hands. "Bana," he called, "Bana! Take away the wine. Bring shallow glasses and champagne."

"Atcha, Sahib, atcha."

"And you, Dewla, get Hong-Dok's box and the counters."

The boy brought the box, and at a nod of his master's put it in front of me, pressing a spring so that the lid moved back. It was a big box made of sandalwood, the delicate scent of which filled the air in a moment. The wood was closely inlaid with the tiniest leaves of mother o' pearl and ivory, the sides were carved with elephants, crocodiles, and tigers set in scroll-work. But the lid showed a picture of the Crucifixion; it may have been copied from an old print. Only the Saviour was beardless, had a round, or rather full, face, which, however, betrayed an expression of the most terrible suffering. There was no wound in the side of the body, neither was there a proper cross; this Christ seemed to have been nailed to a flat board. The tablet at His head did not show the letters I. N. R. I., but others, viz., K. V. K. S. II. C. L. E.

This presentment of the Crucified God had an uncanny realism; I could not help being reminded of Mathias Grunewald's painting, although they had nothing at all in common. The innermost conception was radically different; this artist did not seem to have derived his powers of attaining the extreme limit of realism in portraying the terrible from an immense pity or from a capability of understanding, but rather from a passionate hatred, a voluptuous submersion in the torments of the sufferer. The work had been executed with an immense amount of pains; it was the masterpiece of a great artist.

The old fellow saw my enthusiasm. "You have it," he said quietly.

I grasped the box with both hands. "Do you want to make a present of it to me?"

He laughed. "Present—no! But I have sold

you my story, and the box you hold—is my story."

I was burrowing amongst the counters—round, triangular, and rectangular pieces of mother o' pearl of a deep metallic iridescence. Each single one showed on both sides a little picture, the contours cut out, the details finely chased.

"Will you give me the key to it?" I asked.

"You are playing with the key there! If you put the counters in order nicely, as they follow each other, you may read my story as in a book. But now close down the lid and listen. Fill up, Dewla!"

The boy filled the glasses, and we drank. Then he charged the short pipe of his master, handed it to him, and put a light to it.

The old fellow inhaled the acrid smoke and blew it out sharply. Then he leant back and motioned to the boy to start the punkah.

"You see," he began, "it is quite correct what Captain Dufresnes or whoever else it was told you. This house well deserved being called the bungalow of the Légion. Up here the officers sat and drank—and the privates down below in the garden; often enough I invited the latter also to come up on the verandah. You know, the French do not have those ridiculous notions of class difference as we have them; off duty the ranker is as good as his general. Most of all this holds good in the colonies, and particularly in the Légion, where many an officer is a peasant, and many a ranker a gentleman. I used to go down and drink with the men in the garden, and whoever I liked I asked to come upstairs. Believe me, I met in those days many a curious beggar, many a hard-boiled sinner, and many a babe longing for his mother's apron strings. That was my great museum, the Légion, my great big book, which told me new fairy tales and adventures over and over again.

"For the boys used to tell me things; they liked to get me by myself and to open their hearts to me. You see, it is quite true, the légionnaires loved me, not only because of the wine and the few days' rest which they got here. You know the kind of people they are, and that each considers his rightful property whatever he claps his eyes on; that it is not safe for either officer or ranker to leave the smallest thing lying about, for it would disappear in the twinkling of an eye. Well, then, in over twenty years it happened only once that a légionnaire stole something from me, and his comrades would have killed him had I not interceded myself on his behalf. You do not believe that? Neither should I if somebody else told me, and still it is literally true. The boys loved me because they were well aware that I loved them. How did it all come about? Good Lord, as the time went on. No wife, no child, and quite by myself out here through all the years. The Légion—well, it was the only thing, that gave me back Germany, that made the Clear Stream German for me, in spite of the Tricolore. I know, the law-abiding citizens at home call the Légion the foulest dregs and scum of the nation. Gaol fodder, worth nothing better than to perish. But these dregs, which Germany spat out contemptuously on to these latitudes, these outcasts, of no use any longer in the beautifully regulated home land, contained dross of such rare color that my heart laughed with joy. Dross indeed! Not worth a farthing for the jeweler, who sells big diamonds set in heavy rings to prosperous butchers.

But a child would pick it up on the sands. A child and old fools like myself, and mad poets like yourself, who are both—children and fools! For us this dross is valuable, and we do not want at all that it should perish. But it perishes. Without help, one piece after another—and their manner of perishing, pitifully, miserably, through long tortures, that's what I cannot bear. A mother may see her children dying, two or three. She is sitting there, her hands in her lap, and cannot help them; she cannot. But all that passes, and the day will come when she will get the better of her pain. But I—the father of the Légion—have seen a thousand children die, each month, nearly every week they died away. And I had no power to help them, none at all. You see now why it is I do not collect dross any longer; I cannot go on seeing my children die.

"And how they died! In those days the French had not penetrated the country as far as to-day. The furthest outpost was only a three days' sail up the Red River, and there were exposed posts in and around Edgardhafen. Dysentery and typhoid were the usual and expected thing in those damp camps, and side by side with both tropical anæmia cropped up here and there. You know this particular illness: you know also how quickly it kills. Quite a light, weak attack of fever, that scarcely makes the pulse go quicker, day and night. The patient does not want to eat any longer; he gets capricious, like a fine lady. But he wants to sleep, sleep all the time—until at last the end comes slowly, the end that he welcomes because at last he will get his fill of sleep. Those who died of anæmia were the lucky ones, they and the others who fell fighting. God knows, it is no fun to die of a poisoned arrow, but, after all, it is a quick job, over in a few hours. But how few were there who died like that—scarcely one amongst a thousand. And for their luck the others had to pay heavily enough, those who happened to fall alive into the hands of those yellow devils. There was Karl Mattis, who had deserted from the Deutz-Cuirassiers, corporal in the first company, a broth of a boy, who would not be deterred by the maddest danger. When the Gambetta station was attacked by a force a thousand times superior in numbers, he undertook with two others to slip through and to take the news to Edgardhafen. During the night they were attacked, one of them was killed, Mattis was shot in the knee. He sent on his comrade and covered his flight for two hours against the Black-flags. At last they caught him, tied his hands and legs together, and tied him to a tree trunk, over there on the shallow banks of the stream. For three days he was lying there, until the crocodiles devoured him, slowly, bit by bit, and still they had more pity than their two-legged fellow countrymen. Half a year later they captured Hendrik Oldenkott, of Maastricht, a seven-foot giant, whose incredible strength had been his ruin; in a state of heavy intoxication he had killed his own brother with his bare fist. The Légion saved him from the gaol, but not from the judges he found over here. Down there in the garden we found him, still alive. They had cut his belly open, filled the abdominal cavity with rats, and neatly sewed it up again. Lieutenant Heudelimont and two privates had their eyes picked out with red hot needles; they were found in the woods half dead of starvation. They hacked off Sergeant Jakob Bieberich's feet and made him play Mazeppa on a dead crocodile.

Near Edgardhafen we fished him out of the river; for three cruel weeks he lived on in the hospital before he died.

"Is the list long enough for you? I can go on, string name on name. One does not cry out here any longer—but had I shed a few tears for each of them they would fill up a barrel, bigger than any in my cellar. And the story contained in this box of counters is only the last little drop which made the full barrel run over."

The old fellow pulled the box towards himself and opened it. With his long nails he searched among the counters, picked out one, and passed it to me. "There, look you; this is the hero of the story."

The round mother o' pearl counter showed the picture of a légionnaire in his uniform. The full face of the soldier showed a striking likeness to the image of Christ on the lid; the reverse showed the same inscription as over the head of the crucified figure: K. V. K. S. II. C. L. E. I read: K. von K., soldier, second class, Légion Etrangère.

"That's correct!" said the old fellow. "That's he: Karl von K——" He interrupted himself. "No, never mind about the name. If you want, you could find it easily enough in an old Navy List. He was a naval cadet before he came over here. He had to leave the service and the fatherland at the same time; I believe it was that foolish paragraph 218 of our previous criminal code which brought about his prosecution. There is no paragraph in that code too idiotic to win recruits for the Légion.

"Dear me, he was a joy to look at, the naval cadet! They all called him that, comrades and officers alike. A desperate fellow, who knew that he had gambled away the chances of his life, and now got his sport by playing the Limit all the time. In Algiers he had defended a camp by himself; when every officer and non-com, had fallen he assumed the command of ten légionnaires and a few dozen goumiers, and stuck to the hole, until relief came up a few weeks after. That was when he got promoted for the first time; three times he was promoted, and as many times reduced to the ranks again. That's their way in the Légion—sergeant to-day and private again to-morrow. As long as they are out in the open it's all right; but this unbounded liberty cannot stand the atmosphere of the towns; they get into some nasty trouble in a moment. It was also the naval cadet who in the Red Sea jumped after General Barry when he slipped on the gangway and fell into the water. Amid the cheers of the men he fished him out, regardless of the giant sharks.

"His faults? He drank heavily—like every légionnaire. And, like all of them, he was for ever after the women, and at times he forgot to ask nicely for permission first. And then—well, he treated the natives a good deal more *en canaille* than was absolutely necessary. But otherwise a magnificent fellow, for whom no apple was hanging too high. He was clever; in a few months he spoke the gibberish of the yellow scoundrels better than I had learned to in all the years I have been living here in my bungalow. His comrades thought I was making a fool of myself over him. Well, well, it was not quite as bad as that; but I was very fond of him, and he, too, stood closer to me than the rest. A whole year he was in Edgardhafen: and he drank a mighty gap into my cellar. He did not say, "No, thanks!" when he had only got to the fourth glass, as you do! Go on, drink! Bana, fill up!

"Then he went to Fort Valmy, which was the furthest station in those days. Four days you have

to sail up river in a junk, crawling through the never-ending bends of the Red River. But it is much nearer as the crow flies; on my waler mare I can ride up there in eighteen hours. In those days he came here only very seldom; but, nevertheless, I saw him sometimes when I used to ride there to pay a visit to another friend of mine.

"That was Hong-Dok, the maker of this box.

"You smile? Hong-Dok—a friend of mine? That's what he was, all the same. Believe me, there are people out here quite your equals—few, very few, I must own. But he was one of them, Hong-Dok. And perhaps he was more than my equal. Fort Valmy—we shall ride out there one of these days; the Marines are quartered there now—no *légionnaires* any longer. It is an ancient, incredibly dirty town; the small French fortress rises above it on a hill near the river. Narrow, muddy streets, poor miserable houses. But that is only the town of to-day. In olden times, many centuries ago, it must have been a big, beautiful city, until the Black-flags came from the north, those cursed Black-flags, who give us so much trouble still. The heaps of *débris* around the town are six times as large as the town itself; whoever wants to build there can get the material cheap enough. But right amongst these miserable ruins there stood a big old building—you might have called it a palace—close to the river: Hong-Dok's house. It had been there from time immemorial, and the Black-flags had spared it out of some kind of religious fear.

"In that house used to live the rulers of this country, Hong-Dok's ancestors. He had a hundred generations of ancestors, and still another hundred, and yet a third hundred—more than all European dynasties put together—but he knew them all. Knew their names, knew what they had done. Princes they had been and emperors, but Hong-Dok was a wood carver, as his father had been, and his grandfather and great-grandfather. Because the Black-flags had spared the house, it is true, but nothing further, and the rulers were reduced to beggarly poverty like the least of their subjects. Thus the old stone house fell to pieces amongst the red blooms of the hibiscus bushes. Until a new glamor lit it up when the French arrived. For Hong-Dok's father had not forgotten the history of his country, as had done all those who ought to have been his subjects. And when the Europeans took possession of this country he was the first to give them greeting on the Red River. He rendered invaluable services to the French, and in recognition he was given land and cattle and a small stipend, and was made a kind of civil prefect of the town. That was the last little piece of good fortune that the ancient family experienced. To-day the house lies in ruins, like the surroundings. The *légionnaires* smashed it; they did not leave one stone upon another; they avenged on it the murder of the naval cadet, because the murderer had escaped them.

"Hong-Dok, my great friend, was the murderer. Here's his portrait."

The old man handed me another counter. It showed on one side in Roman letters Hong-Dok's name; on the other the picture of a native of the noble classes in native costume. But its execution was careless and lacking in detail, not approaching the beautiful work of the other counters.

Edgard Widerhold read my thoughts. "You are right," he said; "it's no good, this counter, the only one amongst the lot. It is very curious, just as if

Hong-Dok did not care to call even the least attention to his own person. But have a look at this little gem!"

With the claw of his forefinger he shot another counter in my direction. It showed the portrait of a young woman, who was beautiful even according to European notions; she was standing in front of a hibiscus bush, a little fan in her left hand. It was a masterpiece of unsurpassable perfection. The reverse showed again the name, Ot-Chen.

"This is the third figure in the tragedy of Fort Valmy," continued the old man. "Here you see a few minor actors and supers. He pushed a few dozen counters across the table; they showed on both sides big crocodiles in all sorts of positions; some of them swimming in the river, others sleeping on the bank, a few with jaws wide open, others again whipping their tails or raising themselves high up on their forelegs. A few were conventionalized; most of them, however, realistic; they all showed an extraordinary observation of the animal's habits.

Another lot of counters slid across to me, impelled by the yellow claws of the old man. "The venue," he said. One counter showed a big stone building, evidently the home of the artist; on others were representations of rooms and vignettes of a garden. The latter gave views of the Clear Stream and of the Red River—one of them as seen from Widerhold's verandah. Every one of these wonderful counters called forth unbounded delight in me; I actually took sides with the artist and against the naval cadet. I stretched out my hand for more counters.

"No!" said the old man; "wait! You shall see it all in proper order, each in its turn. As I have told you, Hong-Dok was a friend of mine, as his father had been. Both of them had worked for me through all those years. I was practically their only customer. When they became rich they kept on cultivating their art—only they would not take money any longer. The father even went so far as to insist on returning to me the last farthing of the money which I had paid him one time and another, and I had to accept it, if I did not wish to offend him. Thus, indeed, the contents of all the cupboards which you are so fond of admiring did not cost me a farthing.

"Through me the naval cadet became acquainted with Hong-Dok; I took him there once myself. I know what you are going to say: the naval cadet was a petticoat-hunter, and Ot-Chen was a most desirable quarry. Is not that it? And I might have thought that Hong-Dok would not just sit there and look on? No, no; there was nothing I could foresee. You might, perhaps, have thought that; but not I, who knew Hong-Dok so well. When all had happened, and Hong-Dok told me the story, up here on the verandah—oh, in a far more quiet and collected way than I do at present—it appeared to me, nevertheless, so unlikely that I found it scarcely possible to believe him. Until, right in the middle of the river, a proof came swimming along, which admitted of no more doubt. I have often thought about the matter, and I think I know now some of the curious reasons which impelled Hong-Dok to his deed. A few, but who could read everything in a brain that carried the impress of a thousand generations and was sat-

urated to the full with power, with art and with the all-penetrating wisdom of opium?

"No, no; there was nothing I could have foreseen. If anybody had asked me then, 'What would Hong-Dok do, if the naval cadet seduced Ot-Chen or any other of his nine wives?' I would have answered without fail, 'He would not even look up from his work!' Or even, if he is in a good temper, he will make a present of Ot-Chen to the naval cadet. Thus must have acted the Hong-Dok I used to know, thus and not otherwise. Ho-Nam, another one of his wives, he caught once with a Chinese interpreter; he thought it below his dignity to say as much as a single word to either of them. Another time it was Ot-Chen herself who deceived him. So you can see that there was not a particular preference just for this woman by which he was actuated. The almond eyes of one of my Indian boys who had ridden with me to Fort Valmy had fascinated little Ot-Chen, and even if the two were not able to say a word to each other, they soon were in sweet agreement. Hong-Dok caught them in his garden; but he never lifted a hand against his wife, neither would he allow me to punish the boy. All that touched him no more than if a dog barked at him in the street—he would scarcely turn his head. There doesn't seem to me the most remote possibility that a man of Hong-Dok's unshakable philosophic calm should have lost his head for a moment and have acted in a sudden ebullition of temper. And, quite apart from that, the severe investigations which we held after his flight amongst his wives and servants showed clearly that Hong-Dok had deliberated and carefully executed even the smallest detail of his deed. Thus it would appear that the naval cadet was a constant visitor to the stone house for three months, and kept up all this time his relations with Ot-Chen, relations of which Hong-Dok was told after the first few weeks by one of his servants. But, in spite of it all, he let them go on with it quietly, rather using the time to mature the cruel manner of his vengeance, which I feel certain he must have decided to take from the first moment.

"But why did he resent as a bitter insult what the naval cadet did, when the same action committed by my Indian boy made him scarcely smile? I may be mistaken, but I think I have found the tortuous path of his thoughts after a prolonged search. Hong-Dok was a king. We laugh if we find on our coins the letters D.G., and most of our European princes deride no less their tenure by the Grace of God. But imagine a ruler who believes in it, whose conviction that he is the Lord's anointed is really as firm as the rocks. I know the comparison does not quite fit, but there is a certain likeness. Hong-Dok, of course, did not believe in a god; he only believed the precepts of the great philosopher; but that his family was a thing apart, sky high above everybody else, of that he was—and quite rightly so—firmly convinced. From ages without origin his ancestors had been rulers, monarchs of unlimited power. A prince with us, if he has got a scrap of intelligence, knows quite well that there are many thousands in his country who are very much more clever and a great deal better educated than he is himself. Hong-Dok and all his ancestors were equally certain of the contrary; a gigantic chasm had always separated them from the great masses of their people. They alone were rulers, while all the rest were abject slaves.

They alone had wisdom and knowledge—they came in contact with their peers only on those rare occasions when ambassadors arrived from the neighboring kingdom on the sea, or from Siam far away in the south, or even Chinese mandarins across the mountains of the savage Meos. We would say, Hong-Dok's ancestors were gods amongst men. Theirs was a different kind of life: they felt themselves men amongst dirty animals. Do you see the difference? A dog barks at us—we scarcely turn our heads.

"Then arrived the barbarians from the north, the Black-flags. They took the country and destroyed the town, and many other towns in these regions. Only the house of the ruler they would not touch; they did not hurt as much as a hair on anyone's head who belonged to the ruler's house. Where peace and quiet had been ruling the country now echoed for ever with murder and killing; but the turmoil did not reach the palace on the Red River. And Hong-Dok's ancestors despised the savage hordes from the North as much as they had despised their own people; nothing could have bridged the colossal chasm. Animals they were, exactly as the others; but they themselves were men who knew the wisdom of the philosopher.

"Then lightning cleft the mists on the river. From far distant shores strange white beings arrived, and Hong-Dok's father saw with joyous surprise that they were men. He could see, of course, the difference between himself and the strangers; but this difference was infinitely small, compared with that which separated him from the people of his own country. And, like so many others among the nobles of Tonkin, he felt at once that he belonged to them, and not to the others. Hence his ever ready assistance from the first moment, consisting chiefly in teaching the French to discern between the quiet, peaceful aborigines and the bellicose hordes of the north. And when he was appointed civil prefect of the country the population continued to see in him their real, native sovereign. It was he who had freed them from the nightmare of the Black-flags; the French had only been his tools, foreign warriors he had called into the country. Thus he was considered as ruler by his people, with powers quite as unrestricted as once his ancestors, of whom they were told in half-forgotten tales.

"Thus grew up Hong-Dok, the son of a prince, destined to rule himself. Like his father, he considered the Europeans men, and not silly animals. But now that the good fortune of the old palace had been built up again he had more leisure for looking closely at these strangers, for finding out the differences existing between them and himself, also amongst them. Being in constant touch with the Légion, he acquired as sure a knowledge as my own in recognizing the private who was a gentleman and the officer who was a serf, in spite of the gold lace. Indeed, all through the East it is far more education than birth which distinguishes the gentleman from the serf. He was well aware that all these warriors towered high above his people—but not above himself. While his father had considered every white man as his equal, Hong-Dok did not do so any longer, and the closer and the more intimate his acquaintance with them the fewer he found who could be considered his equals. He agreed they were wonderful, unconquerable warriors—each single one of them worth more than

a hundred of the dreaded Black-flags—but was that fame? Hong-Dok despised soldiering as much as any other profession. They all were able to read and to write—their own characters, it is true, but he did not mind that; but there was scarcely one amongst them who knew the meaning of philosophy. Hong-Dok did not demand that they should know the great philosopher, but he expected to find some other foreign wisdom, equally profound. And he found nothing. These white men knew less of the ultimate origin of all things than the lowest smoker of opium. But there was one thing which caused him surprise and greatly lowered his esteem for them: the attitude they assumed to their religion. It was not the religion itself which he disliked, and he thought the Christian creed as good as the others he knew of. Now, our légionnaires are anything but religious, and no clergyman, mindful of his duty, would allow any of them to partake of the Sacrament. And yet at times, in moments of great danger, a mutilated prayer for help tore itself from their hearts. Hong-Dok had noticed that—and he found that these people actually believed that an impossible help might be sent to them by some unknown power. Now he went on with his investigations—did I tell you that Hong-Dok spoke a better French than I?—and made friends with the kindly military chaplain of Fort Valmy. And what he discovered then corroborated more and more the conviction of his own superiority. I remember quite well still, how he talked to me about these matters one evening in his smoking-room, how he smiled when he told me that now he knew how the Christians really looked at their cult, and that even the priest had no understanding for the symbolical.

"The worst of it was that he was right; I had not a word to say to him. We Europeans are believers—or we are not believers. But for Christians in Europe who guard the faith of their fathers with loving care like a beautiful raiment covered with profound symbols, you may look with the lantern of Diogenes, and you may be quite sure you will find not a single one out here in Tonkin. But just some such conception was the most natural thing for this Eastern sage, a thing that goes by itself, indispensable for the man of real education. And when he discovered its downright absence, and was not even understood by the priest in thoughts which he considered the most simple, he lost a great deal of his admiration and esteem. In many things the Europeans were his superiors—things, however, which he thought of scarcely any value. In others, again, they were his equals: but in the matter most important of all, the profoundest recognition of all life, they stood far, far below him. And as the years went on, this contempt gave birth in him to a hatred that slowly grew, the more the foreigners became the actual rulers of his country, the more they advanced, step by step, uniting all power in their strong hands. Already in his country they did not need any longer that mediating semblance of power which they had given to his father, and later on to himself; he felt strongly that his father had been mistaken, and that the old stone horse near the river was out of it for ever. I do not believe that, for all that, bitterness crept into the mind of this philosopher, who took life as it came; on the contrary, the consciousness of his own superiority may have been for him a source of joyous satisfaction. The modus of living with the

Europeans which he evolved in the course of the years was very simple; he retired into himself as much as he could, but treated them in all externals quite sincerely as his equals. But he closed to everybody the gates and windows of the house behind his angular yellow forehead, and if he opened them at times to me, that was owing to a friendship which he had practically imbibed with his mother's milk, and which was ever kept alive by my vivid interest in his art.

"Such a one was Hong-Dok. Not for a moment could it stir him, when his wives compromised themselves with the Chinese interpreter or one of my boys. Had there been any results of these trifling escapades, Hong-Dok would simply have had the brats drowned, not out of hatred or revenge, but just as one drowns puppies—simply because they are not wanted. And had the naval cadet, when he took a liking to Ot-Chen, asked him for her as a present, Hong-Dok would have given her to him at once.

"But the naval cadet came into his house like a gentleman—and he took away his wife like a scullion. On the first evening already Hong-Dok recognized that this légionnaire was made of finer stuff than most of his comrades; I could see that, because with him he came out a little from the shell of his courteous reserve. And during their further relations with each other—all that is only surmise on my part—the naval cadet most probably treated Hong-Dok exactly as he would have treated some country gentleman in Germany whose wife he admired. He brought into play the whole range of his glittering amiability, and I am sure he succeeded in fascinating Hong-Dok as much as he had always fascinated me and all his superiors; you simply could not help liking this clever, fresh, and attractive boy. That's what Hong-Dok did, to the extent of descending from his elevated throne, he, the ruler, the artist, the wise disciple of Confucius, to the extent of making friends with the légionnaire and loving him, certainly loving him more than anybody else.

Then a servant brought him the news, and he saw from his window how the naval cadet took his pleasure with Ot-Chen in the garden.

"So, that was the reason of his coming to him. Not in order to see him—only because of her, a woman, an animal! Hong-Dok felt shamefully deceived—oh! not at all like a European husband. But that this foreigner should have feigned friendship for him, and that he should have given him his friendship, that was the point. That he in all his proud wisdom, should have been fooled by this base-born soldier who, secretly, like a scullion, went after his wife. That he should have wasted his love on something so miserable, so far below him. You see, that's what this proud yellow devil could not get over.

* * * * *

"One evening his servants carried him up to the bungalow. He descended from the palanquin and came smiling up to the verandah. As usual, he brought me a few presents, little fans, beautifully carved in ivory. A few officers were also here. Hong-Dok greeted them most amiably, sat down with us, and was silent; he scarcely spoke three words until they left an hour afterwards. He waited until the sound of their horses' trot lost itself along the river; then he spoke up, quite calmly, quite sweetly, as if he had to give me the best of news: 'I have come to

tell you something. *I have crucified the naval cadet and Ot-Chen.*'

"Although Hong-Dok was not at all in the habit of making jokes, this astounding piece of news caused me but one sensation; there must be some good fun behind it all. And I liked his dry, casual way of speaking so much that I entered into it right away, and asked him, in the same quiet strain, 'Is that so? And what else have you done with them?'"

"He answered, 'I have had their lips sewed up!'"

"This time I laughed. 'Really, you do not say so! And what other kindnesses have you bestowed on them?—And why?'"

"Hong-Dok spoke quietly and seriously, but the sweet smile did not leave the corners of his mouth. 'Why? I caught them in the act.'"

"This expression he liked so much that he repeated it. He had heard or read it somewhere, and he thought it very ridiculous that we Europeans should attach particular importance to catching a rogue exactly at the moment of his deed; just as if it mattered in the least whether he is caught in it, or before or afterwards. He said it with an accent of feigned importance, with an easily noticeable exaggeration, which showed better than anything else his bitter contempt. 'Am I not right in thinking that in Europe the deceived husband has the right to punish the thief of his honor?'"

"This sweet sneer sounded so sure that I could not find words to answer him. He continued therefore, still with the same friendly smile, as if he was recounting the simplest thing in the world: 'Consequently I have punished him. And as he is a Christian, I thought it best to choose a Christian manner of death; I assumed this would suit him best. Have I done right?'"

"I did not care at all for this curious way of joking. Not for a moment did I think he might speak the truth; but I began to feel uncomfortable, and wished he would be done with his story. Of course I believed him when he told me the naval cadet had got entangled with Ot-Chen, and I thought he wanted by means of this occurrence to reduce once more *ad absurdum* our European notions of honor and morals. So I said only: 'But certainly! Quite right! I am sure the naval cadet valued greatly this little courtesy.'"

"But Hong-Dok shook his head, sadly nearly: 'No, I do not think so. At least he never said a word about it. He only cried.'"

"He cried?"

"Yes," said Hong-Dok, with an expression of sweet melancholy and regret, 'he cried very much. Far more than Ot-Chen. He kept on praying to his god, and in between he cried. Much worse than a dog which is being killed. It was really very disagreeable. And that's why I had to have his mouth sewn up!'"

"I had had more than enough of these jokes, and wanted to get him to stop. 'Is that all?' I interrupted him.

"Yes, that's all. I had them seized and tied and then stripped. Then I had their lips sewn up and had them crucified, throwing them in the river afterwards.'"

"I was glad that he had done. 'Well, and what about it all?' At last I thought to hear the explanation.

"Hong-Dok looked at me with big eyes, as if he did not quite understand what I wanted. 'Oh, it was only the vengeance of the poor deceived husband!'"

"All right," I said, 'all right! But now do tell me

what you actually mean! What is the point of your joke?'"

"The point?" He showed a happy smile, just as if this word came exactly at the right moment. 'Oh, please, just wait a little!' He leant back in his chair and was silent. I did not feel the least desire to urge him further, so I followed his example; let him finish his idiotic murder-story when he wanted.

"Thus we sat for half an hour, neither saying a word. Inside, in the room, the time-piece struck six o'clock. 'Now they must come,' said Hong-Dok quietly. Then he turned to me: 'Will you kindly ask the boy to fetch your telescopes?'—I called Bana; he brought my telescopes. But before Hong-Dok got hold of one of them he jumped up, leaned far out over the balustrade. He pointed his arm towards the right, in the direction of the Red River, and shouted triumphantly, 'Look, look! There it is coming, the point of my joke!'"

"I took my telescope and looked intensely through it. Far, far up river I noticed a little speck drifting in the middle of the current. It came nearer, I saw a little raft. And on the raft two people, two naked people. Without thinking, I ran to the extreme edge of the verandah, so that I might see better. There was a woman, lying on her back her black tresses hanging into the water; I recognized Ot-Chen. And, upon her, a man. I did not see his face, but the reddish, fair color of his hair—ah, the naval cadet, the naval cadet! Long iron hooks had fixed hands upon hands, feet upon feet, driven deeply into the boards; thin, dark streaks of blood were running over the white wood. At this moment I saw how the naval cadet lifted his head, shaking it, shaking it wildly. I was certain he wanted to make me a sign—they were still alive, still alive!"

"I dropped the telescope; for a second I lost consciousness. But only for a second. Then I shouted, bawling like a madman, for my servants: 'Down and man the boats!' I ran back along the verandah. There stood Hong-Dok, smiling sweetly, amiably. Just as if he wanted to ask me: 'Now then, is the point of my joke not very good?'"

"You know, people have often made fun of my long nails. But at that moment, I give you my word, I realized what they were good for. I got hold of the yellow blackguard's throat and shook him to and fro. And I felt how my claws sank deeply into his cursed throat—"

"Then I let him go. Like a sack he fell down on the ground. Like one possessed, I tore down the stairs, all my servants after me. I ran down the bank to the river, and was the first to cast off one of the boats. One of the boys jumped in, but he went right through the bottom at once, standing up to his hips in water; the centre plank had been broken out. We went to another one, a third one—all along; they were full of water up to the gunwale; out of all of them long planks had been cut. I ordered the servants to get the big junk under way; pell mell we climbed into her. But, as in the boats, we found the bottom perforated with big holes, and had to wade through deep water—quite impossible to get the junk even a yard away from the bank.

"Hong-Dok's servants!" exclaimed my Indian overseer. 'They have done it! I saw them slink around near the river!'"

"We jumped back on the bank. I gave the order to pull one of the boats ashore, to bail it out, and nail quickly a plank on the bottom. The boys ran into the

water, pulled, shoved, pushed, nearly collapsed under the load of the big craft. I kept on shouting to them, and in between I looked out on the river.

"The raft came past quite close, alas! scarcely fifty yards away from the bank. I stretched out my arms, as if I could grasp it, like that, with my hands —"

"What do you say? Swimming? Quite so—on the Rhine or the Elbe! But on the Clear Stream? And it was June, I tell you, June! The river was swarming with crocodiles, particularly as the sun was just setting. The loathsome brutes swam closely round the small raft; I saw one of them lifting itself up on its forelegs, and knocking its long, black snout against the crucified bodies. They could scent their quarry, and went along with it impatiently, down river —"

"And again the naval cadet shook his head desperately. I shouted to him we were coming, coming—"

"But it was as if the cursed river was in league with Hong-Dok; it grasped the boat firmly in tough fingers of mud and would not let go. I also jumped into the water and pulled with the boys. We tore and pushed, we were scarcely able to lift it, inch by inch. And the sun was sinking and the raft was drifting away, further and further.

"Then the overseer brought along the horses. We put ropes round the boat and whipped up the animals. Now things moved. One other effort, and yet another, shouting and whipping! The boat was on the bank. The water ran from it; the boys nailed new planks on the bottom. But dark night had fallen long ago when we started.

"I took the helm, six men bent heavily over the oars. Three were kneeling on the bottom, bailing out the water which kept on coming in. In spite of it all, it rose, until we sat up to the calves in water. I had to tell off two, and yet another two, from the oars for bailing. We advanced with painful slowness—"

"I had big pitch torches for searching. But we did not find anything. Several times we thought we could see the raft far away; when we got near, it was a drifting tree trunk or an alligator. We found nothing. We searched for hours and found nothing. I went ashore in Edgardshafen and gave the alarm. The

commander sent out five boats and two great junks. They searched the river for three days. But they had no better luck than we. We despatched wires to all stations down river. Nothing—nobody saw him again, poor naval cadet!

"—— What do I think? Well, the raft got stuck somewhere on the bank. Or it drifted against a tree trunk and got smashed. One way or the other, the black reptiles got their prey."

* * * * *

The old man emptied his glass and held it out to the boy. And emptied it once more, quickly, in one draught. Then he stroked his dirty grey beard with his long claws.

"Yes," he went on, "that's the story. When we returned to the bungalow Hong-Dok had disappeared, and with him his servants. Then came the investigation—I told you about it already. Naturally nothing new was brought to light.

"Hong-Dok had fled. And never again did I hear anything from him, until one day this box with the counters arrived; somebody brought it in my absence. The boys told me it came from a Chinese merchant. I had investigations made, but in vain. There you are, take your box; look at the pictures which you do not know yet."

He pushed the mother o' pearl counters towards me. "This one shows Hong-Dok being carried to me by his servants in the palanquin. Here you see me and himself on our verandah; here you see him, how I grasp him by the throat. These are several counters showing how we try to get the boat clear, and here are others recording our search through the night on the river. One counter shows Ot-Chen and the naval cadet being crucified, and the other one how they have their lips sewn up. This is Hong-Dok's flight; here you see my clawing hand, and on the reverse his neck with the scars."

Edgard Widerhold relit his pipe. "Now take away your box!" he said. "May the counters bring you good luck on the poker table! There is blood enough sticking to them." —— —— ——

And this is a true tale.

A SEPTENNIAL

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

I.

Seven times has Saturn swung his scythe;
Seven sheaves stand in the field of Time,
And every sheaf's as bright and blithe
As the sharp shifts of our sublime
Father the Sun. I leap so lithe
For love to-day,
My love, I may
Not tell the tithe.

II.

"But these were seven stormy years!"
"Lean years were these, as Pharaoh's kine!"
All shapes of Life that mortal fears

Passed shrieking. We distilled to wine
The vintages of blood and tears.

We tore away
The cloak of gray—
The sun uprears!

III.

We know to-day what once we guessed,
Our love no dream of idle youth;
A world-egg, with the stars for nest,
Is this arch-testament of truth.
Laylah, beloved, to my breast!
Our period
Is fixed in God—
Eternal rest!

INSPIRED BUREAUCRACY

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

GERMANY is an inspired bureaucracy. Her real ruler is the bureaucrat. His impress is everywhere. We generally associate the bureaucrat with the pedant. Frenchmen run to lechery. Americans incline to graft. Pedantry is the German vice. It might have become the national poison had not Wm. II injected the potent antidote of his individualism into the body politic. The men at the helm of German affairs today have maintained the Prussian tradition of strict adherence to duty. But their horizon has widened. Sustained, not ossified by routine, they follow the star of the new.

I have met four Ministers of State, four Ambassadors, one sovereign Burgomaster, "Excellencies" by the score, and Privy Councilors innumerable. Everywhere I found alertness and life. There was, on the whole, little "red tape." If we elect a vital personality to office, and we feel that for once we have a man, not a marionette, we bubble over with enthusiasm and are loath to lose him even temporarily in the African jungle. In Germany every bureau has its Roosevelt. Few but the inner circle know their names. They claim no public credit for their achievements. Unadvertised and unsung, they plod away at their desks. But their plans are accomplished, their dreams projected.

A man of this type, a mind fascinating radio-active, was the late Friedrich Althoff. The Minister of Culture, to render the spirit, not the letter, of the original term, was the centre of his ceaseless radiation. Strenuous, autocratic, he ruled with an iron rod. It is said that the Kaiser himself made concessions to him that he would not have made to a fellow-sovereign. There was no grandiose scheme of reform in which he was not a participant. No vital idea was left orphaned and begging on the steps of his office. In his bureau the most vital educational idea of the century, the international exchange of intellectual commodities, stepped full-fledged from a professional cerebrum. Althoff adopted the waif; he nourished it and sustained it. Who was its father we shall never know. I am personally acquainted with at least four claimants to that distinction. If I give the palm to any I shall mortally offend the rest.

Applying the Napoleonic code, let us not, therefore, inquire into the *paternit*. It was Althoff, at any rate, who built the bridge for the foundling across the Atlantic. Every professor traversing the ocean is a living monument to this remarkable man.

Yet, so little known was this inspired bureaucrat outside of his circle that his death passed unnoticed by the American press. The first Kaiser Wilhelm Professor, John W. Burgess, had not heard of the occurrence until he received a letter from a mutual friend.

Althoff's spirit still hovers over the Ministry, as Bismarck's over the Foreign Office. If Bismarck consolidated his country's political strength, it remains Althoff's distinction to have conquered the New World intellectually; at least, two have opened to the German mind the citadels of our universities, where formerly only brave pioneers like Hugo Münsterberg and Kuno Francke had gained isolated footholds. Conquests of peace, unlike conquests of war, are of mutual benefit to conqueror and vanquished, and the gates of German universities swing graciously open to invaders from

the American side. Althoff's spirit abides in the American Institute founded after his death in the capital of the Kaiser. Surely bureaucracy has its victories and education its Bismarcks.

OUR Commissioner of Education, our nearest approach to the German *Kultusminister*, is practically powerless. His German colleague has a firm grip on matters of religion, education and art. In the body politic the Ministry of Culture may be compared with the soul. The amount of work transacted in the humble building, situated, if I rightly remember, at the intersection of the Wilhelmstrasse and Uner den Linden, is hardly credible. From morning until night the anterooms are crowded with foreign visitors and professorial aspirants. I have seen the Man Higher Up still at work at half-past nine in the evening. His bureau is an intellectual telephone central, where all the wires converge. If we had a new idea we should never dream of inviting the co-operation of a government official. In Germany all new ideas are submitted to official sanction, and vital ideas are not often rejected.

The German professor receives his inspiration largely from the Minister of Culture. His position is curiously hybrid. He is part of the bureaucratic system, yet intellectually independent. Those who direct affairs at the Ministry are hidden from public sight. The professor, however, as the Man Higher Up explained to me, stands between them and the world. The modern German professor has nothing in common with the type made familiar to all through the *Fliegende Blätter*. He is a practical man, alive to the call of the age. There is nothing of the academic fossil about him. He is human, ambitious, and often a man of brilliant intellectual attainment. We labor under the impression that his remuneration is scant. We certainly underpay our professors. The income of the German professor I understand to be princely compared with that of his American compeer. In addition to his salary he receives a certain tithe from the students attending his lectures. Popular lecturers are known thus to have increased their stipends by from forty to fifty thousand marks in a single year. They are officers in that army of culture of which the *Kultusminister* is the commander-in-chief.

Not far from the *Kultusministerium* we find the Foreign Office. The cluster of buildings harboring this department may fitly be likened to the brain in the anatomy of the State. Here are conceived the political scores which, through the joint instrumentation of the Kaiser and his advisers, have made Germany the bandmaster in the Concert of Nations. It is not often that a false note is sounded. German diplomacy frequently combines, with the genius of Richard Strauss, apparent dissonances into harmonies effective and startling. I have stated before that, in the opinion of the supervisor, the Emperor's interview in the London *Telegraph* was a brilliant stroke of diplomacy to be justified by future events. At the same time there seems no doubt that bungling was not absent from the matter. The fact in the case is that the fateful manuscript was slipped by mistake into the wrong portfolio. Some one was careless, one cog was out of place, and the whole machinery came apparently to a standstill. Not because it was poorly organized, but because it was so

splendidly organized. In such an exquisite machine the slightest break is fatal.

THE Foreign Office is almost rustic in its trappings. The sofas and carpets in the reception-room are positively shabby. No one who has ever seen the inside of the Foreign Office can maintain that Germany is not economical. A dentist's waiting-room is Oriental in luxury by comparison. Still there is a certain charm in imagining that perhaps it was the ashes from Bismarck's pipe that burned this hole in the carpet; that his Titanic back rubbed the bloom from that couch. No stenographer is employed in the political department. Never is the homely click of the typewriter heard! In Downing street the secretaries dictate their letters into the ear of the phonograph; in the Wilhelmstrasse high officials themselves write their letters out in long hand. Secrecy is bought at the cost of convenience. Quarters are crowded. Of comfort, of elegance, no trace. I feel that I could not work in such a place unless I were at least a privy counselor. If I were, surroundings wouldn't matter. I wouldn't lose my self-respect even in the humblest abode, supplied by a parsimonious government, because, after all, I would myself be part of that government.

I wonder if such considerations account for the German system of titles? There is to us something funny in calling everybody by his bureaucratic title, because we are ignorant of the economic, ethical, æsthetic and social function of the thing. The *Geheimrat*, or Privy Councilor, and his varieties, people half the fashionable streets of Berlin. He is easily recognizable by his long frock coat and the distinction with which he carries a portfolio under his arm. Some privy councilors are apparently purely imaginary creatures. For a distinction seems to be made between "real" and "unreal" privy councilors. The former, the "*wirkliche*," has entered the bureaucratic heaven; the mere privy councilor, like a soul unborn, hovers in the titular limbo. "eal" privy councilors are addressed "Your Excellency," a title also bestowed upon high military officials, Ambassadors and Ministers. Rectors of universities and burgomasters of sovereign cities are called "Your Magnificence."

Even outside the sphere of bureaucracy bureaucratic customs prevail. Social life is impregnated with its spirit. In addressing a person, you label him. The night watchman is Mr. Night Watchman. His wife is referred to as Mrs. Night Watchman. A colonel's wife is Mrs. Colonel. A doctor's wife, Mrs. Doctor, although ladies who have earned the title object to its use by females not so distinguished. The title, it seems, establishes a communion between husband and wife which even divorce cannot sever. I know of a lady who, when she parted from her husband, was Mrs. Lieutenant. When the rank of colonel was accorded to him she rose to the occasion. And I have at this moment in my possession her visiting card with the legend, "Mrs. General, Excellency."

It's rather hard at first to kowtow symbolically every time you open your mouth if you are a titleless stranger. Which reminds me of the young American who registered as Elector of New York, was received everywhere like a prince. My father happens to be president of various societies; he was introduced consequently to a lot of excellencies as "Mr. President." He never got rid of the title. I am vice-president of a publishing company, and I have firmly made up my mind to adopt that title the next time I travel abroad. The porter will make innumerable genuflections as I

enter the hotel, and there will be an awesome catch in the chambermaid's voice as she brings me the coffee.

BESIDES, as I have said, the subject has a distinctly economic aspect. Germany pays her officials better than we do. But she cannot afford to pay them nearly enough, considering that her most brilliant men enter her service. In fact, money alone could not pay them. And, being an economical lady, she compensates them with titles and decorations. It is cheaper to endow an official with a high title than to double his salary. The title, more than any amount of money, determines his social pre-eminence. If he be a poor man, no one expects lavish entertainments of him. The millionaire gladly trots up four flights to the humble dwelling of the Herr Geheimrat. And a cup of tea prepared in His Excellency's kitchen goes to the head of the social climber like *Asti Spumanti*. When a German officer in moderate circumstances invites you to dinner, he doesn't attempt to show off. His rank insures his social standing; he need not buy your respect with truffles or cannonade the castle of caste with a battery of champagne pops. These explanations were given me by a Minister of State whose honorable poverty exemplified the beauty of the system he expounded.

The bearer of a distinguished title will try to live up to that title. His social privileges entail social duties. German officers are not allowed to go out in civilian garb. The uniform alone affords moral protection. Places of evil association are barred to them. Their identity can be ascertained at a glance. Like the Alderman in a small town, they've got to be good. And there is always a stimulus in the hope of promotion: special merit receives special and visible recognition. We reward our millionaire philanthropists by cracking jokes at their expense. The comic press is their Hall of Fame. I am sure the fear of ridicule has tightened the purse-strings of many a bashful Carnegie. That is one of the reasons why I, at any rate, have never founded a museum.

The public is a doubting Thomas, and reputation in art and science is an indeterminable factor. A title, a decoration, assays a man's worth. American society is afraid to receive the artist, and ignores the scholar. Germany lends the title of "professor" to distinguished artists, and, of course, to distinguished scientists. That is their passport. Great artists may dispense with it. Men of Menzel's stamp need no passport beyond that of genius. Still their path is made smoother thereby. They are in less danger of being snubbed by inferiors. And, of course, in Germany, a title is a thing of very substantial value. A man who assumes a title he has not earned is a thief, and is punished accordingly. Professors of pedicure and clairvoyance are unknown in Berlin. Titles, while ungrudgingly given to those who have a right to them, are sternly denied to fakirs.

We may regard inherited titles as absurd, but titles earned by service are certainly sensible—one may even say, democratic. It's the one chance of the burgher to get even with the nobility. While the system establishes a differential social tariff it creates no obstacle that cannot be overcome by merit. And as the soldier's uniform lends patches of color to the street, the titles devised by bureaucracy brighten the salon. I don't blame our heiresses for wanting to marry men of position and title. A simple baron sheds some lustre on social functions, and it is incredible what sparkle the presence of an Excellency lends to a lady's "At Home."

ART AND CLAIRVOYANCE

The power of clairvoyance has replaced the faith boosted by St. Paul as "the evidence of things not seen." It is comparatively easy to obtain the inner sight. The mistake which has been made is that people have expected to see the material world with their astral eyes; and this cannot be done unless the astral body is rematerialized, that is to say, brought back to the same plane as it started from. If you want to find out what is happening elsewhere you have first to form the astral body and travel in it to that place. When you are there you must find sufficient material to build a physical body. This being done, you can see very nearly as if you had traveled there in the body. Then by reversing the process you come back to your own body with the information desired. It cannot be too clearly understood that the astral world is a place with laws of its own just as regular as those pertaining to what we call the material world. In reality one is just as material as the other. There is merely a difference in the quality of the material. We cannot say, therefore, that the color and form perceived by the clairvoyant is really identical in its nature with that perceived by the physical eye. Yet there is a certain analogy or similarity; and there is no particular reason why the astral world should not be represented plastically. Attempts to do this have been made by clairvoyants from the beginning of history. The most successful have on the whole been of purely hieroglyphic or symbolic characters. Geometrical patterns and sacred words and numbers have been used by the best seers to represent—perhaps not ex-

actly what has been seen, but the truth of what has been seen. Attempts to make a direct representation have not been successful, but the reason for this has not been the impossibility of the task. It has not been the lack of good clairvoyants; it has been the lack of good artists. We cannot say that there is any actual incompatibility between the two powers. In fact, the greatest artists have nearly always possessed a touch of mysticism. One might even go so far as to say that even art itself is of a mystic character, since even the most realistic of painters transmutes the physical facts before his eyes into a truth of beauty. A good picture is always a picture of more than the model.

In the exhibition held last month by Mr. Engers Kennedy, we have a very definite attempt to portray that which is seen by the spiritual sight, and the result may be described as extremely successful because the artist is a good artist. These pictures can be looked at with pleasure from the purely aesthetic standpoint. There is no *ad captandum* effort to interest people in the subject of the picture. They stand on their own merits as pictures. But it would be useless to deny that a supreme interest is super-added by the representation of the character or mood of the sitter by the simple means of using the symbolic colors and forms perceived by the spiritual eye as background. We need not go in detail into the nature of the method employed. These pictures must be seen to be appreciated at their full value. But it is certainly possible to predict a great vogue for these portraits. Everyone must naturally wish a representation in permanent form of their inner as well as their outer body.

BARNARD'S LINCOLN UNVISITED

By a Friend of Rodin's Balzac and Epstein's Oscar Wilde.

I have been deplorably ignorant of George Gray Barnard. I had been asking myself whether any good thing would come out of America. But when I noticed the most vicious, malignant, ill-informed attacks upon him by persons ranging from the utterly obscure and ridiculous to those who ought to have known better, I thought it was time to look into the matter.

The criticisms of Mr. Barnard's Lincoln betray the most senseless and vindictive malice. Some of them are so imbecile that they condemn themselves. One does not need to know the statue to know that some at least of its critics are beneath contempt.

One remarks "why give Lincoln big feet? By actual measure they were only three inches longer than the ordinary foot." !!! Mr. Barnard (if appealed to on the point) might possibly reply that Lincoln's feet were big because he trod the earth. The truth is that American idealists want Lincoln to look like a cross between Jesus Christ and Evelyn Thaw. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Barnard should have missed this point of view; but he looks very much like William Blake, and apparently has an equally striking similarity in the matter of his thought. It is certainly almost incredible that such a statue as "the struggle of the two natures in man" should have come from America. There is in this heroic group something of what I call "the true American quality." That is the quality of the pioneer, the man who is up against nature and determined to impose his will upon it, the man of ideals painfully stern and impracticable, it may be,

but worthy of respect in a certain sense even for that fantastic quality.

Lincoln himself was just such an American. But the spirit of Lincoln is as dead as mutton in an age when the Declaration of Independence can be considered a treasonable document. Commercialism has strangled the beauty of everything, even of vice; and *pari passu* the slime of the Sunday School is smeared over all American thought. I have not seen Mr. Barnard's Lincoln, but I can well believe that it is Lincoln as he was, and is, and shall be, body and soul.

A RIDDLE.

By Aleister Crowley.

How came it that you veiled your naked splendor
In flesh so amber rich, so amber rare,
Hilarion? For aethyr, fire, and air,
No grosser elements, in sage surrender
Woven, conspired to clothe thee, lithe and tender,
Supple and passionate, a web of air
Through which the essential glory flames so fair
That—O, my soul, thou canst not comprehend her!

Was it that only so this soul might pass
Beyond its bonds? That in the wizard's glass
Creation, it might learn to look upon
The face of its creator, eye to eye,
—For he that gazeth upon God shall die—
I see thee, and I live, Hilarion!

THE PLAINT OF EVE

Dedicated to All Valiant Women Endungeoned

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

When this poem was first written it seemed to me somewhat pale and academic, but recent events in Washington and in New York have given it a new birth and a new life. Originally this poem was dedicated to a woman of great gifts who is now engaged in driving an ambulance in France. I re-dedicate it today to the brave women who are battling to make America safe for Democracy.

"Man's mate was I in Paradise,
Since of the fruit we twain did eat,
Through the slow toiling days his slave.
Because I asked for truth, God gave
All the world's anguish and the grave.
But, being merciful and wise,
He bade His angel bathe mine eyes
With the salt dew of sorrow. Sweet
Had been the dew of Paradise."

*Yet through the immemorial years,
Has she not healed us with her tears?*

"Albeit upon my lips I wore
A smile, my heart was ever sore.
Because I heard the Serpent hiss,
Therefore I suffered patiently.
But now I pray for bread, and ye
Give me a stone or worse—a kiss."

*Shall not the stone rebound on us?
Shall not the kiss prove venomous?*

"No expiation dearly won,
Can turn the ancient loss to gain,
The Son of Man was Mary's Son . . .
Have I not borne the child in pain?
My sighs were mingled with His breaths!
Yet, though I died a thousand deaths,
A thousand times a thousandfold,
With Him, my babe, upon the Cross,
My bloody sweats are never told,
And still the world's gain is my loss."

*Has she not suffered, has not died,
With every creature crucified?*

"The hallowed light of Mary's eyes
Within my bosom never dies.
The learned Faust, for all his pride,
Was saved by Gretchen—glorified—
To God, his master, thrice denied.
Love's smallest holy offices
When have I shirked them, even these?
From the grey dawn when time began
To the Crimean battle-field,
By every wounded soldier's side
With cool and soothing hand I kneeled."

*She is the good Samaritan
Upon life's every battle-field.*

"The secret book of Beauty was
Unlocked through me to Phidias.
Petrarcha's dream and Raphael's,
Rossetti's blessed damozels,
And all men's visions live in me.
The shadow queens of Maeterlinck,
Clothed with my soft flesh, cross the brink
Of utter unreality.
Rautendelein and Juliet,
Who shall their wistful smile forget?
The leader of my bovis hand
I rule in Neverneverland."

*Hers is the sweetest voice in France,
And hers the sob that like a lance
Has pierced the heart of Italy.*

"With stylus, brush and angelot,
I seize life's pulses, fierce and hot.

In Greece, a suzerain of song,

The swallow was my singing mate,
My lyric sisters still prolong

My strain more strange than sea or fate.
Though Shakespeare's sonnets, sweet as wine,
Were not more 'sugared' than were mine,
Ye who with myrtle crown my brow,
Withhold the laurel even now."

*The world's intolerasable scorn
Still falls to every woman born.*

"Strong to inspire, strong to please,
My love was unto Pericles;

The Corsican, the demigod
Whose feet upon the nation trod,
Shrunk from my wit as from a rod.

The number and its secret train
Eluded not my restless brain.

Beyond the ken of man I saw,
With Colon's eyes, America.

Into the heart of mystery,
Of light and earth I plunged, to me
The atom bared its perfect plot."

What gifts have we, that she has not?

"Ws I not lord of life and death
In Egypt an din Ninevah?

Clothed with Saint Stephen's majesty
My arm dealt justice mightily.

Men that beheld me caught their breath
With awe. I was Elizabeth

I was the Maid of God. Mine was
The sway of all the Russias.

What was my guerdon, mine to take?
A crown of slander, and the stake!"

*How shall we comfort her, how ease
The pang of thousand centuries?*

"Back from my aspiration hurled,
I was the harlot of the world.

The levelled walls of Troy confess
My devastating loveliness.

Upon my bosom burns the scar
Eternal as the sexes are.

I was Prince Borgia's concubine,
Phryne I was, and Messaline,
And Circe, who turned men to swine."

*But shall they be forgotten, then,
Whom she has turned from swine to men?*

"New creeds unto the world I gave,

But my own self I could not save.
For all mankind one Christ has sighed

Upon the Cross, but hourly
Is every woman crucified!

The iron stake of destiny
Is plunged into my living side.

To Him that died upon the Tree
Love held out trembling hands to lend

Its reverential ministry,
And then came Death, the kindest friend—

Shall my long road to Calvary,
And man's injustice, have no end?"

*O sons of mothers, shall the pain
Of all child-bearing be in vain?*

*Shall we drive nails, to wound her thus,
Into the hands that fondled us?*

AUGUSTE RODIN.

Just ten years ago, Mr. Aleister Crowley published a chaplet of verse which accompanied seven lithographs of Clot from the water-colors of Auguste Rodin. The book created so much of a sensation in England and France. We reprint Mr. Crowley's poem to Rodin, together with an excellent translation by Marcel Schwob. Also Mr. Rodin's letter to Mr. Crowley,—a poem in prose.
J. B. R.

182, Rue de L'Université.

Mon Cher Crowley,

Vos poésies ont cette fleur violente, ce bon sens, et cette ironie qui en soit inattendue.

C'est d'un charme puissant et cela ressemble à une attaque bienfaisante.

RODIN.

Un homme.—Spectacle de l'Univers,
L'Oeuvre se dresse et affronte la Nature : perception
et mélange,

Au seul centre silencieux d'une âme magistrale
De la Force égyptienne, de la simplicité grecque
De la Subtilité celte.—Libéré par la souffrance
Le grand courage calme de l'Art Futur, raffiné
En sa nerveuse majesté, glisse, profond,
Sous la beauté de chaque rayon d'harmonie.

Titan! Les Siècles amoindris s'enfoncent,
S'enfoncent à l'horizon des contemplations. Debout,
et lève

D'un ferme poing la coupe supreme, le Zodiaque!
Là écume son vin—essence de l'Art Eternel—la
Vérité!

Bois bois, à la toute puissante santé, au Temps
rajeuni!

—Salut, Auguste Rodin! Vous êtes un homme!

Traduit par Marcel Schwob.

Paris, Février, 1903.

Votre poésie est donc violente, et me plaît par ce
côté aussi.

Je suis honoré que vous m'ayiez pris mes dessins
et ainsi honoré dans votre livre.

Votre, AUG. RODIN.

RODIN.

Here is a man! For all the world to see

His work stands, shaming Nature. Clutched,
combined

In the sole still centre of a master-mind,
The Egyptian force, the Greek simplicity,
The Celtic subtlety. Through suffering free,

The calm great courage of new art, refined
In nervous majesty, indwells behind
The beauty of each radiant harmony.

Titan! the little centuries drop back,

Back from the contemplation. Stand and span
With one great grip his cup, the Zodiac!

Distil from all time's art his wine, the truth!

Drink, drink the mighty health—an age's
youth—

Salut, Auguste Rodin! Here is a man.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

Dear Yvonne,

One hardly knows where to begin when it comes to discuss the musical doings of the past month—so many excellent concerts! And frequently it happened that two magnificent programs have been offered on the same afternoon and one has simply suffered agonies of mind in making a decision between the two—such enjoyable orchestral offerings by the New York Symphony, Philharmonic, and Boston Symphony, at the first concert of the New York Symphony given at Carnegie Hall. The atmosphere was much disturbed by the never-ending procession passing the hall; and one couldn't help feeling that a brass band playing "Over There" and a Symphony Orchestra trying to do justice to a Beethoven Symphony clashed in a most horrible way—and naturally one's sympathies were with Beethoven—also with Bach—for whilst Harold Bauer gave an exceedingly fine rendering of the Piano Concerto in D minor—the strains of "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France" (from without) made one want to scream. At a later concert Mr. Damrosch featured a very interesting symphony by the veteran composer Dubois (who has just enjoyed his eightieth birthday) absolutely French in character. The Marseillaise was cleverly introduced into the last movement and made a stirring climax.

It was good to find that the "Star-Spangled Banner" friction existed only in the press—and interesting to find that Dr. Muck's genius almost succeeded in turning into a classic—by a very clever and unique orchestration which gave quite a Wagnerian effect. What a wonderful conductor he is! Surely one of the greatest. His magnetism seems to bring the best out of every member of his orchestra—and what a marvelous result—who can ever forget his memorable rendering of Beethoven's 5th symphony at the matinée concert? Who has ever heard such pianissimos from an orchestra?

One was also struck by the splendid discipline in his orchestra—a quiet dignity and earnest—such as is exemplified in their conductor—and one couldn't help contrasting the go as you please attitude of the New York Symphony men—many of whom gaze about bowing and smiling to their friends in the audience. Even during a symphony—whilst counting their bars rest.—This is particularly noticeable amongst the first violins, and might well be called to Mr. Damrosch's attention.

The Letz Quartette, successor to the famous Kneissels—gave a delightful rendering of Beethoven's F minor Quartette—also Leo Weiner's interesting string quartette. This clever young Hungarian has also written for orchestra—and much more must be heard from him. The Letz ensemble is not quite

what it should be yet owing to the rearrangement of the quartette, but one feels that in a very short while these four excellent artists will leave nothing to be desired.

The Flonzaleys will play quartettes of Mozart, Dohnany and Hydn on November 27th with their new viola, Louis Bailly—and the Société des Instruments Anciens, which gave such delightful concerts last season, just arrived from France, will play on November 24th. Of the many song recitals of the month few bear remembering. Evan Williams' recital was a ceritable treat—also Rothier gave much pleasure; but why did Graveure not give us a more varied program? With all deference to Bryce-Trehearne, one group would have sufficed. Mona Hone-seu sang with a deal of charm; Christine Miller, Edith Jeanne and Mary Jordan also gave recitals.

Fritz Kreisler was in wonderful form on October 28th at Carnegie Hall, and played Tartini's Sonata in G minor magnificently. A marvelous man—he has put even Pittsburgh on the map—of abject infamy. Jascha Heifetz, the 18-year-old Russian, has already arrived and is a complete master of the violin—has much poise and dignity, truly remarkable at his age. His playing created a furore on October 27th, and one looks forward to his next recital, De-

cember 1st. His appearance with the New York Symphony was a little disappointing in so much as the Brusch D minor concerto didn't give sufficient opportunity for his exceptional powers. Elman played the Beethoven concerts very beautifully, and has, one is glad to say, lost most of his mannerisms. That wonderful young pianist, Misha Levitzki, played superbly before a very distinguished audience at his recital, many famous artists being present, and again proved himself to be amongst the great pianists of the day. His calm indifference when his chair broke during the appassionate (which he played magnificently) caused much comment.

And what shall be said of the beautiful and instructive program given by Joseph Bonnet, the distinguished organ virtuoso (who is on leave from the French army) at his first organ recital devoted to the forerunners of Johann Sebastian Bach, illustrating the history of organ music from the earliest composers to the present time. The second recital was devoted to Bach; and one looks forward with no small degree of interest to the remaining recitals of this great artist, of which I shall say more in my next letter.

Ever yours,

HAUT BOY.

DRAMA AS SHE IS PLAYED

In "My Lady's Dress," Edward Knoblauch created a new character for the theatre. He was the man dressmaker, the exquisite, whose refined cruelty and tastes brought him success and in the end disaster. With great skill Knoblauch revealed the man's feline qualities, his vanity, his hardness, his practical devotion to business and even his charm. Now we have a different kind of man dressmaker on the stage. He appears in "Lombardi, Ltd.," the "any time you say so." Needless to say, in Lombardi, the latest stage man dressmaker, is very kind, sweet, very good but not very interesting. He is so full of self-sacrifice and piety that one's heart goes out to his traducers. Indeed his sweetheart, whom he refuses to kiss (so pure is he) is really the tragic figure in the play. Naturally she runs away with another man without the formality of a wedding certificate. Furthermore, as she explains, she will never get married. Lombardi's goodness had ruined the poor child. The most amusing character in the play is the innocent little mannequin who insists that Lombardi seduce her. She had been told, she explains, that it was impossible to remain virtuous and be a mannequin at the same time. "I am ready to be ruined," she tells the astonished Lombardi, being risky. Every character in the play is thoroughbardi's shop the poor working girl is safe. I am inclined to believe that in real life Lombardies do exist in greater quantities than the kind of dressmaker depicted by Mr. Knoblauch. That accounts for the dullness of life, for the pleasure "My Lady's Dress" gave everyone.

It was a very great relief to witness the "Gay Lord Quex." I always thought the play a good one; an excellent portrayal of the manners of the period. Pinero was a very shallow person. He never

got over that stage of boyhood when a night at the Empire represents fascinating wickedness. But just for that reason he got a capital grasp of what average people in England really think. The clever people that think Shaw so wonderful do not realize that his characters might possibly exist in the moon, but have nothing to do with life on this particular grain of dust.

The play was well enough acted; though, of course, Americans can never give the tone of English society. John Drew came nearest to success, though perhaps he was aided by a strong personal resemblance to a well known Welsh aristocrat. Valma was played extremely well, and Margaret Illington was very good indeed in what I think is one of the most difficult woman's parts ever written. She was certainly far from successful if she wished to make the part sympathetic, and indeed I think it never could be altogether so. But the quality of her acting was certainly extremely fine. The famous bedroom scene could not have been better played. Muriel Eden was particularly charming, with the largest and most fascinating mouth ever seen on any stage. The part of Sir Chichester Frayne was very cleverly played; exactly the right foil to Quex. The Duchess was an American Duchess.

"What is Your Husband Doing," is a marvelous farce. It is marvelous because it is funny without being risky. Every character in the play is thoroughly respectable and yet contrives to be intensely amusing. It is a genuinely American farce, borrowing neither from Paris nor from Berlin nor yet from London. Boston would call it "in good taste"; Chicago, "dainty"; San Francisco, "clean cut." We call it good comedy. May George V. Hobart never write a worse piece.

THE HISTORY OF THE BELGIAN PEOPLE.

FROM THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ANNAL TO THE PRESENT TIME. The International Historical Society.

The late Lord Salisbury, on one celebrated occasion, lamented that the task of a statesman in a democracy was made almost impossible by the fact that people did not read history. But after all, do you know, it was rather hard luck on the people! History was always written with portentous dullness, and it was printed in folios or quartos, each volume of which weighed about 3.785 metric tons. Even an enthusiast could hardly be expected to wade through this kind of book. It was too much like digging. In fact it was very often like digging for gold in a place where there wasn't any.

But there is no reason in nature why history should be dull; and certainly none why it should be presented in steam-roller form. History deals with realities, the lives of actual people; and it is reality alone in which we are fundamentally interested. We have now discovered that fairy stories appeal to us only because they sound symbolically the hidden depths of our *vita sexualis*. We accept stories in so far as we are genuinely touched by them, and where a historical basis helps our conviction of reality, we get one of the highest forms of fiction, the historical novel. There is, however, a counterpart to the plan of buttressing fiction by history; and that is to write history with imagination. Everyone knows how dreadful a sense of unreality is created by the perusal of Blue Books. It is much better to clothe facts with insight, style, and even a touch of romance. Our ancestors certainly possessed skeletons; but they did not walk about without flesh and blood to cover them.

There is, therefore, every reason to rejoice when a history appears which satisfies these conditions and in addition is presented in a readable form. This volume now under review will go conveniently into a pocket. Yet the type is excellently clear, and large enough to enable even very weak eyes to read without strain. The binding is extremely ornamental and artistic, entirely suited to the character of the works.

This "History of the Belgian People" is uniform with the excellent series of volumes of the "History of the German People." It is a book of extraordinary value at the present moment when Belgium is once more a point of shock between opposing economic currents. Man is determined in his actions by his antecedents. The Belgian people did not descend suddenly from heaven. Their conditions are determined altogether by their history. We cannot understand why a man performs so simple an action as eating unless we go right back through evolution to the nutrition of protoplasm; and the attitude of Belgium in the present war can only be understood by going back to the first origins, and considering how climatic and geographical conditions determined the trend of religious, political and economic forces. In a period like the present when sanity of standpoint, breadth and completeness of view, and probity of judgment are so necessary to combat the hysterical arguments which are so prevalent on both sides of the present conflict, it is of the utmost importance that everyone should grasp the WHY of Belgium. A. C.

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THE AMERICANS.

By Professor Hugo Münsterberg.

It is with a somewhat sardonic smile that one reflects upon the fact presented by the existence of this book. It is not the Englishman who stretches "hands across the sea" and portrays the character and destiny of his greatly beloved cousin. It is a Prussian who gives America a patient and sympathetic understanding and elaborate study. It is difficult for an Englishman even to do so much as to read a book of this kind. I am acquainted with a number of distinguished Englishmen at the present resident in these States; and from no one of them have I ever heard a single good word for America. One went so far as to say that the sole pleasure of Englishmen in this country was to get together and abuse it. I have heard it said by one of them that the strongest passion of his lifetime of strong passions has been hatred or rather loathing for America, that this passion eats up the soul, destroys the memory of all other things and with such violence that the body itself in turn becomes sick. I have heard one master of language say that he is being irritated beyond all measure hourly by the impossibility of finding any words to express the intensity of his disgust. Yet it is to England that America innocently looks for friendship and alliance! It is against Germany that she fulminates every day in her (very largely-English-owned) press. It is really painful to read Professor Münsterberg's book at the present juncture. He is abominably fair. Even the most glaring abuses of America, abuses which are admitted by all its own citizens he refuses to condemn. He always finds a psychological reason to explain the apparent wrong, on fundamental grounds which are in themselves profoundly and beautifully right. Similarly, in what seem to the ordinary observer to be blank spots in American culture, art, literature, pure science, and philosophy, Professor Münsterberg finds achievement even as well as promise. He must have been devoured by passionate love for the people among whom he lived and worked. One cannot say much for the quality of the gratitude displayed in return, but I feel, however, that Professor Münsterberg himself were he alive would say that this ingratitude did not matter, that his book would remain a classical investigation of American conditions, and that its influence would ultimately lead to a true assimilation between the American and Teutonic temperaments. One might say, if one wished to be epigrammatic, that the Germans are all brains and the Americans all nerves. There is surely something wrong with the world when these two organs of a microcosm are in apparent conflict. In fact, one cannot believe that it is so. The more one studies the matter from a philosophical standpoint, the more certain it becomes that the present breach of the peace is an artificial and fictitious lesion, a quarrel which does not represent even for a single moment the truth of the matter. It is unnecessary to dilate further upon the extraordinary thoroughness of Professor Münsterberg's great work. The depth of insight displayed is only what one would expect from one of the greatest psychologists of his period. The thoroughness is characteristically German. But the point of view is more than German: it is human.

THE TERROR.

By Arthur Machen.
McBride, New York.

I have always maintained that Arthur Machen was one of the most original and excellent minds of England. The distinction of his thought and style is one of the most unmistakable of contemporary literary phenomena. He failed somewhat to come to his full stature because of an unfortunate obsession. His reverence for antiquity is so great that he has been compelled to follow the great masters in what I may call the framework of their art. Thus he began by telling Stevenson stories, and he was obliged to give them Stevenson's sections, so that "The Three Impostors" reads like a new episode of "The Dynamiter." In particular, "Miss Leicester" or "Miss Lally" makes a very fair duplicate of Stevenson's one successful attempt to portray a woman. I was rather sorry to see Mr. Machen adventure himself in the province of scientific romance. It was only too clear that he would adopt the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells. However, his distinction has saved him from too margarine an effect. One is able to say with clear conscience that this is an excellent story, admirably written.

At the same time, one must say that this is not at all the time to have written it. The story is grossly seditious and openly pro-German. Mr. Machen, as his name implies, is, of course, himself a pure German. It is impossible to understand the stupidity of the British authorities in not having him interned, or indeed executed. It will be remembered that he furnished the basis for the fable of the "Angels of Mons," which did so much to discourage recruiting in the early days of the war. This book is equally pernicious. The catastrophe is caused, according to him, by the fact of the animals having lost their fear of and respect for man, owing to the wickedness of man, the abdication of his human sovereignty. Now, Mr. Machen caused his catastrophe to take place in England. His characters blame the wicked Germans for everything that happened when it is really

their own fault. That Satanic Teutonic subtlety! Mr. Machen's book elaborates this thesis. "In England, men have become the equivalent of beasts. In Germany, however, there are no troubles of any kind. Germany has not lost its moral superiority to the lower animals."

We are unfortunately not in possession of the checks which must have been paid to Mr. Machen by the Huns, but it is not a case where one needs to wait for further evidence. He should be shot at sunrise and no more ado about it.—C. M. (of the Supervigilantes).

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DEMOCRACY IN IRELAND SINCE 1913.

This small pamphlet is without publishers' or printers' marks. It contains an account of the murder of Francis Sheehy Skeffington, with an article written by Mr. Skeffington, reprinted from the "Century Magazine." The murder of Mr. Skeffington was, as some statesman or other once said: "Much worse than a crime, it was a blunder." The murder of Mr. Thomas Ashe comes under the same category. In fact, it is always difficult to blame the authors of such atrocities. Naturally enough, they always occur in circumstances where clear reason and common sense are inhibited. These incidents must therefore be classed in a sense as accidents, and moral indignation is really a somewhat primitive reaction.

It is absurd to class Captain Bowen-Colthurst as a monster and a villain. He was simply an officer who completely lost his nerve. At the same time, one cannot expect the man in the street to take this philosophical view of what on the surface is certainly a most infamous outrage, an abomination almost unbelievable; and we must not be surprised that the Irish crudely determine to do away with the entire system which makes such things possible. The real cure does not lie in any political readjustment; a complete advance in civilization is necessary. Cool reason and common sense and presence of mind must become normal to the race. The Irish Republican will reply that that is quite true, and that these qualities will develop best when Ireland is free. It is hard to reply to this contention. But it is equally clear that Ireland will have been freed in vain, if the qualities of cool reason, etc., are not thereby developed. Ireland must cease to be the enemy of England the moment England has ceased to show herself the enemy of Ireland. A. C.

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Old England is our kind and true ally.

Teacher says not to remember the books

About all the battles in days gone by,
For you can't think how bad it all looks.

And if I see an Englishman without demur,

I will smile at him and be careful to
Say "Sir."

HERBERT J. WILCOX (Aged 14)

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By George D. Herron.

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Mr. Herron seems to be rather an opportunist than a Socialist. A. C.

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For love of ease he plays the knave;
He spits upon his father's grave.
Yea, for his masters' sport his tongue
Befouls the race from which he sprung,
While eager, oily, smooth and kempt,
He eats the crumbs of their contempt.
A beggar, lacking love and art,
He sells his malice on the mart;
He casts a eunuch's jaundiced eyes
Upon the Prophet's Paradise,
And when his country calls for men,
Can only give a—poison pen.
His brave words hide a slacker's heart,
Informer, sneak, he chose his part,
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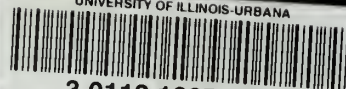
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